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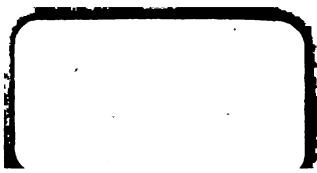
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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKESPEARE.

We purpose to give, in our ensuing Numbers, a series of papers on the Pulpit Oratory of the present age, chiefly as exercised among Protestant Dissenters. We shall most carefully exclude from them all remarks tending to wound the feelings of individuals, and all impertinent criticism on the mere peculiarities of manner. With equal diligence we shall avoid the least indication of an exclusive spirit, or the expression of contempt for the opinions or the prejudices of any class of Christians. We shall treat Pulpit Oratory only as a high and noble art, and shall therefore make no individual the subject of disquisition whom we do not regard as possessing singular capabilities for its exercise.

Our Readers must be anxious to know what answer the *Mohocks* have made to the charges against them, pretty fully stated in our last Number. We have just received their publication for December,—and candour compels us to give their reply a place in our pages. It is as follows:—

"It is with sincere pain, that we find the writers in a paltry publication, which is hardly known beyond the limits of Cockaigne, are in the greatest consternation and alarm, lest we should fall upon them. We beg to assure them, that we have no such intention; and if they will only have the condescension to send us their names,—for, celebrated as they are among themselves, THEY ARE QUITE UNKNOWN HERE,—we shall take care not to admit into our pages any thing that might lessen their insignificance."

And this is all they have to say? Yet "silent contempt" does not become those who have been so noisy in scandal. Contempt on *compulsion* too! Scorn in a cold sweat! Disdain running off!—But their answer, it must be confessed, is decisive;—it sets the matter at rest: it proves their guilt and their chastisement. There is no more to be said on the subject. We deduced their absolute and thorough baseness from *facts*, which were plainly stated, with names, dates, and circumstances. We charged them with *malice, systematic falsehood, and sordid treachery*: we impanelled our evidence, and submitted our proof. To all this the above is their answer! While hand-bills are placarding Edinburgh with their shame, and an action is brought against them by a Professor of the University for an offence originating in our exposure of their conduct,—their reply is, that we are *unknown* in their neighbourhood! Reader, *such* are the individuals we have had in hand: was it not necessary to lay on pretty hard?—They are now down, and silent, like the patient man on his dung-hill,—like him, amazed, confounded, and sore,—but not sustained in their affliction as he was. We have no wish, however, to pursue farther, in their humiliation, these late insolent laughter-raisers, who made a common joke of common honesty, and terrified people, far and near, by their barbarous defiance of decency and truth. We have laid that unquiet fiend of mischief: exorcized the spirit of blackguardism. Their Number just received would be unobjectionable, were it not dull. But allowances must be made for persons trying, for the first time in their lives, and in a fright too, to behave like gentlemen:—we are inclined to applaud even uncouth efforts at improvement. Not having been actuated by vindictive motives, we are now willing to put up the instrument of justice, and inflict no more stripes—that is to say, provided they keep to their

good behaviour. They must not continue to drag forth *real names*, without authority, and contrary to all honourable precedent:—should they persevere in this improper practice, let them look well to their own, and to those of others *suspected of being in close connection with them*. Irony may be permitted them,—but not *forgeries and fabrications*, intended to justify their own crimes, by sacrificing the interests and character of the guiltless. We give them notice, that this must not be done by them for the future,—or else ———. They may continue to be hypocritical and venal in religion and politics; but they must not be slanderous in their attacks on persons who are honest in both,—or else ———. They may be satirical on public pretensions, (including our own, if they please,) but they must not assassinate private character,—or else ———: nor must they traduce, by unmeaning epithets, talents which they cannot equal,—or else ———. Nor are they at liberty to cry *Cockney*, for the future, but on the principles laid down by us in an article, written expressly for their benefit (vide page 69 of our present Number). We now, then, take, we hope, a final leave of the *Mohocks*, having read them a lesson which, we trust, they will remember, and be the better for. It will be their own fault if we take them up again severely,—for we really feel very well disposed to leave the question on its present footing. If they are satisfied, so are we. Indeed it would be but prudent in their friends,—*some of whom might themselves chance to get hurt, were the fray to recommence*,—to persevere in the laudable advice which we know they have lately urged on the vanquished, *to eat their leek in silence*. It is not that we are invincible in power, but that the facts against them are of incontrovertible infamy.—And now we only ask, as a trifling trophy of so signal a victory, that our good friends of Edinburgh will not permit the term *Mohock* to sink into disuse: it has been well applied, and done some service—but let that pass: we ask no monument of brass or stone on Calton-hill,—we only ask that in the Canongate, and the Cowgate, and the Grass-market, as well as in those upstart streets of the New Town, with whose names we are not so familiar,—the children may be heard perpetuating a title, which we have revived, to quell a nuisance, quite as coarse and mischievous as that combination of blackguards, against whom it was at first used by our honoured predecessors in periodical literature.

This being the very moment for furnishing the libraries of our younger friends, we cannot have a fitter opportunity of recalling the sweeping accusation against Messrs. HARRIS AND SON, as publishers of Children's Books, which found its way into a late article on the *Literature of the Nursery*. We there specified certain silly and gaudy compositions, which we thought, and think, very objectionable: but we ought not to have allowed these, which do not go beyond three or four in number, to outweigh in our estimation the great bulk of the works for juvenile readers, presented to them by Messrs. Harris and Son, which are of a nature not merely unobjectionable, but all that parental solicitude and affection could desire, to afford assistance in that most arduous and important task of founding deep in the good education of the child, the character of a good man or woman in future life.—Booksellers are obliged to be prepared to meet the demands of their customers: hence, it is not so much their own judgment, as the taste of the public, that must regulate their stock. But we must say that, judging by the books contained in the list of Messrs. Harris and Son, they have certainly evinced a most laudable desire to enlist talent in the useful labour of preparing mental food for the young, calculated to strengthen their moral constitution, at the same time that devices for pleasing their palates have not been neglected. We particularly recommend the works from the pen of Mrs. Hoffland, as calculated to excite, and accustom to practise, the tender feelings of the breast. Mrs. Blackford's *Eskdale Herd Boy* is a very superior work, and we have read it ourselves with much interest. *True Stories* from modern and ancient history, deserve a

good word too ; as well as many more equally deserving, to all of which we observe the name of Messrs. Harris and Son as publishers.

We have great respect for the good-will of *Medicus*, and the general favourable opinion he expresses of our work : yet, with reference to the particular objection he makes, we cannot refrain from suggesting to him that he is by far too sensitive. His profession is too honourable and useful, to warrant these warm appeals of individuals against every joke that may be levelled against it. On the contrary, as there must be, and is, in the history and practice of all bodies and professions, much that can be taken advantage of by the satirist, they must even be content to submit to a little occasional caricature, or sober reprehension, as it may happen. No individual belonging to them consults his own dignity by pressing forward to protest against such allusions : they pass with the public for what they are worth—telling against what is objectionable, and passing harmlessly over what is meritorious. We have taken a vast deal of physic in our time ; and we have latterly been occupied in administering some salutary pills to certain Edinburgh patients : we, therefore, consider ourselves as occupying a middle situation, favourable to impartiality, in regard to the medical profession. We have been active and passive—objects, and subjects—in medicine. The result is, that we profess, what we really entertain, much esteem for Doctors, and an earnest wish to be kept out of their hands. We have strong personal reasons for expressing admiration of the skill and liberality of members of the profession ; and we are sure we shall not offend any who do it honour, by quoting, in good humour, part of the account lately given in the Daily Papers of some proceedings in the Court of Chancery relative to a disputed Doctor's bill :

Mr. Horne proceeded to read over the items—

To 5,728 draughts, 168 mixtures, 119 bolusses, 68 lotions, 78 liniments, 258 boxes of pills, and other doses, to the amount of no less than 700.

The LORD CHANCELLOR—Pray, Mr. Horne, do stop, for I fear that without taking, the mere recital of so much physic will sicken me.

Mr. HORNE said he would only mention one other item, and that was as follows : "To innoculating the testator seven times."

The LORD CHANCELLOR—Is there no allowance made for returned bottles and pill-boxes ?

Mr. HORNE said there was not ; but that might be accounted for, as probably he had swallowed them also.

We hope we shall not offend *Medicus* by this quotation : yet it is certainly severer than any thing we have said.

In our next Number we shall take notice of the dispute between Mr. Octavius Gilchrist of Stamford, and the Rev. Mr. Bowles,—in which the LONDON MAGAZINE has been implicated. It appears that Mr. Gilchrist did not write the Article in The Quarterly Review against which a pamphlet, "by one of the family of the Bowles's," was published. The style of that pamphlet certainly has not pleased the public : but we reserve opinion, till we can express all we have to say on the matter. In the mean time, we may state that we have read observations by Mr. Bowles in the Pamphleteer, which seem to us to bear more closely on the question than the first pamphlet, which called forth "*Gilchrist's Answer to Bowles*." This is now followed, we see, by "*Gilchrist's Second Answer to Bowles*," in which there is some interesting matter brought forward relative to Pope ; and intimation is given that Mr. G. means to enter more largely on the vindication of that Poet's moral character, in a volume which may be soon expected.

Our numerous Correspondents must excuse us for another month.

London Magazine.

N° XIII.

JANUARY, 1821.

VOL. III.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

EVERY man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away; or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music most bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done, or suffered; performed, or neglected; in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some

of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamblers phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrill cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds in *banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue,

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man, Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humour-some; a notorious ***; addicted to *****: averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;—*** besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door — — — but for the child Elia—that “other me,” there in the back-ground—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid chattering of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ’s, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleeps. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy; or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favorite? If these speculations seem

fantastical to thee, reader—(a busy man perchance); if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly-conceited only; I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimed, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration; and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser’s farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods; and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away “like a weaver’s shuttle.” Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends. To be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet, or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and

are not rested up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh; or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you, (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the “sweet assurance of a look”—?

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand, and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus' sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her “minions”—I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have

wooded death ——— but out upon thee, I say, thou foul ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy, *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frightful and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall “lie down with kings and emperors in death,” who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that “*so* shall the fairest face appear”—Why, to comfort me, must Alice W—— be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tomb-stones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that “such as he now is, I must shortly be.” Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1881. Another cup of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1880 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion by hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton.—

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophecy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall,
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.

His * revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The Year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd thro'
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity,
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort;
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,

And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
And renders e'en Disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these
verses smack of the rough magnani-
mity of the old English vein? Do
they not fortify like a cordial; en-
larging the heart, and productive of
sweet blood, and generous spirits, in
the concoction? Where be those
puling fears of death, just now ex-
pressed, or affected?—Passed like a
cloud—absorbed in the purging sun-
light of clear poetry—clean washed
away by a wave of genuine Helicon,
your only Spa for these hypochon-
dries—And now another cup of the
generous!—and a merry New Year,
and many of them, to you all, my
masters!

1st Jan. 1821.

ELIA.

WITH A LAMPE FOR MIE LADIE FAIRE.

The Spirite of the Lampe—loquitur.

Ladie! in the silente houre,
Whenere the dewe is onne the flowere,
Ande the Eveninge's coronette
In the purplinge waues is wette.
Ande the little starres doe sleepe,
Like shippes becalmed, alonge the deepe.
Thenne,—the Spirite of the Lampe,—
I quitte in joye mie heauenly campe,
On silverie winges of Moonbeames ride,
And bende at mie sweete Ladie's side.

'Tis mie watchinge rounde thie bowerre,
Thatte soe swifte dothe speede the houre.
Nighte may veile the Heauenne aboue
Splendoure shalle be rounde mie Loue;
From her beautie glitteringe farre,
Like the lustre of a starre.

VIRGINE—lifte thie hazelle eye!
Noe—'tis yette—Mortalitie;
Ande its untranslatelde blaze
Mustte not on a spiritte gaze.
But looke uponne this Lampe, VIRGINE!
There mie outwarde forme is seene;
There, withinne its cristalle celle
Dwelles he, who in thie hearte woulde dwelle.

In livinge flame he sittes, alle eare,
Wooinge the voice he loves to heare,
Sees Heavenne arounde thie beautie's bloome,
And foldes, for ever foldes, his plume.

MAISON.

The Travels and Opinions

OF

EDGEWORTH BENSON,

Gentleman.

ADVERTISEMENT

Of what the readers of these Articles, which will be published monthly, in the LONDON MAGAZINE, may expect them to contain.

Venice: its external appearance; its justification of its poetical character; sketches of its people and manners; a Countess's account of past times; its paintings and painters; historical glory; Lord Byron; Maria Louisa.

Discussions at Milan on various subjects; behaviour of the congregation in the churches there; remarks on religious feeling, and reference made to its present state on the Continent; Portrait of a Valet de Place, and of the Conductor (guard) of a Diligence.

A disquisition on the Letters of Madame de Sevigné; an attempt to show her to English readers in her true character—that of one of the most delightful of all writers.

A Prima Donna in a passage-boat; the ballets and music of Italy; first sight of a soldier of the Pope; Ferrara; preparations for the Emperor of Austria; palace of the Dukes of Este; a printseller's stall; Ariosto, Tasso, Buonaparte.

Something of myself, extracted by a visit to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, to which the reader is introduced:—lost friends; wonder expressed; hints on education; and advice as to making love.

Ancona and Loretto: the quiet of an Italian life, and the richness of Italian landscape; the Adriatic; the Apennines; the Sacred House: nice distinction, made by a priest, between Frenchmen and Englishmen: two Italian travellers—one of them dependent on the other; sketches of character.

The dispute between "the Classics and the Romantics:" an attempt to prove both parties in the wrong, and a confession of liking both classical and romantic literature; doubt suggested whether these epithets mean any thing with reference to the present dispute:—the French shown to be a poor-hearted people; allusions to living Italian and French combatants on this question.

Description of a family at Villefranche, near Lyons: the writer in a scrape; conversation with a French General,—his parrot, garden, and study.

Rousseau.

Something on Rome: an eagle's feather from Parnassus.

More on Rome, including Canova and the Pope.

Brantome; Cardinal Retz; Louis the Fourteenth.

Young German Artists reading Goethe's Faustus at Tivoli:—walks amongst the mountains; the Convent of Cosimato; the writer talks at length about what is impressive in history, and beautiful in fiction and art.

Naples and its environs: much rapture expressed; Sorrento; more rapture; a night ascent of Vesuvius; sharp criticism of that volcano; Pompeii; the writer forgets himself; the tombs, and Cicero's villa; remains of a Roman lady's toilette; Sappho,—a portrait; it is like a lady of the writer's acquaintance.

Italian Poetry: some of the older prose writers in that language: the limits which divide the arts of design from poetry: on the rise and progress of art in Italy: the influence of the Crusades on the mind of Europe.

English manners contrasted with foreign: alterations perceptible in the former: their tendency: remarks on the history of the last twenty years: remarks on English Literature, and Fine Art: on English Actors, and the English Stage: the women of England compared with foreign women: an "aurea veritas tale."

This is not all,—nor more than half of the "Travels and Opinions,"—but, as the contents of more than twelve chapters have now been sketched, and as these will reach through all the Numbers of the LONDON MAGAZINE for the year 1821, it seems needless at present to notify further. The Editor, however, thinks it right to state, that Mr. Benson has put into his hands the whole of the manuscript of the work,—so that no disappointment as to the continuation of the series can occur. Mr. Benson will be found a reflective traveller, as well as an observant one: early disappointments in life (as the saying is) seem to throw their shadows over his fairest and brightest views, yet his disposition is the furthest in the world from harbouring misanthropy or rancour. He frequently alludes to his British contemporaries, and is profuse, rather than nigardly in his reference to European literature and the principles of general criticism; but he also keeps a quick eye on the peculiarities of foreign character and manners; and seems ambitious to describe, in a lively and striking way, the external features of the remarkable places, and celebrated objects, belonging to the interesting countries through which he has loitered. It is only necessary to add, that the above list of contents does not certainly indicate the order in which the chapters will appear; a discretion is reserved on this point; and nothing like the regular progress

of a book of travels is to be expected. The writer must be allowed to go backwards and forwards from Italy to France, and England,—from Italian Paintings to his own life,—from the Coliseum to Madame de Sevigné,—just as he pleases. The traveller's mind pursues a course as irregularly discursive as this; and so subtle are the links of association, that where connection exists it cannot always be traced:—yet the principle of harmony may please amidst the most marked variety, and the interest of a subject be much heightened by its being placed in the immediate neighbourhood of others, to which it bears no self-evident sign of relationship. The feelings often associate under the influence of suggestions that are verbally most dissimilar.

No. I.

VENICE: ITS EXTERNAL APPEARANCE; ITS JUSTIFICATION OF ITS POETICAL CHARACTER; SKETCHES OF ITS PEOPLE AND MANNERS; A COUNTESS'S ACCOUNT OF PAST TIMES; ITS PAINTINGS AND PAINTERS; HISTORICAL GLORY; MARIA LOUISA; LORD BYRON.

Venice, more than any other city, or place, I have ever seen, realized the image of itself, which had gradually grown up in my fancy, in the course of years, under the influence of all that travellers, novelists, historians, and poets have said and written concerning this sovereign spouse of the Adriatic. In Petrarch's work, "*De Gestis Imperatorum*," there is a magnificent account of the pomp, and ceremony, and concourse of strangers, which accompanied the famous marriage,—when the Doge went in the Bucentaur, followed by the state barges of his Council of Ten, the gay poet of the Senate, and the sombre gondolas, with their fair and gallant freight, and wedded the chafing sea to the mastery of his stern Republic. Then was the time to see Venice,—when the Doge Ziani discharged this symbolic rite; a type which, in his hands, was not empty pretension. It was he who conquered Barbarossa for the Pope Alexander the Third, when, driven from the holy city, the Pontiff came to him as a mendicant friar. The military events that followed are still to be seen in the pictures that hang on the walls of the Chamber of the Great Council, done by the son of Paul Veronese, and Bassano. Ziani died, after completing this great restoration, full of years, and heaped with glory; and his monument now stands in the church of Saint George, in the Giudecca, built by Palladio. To this monument his successors were accustomed to pay a solemn visit of respect, each Christmas-day, after

dinner: but the pageant of triumph gradually became one of mortification, and finally of indifference:—it was then time it should cease, and in the fullness of things it has ceased. Yet the memorials of the past still enrich the present, which, without them, would be poor indeed. Three lofty masts were erected in front of the church of Saint Mark, commemorative of the sovereignty of Venice over the three kingdoms of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea: they are still to be seen, erect as ever:—"We have lost the kingdoms," said a Venetian of the lower order to me;—"but the masts remain to us!" In these few words is comprised the present state of Venice.

And yet she is still, to appearance, what the mind had pictured her.—You leave the main land to find her in the midst of the water, where she stands, with her spires, and towers, and the sails and vanes of her shipping, mingled and coping together.—The sea-gulls, and sometimes an eagle from the distant Alps, or the mountains of Dalmatia, are the only birds whose wings pass over the heads of the inhabitants of Venice.—Huge fronts of white marble edifices rise against the eye, like the rocks of Staffa;—palaces and churches are congregated and pressed as on a vast raft; while the population, pent up in narrow alleys and sinuous passages on terra firma, seems to emerge from constraint and awkwardness, like water-fowl, when it issues forth on the surface of the Venetian element. More of the

lue of romance settles over daily existence in Venice than elsewhere; and this is chiefly occasioned by the peculiarity of its situation as a city. An intense consciousness of life, a fermentation of the passions, and a quick and tingling sympathy with those of others, result from the closeness of the neighbourhood:—the feelings and sensations are also fed and heated by that voluptuous indolence, which change of place every where else disturbs and dispels, but which it here generates and pampers.—What Lady Mary Wortley Montague said of the Turkish dance, which she saw performed to the fair recluses of a seraglio, may be said of an excursion in a gondola: it inevitably suggests voluptuous ideas. The lounge going to pay his visits, and the merchant to look after his affairs, glides along, reclining on cushions soft as eider-down, and buried in a curtained twilight. The effect of this mode of common communication on the disposition, is very different from that of a walk along the Strand, through Temple-bar, to Fleet-street, and the Royal Exchange!

An excitement of temperament, and inactivity of habit, we thus see, are the natural effects of the remarkable position of Venice, and they form the most striking features in the Venetian character. The same circumstances, too, by concentrating the interest of life within narrow bounds, render it more busy and deep.—They also give to the manners of society a certain reserved, mysterious air, which, whether in politics, business, or pleasure, has the look of intrigue, and of more being meant than meets either the eye or ear. The old government of this celebrated republic was quite in unison with such manners: it was prompt, and violent, but secret and calm. It did by spies the business of soldiers, and fostered the pride, and gratified the passions of a haughty intolerant aristocracy, while it ordained that no colour should be shown in public but black, that the equality of citizens might not be insulted by the gaudy pretensions of wealthy vanity. In this, as in every thing else here, there was evinced a depth of sentiment, leading to a contempt for affecting to feel what was

in reality powerfully felt. Contrast this Venetian ordinance with the decrees of the French Consular and Imperial Governments, regulating the lace and embroidery on the dresses of Princes, Chamberlains, Senators, and Members of the Legislative Body! The difference is such as we ought to find distinguishing what is French from what is Italian.

The Venetian character is in every respect a concentrated one: the inhabitant of Venice knows the peculiarities of his condition, and regards them as his proud distinctions and privileges: he feels as a triton or a sea-god, in comparison with the common mortals of the continent: to walk half a mile he considers an act of slavery and degradation: he seems to himself to live in a more elegant and easy element than mankind in general; he regards the water as an Arab, or a Parthian, regards his steed:—it is, at once, his creature, and a part of his being;—he cannot conceive human life to be endurable where a man's limbs must transport him whither he wishes to go. His prerogative, in this respect, couples itself with the historical honours of his national name, and thus gives to the lowest Venetian a feeling of brotherhood with the highest,—and of immeasurable superiority over the inhabitants of terra firma.—At the last *ridotto* of the carnival of 1818,—a curious scene took place: a gallant Englishman, profiting by the liberty which masks afforded to the ladies, had given his arm to a female of distinction, and was walking with her up and down the ball-room. His regular mistress, belonging to an inferior class of the people, maddened with jealousy, approached her rival, and attempted to tear off the visor, which, under the circumstances, was so necessary to its fair wearer. Horror pervaded the place; it was an attempt which alike shocked national feeling, and alarmed individual interests:—if masks were removable, what security could a woman of character possess? “Are you mad!” was exclaimed to the exasperated aggressor:—“she is a lady (*una dama*) whom you have insulted!”—“*Io son Veneziana*,” (I am a Venetian,) was the dignified reply; conveying, with Latin brevity, the force of Roman feeling. To

be a woman of Venice sets other distinctions at naught.

The history of Venice is peculiarly calculated to instil this conscious pride in the national name. It originated in popular resistance to oppression; and, from humble self-defence, the power of the state rose to the height of triumphant dominion. Though, in the course of this rise, the mass of the people lost that liberty which endeared to them the first piles that were driven to oppose the waves of the Adriatic, threatening to overwhelm them on their sandbanks, yet the language and titles of their institutions continued to suggest to them their favourite ideas; and nominally, at least, their rulers and themselves were united in a community of fellowship, which the forms of a monarchy are calculated to destroy. The power which, in the latter, is made personal, always remained national in the republic.—The stern scrutiny and universal interference of the authority of the government, had the effect of connecting the people with it in feeling, as members of a family of which it was the supreme. The most formidable officers of the state went about in familiar society, dressed as common citizens, and chatting as common visitors: this, while it gave them a prodigious influence, and a terrible knowledge as rulers, took off that look of estrangement and separation which is often so offensive to popular feeling in a court,—at the same time, it gave them opportunities of qualifying the rigour of the law, in things that were trifles to the state, though of importance to the comfort of individuals; and it is chiefly when it is found galling in these that a government acquires the character of being tyrannical. A Venetian “Dama,” experienced in the ways of Venice,—whom age has left fascinating, because nature has made her amiable, used to speak to me with fervour, at her *conversazioni*, of the days of the old government:—“it had sadly dwindled down to us,”—(said she,) “but it was still something which we at once feared and venerated. We all considered ourselves the children of the State, and it kept us in order with a good deal of severity. The members of noble families durst not travel without per-

mission of the Senate; and this was not willingly given to pretty women: I was at that time said to be pretty; so I did not find it easy to go about as I wished. I did not scruple, however, to take an occasional trip to Milan without saying any thing. I ventured to do this, because the *Inquisitors* used to come to my parties; one indeed preferred coming to a *tête-à-tête*; so I felt pretty sure they would do me no harm: they might, however, have imprisoned me in my own house for such a fault.”

This was the way to keep the people of Venice strictly Venetians; and the natural effect of such a system of policy was, to create a consciousness of companionship (like that of school-fellows); a feeling of sympathy, and a necessary intimacy of communication throughout society, unfavourable to the regularity of morals, but calculated to beget a soft, and generous, and romantic spirit,—under the influence of which, voluptuous indulgence lost almost all its coarseness, and became in a measure reconciled to many of the virtues.—This kindness and gentleness of disposition still mingle, in a remarkable degree, with the licence of private manners; they even give a sort of quiet enthusiasm to character, and contribute not a little to confer that poetical embellishment on daily life, which it wears at Venice to an extent which I do not believe is elsewhere equalled.

The age of the State of Venice is also one of the circumstances in her situation, calculated to render the national feeling of her people intense and exclusive. She can trace her origin clearly back to the first pile of her empire; her history falls altogether within modern times, yet includes almost every romantic, chivalrous, and poetical feature, which a course backward into early oblivion could supply. The line of her magistrates, and the series of her great exploits, are capable of being retained in the memory of the vulgar, while they suggest to their imagination wonders as inspiring as those of fabulous narrative.—The Venetian, therefore, feels himself in full possession of all the honours of the Venetian name; they come down to him by unbroken descent, and with a force still accumulating in their

progress through time, having never been interrupted by any of those chasms, in which history is swallowed up. The language of the vulgar in Venice is marked with phrases that intimate a sense of the great exploits of the republic, and provide for the perpetuity of their fame. If one of the lower classes talks of quarrelling with another, he says, "I will make a war of Candia upon him!" and their oaths bear the character of the middle ages: they are asseverations that transport us to the ranks of the crusaders; we seem to be listening to the violent expressions of the soldiery of "blind old Dandolo." Much more of the original Venetian character, indeed, is now preserved amongst these classes, than with those who call themselves their betters. The *fasciol fascioletto*, or graceful Venetian veil, is only to be seen now on the heads of the girls of humble condition. A more beautiful style of dress cannot be imagined. The *fasciol* is white, and is drawn down by the side of each cheek, as we see in some of the statues of Roman ladies. The black eyes, and long languishing features of the young wearers, divide the folds in a way which it is safer to describe than regard.

With the higher orders, the Venetian peculiarities do not so much seem extinct as repressed: they are like actors retired from the stage, but with "the strong propensity" still in their breasts. The way of living in Venice had formerly all the interest of a dramatic entertainment. Women of respectable condition never appeared out of doors but in masks. A noble Venetian's wardrobe was that of a performer in a solemn pageant. He was obliged to possess eight different cloaks; three of which, under the classifying name of *Bauta*, were for his appearance in masquerade. The first was for wear in the spring and summer,—and the principal occasion of its display was the feast of Ascension, when the Doge married the Adriatic:—the second, for Autumn, appropriated more particularly to the theatre, and the *ridotto*, or masked ball: the third, for winter, sported throughout the gay carnival. His five other cloaks consisted of two for summer, both of white taffeta; one for winter, of blue cloth; one of white cloth, for great state occa-

sions; and one of scarlet, for the grand church ceremonies. The black veil, worn by the ladies, was called *zendal*, or *zendaletto*,—and under its protection they threaded the throng of the carnival; flooded the crowd of the square of Saint Mark, at noon-day; and took their places, amongst the promiscuous company of a coffee-room in the evening,—known, perhaps, to some, but not refusing the proffered small-talk of any.—The latter custom, divested of the disguise which rendered it so piquant, still exists:—it is true, that females of the very best society are not now to be seen in the public coffee-rooms; but women, belonging to families of wealth and high respectability, are still to be found spending their evenings in these places of resort: not going in and out, as casual visitants, which is common in France, but frequenting a particular house, and even occupying a particular seat, duly as the evening comes. Their presence there is regularly expected by their friends, and they are understood to receive visits at their selected coffee-room. Grace and propriety are wonderfully preserved on the Continent, under circumstances, and in the practice of customs, where they would be infallibly lost, and coarseness and disgusting licence take their places, in England. From the habit just mentioned, public intercourse gains a vivacity and interest which it cannot possess amongst colder and more cautious manners; and nothing is seen to offend decency, or even alarm decorum. Even in the free season of the carnival, when women in masks, without male companions, rush in and out, and through the rooms of the coffee houses, at all hours of the night, they may safely calculate on passing through the whole ordeal unmolested by insult. The reason, perhaps, is, that intrigue is universal. Beyond an exclamation of "*ah, la bella mascheretta*," the Venetian never goes, unless he finds his flirtation acceptable. The secret of Continental manners, in this respect, seems to be, that the sexes are less separated in imagination there than in England: our ideas of women partake of a mystical and refined nature, which cannot be referred to matter of fact, but springs altogether from the workings of the

imagination, like that species of mental exaltation which distinguishes some of the more severe of our religious sects. When any thing is done to dispel this vision, where it exists, respect and forbearance disappear at once; while, on the Continent, the standard estimation being altogether of a lower pitch, is more invariably adhered to.

But to hear a noble Venetian lady of the old days, speak of the past, it would appear that what now strikes a stranger as free, gay, and unconstrained in the manners of the place, is mere dullness in comparison with the picture it once afforded. The government of the aristocracy combined greater degrees of political tyranny and social licence than modern times can parallel: innumerable were its galas to the gentry, its shows and amusements to the populace: the masked paramour, and the state spy went together throughout Venice: the square of Saint Mark was constantly crowded with mountebanks, gallants, mistresses, merchants from Aleppo, friars, peasants from Friuli, dressed as for a melo-drama, and musicians, cooks, and processions. The *Inquisitors* overlooked the motley group from the windows of the Dogal Palace, and dispatched their *sbirri* to conduct the denounced over the "bridge of sighs!" Voluptuous enjoyment, and the pleasures of taste and grandeur, were made the diversion from political reflection and discussion; and the habit then engendered still exists. It is true Titian no longer paints, Palladio no longer builds; no glorious spoils now arrive from the East; Senators and members of the Council of Ten have been displaced by baseful foreigners, and the long-featured large-eyed Italian is stared out of countenance by the whiskered viages of Germany. Yet voluptuous pleasure is still deeply rooted in his soul,—mingled with a melancholy altogether poetical, for it bears nothing of that look of care which sharpens its aspect in more wretched situations.—A Venetian of the present day passes the German animal with a look of resolute carelessness, lounges through the coffee-house, chews fruit, or drinks the fragrant levantine beverage, regards the crime of the state around him, heaves a sigh, and goes to the ri-

dotto. Surrounded by the memorials of former magnificence, when glory was united to enjoyment, he devotes himself to enjoyment now that glory is gone. Yet he is not insensible to what he has lost; he seems to labour with a secret of regret, and a desire of vengeance, which a sentiment, compounded of fear and pride, hinders him from disclosing. Speak to him of the merits of an opera-singer, or the charms of a *ballerina*, and he gives loose to the enthusiasm of his disposition: "*Oh la bella!*" he exclaims, in a tone as if he were sucking into his soul, as one sucks the heart of an orange, all the moral and physical beauty of the universe. But make an allusion to the political condition of his country; to the hopes excited and betrayed in the course of late events; to the sad story of fluctuation which his city tells, now that the Austrians have found it necessary to pass a law, prohibiting the owners of marble palaces from pulling them down for the sake of *selling their materials*—do this, and his features may be instantly seen to drop into an expression of grief mingled with suspicion, and a despairing indifference:—he regards you silently with his large black eyes; perhaps a few words escape from his lips, but what he utters is hopeless and uncomplaining. "Destiny—destiny,—we must all bow our heads to destiny!" said a Venetian gentleman to me, when I was expressing commiseration of the fallen state of Venice. Sometimes a quiet bitterness, in the shape of a jest, marks the reply:—"What can be in the heads of your oppressors?" was asked, in my hearing, of a nobleman of an old Venetian family:—"nothing" was the laconic answer. It is their constant habit when such subjects are introduced, to insinuate some allusions to the "palmy state of Rome," and the ancient honours of the Italian name—as if they wished to throw off the imputation of disgrace by appealing to the testimony of history. Can the Italian nature have degenerated, they ask? or are we only the victims of circumstances? They who observe fairly and philosophically the wonderful qualities of this people, discoverable as they are in the midst of their fallen condition, will scarcely be able to prevail upon themselves to

deny to the Italian the benefit of the most flattering of these alternatives.

Such are the people whom the stranger now finds at Venice; but, whatever melancholy signs of the fluctuations of prosperity he may discover amongst them, the scenery of the city—its external features, seem to have suffered nothing of change, and they certainly come nearer the grandeur of an Arabian tale than any thing I had fancied to be in actual existence. The square of Saint Mark; the mosque-like cathedral, covered with grotesque figures in prodigious mosaic work; its arches shining with gilding, and its whole exterior presenting a union of the fantastic with the grand,—oriental taste with western wealth and power; the opening on the water between the two Eastern Pillars—the spoils of the crusades, on one of which stands “the winged lion;”—the severe front of the Dogal palace, conveying a look of aristocratical authority, and bearing testimony by its architecture to the triumphs of the republic in the east; the quay of the Schiavi,—with its bridges, its prison, and the gaily coloured barks, from the islands and the Dalmatian coast, run up on its slope,—these present a picture, altogether more oriental than Italian, but of most captivating and surprising effect. Greeks, Turks, Armenians, mingle their costume with the white veils of the Venetian girls. The various wild states that border the eastern side of the Adriatic, send here their mariners and traders: merchants come here too from Syria and Egypt: they are all to be seen on the quay, and in the square of Saint Mark, some smoking, some drinking coffee, some bargaining—while in front stretches a magnificent sheet of smooth water, in the middle of which stands the island of the Giudecca,—confronting the eye of the spectator with the marble porticoes of Palladio! The square of Saint Mark, as a foreign traveller observes, is distinguished by a picturesque majesty of appearance, which probably cannot be equalled in the world. It is the place of rendezvous for the advocates, merchants, ambulatory comedians, musicians, improvisatori, and Aspasias. Eustace has done gross injustice to Venice: he could not feel its beauty and sublimity because neither

is classical,—for which reason he would probably have denied magnificence to Babylon of old;—but he applies the epithet “luminous” to the style of Palladio, and it is precisely the word to characterise it. There are three churches by this celebrated man on the small island just mentioned. Eustace seems to prefer of his buildings the San Georgio, in the island of that name; but I quite agree with Addison who was most struck by the Redemptore, in the Giudecca. Nothing can be more exquisite than its light elegance. This beautiful building was erected as a monument of the thankfulness of Venice for the cessation of a fierce pestilence; and the Doge and great officers of state used to go to it annually in procession, on the third Sunday of July. The French, with their natural barbarity, let out this church to an exhibitor of balloons, and intended to sell it for the purpose of being pulled down for its materials. The merchants of the city of Venice redeemed it from their hands, and they continue to pay a clergyman to officiate within its walls.

Saint Mark appears to me to be the greatest curiosity, and one of the most impressive objects in the class of edifices, that it is possible for a traveller to see. It is florid and grotesque without; gloomy and strange within. It is decorated with pillars brought over from Jerusalem and from Constantinople, the dissimilarity of which suggests them to be trophies, and makes them appeal more forcibly to the imagination. It is covered with representations in mosaic, one or two of them designs by Titian, but most of them in the style of the meagre artists of the low Greek empire, the subjects of which are all religious, though the manner of handling them is often offensive to decency. Our Saviour, in one, is represented suffering the operation of circumcision. This building stands a strange monument of the wild superstitions of the age when it was built, of the fierce heroism of that day, its barbarous taste, sublime fancy, and ambition of grandeur. It is a mass of consecrated robbery; a pile of plunder applied to the purposes of devotion. It represents the young and ardent republic, active and hardy to seize, eager to possess, yet too in-

experienced in art, and too occupied with arms, to create the decorations of a powerful and enterprising state. We see in it the first fruits of an avidity, which, though its effects were barbarous, manifestly pointed towards civilization. Here, too, is reflected the pride of these stern citizen rulers, whose feeling of power was strengthened and sharpened as an appetite in their breasts, by the contiguity of its possessors to the mass of the people. It is made up of the wrecks of the old eastern empire, ravished by the early valour of the west—of the results of taste in its dotage, of pedantry, profusion, vanity, and ignorance, succeeding learning, magnificence, and dignity,—and transported, on the final extinction of that ancient branch of power, to form the splendour of a new state. This Dogal church, the principal one of Venice, was first built in 828, for the purpose of receiving the remains of Saint Mark, brought over from Alexandria. The original edifice, however, was burnt, in consequence of a public insurrection, when the contiguous palace was set on fire by the people. This happened in the year 976. The pile we now see was commenced immediately after this accident, and finished about the year 1071. Dedicated to Saint Mark, the lion became his and the republic's representative, it is said, because of the lofty opening of that Saint's gospel,—where John the Baptist is heard crying, like a lion in the desert, "prepare ye the way of the Lord! make his paths straight!"—Above the gates of this cathedral, the horses of bronze still stand. They were too far off their native antiquity at Paris: here, at Venice, the state of things, and the cast of character, seem more in harmony with their history. It was too late a day when they were taken by Buonaparte, to give them a new place of settlement. They wanted the pillars from the temple of Jerusalem to support them from below; they stood but awkwardly on the ugly useless arch before the Thuilleries. It would have been a pity if they had remained degraded to be the spoils of a war chronicled in our daily and weekly newspapers, from

their rank as spoils of the crusades.—Whatever Napoleon may be to the tenth generation of our posterity, to us he is not so romantic as Godfrey or Tancred, nor so capable of interesting the imagination in his conquests.

The sea-birds may now be seen roosting on the fretwork of the Dogal palace, and on the heads of the old figures by which it is ornamented. Yet it still bears ample evidence of the severity of the republican government. Its dark passages to the prisons are still to be seen; also its close inner rooms for inquisitorial consultation; and the vaulted corridors leading to the recesses for secret examination. The spaces which the Lions of Accusation occupied are yet visible; and the orifices through which the charges dropped, have not been filled up. Seen by moon-light from the great square of Saint Mark, with the tower of the clock in front, and the two pillars brought from Constantinople a little below, it looks as if it would render up a line of doges, counsellors, and senators. Between these columns, just mentioned, close to the water's edge, the public executions took place. The Dogs, on his election, landed here from the state procession on the water; but carefully avoided passing between the ominous elevations. Faliero, whose decapitation is recorded on a black tablet, which appears amongst the portraits of the chief magistrates of Venice, accidentally broke this rule: instead of going on one side, he went between the columns:—the circumstance was remarked at the time, but it was more remarked at his death.

The view of Venice from the Canale Giudecca is astonishingly fine: the grandest buildings are on each side,—the magnificent opening of the great canal is behind, and the convent of the Armenians, standing on its solitary sand bank, the Lido,* and the Adriatic are in front. A stranger ought to traverse the whole of this expanse of water, and stop his gondola in various spots to observe the city under different points of view. All its aspects are grand: you see the globular minaret turrets of Saint Mark; the Arabesque cornices, and

* Famous as the spot of Lord Byron's rides: it is a long strip of sand, forming the beach of the Adriatic, but separated from Venice by water.

short pillars of the Dogal palace; the "winged lion" on his column; the vast extent of the mass of houses and bridges; Italian and oriental architecture; masts and spires; the passing gondolas with their graceful rowers:—such are the particulars of the lively and striking picture here presented of Venice, once, like Tyre, the queen of the waves, and still "rising like water-columns from the sea!"

The bridge of the Rialto, thrown over the Great Canal, is still, and no doubt was formerly in a greater degree than now, "a place where merchants congregate." It is lined with the shops of those who work that beautiful fine gold chain, for the manufacture of which Venice is famous; and, at a little distance, is the ancient place of assemblage for the traders of this great commercial city. The latter spot is not now so employed; but, when it was, the Rialto, being in the immediate neighbourhood, must have been much frequented by merchants. Shakspeare has been accused of ignorance in his notice of the Rialto, but this is superficial criticism. His selection of the name is good evidence of his having had authority for his description of the place,—for no man was ever better acquainted with the current information of his time, or had a more happy memory and feeling directing him to the appropriate employment of his knowledge. The bridge of the Rialto is so connected with the pursuits and residence of the merchants of Venice, particularly in former times, that it is impossible to consider Shakspeare's notice of it as a mere blunder; there is no reasonable ground, then, for doubting that his allusion to it had been suggested to his fancy by the writings of Italians, or the accounts of travellers. The passage in the Merchant of Venice leads people in general to think of the Rialto as an Exchange, or spacious mart: they are disappointed when they find it a bridge;—but one of the most interesting results of travelling, in the estimation of those who ought to travel, is the new and unexpected way in which things, with which our imagination had been familiar, present themselves to actual observation; offering a very different appearance from what we had

anticipated, yet reconciling themselves perfectly to the facts on which our suppositions about them had been formed. One might moralize, or philosophize, on this circumstance;—but it is scarcely worth while. The Rialto is the pride of the Venetians rather than the admiration of strangers. A Frenchman, indeed (so my servant informed me) never fails to express disappointment and contempt when he first sees it. It is not made of cast iron, like that of Austerlitz, at Paris;—nor is it flat for the convenience of carriages, like that of Jena. "What is there, then to admire about it?" It must be regarded in something of the spirit and character of a Venetian to be properly felt,—and this no Frenchman, and but few Englishmen, can do. If the first place it is the largest bridge of Venice, and this to a Venetian is all one with being the largest in the world. In the next place, it was a miracle of art at the time it was built, and since then the Venetians have been working no miracles to eclipse it,—but on the contrary have seen their achievements become less and less every day. The Rialto, then, is still their pride, because it was the pride of their proudest days. Thirdly: whatever the bridge itself may be—(and it is a piece of massy and picturesque architecture, in pure marble)—it opens on a view of magnificence which Venice may justly regard as peculiar to herself. Its single arch is sprung across the great canal, the banks of which may be described as one continued line of marble palaces! The material of the buildings here is noble; their proportions are noble; they bear witness to a noble and powerful state. Here we find external magnificence, not introduced occasionally, as an exertion, or as an extraordinary celebration of some rare and extraordinary occurrence; but constituting a natural and common element of the social condition. It belongs to the Venetians in the same way that steam-engines, hospitals, and a navy, belong to the English. It is not to be found in monuments of royal ostentation; as in France; but as the result of a diffused prosperity, a high-minded competition, and a wide and zealous ambition of greatness. It is the offspring of commercial wealth, united

with heroism; and a genuine love for the grand and beautiful. No sooner did the Venetians find themselves waxing powerful and opulent, than they exerted themselves to render their wooden piles the foundation of the most costly and splendid monuments of art and greatness. They raised, on the sandy marsh, mighty palaces, and temples, and trophies, that were to challenge the admiration of a long succession of ages, resisting the fluctuations to which the power that created them has been compelled to submit. This innate, spontaneous tendency to ornament and illustrate the aspect and history of the state, by calling in art and elegance to cope and keep pace with valour and policy, seems to have always belonged to the Venetians. Their sculpture, their painting, and their architecture, are to be seen running through all the periods of their republic—varying in manner and excellence, according to the fashions of the time, but always denoting the same thirst for distinction in these things. Their spoils were chiefly of this nature; and, considering the structure of their government, which forbade any one man to constitute these national glories his own property, or to consign their fame to his family as an heritage, their emulation in this respect is to be taken as the sign of a proud, vigorous, and patriotic, public character. In these latter qualities it may be considered analogous to that of England,—both countries owing to the popular will and means, the public works which attest the national condition:—but England has shown no decided taste for the showy and poetical in form and appearance: her enthusiasm takes quite another turn. She was engendering the reformation, and her patriots were waging war against the theatre, when the Venetians were raising columns, and building palaces, and cultivating music. Her natural accomplishments have all reference either to practical fitness, or to moral propriety. The plastic arts convey their appeal to the imagination through the senses; but it is only passion or reflection that forcibly touches an English imagination.

Whatever superiority we may ascribe to the latter disposition, when compared with others, there can be

no doubt that it is imperfect in itself—and that its union with more refined sensual perceptions, would add much even to its dignity. Nothing well can be more majestic than the Venetian school of art, or more intimately allied,—to all appearance, at least,—with a strong, energetic, magnificent public character. It is serious, as well as voluptuous; intellectual in its cast of beauty; distinguished by calm force, and self-possession; Titian's painting may perhaps safely be considered a mirror in which Venetian character is reflected; and if so, nothing can be more imposing in its qualities. The expressions of his women breathe a grandeur and majesty of soul which would seem likely to awe and chill the softer passions; but which he has reconciled to the very intensity of voluptuous sensibility. They are the noble wives and mistresses of a glorious race of men; a spirit of superiority seems circulating in their veins as the essence of their life; fulness of mind is in their eyes, while enthusiasm and energy seem reposing in their breasts, in quiet consciousness of their own force, ready for the occasion, but not forcing or affecting display.—But a few scattered notices of the various places where fine pictures by the Venetian artists are to be seen, will afford me the most convenient means of introducing such remarks as I dare venture on this refined and difficult subject.

The old Venetian artists (previous to Titian) form a most interesting class to study. In the chapel of Milan, in the church of the Friari, there is a picture by Carpaccio which pleased me much. How well we may see that these early men were taking the right road. In their heads there are force and gravity of character; in their draperies, dignity, and simplicity. The forms are incorrect, poor and hard,—but drawn with intention and sincerity. There is nothing of the coxcomb, no affectation about them. Then their simple colours, reds, greens, and blues, clothe in an imaginative brightness their creation of persons and scenery. We seem to regard, in these pictures, a world fitted for a saintly romance. In the church of our lady of the nativity, (Madonna del Orto) there is an admirable example of this old striking style, in a

picture by Simon di Conneggiano. It has wild castles, and walls, and blue mountains, and rivers, and strange trees in the back ground, looking like an enchanted land: the outlines are all taken from the imagination, rather than from the daily earth. We fancy the world might have been so before the flood. The limbs of the figures are meagre, but strongly and truly handled; and an earnestness and solidity of sentiment give a character of dignity to the whole composition, in comparison with which, with deference to better judges, I would say the manner of Tintoretto appears to me to degenerate. Some of the earliest pictures of Titian are in this style; though bearing evidence of that more masterly hand and intellect, which were to give ease, elegance, and technical perfection to the practice of the art.

The two Palmas, also, rank amongst the early Venetian painters: the elder (*Palma vecchio*) is much the cleverest. The manner of the younger is thin, feeble, and false; that of his senior, stedfast, grave, and expressive. In the works of this last mentioned artist, as in those of the older, and much greater master, Giovanni Bellino, you see faces of a surprisingly elevated character, yet by no means in the style which is commonly known by the name of Italian. The grand historical air is not sought; nor excited expression; yet the heads are lofty and striking nevertheless, for in their lineaments we see evidence of a sublime capacity resting inactive, like a lion couchéd,—of great faculties in a latent state, ready to start into play on an animating call. The Venetian manner is a degree or two nearer common nature than the Roman: the habits of a republic seem to have helped to form their style of art,—while Raphael and Michael Angelo addressed themselves to popes and cardinals.

The children of Bellino are particularly beautiful. In the sacristy of the Redemptore, there is a small picture by this artist, in which there are two children and the virgin:—one of the two, a tiny angel, is singing from a music book, while the infant Christ, in the other corner, is attentively and seriously regarding his melodious companion. From the full, open, childish,

but beautiful mouth of the first, there pours a gush of sound, as if it was the vociferous call of a child, taking the turns and flows, and prolonged “linked sweetness” of celestial music. Bellino is fond of this expression: he often introduces chorister infants in his pictures. The look of the little Christ is the quintessence of what is pure, and engaging, and serious, in childish expression. In children who are well-treated, and placed in a tolerably protected situation of life, there may be observed a certain air of composure and confidence,—which we would call an air of authority in men,—originating in their ignorance of fear and suspicion, and their habit of finding their desires gratified without trouble to themselves. Their sense of assurance and undisturbed reliance, blends with the consciousness of weakness, the simplicity natural to their early age, and the imperfect expansion of their mental powers, and altogether there is thus produced a physiognomical expression of a most exquisite nature,—which constitutes at once the true and the poetical character of a child’s head, but which, though very commonly seen, it is most difficult to seize. Parmegiano, Correggio, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, gave much of the beauty of this expression, but without its depth, its gravity, its intensity. But the elder Venetian artists, and Titian, convey a fair idea of the sublimity of the original. I have seen no children, in any pictures, at all equal to theirs. The many groupes of infant angels, hanging in festoons from clouds, which we find in the church paintings of Venice, present an astonishing variety of this sort of head, retaining its essentials in each individual instance. But who shall paint this look up to the remembrance of it in the breasts of those who have been most interested to observe it! They who have closely and quietly watched the external indications of the developement of an infant’s mind,—putting forth to day a tendril, to-morrow a bud, next day a flower,—spreading, like a woodbine, by clinging to that which it beautifies and enlivens,—they will not expect to see these indications done justice to on canvas. In a child’s face curiosity and love appear like cherubs ready to fly from his eyes: his mind

is ever active, and ever making new discoveries; ever rewarding its own activity, and ever seeking the assistance of others:—here then are all the qualities and circumstances necessary to constitute the very antipodes to misanthropy, and the only very agreeable view of human existence. To be melancholy when regarding a healthy and well-used child, one must think of him when he shall be a child no longer.

In the church of San Zaccaria there is what is called the *chef d'œuvre* of Bellino,—who was the master of Titian. It had been taken to Paris and is now restored to its place. While I was standing looking at this painting, Maria Louisa, late Empress of France, now Duchess of Parma, came in to see it. She had but two attendants with her; her chamberlain, a one-eyed, ugly Austrian officer, called Neipperg, and a female. She was dressed in a very plain black silk pelisse, with an equally simple bonnet over-shadowing her face. It was pale, reserved, and melancholy even to sorrow. Her look was that of one who has long practised self-restraint. She regarded the picture intently for some time.

The church of the Jesuits is of wonderful workmanship. The walls are all covered with mosaic work of verd-antique and marble of Carrara. The steps that lead to the great altar are in mosaic, which so well imitates a superb Turkey carpet, that the eye is actually deceived. The altar is supported by eight tortuous columns of verd-antique, and the tabernacle which contains the sacrament is of lapis lazuli. Here is the martyrdom of Saint Laurence, by Titian, which was also taken to Paris, and is now restored. In the sacristy there is a series of paintings by the younger Palma, representing the history of Helen, the mother of Constantine,—she who was praised in a tone of pious gallantry by Saint Jerome. The roof, by Tintoretto, is in the forcible manner of that artist. Here is the tomb of the Doge Cicogna, under whom the Rialto was built. It was commenced in 1587, and finished in 1591. “He died in the odour of holiness,” says a certain author, “for while he was present at the celebration of the mass in Candia, the host sprung from the hands of the

priest, and placed itself in those of Cicogna!”

The church of La Madona del Orto (already mentioned by me) contains the tomb of Tintoretto, which has no inscription; and there are two of his pictures over the great altar, which, with that of Paradise in the palace of the Doge, and the Slave released by a Miracle, which was at Paris, and is now in the school of the Fine Arts at Venice, are considered by the Venetians his finest works. The Crucifixion, so eloquently praised by Fuseli, is in the chapel of San Rocco. The two large pictures in this church are of the Day of Judgment, and the Adoration of the Golden Calf; there are also several others, smaller, behind the altar. The Idolatry of the Israelites is a noble painting. The figures in the air come like clouds moving in their own element. They seem as if they would pass like gusts of wind. Tintoretto's force appears to me to be chiefly that of movement:—it does not lie deeply in character and intellect, like that of Titian and some of his predecessors. His figures have little or nothing of that majestic weight, that impressive reality, that dignity of the soul, that rich exuberance of life, which we find in those of Titian. His colouring is impressive,—often producing a phantasmagoric effect: his compositions are striking and well-ordered. In one of the smaller pictures, behind the great altar, there is a power shown of the most poetical kind, and the expression is here all that can be wished. A prophet or patriarch is seated, with an open book on his knee, and looking up to heaven. His eye seems to have caught the objects of his faith: he sees what the crowd of men dare not imagine—what it would not be lawful or possible to utter. His characteristic look is severe: he appears to be one of those who lived upon the manna which fell from heaven in the morning, who drank of the water which gushed from the rock, and whose way was marked by a cloud and pillar of fire. His daily communications are with the God of the Hebrews, who is a jealous god, and whose chief minister broke the tables of his law, in a fury excited by the idolatry of his followers. A cross traverses this picture, and forms a

great beauty in the composition. As for the picture of the Day of Judgment, I cannot make any thing out in such a crowd of confused, distorted figures: Michael Angelo's in the Capella Sistina, seemed to me very turbulent, and nothing more.

The Palace Grimani is well worth the particular notice of strangers. It contains some fine morsels of sculpture, particularly the statue of a Grecian orator, with his arm folded in his robe, from whom eloquence seems pouring, in a full but unruffled stream. There is no violent action in this speaker; no sign of professional oratory. It is not Demosthenes nor Eschines, but more probably Pericles—some ruler of the state,—personally concerned in public measures, conscious of his authority, yet amenable to popular opinion. A passage in Anarcharsis (Chap. 14.) represents Themistocles, Aristides, and Pericles standing almost immovable in the tribune, and, with their hands wrapped up in their cloaks, striking as much by the gravity of their mien as by the force of their eloquence. In the room No. 3, of this palace, there is an admirable roof by Giorgione, the subject of which is the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water. Looking at this, and at the several pictures of Titian in the different rooms;—at his Four Ages in another palace, the most truly and unpretendingly poetical of all the productions of the pencil I have ever seen—with the exception of Poussin's Sun Rise, which is in another of the Venetian Collections;—looking at his Mistress, and his many portraits, can we agree with those who would undervalue the Venetian school as unintellectual and unpoetical? The fact, as it appears to me, is, that this school demands, more than any other, powerful imagination, a quick sympathy with character, a deep feeling of passion in the breast of the spectator, to be rightly appreciated,—and for this reason it has been often misrepresented. It is said that the Venetian painters *do not tell a story*; and this is one reason why they are favourites with me. Painters generally, I think, succeed ill in telling a story: wherever they enter into competition with words they fail: but their noble art can convey to the mind and feeling much of which words can give no distinct or just

idea. Beauty of face and form; the silent dignity of physiognomical expression; the enchantments of scenery, and the various effects of colour, light, and shade,—these constitute the natural domain of the pencil; over these it has peculiar, and even almost exclusive power;—neither poetry nor prose can cope with it in conveying a clear, distinct, lively sense of these to the imagination. The German author of *Observations on the respective limits of Poetry and Painting*, lays it down—very justly as it seems to me—as a fundamental rule, subject to modifications, that *bodies*, and their visible properties, are the painter's business; *actions*, and their accompanying thoughts, the poet's. It is true, that, as actions have their visible indications, they may fairly, and do commonly, become the subject of painting; but in regarding the great specimens of the art throughout Italy, I must say that I have been more struck by that which is called *character* in such works, than by their examples of *expression* with reference to action,—or of a dramatic nature. The immortal artists have never seemed to me so far to surpass the bounds of common intellect and feeling, in the latter as in the former; nor have ever so succeeded to set my imagination wandering into a previously unknown world of beauty and sublimity. The *character* of a countenance reveals itself without words, in spite of words, and better than by words. The *expression* of the features is that which denotes the excited passion of the moment;—sentiments,—and, by means of these, events. Passions may be well displayed by the painter; but can always be better described by the poet: sentiments, and thoughts, can be but imperfectly given by the painter, and they form the glory of poetry. Michael Angelo, and Titian conveyed *character*; Raphael is called a dramatic painter,—but my remembrance of him delights to rest on his exquisite representation of *character*, glowing with all the brilliancy of love, and youth, and fond desire; melting, like the other ripe fruits of the south, with imate sweetness, and rich fragrance. The beauty of the heads of children, in which the great painters so excel, consists in this, that *character* only is

attempted in them—hence also the advantage possessed by this art in subjects of female beauty. I do not say that the painter cannot express sentiment and passion, I only say that the poet can express them better; can bring them home with more force by multiplying their associations; but *innate character* affords the means of triumph to the painter over the poet. In Poussin it is the general classical character that charms us—or, at least, that charms me. His famous death of Germanicus, now at Rome, I did not like. In his slaughter of the Innocents, however, there is wonderful and fearful *expression*.

What is meant, I would ask again, by *telling a story*—on which so much stress has been laid? They are to be pitied to whom no story is told by the view of cattle in a field; of the distant, blue, castle-crowned mountains; of a rustic boy piping by a river side; of an old tree, shading fallen columns, or an ancient tomb. To me, the story which these tell is more touching than that of the Grecian Daughter on canvas, or the Judgment of Solomon. In fact, there is always a story told to those who have philosophy enough to find it out; and they who have not, ought to be humble rather than critical. Look at the Mistress of Titian; look at one of his Venetian Noblemen; look at his portrait of the Doge Grimani in this very palace,—and then say if no story is told in his pictures! The story is of human nature, and earthly circumstance, conveyed in a grand type. The imagination takes its flight from a high stand in contemplating these works. Regarding the Doge, with his cap of office; his thin, sharp, authoritative, but not kingly face,—we see the story of the Venetian republic, better written than if it had been done by Voltaire, and infinitely more interesting than it appears in the series of *historical pictures*, as they are called, that represent the particular exploits of the state.—In the portraits we see the spirit which giveth life,—not the letter which killeth:—the spirit of an aristocratical republic; an active, vigilant, suspicious, but proud and fearless republic; where the chief ruled in the disposition of one who had himself been a citizen, and knew what citizens were; who was liable to have

his head stricken off by his nobles, and the bloody sword shown to the crowded people;—who drank out of the cup of power with a keen relish, because its contents were fresh and sparkling. Nothing in print could give one so just an idea of the republic, as I gain in these pictures, placed where they are. It is not Titian's fault if they convey no story: the herbage of the field suggests nothing, beyond the idea of a bellyful, to the sheep that crops it,—but to minds like those of Thomson, Burns, and Wordsworth its story is beautiful. The stars and planets

—nightly to the listening earth,
Proclaim the *story* of their birth;
and to finely tempered souls the

—meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

In the room, No. 5, of the Grimani palace, is a roof executed by Raffaël and Giovanni da Udine, in concert. It is the sole work of Raffaël done for Venice, and he was brought here by a cardinal of the family to do it. There are many other fine pictures here: a Cupid, by Guido; the History of Psyche, by Salvati, the Florentine, who puts a wonderfully sweet character into many of his female heads, though his manner of painting is slight and scumbling. Some small pictures on wood, by Andrea Schiavone, have great merit; they seem to unite the Flemish and Venetian styles. The artist painted them on morsels of packing cases, and received fourteen sols a day from his employer—that is to say, sevenpence! In the hall of the statues there is a caricature of Socrates, which is most curious, as a piece of history, if it be a genuine antique; also a Roman soldier, which struck me much; and a small naked female, in a reclining posture, evidently ancient, and highly curious, inasmuch as it is exactly such a figure as one of the favourite women of Rubens. This is a style which has not been commonly thought to belong to the ancients,—and an instance of it, like this, proves them to have been universal masters. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the statues in the Vatican than this figure: nor has it any resemblance to the manner of the Elgin marbles: it is fat and greasy,

almost to flabbiness,—but rich and voluptuous.

In the palace Pisani there is Paul Veronese's picture of the Family of Darius presented to Alexander.—There is little internal strength in this artist's characters; but there is much external grace. The Alexander of this painting is an elegant young Italian nobleman, who would never have done the mischief committed by the Alexander of Macedon. The artist's own portrait is introduced in a corner—looking elegance, fashion, and gallantry. He is fond of painting beautiful dogs, of the graceful kinds—such as greyhounds, spaniels, pointers,—and here is one, a *chef d'œuvre*. The costumes represent the Italian dress of his time,—and we see them here to as much advantage as in a ball-room. As the French have what they call *vers de société*, so the works of Paul Veronese seem to me *tableaux de société*, in the best meaning of such a phrase. There is more of fashion in them than of internal sentiment or deep feeling,—but there is a spirit of real gentility in them; they are not affected or fantastic in their airs and graces.

The school of San Rocco contains almost as splendid a proof of what the talents of one man can effect, as the Luxembourg lately did. The former is enriched with the paintings of Tintoretto, as the latter was with the works of Rubens. This hall, and the chapel attached to it, are splendid beyond description; the staircases and floors are of prodigious pieces of marble, and all that art can do to ornament the roofs and walls has been done. The collection of pictures is a wonderful one; and the effect, altogether, of decoration and architecture, stupendous. It must, indeed, be a country of art and magnificence where such a thing is to be seen! Over the altar in the chapel is the famous Crucifixion, by Tintoretto: his finest large picture, I suppose, beyond a doubt. The effect of the figures is that of shadows rather than men; but this does not take off either from the awfulness or vigour of the representation. The scene thus appears altogether supernatural and lowering; it is as if the graves had supplied the actors of so tremendous an outrage. The painting, on the roof, of San Rocco talking to

the Eternal, is one of the finest in Tintoretto's sweeping style. His manner, in many of the other pictures, appeared to me like that of Bassano. This building, with its contents, is altogether one of the most surprising to a stranger that Venice contains.

The palace Manfrini contains the pictures that gave me the most delight of any I saw at Venice. In the first room there is a Lady, by Giorgione, elegant, pearly, clear-blooded, and noble; a Madonna and child, by Bellino,—the child again singing, and most beautiful; the three Ages of Human Life, by Titian, in which the youth and maiden have looks that, once seen, settle for ever in the soul; three fine pictures by Julio Romano; a Lucretia, by Guido; a small Cartoon, by Raphaël, in which is a figure of Noah, that "ancient mariner," who is here represented so sublimely, that we think of him as Admiral of the Deluge! There is also a small, but indescribably delicious Madonna, (I believe,) by Corregio.—These are what struck me the most; but the palace is full of pictures.

Of the paintings in the Dogal palace I shall say but little: the rooms contain a great number of the works of the most eminent Venetian masters, but nothing like a regular account of the works of Fine Art in Venice is here attempted. In the Sala delle Quattro Porte, is the fine picture by Titian, representing Faith, and the thanksgiving of the Doge Grimani, which was taken to Paris, and has been returned. The Doge, before his election, had been calumniated and disgraced; but his innocence appearing, he was recalled with honour, and elevated to the dignity of Doge. He is on his knees in this picture, expressing his gratitude to heaven: nothing can be finer, or more elevated than his head; nothing more vulgar than the female figure of Faith. How inferior this to Titian's poetical portraits of women! In the mere ideal he is often as coarse, as in the representation of real nature he is refined. In the hall called the college, there is a fine picture, by Tintoretto, of the Doge Mocenigo returning thanks for the delivery of the city from a pestilence: it is a splendid performance, without

much meaning. There is also here a picture by Paul Veronese, in which two figures are very remarkable; a female with a cup, and a page holding up her drapery. In these, that elegance which is of fashion and manner may be compared with Titian's elegance of character. The arms of the lady are those of an exquisite fashionable beauty. The Saint Cecilia, here, is one of the most graceful of all Tintoretto's figures. The Rape of Europa put me in mind of Thomson's "veiled in a shower of shadowy roses"—it is so flowing and garlanded.

All these halls, though stripped of much of their original magnificence, are still splendid and imposing, to a degree that impresses the mind with awe and astonishment. It is their wealth in Fine Arts, however, that chiefly, if not altogether, constitutes their glory. This is imperishable, and in a great measure irremovable. Venice, more than any place I have seen, proves how necessary it is, in order that the fame of a great state may be lasting and complete, that the cultivation of Fine Art should enter amongst its public achievements, and influence the manners of its society. Literature, in its best examples, after a certain time, becomes, as it were, the world's property: the greatest writers are denationalized by the admiration they inspire; their country is every where, for they are every where felt, repeated, named, and honoured. But painting and sculpture remain more exclusively attached to the people amongst whom they have been executed. Further, it may be observed, that the effect of the works of art is much increased, by finding them in their natural places; by which I mean, not arranged as a formal exhibition, but in the situations for which they were originally demanded, and to which therefore they were adapted. At Paris, and even at Rome chiefly, it is in exhibition that the stranger sees the monuments of the finest tastes, and keenest intellects;—but Venice has the advantage over both these cities of presenting them to the eye of her visitor, as the natural products of her opulence, her zeal, and her ambition. She possesses few works but those that were executed within her own bosom; and

for these there appears to have been a regular and large demand, not as the result of a principle of encouragement, or under the dictates of individual taste,—but under the impulse of a glowing public spirit, which seems to have turned to painting as furnishing the most appropriate means for the illustration and conservation of public glory.—There is doubtless, however, a very great difference, between this natural zeal for the elegancies and refinements of art, characterizing an early period of the history of a particular state; mingling with its other youthful energies, and forming its social habits when patriotic feeling is fresh, and the national hopes in their hey-day;—there is a great difference between this disposition, and a slowly and laboriously acquired taste, real or affected, pampered, preached, and displayed, when public manners have subsided from their original vigour, when the public character is no longer strongly marked, and civilization has run as it were to seed.—The latter may be an additional symptom of decline, as the former is one of advancing and maturing glory. This possibility should be kept in view, lest we deceive ourselves by drawing fancied analogies, where there is in fact no real resemblance.

But it is time to conclude this notice of a city, captivating above most to a stranger, who brings an imagination filled with her name, and a sensibility of quick and true echo to the appeals of romantic history, poetical manners, picturesque situation, and splendid monuments of a prosperity now departed. This will easily be believed by the reader who has entered into the spirit of these observations. There is something, even in the sense of confinement which her singular position occasions, that adds to the interest of being her inhabitant. This circumstance seems to bring all her recollections closer about one: we feel to be on the circumscribed stage, where her renown played its glorious part. Our ideas have no room to dissipate; they are locked in by water on every side:—it is Venice, all Venice, and nothing but Venice. One of the most excursive and unrestrainable spirits of modern times has found enjoyment of an intense kind in this consciousness; has

made use of it to inflame the vivacity of his mental impulses, as the high mettle of a gallant steed is inflamed by exercise in a limited ring. Lord Byron's palace, on the grand canal, has not been one of the least interesting objects of regard in Venice during the last few years. Whether he be,

or be not, the "wandering outlaw of his own mind," he is lord over the minds of thousands, a pilgrim to many shrines of fame, a representative of his country's present ability to rival the past glory even of the lands which she most delighteth to honour.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. II.

RICHARD FAULDER OF ALLANBAY.

It's sweet to go with hound and hawk,
O'er moor and mountain roamin';
It's sweeter to walk on the Solway side,
With a fair maid at the gloamin';
But its sweeter to bound o'er the deep green sea,
When the flood is chafed and foamin';
For the seaboy has then the prayer of good men,
And the sighing of lovesome woman.

The wind is up, and the sail is spread,
And look at the foaming furrow,
Behind the bark as she shoots away,
As fleet as the outlaw's arrow;
And the tears drop fast from lovely eyes,
And hands are wrung in sorrow;—
But when we come back, there is shout and clap,
And mirth both night and morrow.

Old Ballad.

On a harvest afternoon, when the ripe grain, which clothed the western slope of the Cumberland hills, had partly submitted to the sickle, a party of reapers were seated on a small green knoll, enjoying the brief luxury of the dinner hour. The young men lay stretched on the grass; the maidens sat plaiting and arranging their locks into more graceful and seducing ringlets; while three hoary old men sat abreast and upright, looking on the Sea of Solway, which was spread out, with all its romantic variety of headland, and rock, and bay, below them. The mid-day sun had been unusually sultry, accompanied with hot and suffocating rushings of wind; and the appearance of a huge and dark cloud, which hung, like a canopy of smoke and flame over a burning city,—betokened, to an experienced swain, an approaching storm. One of the old reapers shook his head, and combing the remainder snow over his forehead with his fingers, said,—“Woes me! one token comes, and another token arises, of tempest and wrath on that darkening water. It

comes to my memory like a dream;—for I was but a boy then groping trouts in Ellenwater—that it was on such a day, some fifty years ago, that the Bonnie Babie Allan, of Saint Bees, was wrecked on that rock, o'er the top of which the tide is whirling and boiling,—and the father and three brethren of Richard Faulder were drowned. How can I forget such a sea!—It leaped on the shore, among these shells and pebbles, as high as the mast of a brig; and threw its foam as far as the corn ricks of Walter Selby's stackyard,—and that's a good half-mile.”

“Ise warrant,” interrupted a squat and demure old man, whose speech was a singular mixture of Cumbrian English and Border Scotch,—“Ise warrant, Willie, your memory will be rifer o' the loss of the lovely lass of Annanwater, who whomel'd, keel upward, on the hip of the Mermaid rock, and spilt her rare wameful of rare brandy into the thankless Solway. Faith mickle good liquor has been thrown into that punch-bowl; but fiend a drop of grog was ever made out of such a thriftless basin.

It will aiblens be long afore such a gude-send comes to our coast again. There was Saunders Macmichael was drunk between yule and yule—for by ———”

“Waes me, well may I remember that duleful day,” interrupted the third bandsman: “it cost me a fair son—my youngest, and my best—I had seven once—alas, what have I now—three were devoured by that false and unstable water—three perished by the sharp swords of those highland invaders, who slew so many of the gallant Dacres and Selbys at Clifton and Carlisle—but the Cumberland Ravens had their revenge!—I mind the head and lang yellow hair of him who slew my Forster Selby, hanging over the Scottish gate of Carlisle. Aye, I was avenged no doubt. But the son I have left, has disgraced, for ever, the pure blood of the Selbys, by wedding a border Gordon, with as mickle Gypsy blood in her veins as would make plebeians of all the Howards and the Percies. I would rather have stretched him in the church-ground of Allan-bay, with the mark of a Hieland-man’s brand on his brow, as was the lot of his brave brothers—or gathered his body from among these rocks, as I did those of my other children!—But oh, Sirs, when did man witness so fearful a coming-on as yon dark sky forebodes.”

While this conversation went on, the clouds had assembled on the summits of the Scottish and Cumbrian mountains, and a thick canopy of them, which hung over the Isle of Man, waxed more ominous and vast. A light, as of a fierce fire-burning, dropped frequent from its bosom,—throwing a sort of supernatural flame along the surface of the water,—and shewing distinctly the haven, and houses, and shipping, and haunted castle of the Isle. The old men sat silently gazing on the scene, while cloud succeeded cloud, till the whole congregating vapour, unable to sustain itself longer, stooped suddenly down from the opposing peaks of Criffel and Skiddaw, filling up the mighty space between the mountains, and approaching so close to the bosom of the ocean, as to leave room alone for the visible flight of the seamew and cormorant.

The water-fowl, starting from the

sea, flew landward in a flock, fanning the waves with their wings, and uttering that wild and piercing scream, which distinguishes them from all other fowls, when their haunts are disturbed. The clouds and darkness increased, and the bird on the rock, the cattle in the fold, and the reapers in the field, all looked upward, and seaward, expecting the coming of the storm.

“Benjamin Forster,” said an old reaper to me, as I approached his side, and stood gazing on the sea—“I counsel thee youth to go home, and shelter these young hairs beneath thy mother’s roof. The mountains have covered their heads—and hearken, too,—that hollow moan running among the cliffs! There is a voice of mourning, my child, goes along the seacliffs of Solway before she swallows up the seafaring man. Seven times have I heard that warning voice in one season—and it cries, woe to the wives and the maids of Cumberland!”

On the summit of a knoll, which swelled gently from the margin of a small beck or rivulet, and which, was about a dozen yards apart from the main body of the reapers,—sate a young Cumbrian maiden, who seemed wholly intent on the arrangement of a profusion of nut-brown locks, which descended, in clustering masses, upon her back and shoulders. This wilderness of ringlets owed, apparently, as much of its curling elegance to nature as to art, and flowed down on all sides with a profusion rivalling the luxuriant tresses of the madonas of the Roman painters. Half in coquetry, and half in willingness to restrain her tresses under a small fillet of green-silk, her fingers, long, round, and white, continued shedding and disposing of this beautiful fleece. At length, the locks were fastened under the fillet—a band denoting maidenhood—and her lily-looking hands, dropping across each other in repose from their toil, allowed the eye to admire a smooth and swan-white neck, which presented one of those natural and elegant sinuous lines, that sculptors desire so much to communicate to marble. Amid all this sweetness and simplicity, there appeared something of rustic archness and coquetry;—but it was a

kind of natural and born vanity, of which a little gives a grace and joyousness to beauty. Those pure creations of female simplicity, which shine in pastoral speculations, are unknown among the ruddy and buxom damsels of Cumberland. The maritime nymphs of Allanbay are not unconscious of their charms, or careless about their preservation; and to this sweet maiden, nature had given so much female tact, as enabled her to know, that a beautiful face, and large dark hazel eyes, have some influence among men.—When she had wreathed up her tresses to her own satisfaction, she began to cast around her such glances—suddenly shot and as suddenly withdrawn—as would have been dangerous, concentrated on one object, but which, divided with care, even to the fractional part of a glance, among several hinds, infused a sort of limited joy, without exciting hope. Indeed, this was the work of the maiden's eyes alone, for her heart was employed about its own peculiar care, and its concern was fixed on a distant and different object. She pulled from her bosom a silken case, curiously wrought with the needle: A youth sat on the figured prow of a bark, and beneath him a mermaid swam on the green silken sea, waving back her long tresses with one hand, and supplicating the young seaman with the other.—This singular production seemed the sanctuary of her triumphs over the hearts of men. She began to empty out its contents in her lap, and the jealousy of many a Cumbrian maiden, from Allanbay to Saint Bees'-head, would have been excited by learning whose loves these emblems represented. There were letters expressing the ardour of rustic affection—locks of hair, both black and brown, tied up in shreds of silk,—and keepsakes, from the magnitude of a simple brass pin, watered with gold, to a massy brooch of price and beauty. She arranged these primitive treasures, and seemed to ponder over the vicissitudes of her youthful affections. Her eyes, after lending a brief scrutiny to each keepsake and symbol, finally fixed their attention upon a brooch of pure gold: as she gazed on it, she gave a sigh, and looked seaward, with a glance which

showed that her eye was following in the train of her affections. The maiden's brow saddened at once, as she beheld the thick gathering of the clouds; and, depositing her treasure in her bosom, she continued to gaze on the darkening sea, with a look of increasing emotion.

The experienced mariners on the Scottish and Cumbrian coasts, appeared busy mooring, and double mooring their vessels. Some sought a securer haven, and those who allowed their barks to remain, prepared them, with all their skill, for the encounter of a storm, which no one reckoned distant. Something now appeared in the space between the sea and the cloud, and emerging more fully, and keeping the centre of the sea, it was soon known to be a heavily laden ship, apparently making for the haven of Allanbay. When the cry of "A ship! a ship!" arose among the reapers,—one of the old men, whose eyes were something faded, after gazing intently, said, with a tone of sympathy,—*"It is a ship indeed—and woe me, but the path it is in be perilous in a moment like this!"*

"She'll never pass the sunken rocks of Saint Bees'-head," said one old man: *"nor weather the headland of Barnhourie, and the caverns of Colven,"* said another:—*"And should she pass both,"* said a third, *"the coming tempest, which now heaves up the sea within a cable's length of her stern, will devour her ere she finds shelter in kindly Allanbay!"*

"Gude send," said he of the mixed brood of Cumberland and Caledonia,—*"since she maun be wrecked, that she spills nae her treasure on the thankless shores of Galloway! These northerns be a keen people, with a ready hand, and a clutch like steel: besides, she seems a Cumberland bark, and its meet that we have our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws."*

"Oh see, see!" said the old man, three of whose children had perished when the Bonie Babie Allan sank—*"see how the waves are beginning to be lifted up! Harken how deep calls to deep; and hear, and see, how the winds and the windows of heaven are loosened! Save thy servants—even those seafaring men—"*

should there be but one righteous person on board!"—And the old reaper rose, and stretched out his hands in supplication as he spoke.

The ship came boldly down the middle of the bay, the masts bending and quivering, and the small deck crowded with busy men, who looked wistfully to the coast of Cumberland.

"She is the Lady Johnstone of Annanwater," said one, "coming with wood from Norway."

"She is the Buxom Bess of Allanbay," said another, "laden with the best of West India rum."

"And I," said the third old man, "would have thought her the Mermaid of Richard Faulder—but," added he, in a lower tone, "the Mermaid has not been heard of, nor seen, for many months;—and the Faulders are a doomed race:—his bonny brig and he are in the bottom of the sea; and with them sleeps the pride of Cumberland, Frank Forster of Derwentwater."

The subject of their conversation approached within a couple of miles, turned her head for Allanbay, and, though the darkness almost covered her as a shroud, there seemed every chance that she would reach the port ere the tempest burst. But just as she turned for the Cumbrian shore, a rush of wind shot across the bay,

fumowing the sea as hollow as the deepest glen, and heaving it up mast-head high. The cloud too dropt down upon the surface of the sea, the winds, loosened at once, lifted the waves in multitudes against the cliffs; and the foam fell upon the reapers, like a shower of snow. The loud chafing of the waters on the rocks, prevented the peasants from hearing the cries of men whom they had given up to destruction. At length the wind, which came in whirlwind gusts, becoming silent for a little while, the voice of a person singing, was heard from the sea, far above the turbulence of the waves. Old William Selby uttered a shout, and said—

"That is the voice of Richard Faulder, if ever I heard it in the body. He is a fearful man, and never sings in the hour of gladness, but in the hour of danger—terror and death are beside him when he lifts his voice to sing. This is the third time I have listened to his melody—and many mothers will weep and maidens too, if his song have the same ending as of old."

The voice waxed holder, and approached the shore; and, as nothing could be discerned, so thick was the darkness, the song was impressive, and even awful.

THE SONG OF RICHARD FAULDER.

It's merry, it's merry, among the moonlight,
When the pipe and the cittern are sounding—
To rein, like a war-steed, my shallop, and go
O'er the bright waters merrily bounding.
It's merry, it's merry, when fair Allanbay,
With it's bridal candles is glancing—
To spread the white sails of my vessel and go
Among the wild sea-waters dancing.

And it's blythesomer still, when the storm is come on,
And the Solway's wild waves are ascending
In huge and dark curls—and the shaven masts groan,
And the canvas to ribbons is rending :—
When the dark heaven stoops down unto the dark deep,
And the thunder speaks 'mid the commotion,
Awaken and see, ye who slumber and sleep,
The might of the Lord on the ocean!

This frail bark, so late growing green in the wood,
Where the roebuck is joyously ranging,—
Now doomed for to roam o'er the wild fishy flood,
When the wind to all quarters is changing—
Is as safe to thy feet as the proud palace floor,
And as firm as green Skiddaw below thee,—
For God has come down to the ocean's dread deeps,
His might and his mercy to show thee.

As the voice ceased, the ship appeared, through the cloud, approaching the coast in full swing; her sails rent, and the wave and foam flashing over her, mid-mast high. The maiden, who has already been introduced to the affection of the reader, gazed on the ship, and, half suppressing a shriek of joy, flew down to the shore, where the cliffs, sloping backwards from the sea, presented a ready landing place, when the waves were more tranquil than now. Her fellow-reapers came crowding to her side, and looked on the address and hardihood of the crew,—who, with great skill and success, navigated their little bark through, and among the sand-banks, and sunken rocks, which make the Solway so perilous and fatal to seamen. At last they obtained the shelter of a huge cliff, which, stretching like a promontory into the sea, broke the impetuosity of the waves, and afforded them hopes of communicating with their friends, who, with ropes and horses, were seen hastening to the shore.

But, although Richard Faulder, and his Mermaid, were now little more than a cable-length distant from the land, the peril of their situation seemed little lessened. The winds had greatly abated, but the sea, with that impulse communicated by the storm,—threw itself against the rocks, elevating its waters high over the summits of the highest cliffs, and leaping and foaming around the bark, with a force that made her reel and quiver, and threatened to stave her to pieces.—The old and skilful mariner himself, was observed, amid the confusion and danger, as collected and self-possessed as if he had been entering the bay in the tranquillity of a summer evening, with an hundred hands waving and welcoming his return. His spirit and deliberation seemed more or less communicated to his little crew; but chiefly to Frank Forster, who, in the ardent buoyancy of youth,—moved as he moved, thought as he thought, and acted from his looks alone, as if they had been both informed with one soul. In those times, the benevolence of individuals had not been turned to multiply the means of preserving seamen's lives; and the mariner, in the hour of peril, owed his life to chance—his

own endeavours—or the intrepid exertions of the humane peasantry. The extreme agitation of the sea rendered it difficult to moor or abandon the bark with safety; and several young men ventured fearlessly into the flood on horseback, but could not reach the rope which the crew threw out to form a communication with the land. Young Forster, whose eye seemed to have singled out some object of regard on shore, seized the rope; then leaping, with a plunge, into the sea, he made the waters flash!—Though for a moment he seemed swallowed up, he emerged from the billows like a waterfowl, and swam shoreward with unexpected agility and strength. The old mariner gazed after him with a look of deep concern,—but none seemed more alarmed, than the maiden with many keep-sakes. As he seized the rope, the lilly suddenly chased the rose from her cheek, and uttering a loud scream, and crying out,—“*Oh help him, save him!*”—She flew down to the shore, and plunged into the water, holding out her arms, while the flood burst against her, breast high.

“God guide me, Maud Marchbank,” cried William Selby,—“ye’ll drown the poor lad out of pure love.—I think,” continued he, stepping back, and shaking the brine from his cloaths, “I am the mad person myself—a caress and a kiss from young Frank of Derwentwater is making her comfortable enough.—Alas, but youth be easily pleased—it is as the northern song says—

Contented wi’ little and cantie wi’ mair’;

but old age is a delightless time!”

To moor the bark was the labour of a few moments, and fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and sweet-hearts, welcomed the youths they had long reckoned among the dead, with affection and tears. All had some friendly hand and eye to welcome and rejoice in them, save the brave old mariner, Richard Faulder alone. To him no one spoke, on him no eye was turned; all seemed desirous of shunning communication with a man to whom common belief attributed endowments and powers, which came not as knowledge and might come to other men,—and whose wisdom was of that kind

against which the most prudent divines, and the most skilful legislators, directed the rebuke of church and law. I remember hearing my father say, that when Richard Faulder, who was equally skilful in horsemanship and navigation, offered to stand on his gray horse's bare back, and gallop down the street of Allanbay, he was prevented from betting against the accomplishment of this equestrian vaunt, by a wary Scotchman, who, in the brief manner of his country, said, "dinna wager, Thomas—God guide yere wits—that man's no cammie!"—At that time, though a stripling of seventeen, and possessed strongly with the belief of the mariner's singular powers, I could not avoid sympathizing with his fortune, and the forlorn look with which he stood on the deck, while his companions were welcomed and caressed on shore. Nothing, indeed, could equal the joy which fathers and mothers manifested towards their children,—but the affection and tenderness with which they were hailed by the bright eyes of the Cumbrian maidens.

"His name be praised," said one old man, to whose bosom a son had been unexpectedly delivered from the waves.

"And blessed be the hour ye were saved from the salt sea, and that fearful man,"—said a maiden, whose blushing cheek, and brightning eye, indicated more than common sympathy.

"And oh! Stephen Porter, my son," resumed the father, "never set foot on shipboard with that mariner more!"

In another groupe stood a young seaman with his sister's arms linked round his neck; receiving the blessings, and the admonitions, which female lips shower so vainly upon the sterner sex:—"This is the third time Giles, thou hast sailed with Richard Faulder; and every time my alarm and thy perils encrease.—

Many a fair face he has witnessed the fate of,—and many a fair ship has he survived the wreck of:—think of the sea, since think of it thou must—but never more think of it with such a companion."

In another groupe, a young woman stood gazing on a sailor's face, and, in her looks, fear and love held equal mastery. "Oh! William Rowanberry," said she, and her hand trembled with affection in his while she spoke,—“I would have held my heart widowed for one year and a day, in memory of thee—and though there be fair lads in Ullswater, and fairer still in Allanbay,—I'll no say they would have prevailed against my regard for thee before the summer.—But I warn thee," and she whispered, waving her hand seaward, to give importance to her words,—“never be found on the great deep with that man with thee again!"—

Meanwhile, the subject of this singular conversation kept pacing from stern to stern of the Mermaid—gazing, now and then, wistfully shoreward—though he saw not a soul with whom he might share his affections. His gray hair, and his melancholy look, won their way to my youthful regard, while his hale and stalwart frame could not fail of making an impression on one not wholly insensible to the merits of the exterior person. A powerful mind in poetical justice, should have a noble place of abode. I detached myself a little from the mass of people that filled the shore, and seeming to busy myself with some drift wood, which the storm had brought to the hollow of a small rock, I had an opportunity of hearing the old mariner chaunt, as he paced to and fro, the fragment of an old maritime ballad—part of which is still current among the seamen of Solway, along with many other singular rhymes full of marine superstition and adventure.

SIR RICHARD'S VOYAGE.

Sir Richard shot swift from the shore, and sailed

Till he reached Barnhourie's steep,

And a voice came to him from the green land,

And one from the barren deep:

The green sea shuddered, and he did shake,

For the words were those which no mortals make

Away he sailed—and the lightning came,
 And streamed from the top of his mast;
 Away he sailed, and the thunder came,
 And spoke from the depth of the blast:—
 “O God!” he said,—and his tresses so hoar,
 Shone bright i’ the flame, as he shot from the shore.
 Away he sailed—and the green isles smiled,
 And the sea-birds sang around:
 He sought to land—and down sank the shores,
 With a loud and a murmuring sound—
 And where the green wood and the sweet sod should be,
 There tumbled a wild and a shoreless sea.
 Away he sailed—and the moon looked out,
 With one large star by her side—
 Down shot the star, and upsprang the sea-fowl,
 With a shriek—and roared the tide!
 The bark with a leap, seemed the stars to sweep,
 And then to dive in the hollowest deep.
 Criffel’s green mountain towered on his right—
 Upon his left, Saint Bees—
 Behind—Caerlaverock’s charmed ground—
 Before,—the wild wide seas:—
 And there a witch-fire, broad and bright,
 Shed far a wild unworldly light!—
 A ladye sat high on Saint Bees’s head,
 With her pale cheek on her hand,
 She gazed forth on the troubled sea,
 And on the troubled land:
 She lifted her hands to heaven—her eyes
 Rained down bright tears—still the shallop flies.
 The shallop shoulders the surge and flies,—
 But at that ladye’s prayer,
 The charmed wind fell mute nor stirred
 The rings of her golden hair:—
 And over the sea there passed a breath
 From heaven—the sea lay mute as death.
 And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,
 No breathing wind is near:
 And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,
 And the flood lies still with fear—
 And the ocean, the earth, and the heaven smile sweet—
 As Sir Richard kneels low at that ladye’s feet!

While the old mariner chaunted
 this maritime rhyme, he looked upon
 me from time to time,—and, perhaps,
 felt pleased in exciting the interest of
 a youthful mind, and obtaining a
 regard which had been but sparingly
 bestowed in his native land. He
 loosed a little skiff, and stepping
 into it, pushed through the surge to
 the place where I stood, and was in
 a moment beside me. I could not
 help gazing, with an eye reflecting
 wonder and respect, on a face—bold,
 mournful, and martial, as his was,—
 which had braved so long “the
 battle and the breeze.” He threw

across my shoulders a mantle of
 leopard skin,—and said, as he walk-
 ed towards his little cottage on the
 rock,—“Youth, I promised that
 mantle to the first one who welcomed
 me from a voyage of great peril:—
 take it, and be happier than the
 giver,—and glad am I to be wel-
 comed by the son of my old Captain
 —Randal Forster.”

Such were the impressive circum-
 stances under which I became ac-
 quainted with Richard Faulder of
 Allanbay. Now lend an attentive
 ear to his romantic adventures.

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

ON RIDING ON HORSE-BACK.

But chiefly skill to ride seems a science
 Proper to gentle blood.

Spenser.

No. I.

A BEAUTIFUL horse should be placed next to a beautiful woman in the scale of sentient beings. Man comes after:—at least, *single* man.—When joined in wedlock, he becomes part and parcel of his wife; and then, —if he is entitled to rank as an individual at all—it is next to her.—As a horse is the next best animal to a woman, so being on horse-back is the next best state to being in love. I make this distinction, because I hold the two states to be incompatible with each other—each, for the time being, necessarily displacing its rival. To be in love, and to be on horse-back, at one and the same time, is no more practicable than to be in two gardens, or enjoy two delicious flavours, or listen to two divine airs, or luxuriate in the sun-shine and the moon-light, or be a distinguished writer in Baldwin's and Blackwood's, at one and the same time.—Let it not be supposed, however, that I would impugn or detract from the merit of either of these states, by insinuating that their incompatibility has regard to any thing but *time*. So far from it, I hold that the man, or woman, who is fond of being on horse-back, will necessarily be fond of being in love: but the spirits—or whatever they may be—which rule these two “blest conditions,” willingly divide the empire of the breast in which they exist—each holding undivided sway by turns: and they are better entitled to “divide the crown” than Timotheus and St. Cecilia were,—for each, respectively, possesses the powers which were shared between those of old:—each can “raise a mortal to the skies;” and each can, in more senses than one, “bring an angel down.”

Before we go further together, I fairly warn the reader, that I shall write these articles as I practise the subject of them—that is, pretty much at random.—It will probably be a kind of *Steeple-chase*: so that if he is

not prepared to follow me over, and perhaps occasionally *into*, a few hedges and ditches, we had better part here.

He will also observe, that I have chosen to drop the periodical *wx*.—There were obvious reasons for this. In the first place, when I'm on horse-back I actually *feel* as good as any two; and there is no occasion to “*assume* a virtue” when one has it. In the next place the *wx* would have perpetually suggested a very awkward *association* connected with my subject:—viz. that of two persons on one steed: a kind of arrangement not affording “entertainment for either man or horse.” But the most important reason for this most important choice, was to be found in the fact, that the true and peculiar pleasure to be derived from Riding on horse-back is only capable of being enjoyed *alone*. It is true, that an afternoon's ride with a friend is very pleasant;—and there is not a more inspiring and picturesque group to be seen in animated nature than a graceful and well-dressed woman, riding between two cavalier-looking men. But it must not be concealed, that the delights *peculiar* to riding are not to be enjoyed in company. Like those derivable from Poetry, or the high mathematics, they demand the whole undivided man! They are even jealous of suffering the external objects of nature to share his thoughts with them. To saunter among green lanes on a fine sunshiny evening is soothing—to dash through the mud, along a well-frequented turnpike road, in a pelting shower, is animating—to make one's way through the intricacies of Hyde-Park on a full Sunday is no doubt very “pretty picking;” and to canter along between the railing and the carriages,—conscious of being the (apparently) unconscious object on which bright eyes are gazing, is certainly far from being without its merits.—But these are, after

all, merely the Prose Essays of Horsemanship. The *Poetry* of it is only to be enjoyed in galloping along, alone, without end, object, or aim, over Salisbury-Plain, or the Downs at Brighton.—I speak now with reference to us Europeans. To enjoy this poetry in its highest, and what must for ever remain to us its *ideal* state, is probably given to the wild Arab alone, when he is flying, without saddle or bridle, across his native Desert.—I think Lord Byron somewhere mentions having met with an Arab, who described this kind of feeling to him.

By the bye,—and the reader may probably consider this as one of the *high-leaps* at which I hinted in the beginning,—perhaps the most satisfactory reason that can be given, why Lord Byron is the first of our English poets, may be found in the fact of his lordship being, like Major Sturgeon, “the only one in the corps who can ride.”—If Mr. Wordsworth’s Excursion had been performed on horseback, as Mazeppa’s was, he would have got over the same space in half the time; which is all that is wanting to make that work one of the noblest productions of the English Muse. In fact, what is all poetry but “Prose on horseback!”

But my subject—(as my favourite mare sometimes does—and I like her the better for it,—is running away with me.—As I intend to favour the reader with an interminable series of these articles, I had, perhaps, better at once follow the Giant Molino’s advice—*Il faut commencer au commencement*. To go back, then, to the first year of my life—(for I date my life from the time when I began to ride, and am, therefore, at this present writing, about fifteen years of age)—I shall never forget the feelings of triumphant delight which unexpectedly came over me, when, after I had had a few lessons, I found that I could put my hand into my pocket, and take out my handkerchief, without stopping my horse—which I had several times before attempted unsuccessfully!

There is another event—not quite so pleasant, but not to be passed over, because associated with this delightful period. I was one day bending my body too forward, and

the horse—as in duty bound—threw up his head in my face, and nearly dashed all my front teeth out. My riding-master—(It seems a thing of yesterday!)—instead of commiserating me—pitiable object as I was—with the blood streaming through the fingers that I had clapt up to my mouth to keep my teeth in!—quietly observed, as he turned away to another scholar,—“that’s just as it should be, Sir!—your head had ‘no business there!’”—I have held it up ever since.

One more anecdote connected with this period, and then I’ll “be a man, and put away childish things.” The first time I ever rode out by myself was upon a cunning old mare, nearly double my own age, which had been lent me by a friend. She knew whom she had to deal with, and took her measures accordingly. I had ridden her several times before; but never alone. A superabundant gaiety of temperament was her foible; but that evening she chose to be particularly sedate; and this—together with the exultation arising from having been considered worthy to be trusted alone—had raised my spirits and my confidence to an unusual height; and I generously determined, that the cause of all my delights should, at least, partake them with me.—So I stopped in a green lane, and stood by her side while she cropped the short sweet grass that grew at our feet.—Little did I think, as she stood quietly munching, and at intervals looking about her, what wicked thoughts were working in her head.—I kept hold of the bridle for the first minute, and then dropped it on her neck—still standing by her side. At length, betrayed by her cunning and my own confidence, I sauntered to a few yards distance, still keeping a wary eye upon her, though pretending, both to her and to myself, that I was quite careless and secure about her. The old jade—(I’m seldom tempted to call names—but I really think that such conduct deserves the utmost degree of reprobation—and moreover I’m satisfied that a young mare would have scorned to take such a mean advantage—to say nothing of the ingratitude!)—the old jade watched her opportunity, and all of a sudden,—with an insolent toss of her head,

a lofty kick of defiance, and a kind of half- neigh, which had all the sound and expression of a contemptuous laugh,—she leaped over the low fence which separated the lane from the adjoining fields, and was gone in a moment!

For a minute or two I stood like one entranced; but when I recovered, the consternation that seized upon me as I saw her cantering away across the meadows, and the blank despair that came over me when she disappeared, are not to be described. My heart sinks within me even now, by the mere force of memory and imagination.—It was nothing less than tragic.

No circumstance of my life, either before or since, ever impressed itself upon my mind so vividly as this did—and yet my life has been since then “a strange eventful history.”—It is fifteen years ago; and yet I could at this moment go to the place, and fix my foot upon the very spot where she started from. I can see her now, in the very position in which she stood the moment before.—The sequel of the story is not worth relating. She was brought to me, safe and sound, about an hour after, by some countrymen who had caught her. I was too delighted to ask how or where, but mounted and rode home,—I verily believe without saying a cross word to her on the subject.—May I not claim a little credit for this placability of disposition?—for where is he, or even *she*, who would have done the like?—But the culprit looked repentant; and that was enough for me.—Pardon these egotisms, gentle reader!—or rather rider—or rather both, (for I take it for granted that you *are* both, or you would not have accompanied me thus far)—but when a man is talking about his boyhood—that part of his boyhood, too, which was spent on horseback—what can be expected of him but egotism?

To take another wide leap, from the beginning of life to the end,—Montaigne somewhere says, that he should like to die on horse-back much better than in bed. For once I am reluctantly compelled to differ from

this most delightful of all talkers, living or dead—not excepting Mrs. Coleridge, who is at present both.—But Montaigne was a Frenchman, and consequently had no notion of what we call *comfort*. To *live on horse-back*, supposing it were practicable, would probably at once disprove the favourite axiom of all pedestrian sages from the beginning of the world up to the present day—that perfect happiness was not made for human beings. But even if it *were* practicable to live on horse-back, it would, perhaps, be wise to make a provision against dying there. To die in a hard gallop, or a swinging trot, precludes all idea of comfort, or even respectability. If, indeed, we could ride out of one world into the other, it would be different: but this does not seem feasible. And yet they say, that if you “put a beggar on horse-back he’ll ride to the devil.”

This proverb, though it probably somewhat exaggerates the fact, is highly characteristic of the state of feeling induced by riding. Think, too, of “*riding to the devil!*”—How much more satisfactory, and at the same time how much more safe, than going thither in Charon’s steam-boat, lighted with sulphurated hydrogen gas!

There is another opinion of Montaigne’s respecting riding, with which I most unequivocally agree, viz. that those reflections are always the best which we make while on horse-back. In furtherance of this view—I have been thinking, whether it would not be possible to invent a pen that should write—as Packwood’s razors will shave,—on horse-back at full speed. If this were but practicable, oh what a set of Articles should these not be! It should go hard but I would “Witch the world with noble horsemanship!” And they should all appear in *THE LONDON MAGAZINE*, if it were only because the Editor of that Week is fond of riding.—“He too, is an Equestrian.”* Indeed, one might swear he knows how to ride, by his style of writing. At least when he is writing *con amore*. Then, he goes as a horse does on turf—making every step tell, and leave its mark, as he bounds

* I, too, was an Arcadian.—Greek Epitaph.

gracefully and vigorously along; and even scattering the dirt handsomely. —On the other hand, when he happens to be writing *not con amore*, I must confess that his prose is apt to get up "on horse-back," and leave him behind.

As I foresee that, in the said gentleman's Editorial discretion, he is very likely to strike out the foregoing passage; and as I should not like to see this Article in any respect "curtailed of its fair proportions;" I fairly warn him, that if he does strike it out, I shall consider that his fastidiousness arises more from the truth of the last sentence than from what he will be pleased to call the compliment of that which precedes it: for he would be more loath than any man I know to be thought capable of writing "prose on horse-back" unintentionally.

If I now abruptly terminate this first paper, it is not because either I or my steed—that is to say, my Article—require to take breath; but I think it likely that the readers of this hitherto Pedestrian Magazine, not having been accustomed to be carried along in a canter, may desire a relief of this kind.

Neither do I think it needful to apologize for the excursive nature of the path—or rather, the no-path—which I have taken, or may take hereafter. I fairly warned the reader in the beginning what he had to expect. An *iron-rail-way* may have its advantages; but it is not exactly the place one would chuse for an afternoon's ride. It is a contrivance well calculated for the removal of heavy weights by the application of an inferior force; but it is too hard, level, and uniform to suit the disposition of a steed or rider of any taste and spirit. In a road of this kind an old broken-down hack may do the work of half a dozen young vigorous horses on a common-road. But then, what is the

work when it is done, but the removal of so much stones and rubbish?—Shall I confess that I have often participated in the wicked satisfaction of a set of mischief-loving young urchins, whom I have seen clap a pebble in the wheel track of a road of this kind, and then get behind the hedge and watch the coming of the next cargo? At length it approaches, in a dozen little machines drawn by one great horse, and looking like the whole waggon-train of Lilliput, hooked together, and drawn along by Gulliver.—Mean while the giggles from behind the hedge are beginning to be audible. At last, the first waggon arrives at the fatal spot—bump goes the wheel over the ledge which kept it in its track—the whole procession stops—peals of unrepressed laughter burst from the concealed group—and the lumbering waggoner growls out his indignation, without being within reach of the cause of it.

—Stay, I'll preach to thee!—*Shakspeare.*

Thus are the schemes of science, the labours of industry, and the powers of brute strength, frustrated and brought to naught, by one little pebble, placed by the hand of one little boy!—and thus does the same event furnish at once reflection for the sage, amusement for the idler, and laughter for the child!!

I recommend the above profound reflection as an admirable text for the first IRON-RAIL-WAY WRITER, who may happen to be at leisure to take it in hand. And I strongly recommend the worthy proprietors of this Magazine to purchase the fruit of the said text, (even though it should cost them twenty guineas a sheet)—and send it as a present to any rival work against which they may have a particular spite—if such there be.

In the meantime, I bid the reader farewell till we meet again.

MAZEPPA.

THE SHIRT OF THE HAPPY MAN

(Suggested by a Novella of Casti.)

AN Eastern Prince, like Princes of the West,
Was once by the Blue-devils sore oppress;
At first was merely *meagrimish* and odd,
Abused his slaves, and tweaked the Eunuchs' noses,
Upon the toes of his Sultanas trod,
To kill *enmui*, which worst of mortal foes is;
But growing daily worse, with symptoms sinister,
His Grand Vizier—in English, his Prime Minister—
Convened the Magi,—charg'd them to consult
What measures best might suit the sad occasion,
And on each absentee he fix'd a mulct—
(Your only plan to guard against evasion.)
Behold them met, in order for debate:
Grave was the question—how to save the state?
And much the Seers consulted with each other,
Warm the contention 'twixt each learned brother,
In speeches *long*, at least, if not *profound*—
No wonder, then, they talked themselves aground!
With much of loyalty and eloquence,
Nothing was wanting but a little sense.
This to supply they MIRTHVUN called,—rever'd
By some for wisdom, and by all for beard;
Wisdom may be acquired,—*whiskers* are given,
A special token of the grace of heaven!
By wigs the Eastern people set no store,
But venerate the beard that reaches to the floor!

Proud of the bushy honours of his face
The solemn MIRTHVUN rose up in his place—
('Twas on the treasury-bench) a look of age,
And courtesy, spoke the experienced sage:
He glanced around him, with a candid air,
Tow'rs right and left,—uncover'd to the chair;
Gave a slight hem, and then said he, "My friends
Your reasoning's good, but it to nothing tends;
Your arguments are brilliantly obscure,
They point out every thing—except the cure!—
The cure, alas, of one to all so dear."
He paus'd, while rose a deepening cry of "*Hear!*"
Wiping his eyes, he next, with faltering voice,
Proceeded to propose to them a choice
Amongst the remedies which the stars disclose
To the astrologer, who their language knows:
"They silent speak," said he, "yet speak with force
Unto the sage's eye, who marks their course,
And bares his head unto the dews of night,
Watching, for weal or woe, their mystic light.
To me,—unworthy me,—they have reveal'd
Much that from you, my betters, is conceal'd:
This I declare in all humility,
Impell'd thereto solely by loyalty;
And now I have the honour to suggest
Th' expedient star-hinted as the best:
Some difficulty, true, attends the plan,
But zeal, like yours and mine, will never mind it,—
The shirt of one who is a happy man,—
"Tis this we want—pray who knows where to find it?"

Loud was the cheering when he clos'd his speech,
 But none the *where*, the important *where* could teach :
 " A happy man ! " said one—" 'tis settled soon—
 Seek out some mortal in his honey-moon ! "
 At this loud laughing, mixed with cries of " *Order !* "
 Made the assembly on a riot border—
 (Unlike our honourables, who keep before 'em
 " The grace, the manner, and the staid decorum. ")

A wary member, bearing aspect meek,
 Hinted that MIRTHVUN was the man to seek
 The monarch's cure: " the stars, in time of need,
 To what they indicate can surely lead. "
 Cheers rose again, and " MIRTHVUN ! " was the cry,
 But this much honour'd person now look'd shy :
 He own'd the honour—but he knew not why
 He, of all men—danger he'd scorn to mention—
 A minister got up and mov'd a pension :
 The patriot disclaim'd—the House insisted—
 The vote was pass'd, and could not be resisted.
 Th' elected bow'd—profess'd himself unfit
 But hop'd by zeal t'atone for lack of wit.

Possess'd of magic ring, which age and youth
 Could work upon, and force to speak the truth,
 MIRTHVUN set out: he journey'd long and far,
 But seem'd deserted by each friendly star ;
 He visited cits, rustics, cots, and palaces,
 Had expectations rais'd, and found them fallacies ;
 Heard thousands boast of being truly blest,
 Who, ring-touch'd, straight ejaculated " *peste !* "
 (This was in Asia ;—but more secure hope
 Could he have cherish'd in our favour'd Europe ?)
 The Courtiers thought him lost, and had their jokes
 On people much more wise than other folks,
 Who with a planet held a *tête-à-tête*,
 And read the Zodiac like the Gazette :
 The King had been unhappily advised,
 MIRTHVUN's long beard was by the pop'lace priz'd—
 But this was rather ground for shrewd suspicion,
 Than cause to trust him with the King's commission :
 Some even hinted that all was not right—
 MIRTHVUN appear'd—they hail'd him with delight !
 They ne'er had doubted that he would revert
 Triumphant, in possession of the Shirt,
 Which these Court-scholars term'd a *rara avis*,
 " A phenix which by fate ordained to save is ! "
 They added there had been afloat some rumours,
 Offspring of jealousies and grumbling humours :
 Rumours that MIRTHVUN in his task had fail'd,
 Which they, in grief of heart, had much bewail'd
 For their friend's sake,—knowing the Lord's Anointed
 Would crush him in his wrath if disappointed.

The sage declar'd that he had found a wight,
 After much toil, who, in the ring's despatch,
 Profess'd himself contented with his lot—
 But added that the Shirt he had not got.
 " Not got the Shirt !—by Heavens 'tis barefaced treason ! "
 " Pause ere ye judge,—and ponder well the reason :
 To cure his Majesty I have a plan
 My loyal Lords," exclaim'd the smiling MIRTHVUN :
 " It hath been taught me by THE HAPPY MAN—
 But for his shirt—by Alla ! *he's not worth one.* "

TABLE-TALK:

No. VI.

ON THE LOOK OF A GENTLEMAN.

*The nobleman-look? Yes, I know what you mean very well: that look which a nobleman should have, rather than what they have generally now. The Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield *) was a genteel man, and had a great deal the look you speak of. Wyndham was a very genteel man, and had the nobleman-look as much as the Duke of Buckingham.—Pope.*

"He instanced it too in Lord Peterborough, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Hinchinbroke, the Duke of Bolton, and two or three more."

Spence's Anecdotes of Pope.

I HAVE chosen the above motto to a very delicate subject, which in prudence I might let alone. I, however, like the title; and will try, at least, to make a sketch of it.

What it is that constitutes the look of a gentleman is more easily felt than described. We all know it when we see it, but do not know how to account for it, or to explain in what it consists. *Causa latet, res ipsa notissima.* Ease, grace, dignity, have been given as the exponents and expressive symbols of this look: but I would rather say, that an habitual self-possession determines the appearance of a gentleman. He should have the complete command, not only over his countenance, but over his limbs and motions. In other words, he should discover in his air and manner a voluntary power over his whole body, which, with every inflection of it, should be under the controul of his will. It must be evident that he looks and does as he likes, without any restraint, confusion, or awkwardness. He is, in fact, master of his person, as the professor of any art or science is of a particular instrument; he directs it to what use he pleases and intends. Wherever this power and facility appear, we recognise the look and deportment of the gentleman,—that is, of a person who, by his habits and situation in life, and in his ordinary intercourse with society, has had little else to do than to study those movements, and that carriage of the body, which were accompanied with most satisfaction to himself, and were calculated to excite the approbation of the beholder.

Ease, it might be observed, is not enough; dignity is too much. There must be a certain *retenu*, a conscious decorum, added to the first,—and a certain "familiarity of regard, quenching the austere countenance of controul," in the other, to answer to our conception of this character. Perhaps, propriety is as near a word as any to denote the manners of the gentleman: elegance is necessary to the fine gentleman; dignity is proper to noblemen; and majesty to kings!

Wherever this constant and decent subjection of the body to the mind is visible in the customary actions of walking, sitting, riding, standing, speaking, &c. we draw the same conclusion as to the person,—whatever may be the impediments or unavoidable defects in the machine of which he has the management. A man may have a mean or disagreeable exterior, may halt in his gait, or have lost the use of half his limbs; and yet he may show this habitual attention to what is graceful and becoming in the use he makes of all the power he has left,—in the "nice conduct" of the most unpromising and impracticable figure. A hump-backed or deformed man does not necessarily look like a clown or a mechanic: on the contrary, from his care in the adjustment of his appearance, and his desire to remedy his defects, he, for the most part, acquires something of the look of a gentleman. The common nickname of *My Lord*, applied to such persons, has allusion to this—to their studied deportment, and tacit resistance to vulgar prejudice. Lord Ogleby, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, is

* Quere, Villiers, because in another place it is said, that "when the latter entered the presence-chamber, he attracted all eyes by the handsomeness of his person, and the gracefulness of his demeanour."

as crazy a piece of elegance and refinement, even after he is "wound up for the day," as can well be imagined: yet, in the hands of a genuine actor, his tottering step, his twitches of the gout, his unsuccessful attempts at youth and gaiety, take nothing from the nobleman. He has the ideal model in his mind, resents his deviations from it with proper horror, recovers himself from any ungraceful action as soon as possible; does all he can with his limited means, and fails in his just pretensions, not from inadvertence, but necessity. Sir Joseph Banks, who was almost bent double, retained to the last the look of a privy-counsellor. There was all the firmness and dignity that could be given by the sense of his own importance to so distorted and disabled a trunk. Sir Charles B-nb-ry, as he saunters down St. James's-street, with a large slouched hat, a lack-lustre eye, and aquiline nose, an old phabby drab-coloured coat, buttoned across his breast without a cape,—with old top-boots, and his hands in his waist-coat or breeches pockets, as if he was strolling along his own garden-walks, or over the turf at Newmarket, after having made his bets secure,—presents nothing very dazzling, or graceful, or dignified to the imagination; though you can tell infallibly at the first glance, or even a bow-shot off, that he is a gentleman of the first water (the same that sixty years ago married the beautiful Lady Sarah L-nn-x, with whom the king was in love). What is the clue to this mystery? It is evident that his person costs him no more trouble than an old glove. His limbs are, as it were, left to take care of themselves: they move of their own accord: he does not strut or stand on tip-toe to show

———— how tall

His person is above them all; —————

but he seems to find his own level, and, wherever he is, to slide into his place naturally: he is equally at home among lords or gamblers: nothing can discompose his fixed serenity of look and purpose: there is no mark of superciliousness about him, nor does it appear as if any thing could meet his eye to startle or throw him off his guard: he neither avoids nor courts notice; but the *archaism* of his

dress may be understood to denote a lingering partiality for the costume of the last age, and something like a prescriptive contempt for the finery of this. The old one-eyed Duke of Queensbury is another example that I might quote: as he sat in his bow-window in Piccadilly, erect and emaciated, he seemed like a nobleman framed and glazed, or a well-dressed mummy of the court of George II!

We have few of these precious specimens of the gentleman or nobleman-look now remaining: other considerations have set aside the exclusive importance of the character, and, of course, the jealous attention to the outward expression of it. Where we oftenest meet with it now-a-days, is, perhaps, in the butlers in old families, or the valets, and "gentlemen's gentlemen," in the younger branches. The sleek pury gravity of the one answers to the stately air of some of their *quondam* masters; and the flippancy and finery of our old-fashioned beaux, having been discarded by the heirs to the title and estate, have been retained by their lacqueys. The late Admiral Byron (I have heard N—— say) had a butler, or steward, who, from constantly observing his master, had so learned to mimic him—the look, the manner, the voice, the bow were so alike—he was so "subdued to the very quality of his lord"—that it was difficult to distinguish them apart. Our modern footmen, as we see them fluttering and lounging in lobbies, or at the doors of ladies' carriages, bedizened in lace and powder, with ivory-headed cane and embroidered gloves, give one the only idea of the fine gentlemen of former periods, as they are still occasionally represented on the stage; and indeed our theatrical heroes, who top such parts, might be supposed to have copied, as a last resource, from the heroes of the shoulderknot. We also sometimes meet with a straggling personation of this character, got up in common life from pure romantic enthusiasm, and on absolutely ideal principles. I recollect a well-grown, comely haberdasher, who made a practice of walking every day from Bishopsgate-street to Pall-mall and Bond-street, with the undaunted air and strut of a general-officer; and also a prim undertaker, who regularly ten-

dered his person, whenever the weather would permit, from the neighbourhood of Camberwell into the favourite promenades of the city, with a mincing gait that would have become a gentleman-usher of the black-rod. What a strange infatuation to live in a dream of being taken for what one is not,—in deceiving others, and at the same time ourselves; for, no doubt, these persons believed that they thus appeared to the world in their true characters, and that their assumed pretensions did no more than justice to their real merits!

Dress makes the man, and want of it the fellow:

The rest is all but leather and prunella.

I confess, however, that I admire this look of a gentleman, more when it rises from the level of common life, and bears the stamp of intellect, than when it is formed out of the mould of adventitious circumstances. I think more highly of Wycherley than I do of Lord Hinchinbroke, for looking like a lord. In the one, it was the effect of native genius, grace, and spirit; in the other, comparatively speaking, of pride or custom. A visitor complimenting Voltaire on the growth and flourishing condition of some trees in his grounds, "Aye," said the French wit, "they have nothing else to do!" A lord has nothing to do but to look like a lord: our comic poet had something else to do, and did it!

Though the disadvantages of nature or accident do not act as obstacles to the look of a gentleman, those of education and employment do. A shoe-maker, who is bent in two over his daily task; a taylor, who sits cross-legged all day; a ploughman, who wears clog-shoes over the furrowed mry soil, and can hardly drag his feet after him; a scholar, who has pored all his life over books,—are not likely to possess that natural freedom and ease, or to pay that strict attention to personal appearances, that the look of a gentleman implies. I might add, that a milliner behind a counter, who is compelled to show every mark of complaisance to his customers, but hardly expects common civility from them in return; or a sheriff's officer,

who has a consciousness of power, but none of good-will to or from any body,—are equally remote from the *beau ideal* of this character. A man who is awkward from bashfulness is a clown,—as one who is showing off a number of impertinent airs and graces at every turn is a coxcomb, or an upstart. Mere awkwardness, or rusticity of behaviour, may arise, either from want of presence of mind in the company of our *bettors*, (the commonest hind goes about his regular business without any of the *mauvaise honte*),—from a deficiency of breeding (as it is called) in not having been taught certain fashionable accomplishments—or from unremitting application to certain sorts of mechanical labour, unfitting the body for general or indifferent uses. (That vulgarity which proceeds from a total disregard of decorum, and want of careful controul over the different actions of the body—such as loud speaking, boisterous gesticulations, &c.—is rather rudeness and violence than awkwardness, or uneasy restraint.) Now the gentleman is free from all these causes of ungraceful demeanour. He is independent in his circumstances, and is used to enter into society on equal terms; he is taught the modes of address, and forms of courtesy, most commonly practised, and most proper to ingratiate him into the good opinion of those he associates with; and he is relieved from the necessity of following any of those laborious trades, or callings, which cramp, strain, and distort the human frame. He is not bound to do any one earthly thing; to use any exertion, or put himself in any posture, that is not perfectly easy and graceful, agreeable and becoming. Neither is he at present required to excel in any art or science, game or exercise. He is supposed qualified to dance a minuet, not to dance on the tight rope—to stand upright, not to stand on his head. He has only to sacrifice to the Graces. Alcibiades threw away a flute, because the playing on it discomposed his features. Take the fine gentleman out of the common boarding-school or drawing-room accomplishments, and set him to any ruder or more difficult task, and he will make

* Wycherley was a great favourite with the Duchess of Cleveland.

but a sorry figure. Ferdinand in the *Tempest*, when he is put by Prospero to carry logs of wood, does not strike us as a very heroic character, though he loses nothing of the king's son. If a young gallant of the first fashion were asked to shoe a horse, or hold a plough, or fell a tree, he would make a very awkward business of the first experiment. I saw a set of young naval officers, very genteel-looking young men, playing at rackets not long ago, and it is impossible to describe the uncouthness of their motions, and unaccountable contrivances for hitting the ball.—Something effeminate as well as common-place, then, enters into the composition of the gentleman: he is a little of the *petit-maitre* in his pretensions. He is only graceful and accomplished in those things to which he has paid almost his whole attention,—such as the carriage of his body, and adjustment of his dress; and to which he is of sufficient importance in the scale of society to attract the idle attention of others.

A man's manner of presenting himself in company is but a superficial test of his real qualifications. Serjeant Atkinson, we are assured by Fielding, would have marched, at the head of his platoon, up to a masked battery, with less apprehension than he came into a room full of pretty women. So we may sometimes see persons look foolish enough on entering a party, or returning a salutation, who instantly feel themselves at home, and recover all their self-possession, as soon as any of that sort of conversation begins from which nine-tenths of the company retire in the extremest trepidation, lest they should betray their ignorance or incapacity. A high spirit and stubborn pride are often accompanied with an unprepossessing and unpretending appearance. The greatest heroes do not show it by their looks.—There are individuals of a nervous habit, who might be said to abhor their own persons, and to startle at their own appearance, as the peacock tries to hide its legs. They are always shy, uncomfortable, restless; and all their actions are, in a manner, at cross-purposes with themselves. This, of course, destroys the look we are speaking of, from the want of ease and self-confidence. There is another sort who

have too much negligence of manner and contempt for formal punctilios. They take their full swing in whatever they are about, and make it seem almost necessary to get out of their way.—Perhaps something of this bold, licentious, slovenly, lounging character may be objected by a fastidious eye to the appearance of Lord C——. It might be said of him, without disparagement, that he looks more like a lord than like a gentleman. We see nothing petty or finical, assuredly,—nothing hard-bound or reined-in,—but a flowing outline, a broad, free style. He sits in the House of Commons, with his hat slouched over his forehead, and a sort of stoop in his shoulders, as if he cowered over his antagonists, like a bird of prey over its quarry,—“hatching vain empires.” There is an irregular grandeur about him, an unwieldy power, loose, disjointed, “voluminous and vast,”—coiled up in the folds of its own purposes,—cold, death-like, smooth, and smiling,—that is neither quite at ease with itself, nor safe for others to approach! On the other hand, there is the Marquis Wellealey, a jewel of a man. He advances into his place in the House of Lords, with head erect, and his best foot foremost. The star sparkles on his breast, and the garter is seen bound tight below his knee. It might be thought that he still trod a measure on soft carpets, and was surrounded, not only by spiritual and temporal lords, but

Stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

The chivalrous spirit that shines through him, the air of gallantry in his personal as well as rhetorical appeals to the House, glances a partial lustre on the Woolsack as he addresses it; and makes Lord Erskine raise his sunken head from a dream of transient popularity. His heedless vanity throws itself unblushingly on the unsuspecting candour of his hearers, and ravishes mute admiration. You would almost guess of this nobleman, beforehand that he was a Marquis—something higher than an Earl, and less important than a Duke. Nature has just fitted him for the niche he fills in the scale of rank or title. He is a finished miniature picture set in brilliants: Lord C—— might be

compared to a loose sketch in oil, not properly hung. The character of the one is ease, of the other elegance.—Elegance is something more than ease; it is more than a freedom from awkwardness or restraint. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling effect, spirited, yet delicate, which is perfectly exemplified in Lord Wellesley's face and figure.

The greatest contrast to this little lively nobleman, was the late Lord Stanhope. Tall above his peers, he presented an appearance something between a Patagonian chief and one of the Long Parliament. With his long black hair, unkempt and wild—his black clothes, lank features, strange antics, and screaming voice, he was the Orson of debate.

A Satyr that comes staring from the woods,
Cannot at first speak like an orator.*

Yet he was both an orator and a wit in his way. His harangues were an odd jumble of logic and mechanics, of the statutes at large and Joe Miller jests, of stern principle and sly humour, of shrewdness and absurdity, of method and madness. What is more extraordinary, he was an honest man. He particularly delighted in his eccentric onsets, to make havoc of the bench of bishops. "I like," said he, "to argue with one of my lords the bishops; and the reason why I do so is, that I generally have the best of the argument." He was altogether a different man from Lord Eldon; yet his lordship "gave him good ceillades," as he broke a jest, or argued a moot-point, and, while he spoke, smiles, roguish twinkles, glittered in his eye.

The look of the gentleman, "the nobleman-look," is little else than the reflection of the looks of the world.—We smile at those who smile upon us: we are gracious to those who pay their court to us: we naturally acquire confidence and ease when all goes well with us, when we are encouraged by the flatteries of fortune, and the good opinion of mankind. A whole street bowing regularly to a man every time he rides out, may teach him how to pull off his hat in return, without supposing a particular genius for bowing (more than for

governing, or any thing else) born in the family. It has been observed that persons who sit for their pictures improve the character of their countenances, from the desire they have to procure the most favourable representation of themselves. "Tell me, pray good Mr. Smirk, when you come to the eyes, that I may call up a look," says the Alderman's wife, in Foote's *Farce of Taste*. Ladies grow handsome by looking at themselves in the glass, and heightening the agreeable airs and expression of features they so much admire there. So the favourites of fortune adjust themselves in the glass of fashion, and the flattering illusions of public opinion.—Again, the expression of face in the gentleman, or thoroughbred man of the world, is not that of refinement so much as of flexibility; of sensibility or enthusiasm, so much as of indifference:—it argues presence of mind, rather than enlargement of ideas. In this it differs from the heroic and philosophical. Instead of an intense unity of purpose, wound up to some great occasion, it is dissipated and frittered down into a number of evanescent expressions, fitted for every variety of unimportant occurrences: instead of the expansion of general thought or intellect, you trace chiefly the little, trite, cautious, moveable lines of conscious, but concealed self-complacency. If Raphaël had painted St. Paul as a gentleman, what a figure he would have made of the great Apostle of the Gentiles—occupied with itself, not carried away, raised, mantling with his subject—insinuating his doctrines into his audience, not launching them from him with the tongues of the Holy Spirit, and with fiery zeal scorching his looks!—Gentlemen luckily can afford to sit for their own portraits: painters do not trouble them to sit as studies for history.—What a difference is there in this respect between a Madona of Raphaël, and a lady of fashion, even by Vandyrke: the one refined and elevated, the other light and trifling, with no emanation of soul, no depth of feeling,—each arch expression playing on the surface, and passing into any other at pleasure,—no one thought having its full scope, but checked by some other,—soft, care-

cess, insincere, pleased, affected, amiable! The French physiognomy is more cut up and subdivided into petty lines, and sharp angles than any other: it does not want for subtlety, or an air of gentility, which last it often has in a remarkable degree,—but it is the most unpoetical and the least picturesque of all others.—I cannot explain what I mean by this variable telegraphic machinery of polite expression better than by an obvious allusion. Every one by walking the streets of London (or any other populous city) acquires a walk which is easily distinguished from that of strangers; a quick flexibility of movement, a smart jerk, an aspiring and confident tread, and an air, as if determined to keep the line of march; but for all that, there is not much grace or grandeur in this local strut: you see the person is not a country bumpkin, but you would not say, he is a hero or a sage, because he is a cockney. So it is in passing through the artificial and thickly peopled scenes of life. You get the look of a man of the world: you rub off the pedant and the clown; but you do not make much progress in wisdom or virtue, or in the characteristic expression of either.

The character of a gentleman (I take it) may be explained nearly thus:—A blackguard (*un vaurien*), is a fellow who does not care whom he offends; a clown is a blockhead who does not know when he offends: a gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them. Politeness, and the pretensions to the character in question, have reference almost entirely to this reciprocal manifestation of good-will and good opinion towards each other in casual society. Morality regulates our sentiments and conduct as they have a connection with ultimate and important consequences:—Manners, properly speaking, regulate our words and actions in the routine of personal intercourse. They have little to do with real kindness of intention, or practical services, or disinterested sacrifices; but they put on the garb, and mock the appearance of these, in order to prevent a breach of the peace, and to smooth and varnish over the discordant materials, when any number of individuals are brought

in contact together. The conventional compact of good manners does not reach beyond the moment and the company. Say, for instance, that the *rabble*, the labouring and industrious part of the community, are taken up with supplying their own wants, and pining over their own hardships,—scrambling for what they can get, and not refining on any of their pleasures, or troubling themselves about the fastidious pretensions of others: again, there are philosophers who are busied in the pursuit of truth,—or patriots who are active for the good of their country; but here, we will suppose, are a parcel of people got together who having no serious wants of their own, with leisure and independence, and caring little about abstract truth or practical utility, are met for no mortal purpose but to say, and to do all manner of obliging things, to pay the greatest possible respect, and show the most delicate and flattering attentions to one another. The politest set of gentlemen and ladies in the world can do no more than this. The laws that regulate this species of artificial and fantastic society are conformable to its ends and origin. The fine gentleman or lady must not, on any account, say a rude thing to the persons present, but you may turn them into the utmost ridicule the instant they are gone: nay, not to do so is sometimes considered as an indirect slight to the party that remains. You must compliment your bitterest foe to his face, and may slander your dearest friend behind his back. The last may be immoral, but it is not unmannerly. The gallant maintains his title to this character by treating every woman he meets with the same marked and unremitting attention as if she was his mistress: the courtier treats every man with the same professions of esteem and kindness as if he was an accomplice with him in some plot against mankind. Of course, these professions, made only to please, go for nothing in practice. To insist on them afterwards as literal obligations, would be to betray an ignorance of this kind of interlude, or masquerading in real life. To ruin your friend at play is not inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, if it is done with civility; though to warn him of

his danger, so as to imply a doubt of his judgment, or interference with his will, would be to subject yourself to be run through the body with a sword. It is that which wounds the self-love of the individual that is offensive—that which flatters it that is welcome—however salutary the one, or however fatal the other may be. A habit of plain-speaking is totally contrary to the tone of good-breeding. You must prefer the opinion of the company to your own, and even to truth. I doubt whether a gentleman must not be of the established church, and a Tory. A true cavalier can only be a martyr to the fashion. A Whig lord appears to me as great an anomaly as a patriot-king. A sectary is sour and unsociable. A philosopher is quite out of the question. He is in the clouds, and had better not be let down on the floor in a basket, to play the block-head. He is sure to commit himself in good company—and by dealing always in abstractions, and driving at generalities, to offend against the three proprieties of time, place, and person. Authors are angry, loud, and vehement in argument: the man of more refined breeding, who has been “all tranquillity and smiles,” goes away, and tries to ruin the antagonist whom he could not vanquish in a dispute.—The manners of a court, and of polished life, are by no means downright, strait-forward, but the contrary. They have something dramatic in them; each person plays an assumed part; the affected, overstrained politeness, and suppression of real sentiment, lead to concealed irony, and the spirit of satire and rallery; and hence we may account for the perfection of the genteel comedy of the century before the last, when poets mingled in the court-circles, and took their cue from the splendid ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.

The essence of this sort of conver-

sation and intercourse, both on and off the stage, has somehow since evaporated; the disguises of royalty, nobility, gentry have been in some measure seen through: we have individually become of little importance, compared with greater objects, in the eyes of our neighbours, and even in our own: abstract topics, not personal pretensions, are the order of the day; so that what remains of the character we have been talking of, is chiefly exotic and provincial, and may be seen still flourishing in country places, in a wholesome, vegetable state of decay.

A man may have the manners of a gentleman without having the look, and he may have the character of a gentleman, in a more abstracted point of view, without the manners. The feelings of a gentleman, in this innate sense, only denote a more refined humanity—a spirit delicate in itself, and unwilling to offend, either in the greatest or the smallest things. This may be coupled with absence of mind, with ignorance of forms, and frequent blunders. But the will is good. The spring of gentle offices and true regards is untainted. A person of this stamp blushes at an impropriety he was guilty of twenty years before, though he is, perhaps, liable to repeat it to-morrow. He never forgives himself for even a slip of the tongue, that implies an assumption of superiority over any one. In proportion to the concessions made to him, he lowers his demands. He gives the wall to a beggar: * but does not always bow to great men. This class of character have been called “God Almighty’s gentlemen.” There are not a great many of them. The late G—— D—— was one;—for we understand that that gentleman was not able to survive some ill-disposed person’s having asserted of him, that he had mistaken Lord Castlereagh for the author of T. Waverley.— T.

* The writer of this article once saw a Prince of the Blood pull off his hat to every one in the street, till he came to the beggarman that swept the crossing. This was a nice distinction. Farther, it was a distinction that the writer of this article would not make to be a Prince of the Blood. Perhaps, however, a question might be started in the manner of Montaigne, whether the beggar did not pull off his hat in quality of asking charity, and not as a mark of respect. Now a Prince may decline giving charity, though he is obliged to return a civility. If he does not, he may be treated with disrespect another time, and that is an alternative he is bound to prevent. Any other person might set up such a plea, but the person to whom a whole street had been bowing just before.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

Long years have pass'd, pale flowers, since you
 Were cull'd and given in brightest bloom,
 By one whose eye eclipsed your blue,
 Whose breath was like your own perfume.
 Long years! but, though your bloom be gone,
 The fragrance which your freshness shed
 Survives, as memory lingers on
 When all that bless'd its birth have fled.
 Thus hues and hopes will pass away—
 Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss, depart :
 Oh! what is left when these decay?
 The faded leaf—the wither'd heart!

Sept. 30.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
 Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze ;
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.
 For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale ;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
 The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold ;
 But one cloud at distance rose dense, and increased,
 Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.
 We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
 When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud ;—
 'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
 Nor the Moon that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.
 Like a SPIRIT, it came in the van of the storm !
 And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form ;
 For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.
 In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
 'Twas the bow of Omnipotence ; bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd ;
 'Twas the presence of GOD, in a symbol sublime ;
 His Vow from the Flood to the exit of Time !
 Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds ;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;—
 In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire ;
 And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
 And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain :—
 Not such was that RAINBOW, that beautiful one !
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun ;

A Pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.
 Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
 As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.
 I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song;—
 To all who beheld it these verses belong,
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
 Each full heart expanded,—grew warm,—and adored!
 Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That Bow from *my sight* pass'd for ever away;
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That Bow from *remembrance* can never depart.
 'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong, and unperishing colours of mind;
 A part of my being beyond my controul,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

SONNET.

It is not that she moveth like a queen,
 (Although her graceful air I must admire;)
 Nor that her eye shoots forth the falcon's fire,
 (And yet her gentle glance is bright and keen:)
 Perhaps Diana's hair had scarcely been
 Thus braided; nor the voice of choiring bird
 Entirely thus, in old times, sweetly heard,
 When that great huntress trod the forests green.
 What matters this?—To *me* her eye is fill'd
 With radiant meaning, and her tones are clear
 And soft as music, a sweet soul betraying;
 And o'er her flushing cheek (ah! sensitive child!)
 Beautiful pain is seen, too often, playing,
 As though to say, "Perfection dwells not even here."

B.

SONNET,

Written in the Woods of Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire,

There is no lovelier scene in all the land.—
 Around me far a green enchantment lies,
 Fed by the weeping of these April skies,
 And touch'd by Fancy's great "all-charming wand."
 Almost I expect to see a lightsome band
 Come stealing thro' the hazel boughs, that cross
 My path—or half-asleep upon the moss
 Some Satyr, with stretch'd arm, and clenched hand.
 —It is a place of beauty: here, half hid
 By yellowing ash and drooping aspens, run
 The river waters,*—as to meet the sun;
 And in the distance, boiling in its might,
 The fatal fall is seen,—the thundering *strid*;
 And over all the morning blue and bright.

B.

* The river (the Wharfe) runs eastward.

LINES

Written for a Young Lady's Pocket Book, near the Ruins of Horace's Villa (so called,) a little above the Cascades at Tivoli

What do I see? waters that glide
Gracefully slow where olives wave;
The alpes on the mountain-side—
A mound,—perhaps the poet's grave.

What do I hear? an under-sound
From yonder chasm that yawns below,
Which darts a shudder through the ground;
And shakes the flowers that round me grow.

'Tis thus, when moments smoothly pass,
An inward trembling of the soul
Predicts, with fatal truth, alas!
That towards a fearful change they roll.

But let me check those thoughts of pain,
That from black memory take their hue,
For flowery hopes should deck the strain
That comes an offering to you:—

Yes—you shall tread those paths of life
By which the peaceful streamlets roam,
Far from the horrors of the strife
Where 'gainst the dark rock strikes the foam.

LETTER FROM JOHN O'GROATS' TO THE EDITOR,

ENCLOSING SPECIMENS OF A POEM.

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you some extracts from a new poem which a friend of mine threatens to publish. I have perused the work, and shall only say it treats upon every subject; but, principally, on Poetry,—Criticism,—the Fancy,—Nature,—Coleridge,—Waterloo Bridge,—Aristotle,—Walter Scott,—Youth,—Port Wine,—the Author,—Astronomy,—Tom Moore,—Botany,—Intoxication,—Manias,—Radicalism,—Mr. Ex-Sheriff P-rk-ns,—Sunset,—Chemistry,—and other similar subjects. My extracts are, like tea-pots, of various sorts and sizes:—but, if I write a long poem, my sheet will be filled,—and I cannot afford a double letter from this great distance. By the way, 'tis a pity you Magazine Editors will not, like other tradesmen, send travellers round the country to solicit orders and communications; a shilling, or eighteen-penny postage on every communication, is a serious tax to a poor bard, and must debar you from many a choice article.

*John O'Groats',
Nov. 8, 1820.*

19.

Last year, kind reader, it comes o'er my mind
With Chemistry I was awhile quite thick;
I broke retorts with decomposing wind,
And burnt my house with mixtures phosphoric,
And with voltaic batteries refin'd
Gold, silver, charbon (Anglicè, burnt stick)
But now my folly's chang'd—I'd have you know it,
I've clos'd my lab'ratory, and turn'd poet.

60.

How sweet to hear the sound of rushing waters,
As o'er a rock the sparkling currents dash!

'Tis like the witching voice of Beauty's daughters
 When on your face their vivid glances flash;
 Or the gay sound of childhood's heartfelt laughers,
 Which oft against my recreant memory clash,
 And bid the forms of long-since vanished years
 Appear (*a bull!*) and trickle into tears!

* * * * *

109.

A lovely night, by Styx! the ocean's hue
 More beautiful than ever seems to me;
 It vies with heav'n in deepness of its blue,
 And that I deem appears a floating sea
 More distant, yet inviting to the view—
 Oh! that if there my spirit now might be!
 Oh! that I dwelt in yon bright twinkling star,
 And view'd this earthly planet from afar!

110.

Calm is the deep—except upon the shore
 Where stretching capes encroach upon its waves,
 And there the bursting breakers loudly roar,
 And hoarsely chafe against their sea-worn caves;
 The wild fowl's note the distant bay comes o'er
 From where the ooze the silent water laves:
 —But, lo! a flash—and hark! a sound proceeds—
 Man, man is there! some helpless victim bleeds!

* * * * *

120.

I cease this strain—lest such convulsive starts
 Should make the world believe me like that wight,
 Who long hath wafted home from foreign parts
 Tokens his bosom is in wretched plight;
 Mine is as bad no doubt, but there are hearts
 Of which too little can't be said:—I'll write
 About my sorrows on some future day
 When my *cheveux* are grown more scant and grey.

121.

Now I've no fancy for such public sorrow,
 I keep my woes and griefs lock'd up at home,
 I may, however, change my mind to-morrow,
 And take a fancy in the east to roam:
 Then moodiness and morbidness I'll borrow,
 And send to press a misanthropic tome;
 But as I take it these loose rambling verses
 Would come but badly from a moaning Thirsis.

* * * * *

190.

John Bull has ever been a very gull,
 A spoonie gagg'd—a flat—so fond of hobbies—

* * * * *

191.

'Tis curious to “embody into rhyme,”
 (As Coleridge terms the art of versifying*)
 The varied things that each have fed a time
 John's lust for Lions—and as I am trying
 To make a book—(a deed I hope no crime)

Suppose at each, as it is past me flying,
I take a shot, and bag it in my poem—
Well I begin—and here I end my poem.

* * * * *

199.

As lately boxing has become poetical
It ill becomes my verses to speak light of it,
So I will merely add a line p'renthetical,
Which is—Oh! ever keep me from the sight of it!
And, if my stanza can become pathetic
I'll weep o'er one who loved with wit to write of it—
Alas! poor Corcoran—Laureate of the ring!
Let me this garland o'er thy coffin fling!

* * * * *

210.

Here comes a lawyer—of his wiles beware!
His smile is death, his frown with danger teems;
Yet, he so softly leads you to his snare,
You think that blessings hover round his schemes;
His words so kind—his promises so fair!
Unto the last he soothes with hope's gay dreams,
Like the decoy which leads the wild fowl on
Till it turns round—and all egress is gone.

* * * * *

229.

But I must cease—nor write a stanza more,
My printer is engag'd—my price is fix'd,
And if I raise my stanzas to twelve score
I fear my publisher would be perplex'd
To sell my book for current shillings four—
So here 'tis done—good, bad, and middling mix'd:
Reader, I ask but little—being shy—
Abuse me if you please—but pray first buy.

N.

LIVING AUTHORS.

No. IV.

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON'S compositions do not entitle him to be called the best of our present poets; but his personal character, and the history of his life have clearly rendered him the most interesting and remarkable of the persons who now write poetry. If he is not, as we have said of another, "the author we would most wish to be," he is certainly the living author who is chiefly "the marvel, and the show" of our day and generation—leaving the word "boast" out of the quotation, as leading to premature discussion.—Whatever general judgment we may pronounce on his qualities as a writer, guiding ourselves by the rules of criticism, there can be no doubt of his standing a towering object in the moral and intellectual

horizon of his age; and he is destined so to endure, and to captivate and astonish the eye of posterity, when all that is common of our possessions is forgotten, and all that is weak and little is crumbled into dust; when the outline of that busy and crowded portion of space and time which is so much to us, will be traced, like that of an ancient city, by a few single, elevated, and imperishable monuments.

It does seem scarcely possible to pay too much for the glorious assurance of so enduring, to be so hereafter regarded;—yet, by Lord Byron, it has been purchased at a most serious, and even appalling expense in more than one kind of earthly good. Never,—in our opinion at

least,—has that which is properly called *notoriety* been so intimately united with the more noble essence of true fame, as it is in the case of this writer; and, what strikes us as more strange still, he even reconciles those dubious and questionable qualities, which fall under the head of empirical, with the acquirement of sterling renown.—The personal interest, we believe, has always been above the poetical in Lord Byron's compositions; and, what is much worse, they appear to have been, in almost every instance, studiously calculated to produce this effect. It is true, the noble author has never distinctly offered us a professed portrait of himself in any of his heroes; but his plan, we think, has been a more objectionable one. While he has introduced, in most of them, features so odious and anti-social, that self-exposure in such a light might be regarded as an unnatural offence, and one more directly insulting to moral feeling than the bare practice of vice,—he has boldly and bare-facedly coupled the histories of his bravoes and villains with the incidents of his own life; mingled their feelings with even affectedly open disclosures of his own;—nay, he has sketched from the most sacred recesses of his own privacy, to the injury of other sensibility than his own, accompaniments to the scenes of debauchery, despair, and violence of which he has chiefly formed his poetical representations. Rousseau's confessions were avowedly of himself: whatever may be their absolute truth, they are most curiously true as an exhibition of character: their minute moral anatomy is as stupendous as the system of the blood-vessels and capillary tubes of the body; and, though indecent and offensive as a piece of self-exposure, they are coupled, all the way through, with so much evidence of actual personal responsibility, that the fancy is kept in subordination to the moral judgment of the reader, and the usual rules of social intercourse and human duty are not resented in his mind. Lord Byron's creations, however, are addressed to the poetical sympathies of his readers, while their main interest is derived from awakening a recollection of some fact of the author's life—a conviction of an

analogy to the author's own character. A confusion is thus occasioned, in the breast of him whose attention is captivated by the productions in question, unfavourable altogether to right and pure feeling. The impression left on the mind, is neither strictly that of a work of art, to be pronounced upon according to the rules applicable to art,—nor of a matter-of-fact, appealing to the principles of sound judgment in such cases;—but what is striking in poetry is made a set-off against what is objectionable in morals,—while that which would be condemned as false, theatrical, or inconsistent, according to the laws of poetical criticism, is often rendered the most taking part of the whole composition by its evident connection with real and private circumstances, that are of a nature to tickle the idle, impertinent, and most unpoetical curiosity of the public. This sort of balancing system is not fair:—Lord Byron should either give us Childe Harold, Conrad, &c. as what painters call historical portraits of himself, or he should leave us free to judge of them as we would judge of a statue, or of a picture, or of any strictly poetical personage. As it is, the literary imperfections of the Childe, &c. merge in the personal peculiarities of the author;—and again, where it might be useful to hold the latter to answer personally for certain licences, rendered stimulating and seductive by irregular and unfit allusions, he escapes from this responsibility into the fictitious hero—after perhaps mortally corrupting principle by touching the sensibility with traits that derive all their force from his own history. The unsoundness of this style of composition, is of a double nature: it depraves the taste as well as taints the purity of the moral feeling.

A personal interest of this nature by no means enters legitimately amongst the qualities that form poetical power and beauty: if the reflection of the author's character must be seen in such compositions as profess to be imaginative, it too should take an imaginative hue, and lie deep and dim in the heart of the strain, going, shadow-like, with all the variations of its current. Lord Byron's egotism, therefore, we

consider to be one of those properties displayed in his works, which we alluded to at the commencement as partaking of an empirical nature. Its effect is to give a prodigious interest to his compositions with the common run of the readers and buyers of books: it forms admirable matter for *table-talk*—not such as that in the LONDON MAGAZINE, but such as is to be heard about the west-end of the town—to be enabled, on his lordship's own authority, to discuss his lordship's remorse, and misanthropy, and withered feelings, and youthful disappointments, and faded hopes!—Lord Byron's genius should be above supplying matter for such heartless gossip:—if he really have (as we earnestly hope he has not) genuine cause for melancholy reminiscences, approaching to the horror of despair, he should "*instruct his sorrows to be proud*;" otherwise his own fine verse tells against himself—

The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe

Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Griefs revolting in their cause, and poisonous and cureless in their effects, ought to be kept as secret as a mortal cancer,—which no one who pines under it ever thinks of displaying to company, to have its gangrenous colours admired, and made a theme for the exclamations of silly wonder. Sufferings calculated to excite deep commiseration and kind pity, when sustained with dignity, and expressed with reserve, are justly regarded as public nuisances when they court display and are obtruded on our senses,—not merely as offensive spectacles, but as dangerous causes of the deformity of others by operating on susceptible dispositions with their diseased and monstrous influence. Besides, there is but too much reason for suspecting, that there is more of trick than calamity in many of these exhibitions: the seemingly infirm object, who painfully limps on crutches before the passengers in the street, calling their attention to his old, but unhealed wounds; his festering sores which he

must carry about with him to his dying day,—is often known to join the merry dance in the evening, with other active cripples, and healthful bed-ridden! In the pauses of the fiddle they count the gains which they owe to their afflictions,—and chirp over their cups on the strength of the supply which their agonies have procured to them.

Is there no ground for suspicion that Lord Byron's grief, and despair,—which are for ever at the end of his pen, except when he is writing notes to his poems, and those New Moralities, Beppo and Don Juan,—are in a good measure *feelings of ceremony*. They are certainly excellent prompters of phrase; they supply solemn poetical apparel for public occasions; and invest the person of the author, in the imaginations of the daughters of noblemen, and the wives of tradesmen, with the charm of a melancholy air,—set off by a cap-and-feather look of desperation, and gestures of gentlemanly ferocity. The first play we ever saw, or at least that we recollect seeing, was Lewis's Castle Spectre; and, that the exhibition might lose nothing of its full effect on our minds, it was not at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, but in a town far north of the Tweed. We remember well the impression then made on our fancy by the gentleman who played Osmyn: his complexion was very sallow, his brows were corked to appear large and black, his physiognomy was sad, and shaded by an ostrich-plume. Now, from what we hear young ladies, and younger gentlemen, sometimes say of Lord Byron, we are inclined to think they contemplate him as presenting just such another image of theatrical woe.

Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
 More than this, I scarce can die:—

thus concludes Lord Byron's Farewell, on the occasion of his leaving England, and we have had good reason since to admire the strength of the vivacious principle in his breast. His subsequent productions have seemed to intimate that dying was as far from his own thoughts, as his death is far from the wishes of book-sellers, and book-readers, and the admirers of genius, and they who desire to see one of England's most dis-

tinguished children restored to her under circumstances in every way satisfactory. But it absolutely makes one angry, in the midst of high-toned strains of energetic feeling, sounding a requiem over departed glory, or a celebration of immortal genius, or a hymn to natural beauty, glowing and enkindling as the rays of morning, to have our touched sympathies interrupted by the stage-trick of a displayed pocket-handkerchief, or the strut of theatrical magnanimity in martyrdom.

*Mean time I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the*

tree
I planted : they have torn me,—and I bleed ;

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

Childe Harold, Canto 4.

This is weak if sincere, and weak if affected. Indeed, affected it is, whether it be sincere or not. What we chiefly object to, is the mawkishness of such passages : their decency as confessions, and their consistency with self-respect, and the respect of others, in the mouth of a fashionable nobleman of these days, who writes elsewhere of "lobster salad" and "champaign punch," are matters we leave to his lordship's own reflection. If Lord Byron has ever appeared in Rotten-row on horseback, he seems to us precluded from talking, even in his own poetry, in such a strange ranting sort of way of his sorrows and errors. His station in society, and his manners as an English gentleman, turn the laugh against his sombre heroics. We dare say he has done nothing sufficiently worse than other people, if all were known, to justify, or even render excusable, his rhymed remorse. If we are too severe in saying this, we are sorry for it ; but really our own strong suspicion is, however mortifying it might be to his lordship to know it, were he ever likely to see this article,—that he has by no means outdone many of us in improprieties ;—that, notwithstanding his numerous hints, which have set his admirers on hunting out deeds without names to lay to his door, he is not distinguished by one unpardonable or abominable vice ; that, his private history is by no means enriched with crimes of deep dye ; and that, were he now to return

to his native land, and sit down as chairman of a bench of justices at the quarter sessions, he might discharge the duties of his office, with an easy conscience, against all offenders likely to be placed at the bar—with the exception of those very unfortunate persons, who have to answer to their parish officers for "*loving not wisely, but too well.*"—We repeat, that our regret would be most sincere were we to be convinced, hereafter, that we had dealt too hardly by his lordship, in expressing this disbelief : but, though he chooses to tell us that his "springs of life are poisoned," and that he "must bear what time cannot abate," and that he may justly have incurred a mortal wound "for his ancestral faults, or his own,"—we persist in discrediting that there is any thing in the past necessarily calculated to throw a shadow over the future portion of his lordship's life. What his ancestors have done amiss we can forgive and forget, when we know what it is :—whatever it may be, we can overlook Lord Byron's share of the guilt committed by his forefathers, were it only in gratitude for the following lines, in which he so exquisitely introduces us to one of his mothers :

*Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing in her aspect mild ;*

*From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never wean'd, though not her favoured child !*

Childe Harold, Canto 2.

His own sin-roll, we have no doubt, he over-estimates, as well as the criminal horrors of his ancestors : the fuss he has made about his faults we dare say would turn out their worst feature. It was a foolish and a very wrong thing to write the Farewell ; and not a well-judged thing to write the Sketch from private life : but it was also foolish and wrong in the public to raise such an outcry in a matter that would not at all have concerned them, but for these unlucky publications, and which they made much more of than even these publications warranted. —To say the truth, then, we long to see Lord Byron once more amongst us, stripped of all the adventitious, and, we must call them, surreptitious advantages, as an author, which

he has derived from being considered as too bad for repentance, and too desperate to be pitied. We wish to see him trying his strength fairly with other writers, without other pretensions than those which we are confident he has never forfeited—viz. to private honour, and the respectability of an unsullied title.—That he is beloved as a friend we know; that he is generous, or rather magnificent, in his temper; hospitable and kind when occasion serves; frank to forgive causes of offence,—we also know. Although, in the course of this article, we shall have laid grave faults to his charge, they are not faults of an unpardonable nature,—nor are they committed with apparent struggles,—nor hinted at in his confessions,—nor do we believe that he yet repents of them,—nor, when he does, will any very heavy penance be imposed upon him by society. He must not, therefore, pique himself too much on the censure which we shall apply to him in the conscientious discharge of the duties of criticism,—for we have been obliged to state some very large sets-off of good qualities, to be subtracted from the sum total of blame to which we think him fairly entitled.

To return, however, from this—which has become almost a digression. His frequent allusions to his own private history; his almost constant appeals to sickly sensibility by tricked-out representations of disreputable and garrulous sorrow and suffering; and the false and inconsistent character of many of his heroes, in whom strong effect is purchased at the expense of propriety of every kind, constitute faults in Lord Byron's style of composition, palpable to an eye of any discernment. But, more unfortunately, they are hurtfully seductive to inexperienced and uninstructed taste, and most mischievously calculated to give ascendancy to the heterodox judgments, generated in the heat and rankness of fashionable manners. It is the popularity of these faults that has made us feel it necessary to commence our observations by noticing them. We should not have deemed ourselves free to give full vent to our admiration of the marvellous powers of this remarkable intellect, if we had not

at the outset entered a protest against its various heresies. That Lord Byron irradiates the literature of the day by his genius, is incontestable; but that it can be said of him, that he elevates the general reputation of the literature of his country, we doubt. The truth is, he mingles up many questions that are not literary, but of a more serious and important nature, with the consideration of his literary merits. It is his misfortune to have done this; for not only, we apprehend, must a verdict be given against him whenever the inquiry is directed towards moral tendency, personal fairness, and public decency, but the worst faults of his style are, we think, clearly traceable to that looseness of feeling which is the unhappy source of so much irregularity of another nature staining his works—often demanding indulgence, and often forbidding it altogether. Lord Byron's last work is avowedly licentious;—it is a satire on decency, on fine feeling, on the rules of conduct necessary to the conservation of society, and on some of his own near connections. Having said this, we need say no more on its character independently of literary considerations: he would himself, we are sure, allow it to be all we now say; his publisher has done so by scrupling to put his name in the title-page.—The only questions, agreeably to the known frankness of his disposition, which it is probable he would think of discussing, would be the degree of mischief it is likely to do; and whether jokes on the inconsistencies of human professions and practice, and exposures of the ridiculous side of social institutions and domestic observances, have not before been ventured, quite as pointed as Don Juan, without incurring on their parents the heavy charge of being arrayed in hostility against the best interests of their fellow men.—We would be disposed to concede a good deal to his lordship on these points: the world has by this time been pretty-well accustomed to see the vivacity of talent employed in raising a laugh against things which do honour to conduct, and passing as pleasantries what is discreditable. Man, in fact, is at once a laughing animal, and a laughable one; he is not, and cannot be,

consistent. His nature is made up of absurdities, as they now appear,—which are probably only enigmas, the solution of which is reserved for another state of being. Hence, very considerable freedom has always been taken with the stricter doctrines of the moralist, and the most essential regulations of social intercourse, in the vivacity of penetrating intellects, seeing through disguises, and solemn hypocrisies,—and necessary, but unreal pretensions, and all the solemn masquerade of serious life. The temptation to irreverent mirth and dangerous ridicule is so great, that we are obliged to seek securities against their effects, rather than to prohibit or severely condemn their exercise. It is now pretty well understood, what these poetical licences are worth; their language may introduce impure terms and images into breasts that would otherwise have remained, for some time longer at least, unsullied: so far they are mischievous and reprehensible; but as to actually furnishing grounds of conduct, or leading to the formation of false principles, we do not think that these evident caricatures of manners are likely to do this. They pass as exaggerations, or caprices on their side: they are considered to be intentionally wide of the truth: their authors are supposed to be prepared to say with Prior,

Gadsooks, who would swear to the truth of
a song!

In our view of the matter, Lord Byron's serious poetry is of a much more deleterious tendency than his late compositions professing levity of purpose. The former is calculated to introduce disease into the heart through admiration excited in favour of false and hateful qualities of character: the latter address themselves only to the unscrupulous, and the experienced. To regard what is improper in them with approbation, would bespeak previous corruption. But the first ruin taste, infect feeling, and unsettle principle: what is showy in them wins and perverts; what is pathetic softens towards temptation; what is horrible familiarizes with evil, and misrepresents nature.

Still, however, it must be admitted, that Lord Byron has carried

the licence of his levities farther than we have been accustomed to see men of his powers of mind care to commit themselves in such irregularities; and it is to be deplored, for his sake, as well as for ours, that, with such undoubted possession of genius as he certainly has, he should only vary his style of writing to make a new trespass. Much, too, do we regret, that a very suspicious circumstance attends the variation: the qualities that are objectionable in both his styles, *equally belong to the class of expedients for cheaply gaining popularity*: they are equally included within the set of resources which grovelling souls have recourse to, in the absence of talent, to realize their selfish schemes. Indecency is saleable; so are lampoons; so are pieces of overcharged colouring and staring effect; so are affected confidences, and allusions to domestic discords, private errors, and mental horrors. All of these present baneful stimuli to depraved appetites:—it is lucky for Lord Byron's reputation as a poet, that he has mingled much of the celestial fire, and of glowing feeling of that which is inspiring in the noblest terrestrial objects, with these baser materials of composition: he has done this to a degree quite sufficient to exculpate him from having sought to shelter his weakness by pandering to the baser desires: but what we have stated,—the candour of which we are sure cannot be denied by any reader of his works,—fully bears out what we affirmed of him at the commencement of this article;—viz. that he strangely reconciles those dubious and questionable qualities which fall under the head of empirical, with the acquirement of sterling renown. His pieces are indeed of a “mingled yarn:” the coarse is mixed with the fine; the subtlest texture with the veriest botch-work.—We would point out to his lordship's serious reflection, if we had any assurance of being honoured by his notice, as the features most degrading to the character of the author in his last compositions, those which are calculated to throw doubt altogether on the sincerity of his emotions, and the healthiness of his heart, putting joke and levity out of the question. Vivacious allusions to certain practical irregularities are things which it is to be

supposed innocence is strong enough to resist,—otherwise, the commerce of the world forbids hope of its long-life. But the quick alternation of pathos and profaneness,—of serious and moving sentiment and indecent ribaldry,—of afflicting, soul-rending pictures of human distress, rendered keen by the most pure and hallowed sympathies of the human breast, and absolute jeering of human nature, and general mockery of creation, destiny, and heaven itself,—this is a sort of violence, the effect of which is either to sear or to disgust the mind of the reader—and which cannot be fairly characterized but as an insult and outrage. This is not an English fault; for it affects the sincerity of the writer's design, and the honour of his intentions. Some bad specimens of it exist in foreign literature,—but that of our own country has not hitherto been so contaminated.—Our writers have composed burlesque, and grossness, and caricature, and indecency; but they have not insulted the very principle of goodness, the image of God in the soul of man, by exciting the best affections of the spirit, and leading it to direct communion with the powers that scatter sublimity and beauty over this sublunary scene, in order to startle and shame it, by suddenly confronting it with a Satanic laugh at some mortifying slur thrown on what is best and fairest to human eye and thought,—and dearest to human feeling! To do this is to reduce reader, author, and subject to one general level of contempt: to make us, so far as he has power over us, despise and hate ourselves, him, and all about us.—Degradation of nature is felt to be suffered, when from so exquisite, so elaborate, so painfully exact a description of parental tenderness, hanging over the mortal agonies of a beloved child, as we find in the *Don Juan*, we are suddenly called upon to turn our sympathies to sneering jests and cruel mirth. What is the difference between doing this in a poem, and doing it in real life?—and what should we say of the disposition of him who should turn from the death-bed of a fine boy, round which hearts are breaking, and from which hopes are departing, to crack scurril jokes on human weakness, calamity, and de-

spair? Lord Byron would be as much shocked at this as any man; and, therefore, we must come to the conclusion, that he considers his authorship a mere piece of representation altogether, in which he is to perform the part of the moment,—now in tragedy, now in farce, as Garrick performed Hamlet and Abel Drugger in the same evening; and Kean, Othello and Harlequin. This we are pretty sure, from the general evidence of his works, is what he really does; but he ought not to do it to the injury either of personal or public feeling, or even to the perversion of taste.—He ought not, on such a system as this, to write such pieces as the *Farewell*, following them up by certain indelicate caricatures and offensive insults. Professions of tenderness, of generous fidelity, of clinging fondness, made in his own person, and used to the injury of the reputation of another party, are not justifiable, supposing them to be genuine—but if they form only a part of a poetical masquerade, in which the next character, supported by the same individual, may be a malicious satirist, or careless laughing profligate, they are very bad. In the same way, we would object, though with less zeal, to the author of *Beppo* talking so much of the “ruins of his years”——

—— though few, yet full of fate;

of his having calmly “borne good,” and of none having “beheld decline on his brow,” or “seen his mind’s convulsions leave it weak.”—On that principle of acting an assumed part, which we have above referred to, and which can alone render much that he has done at all excusable, he ought to leave his personal identity quite behind the scenes. Kemble, beyond an occasional cough, which he could not restrain, gave no sign of John Philip amidst the misanthropy of the Stranger, and the moodiness of Penraddock.

If, on this system of versatility and powerful exhibition, reckless of consistency, and careless about binding himself to his own real feelings, Lord Byron commences regular satirist, or rather lampooner, it is quite clear that he will possess great advantages for the infliction of pain, and

the excitement of interest, which, like those other advantages helping him to popularity, that we have been noticing, will be very inconsistent with the dignity of the poetical character, and, may we not add, with that respect for him as an individual, which his high rank and genius so naturally incline people to entertain. His Beppo and Don Juan lead us to fear that he has almost determined to take this course. After declaring it of himself, with reference to his own family, in language sufficiently pompous—

— there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire:
Something unearthly which *they* deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move,
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love!

after this heroical, and solemn, and singular announcement from a British Peer, we certainly could not have surmised that his next appearance before the public, would have been as a merry burlesque tormentor of others. Nothing, after the above, seemed left for Lord Byron, but a sort of state existence,—a sort of demi-god sojourning below, in sedate grandeur, and sublime melancholy: instead, however, of being careful to maintain an appearance suitable to this serious self-devotion to immortality, the next time we hear of him, his mouth is full of laughing scandal, and barbed jeers. The incongruity here, is at least startling: such a line as this,—

For one was in debt, and both were in liquor,
Don Juan.

applied to two living individuals by name, for one of whom his Lordship had expressed respect,—is not at all in the style of the verse quoted just above: his lordship's nature seems suddenly changed:—it is as if the statue of Apollo, in the Vatican, had left its pedestal, to appear as that of Pasquin, the squib publisher, in the common Roman market place. He had but just invoked "the desert for his dwelling place,"

With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, *hating no one*, love but only her.

Childe Harold, Canto 4.

all this is very touching,—at least it is intended to be so: but if it be mere theatrical strutt, it is not worthy of Lord Byron; and if it had been sincere, his next compositions would not have sparkled with jests on the "*bustling Botherby's*" of London, or with lampoons on Wordsworth and Southey. Satire and ridicule are free to Lord Byron as to any other writer; but there is much in his manner of handling these edge-tools, in which by the bye he has been unfortunate before, that renders it proper we should regard his pleasantry and severity as very similar to his melancholy, his mental tortures, and resignation under them,—and give weight to his satire accordingly.

We find our objections have run out to fill a larger proportion of our paper than we had anticipated,—for, when we set out, we felt chiefly our personal inclination to handle favourably the object of our intended remarks. We necessarily, however, put the volumes of this great and prolific author on the table before us, and their collected evidence has compelled us to what we have said. But how much remains to be said of a very different nature, with reference to the real poetical power displayed in these eloquent rhapsodies! We know there are critics who deny that Lord Byron is a distinguished poet,—affirming that his style is often false, and often feeble,—that his sentiments are often unnatural, his imagery tawdry, his effects forced, and in bad taste. We think so too,—and yet affirm him to be one of the greatest of poets. The mere vigour and rapidity of his course would almost be enough to constitute him a great poet, particularly when it is considered through what mighty scenery his course has been directed. He has carried a countless number of readers, with glowing, untiring ardour, over almost the whole expanse of the poetical map, as it includes the marvels of history, of art, and external creation. What traveller in prose has ever conveyed such lively ideas of what is essential and peculiar in the aspect of climes and

situations which have long fed our dreams of beauty, and of wonders, and to the influence of which he has now added tenfold efficacy? Whom have we amongst us to do any thing like what follows to bring home the power of a classical land, and the enchantments of classical monuments, so as to make them bear with force on the mass of public feeling, and give a general elevation to the level of fancy and thought amongst us?

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless
love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common
glow :
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient
mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was
wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth
his pallid front.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's
hills,
Dark Sulis' rocks, and Pindus' inland
peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy
rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple
streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them
break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his
beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men
appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the
closing year.

So of Greece:—again of Italy—

Oh Rome! my country! city of the
soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to
thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and con-
troul
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come
and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and pled
your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and tem-
ples, Ye!

Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless
woe;

An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress!

This may not be the very purest of all styles of poetry, (though we confess our perceptions are not open to its faults), but at least it is noble declamation, rich with splendour, and sonorous with lofty music. It enlivens the circulation of thought and feeling, and raises the port of the imagination. The principal charm of Lord Byron's poetry consists, we are willing to confess, in its scenery,—but no one we think, but himself, could have brought it to bear so point-blank on the universal sympathy. It is the glory of the places and objects themselves that beams on his page, that has intoxicated his soul, and that inspires the reader: he seems to have been rendered poetical solely by the influence of his subjects—that is to say, when his object is not to make a representation of himself, or to wound others: with these exceptions he speaks as one full of the sacred inflatus. What vivacity of observation is apparent in his descriptions, what zeal in his celebrations,—how quick, varied, and bright, the running flame of his allusions! He is justly entitled to be the most popular of poets, though he is not the best, and though he so often condescends to improper lures of popularity. But he is entitled to be so, because, more than any other modern writer whom we can name, he is the *minstrel of fame*, whose lays are best adapted to gain the common ear, and find their way to the common heart. He fills galleries, long vistas of magnificence, with images of glory, with stories of passion and suffering, with the annals of departed greatness, and the sublimities of the world that never depart: and he issues an irresistible summons to thousands, to millions, to enter there, and admire and venerate what they see, and bow before that might of destiny which, while it seems to reduce individuals to nothing, gives grandeur and importance to the race, by storing human consciousness with

vast and terrible images, that,—better than all the pleasures of existence,—prove its elevation in the scale of nature. Lord Byron, it is true, marks only the stronger divisions of the great picture; he is not skilful in running those cunning, delicate, and fine gradations, which the most refined fancies chiefly delight to distinguish;—but he raises the voice of poetry, as it was wont to be raised, when the excitement of animation in assembled crowds was the minstrel's design. The voice indeed is not now the same in its accents that it was then, but, if it were, it would not have the same effect: the auditors are changed. He, however, conjures up the common inspirations of high and strong feeling: beauty, valour, danger, death, renown, and immortality; and these ideas he passes through the soul like quick-following flashes of lightning. This is his talent: his reasoning is generally bad; his mere "moods of his own mind," when not closely connected with some external cause of excitement, are very bad; his conception of character is monotonous and false; his sentiments are not often profound, and very often mingle in wild inconsistency with each other: he is pensive or enthusiastic on a theme in one page, which in another he treats with sarcasm or expressions of disgust. In style he is frequently tortuous, involved, clumsy, and affected: we are often tempted to suppose he could not himself declare what his meaning was in particular passages, if they were referred to him for explanation. His metaphysics of the mind are in bad taste, and worse philosophy; and on his various offences in regard to moral tendency, and the respect which an author owes to himself, we have already too fully commented to have any occasion again to refer to them. Yet, with all these faults heaped on his writings, and staring the reader in the face, there is a principle of captivating power in them, supreme and triumphant above all faults; defying faults to lessen it; and attracting after the author, wherever he chooses to wander, a following train, formed of a nation's admiration and sympathy. He has awakened, by literary exertion, a more intense interest in his person than ever before resulted from literature.

He is thought of a hundred times, in the breasts of young and old, men and women, for once that any other author is,—popular as are many of his living rivals. He casts his shadow from afar over the surface of our society; and he is talked of in book-clubs and ball-rooms as the only companion which the age has produced to the French revolution! Drawing much from deeper sources than his own, he has rendered palatable what the public taste before rejected. The most musical names of the world,—those that sound, even in the ears of the uneducated, as equivalent to the noblest ideas and the deepest feelings, are closely associated with his; for he has repeated and celebrated them so as to redouble their empire. Athens, Arqua, Rome, and Venice, fall within the territory over which he is lord: he has visited Waterloo as a foreigner, and Thermopylæ as an Englishman; celebrated Napoleon's fall as a friend of liberty, and sung with rapture his triumphs as the bard of despotism: he has received letters from young ladies, anxious for his salvation; has been inquired after by Maria Louisa,—“proud Austria's mournful flower,” in a theatre,—and, in fine, he has *swum across the Hellespont!* He who has claims to have all this engraved on his tomb-stone, need not fear becoming soon a prey to “dumb forgetfulness.”

The principle of *chiaroscuro* will account for much of the strong effect of his pieces. A sombre thought or image is introduced to give high relief to a lovely description: this is often done with too much show of design,—but it is also sometimes done with consummate skill and feeling, of which we have an instance in the following fine stanza.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek
all bloom,

Laughing the clouds away with playful
scorn,

And *living* as if earth contained no
tomb,—

And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may
find room

And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered
fittingly.

We know nothing, in the whole range of poetry, more true to experience, and at the same time more original, than the thought glanced across the mind in the line we have distinguished by Italics. It gives voice to an impression which has many a day lain on many a heart, without the consciousness being sufficiently awakened to it to define it exactly.—Again, on the other hand, how delightfully does he throw the beauty of silent ceaseless nature, over scenes of moral vicissitude, and historical melancholy!

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athens's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

We have living poets—several—whose contemplation is more intense, —whose passion is more exclusively poetical, —whose language is more pure, and expedients more select; but none whose spirit is so active, or range of sensibility so wide. He spreads himself out over nature and history, like a bird of prey; the storm does not beat down his wing, and he sails in the calm sunshine without fainting. The best specimens of poetry which the present day has produced, lie deep and clear like lakes: Byron's verse rushes like a mountain river through many realms; carrying down to one the productions of another; —often shallow, sometimes showing dry bald spots; but usually rushing forwards with vehement impetuosity: sometimes, too, collecting into depths equal to that of the lake —then again pouring onward, as if enlivened, excited, by the call of the roaring ocean.

Eloquence, rather than poetry, forms, perhaps, the great charm of Lord Byron's verses: like some of the loftier passages in Tasso, his finest morsels are generally declamatory; —the objects are all shown off

in exhibition, but the exhibitor is evidently penetrated by their qualities; he anxiously adjusts the display, but he feels them to be worth displaying. His descriptions of scenery, and the exquisite effects of nature, are what we think he does best.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

Childe Harold, Canto 4.

After passages of this class, the bitterness of sceptical emotion in his compositions seems most marked by energy and earnestness. As a moral philosopher, and even as a misanthrope, he is childishly inconsistent; and his inconsistency would lead us to doubt, or more than doubt, his cherishing any real sentiment corresponding with his expressions in such passages. For instance, in stanza 176, of his fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, he makes it his boast that he can

—reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

This is very school-boy like; but, what is worse, it is not felt with the sincerity of the school-boy; for, in stanza 178, he tells us that he

Loves not man the less, but nature more,
for these pleasures enjoyed in the "pathless woods," and "by the deep sea:" and then again, in stanza 180, we find him exulting in the idea, that his favourite, the ocean, is in the habit of sending human beings "shivering in its playful spray, and howling to their gods"—then dashing them to the earth,—"where let them lay!"—which last exclamation is bad grammar, and idle rhodomontade.—We could multiply instances of these inconsistencies from all his compositions.

His females are fair and pellucid formations, without distinct features, or definite properties. The female character is reduced in them to a certain intense power of communicating delight to man, and awaken-

ing enthusiasm in his breast:—they love, dazzle, and die. Their model is altogether an Eastern one:

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine.

Bride of Abydos.

They are houris, intended to gratify the pleasures of sense with celestial charms. They are made soft, and silent, and yielding, and devoted; just such blessed creatures as man might wish to form for himself to administer to his enjoyment, exempt from all partnership with him in the dominion of the world. Their looks fall on him like moon-light; their breath sighs in his ear, like the whisper of evening; their forms are delicate as the master-pieces of art; their hair is long and flowing for his fingers to play with; they live but in his countenance, and he adores them as the beauty and delight of his existence. But we must not look in Lord Byron's poetry for traces of that tenderness of soul, which has its depth in reason and will; that concession of self, which has its value in worth and weight of character; that full companionship, and closely and entirely associated sympathy, which give importance and solemnity to the union of the sexes, at the same time increasing its zest.

Haidee, in the *Don Juan*, is by much his best female portrait. Her tenderness seems connected with a greater range of feeling; it is marked by a nobility of sentiment, which is generally wanting to the fondness of Lord Byron's heroines. Perhaps the following stanza may be as proper as any to serve as a specimen of his particular manner in the description of women.

Fair—as the first that fell of womankind—

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,

Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—

But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;

Dazzling—as that, oh! too transcendent vision

To Sorrow's phantom'd-people slumber given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,

And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven—

Soft as the memory of buried love—

Pure—as the prayer which childhood wafts
also

Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved—how feebly words
essay

To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart con-

cess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her
alone—

The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her
face!

The heart whose softness harmonized the
whole—

And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Bride of Abydos, Canto 1.

It is but fair to say, however, that his women are well adapted to his men,—and give a suitable grace to the pictures in which they are introduced. His heroes—the Giaour, Corsair, Alp the renegade, &c. cannot be said to have characters; they are placed in glaring lights; the circumstances around them are disposed for effect; they have certain strong natural instincts. They are brave, vindictive, unfortunate, and unyielding. They all love, fight, despair, and die. Manfred and Lara alone raise intellect above passion; and the poems, of which they are the heroes, are noble creations of a poetical mind.

But which of Lord Byron's is not? They all glow with the fire of genius;—their faults are to be reasoned about; their power is instantaneously felt. Our author is, in short, a genuine master in his art, though his style is false, and his resources are often unworthy of his talents.—We have heard him called a bad poet; but if his poetry be bad, we can only say, that we like it better than much that is allowed to be good. Who denies that Salvator Rosa was a genuine artist,—because signs of affectation, and false ambition, are to be discerned in his pictures? Lord Byron's last compositions—Beppo and Don Juan—are wonderful proofs of the versatility of his powers; but they pitilessly sacrifice personal consistency and dignity in the caprice of a petulant disdain of opinion, or a distasteful avidity for notoriety as a man and an author.

THE LITERARY POCKET-BOOK,

OR, COMPANION FOR THE LOVER OF NATURE AND ART.

(Published by Olliers, London.)

A POCKET-BOOK is, beyond all doubt, an useful thing; and morocco and calf may even render it an ornamental one. It was reserved, however, for the present publication to outdo pocket-books of all sorts, great and small, ancient and modern. Had a common person run over the list of previous annuals of this class, he would have decided, at once, against swelling the catalogue. There were the "Gentleman's Diary," and the "Ladies Diary,"—full of mathematical and poetical puzzles, for the benefit and amusement of the respective sexes. Then there was one almanack for "Farmers," and two for "Clergymen;" (none for lawyers), one "London" Almanack, and one "Celestial" ditto:—there was (and is) that mysterious volume which is sent once a year into the world, under the name of the celebrated "FRANCIS MOORE," physician,—stamped and lettered in various colours, and valuable as the book of the ancient sybil,—great in its old reputation, and yearly acquiring new;—the wonder of the simple, whether rich or poor,—and bearing about it a load of prophecy which would have sunk any volume, less established, into the very lowest abyss of popular contempt. Besides this, there is "Poor Robin," in which prose and verse, comedy and tragedy, like

Hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions
fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.

And now, lastly, and, beyond all comparison, above its fellows, has arisen "like an exhalation," and still stands the LITERARY POCKET-BOOK! Before this book appeared, there were those which we have quoted above, and many others: one was useful, and another clever; a third ornamental, and a fourth amusing; but *this was all*. Now, our favourite has what the others contain,—always excepting the pictures and prophecies, and a few other trifles; and it has original prose and poetry, which we will not place (even for the sake of comparison), by the side of other

pocket-books; and it possesses really valuable lists of authors, and scientific men, in most quarters of the civilized world; thus yielding literary information *which cannot be obtained in any other work whatever*.

It is time, however, to go somewhat into detail, and to give our readers a few specimens of what the Literary Pocket-Book contains.—It commences with a "Calendar of Birth-days;" or, in other words, sketches of some eminent men whose personal as well as intellectual characters, render their anniversaries more particularly worthy of observance. This "Calendar of Birth-days" is an interesting essay (or rather collection of essays), and is for the most part delightfully written. It is the composition, we have heard, of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and it certainly strongly resembles the style adopted by that gentleman in his little weekly paper called the "Indicator." The eminent men of whom Mr. Hunt has given us such pleasant sketches, are, Epicurus, Montesquieu, Bacon, Galileo, Raphael, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, La Fontaine, Petrarch, Ariosto, Virgil, Bayle, and Horace. We select the following account of Galileo ("the starry Galileo,") not because it is the best, but because it is one of the shortest. We might otherwise have quoted the sketch of Raphael, or of La Fontaine, which are more elaborated.

March.

GALILEO.—Galileo Galilei, who united accomplishments with science, in a manner far from usual with philosophers of his class, was born either at Florence or Pisa, on the 3d of March, (19th Feb. O. S.) 1564. He was the son, some say the natural son, of Vincenzo Galileo, a noble Florentine remarkable for his knowledge of music. Our philosopher made several fine inventions, particularly the telescope, the cycloid in geometry, and the machine by which the Venetians render their Lagoon fluid and navigable. He discovered with his new instrument four of Jupiter's Satellites, and the varieties in the surface of the moon. He also confirmed the Copernican system relative to the central si-

tion of the sun, and the earth's motion about it. Chaucer, in the most social of times, has spoken

Of Sanison, Turnus, and of Socrates.

In Galileo's time, the two reigning authorities in all sciences, divine and human, were Aristotle and Moses. The demonstrations of the Copernican system, going counter to the astronomical opinions of the great legician of Greece and liberator of Judea, were thought so blasphemous by the friars, that the author was first ordered to renounce, and was afterwards imprisoned, for daring to renew them. His confinement lasted for more than a year and a half; and his book on the subject was burnt: finally, he was enjoined, for the space of three years, to return once a week to the Holy Office, and repeat the seven penitential Psalms. This is the way in which opinions equally innocent, would be treated now, if the greatest and most calumniated spirits in other times had not, at length, reduced envy and folly to a state of toothless clamour. Milton, then on his travels in Italy, visited his illustrious brother reformer, who was confined, he tells us, for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominican friars. The interview seems to have dwelt upon his imagination, for he afterwards put him in a well-known passage of the *Paradise Lost*.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior
Fiend

Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon,
whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Galileo's country house was in Valdarno, and looked up at Fesole; to the top of which, he seems to have told Milton that he often transplanted his telescope. Perhaps our philosopher's heretical relapse was the more aggravating (as the old women say), in as much as he had an unconquerable gaiety and facetiousness. He is reported to have said, when he came out from his first sentence, "It's very true though, for all that." When he found out the telescope, a university professor undertook to make a retrospective discovery of it in Aristotle. It was in a passage where the reason is given why the stars are visible in the day time from a deep well. Galileo, who tells us the story himself, adds, in his pleasant way, that such men are like alchemists, who say that the art of making gold was evidently known to the ancients, by the deep fables and fictions under which they concealed it. Our phi-

losopher was remarkable at all times for his vein of pleasantry. He wrote lively poetry, in the style of Berni, and was passionately fond of Ariosto. He was a scholar; wrote with great accuracy and clearness; could play the husbandman in the country; delighted in architecture and painting; designed well; and had an admirable finger on the lute. In his person he was small, but strong and well looking. During the three or four last years of his life he was blind; owing, it is said, to his constant use of his telescope, and the night air: but this calamity neither broke his spirit nor interrupted his studies, which he only turned the more inward, after the manner of his illustrious visitor. He died at Arcetri, near Florence, on the 8th of January, 1642. Galileo was married, and left a son who proved worthy of him.

The following is Mr. Hunt's account of Ariosto. We confess that we should have preferred a notice of Tasso, to one either of Petrarch or Ariosto, though we willingly accept the latter. The misfortunes of Tasso, however, are put on record both in verse and prose, and are perhaps better known generally, than the biography of his brother poet, who

— revelled among men and things divine,
And poured his spirit over Palestine.

September.

ARIOSTO.—Lodovico Giovanni Ariosto, one of the most delightful spirits of the south, and the enchanter among Italian poets; was born September the 20th (8th, O.S. 1474,) at Reggio in Lombardy, where his father was Captain of the Citadel. He was left in his 26th year with slender means to take care of four brothers and five sisters; and it is not one of his least honours, that with the usual poetical tendency to enjoy himself, he took the most industrious and affectionate care of them all. He was at the famous battle of Ravenna in 1512, which he speaks of with such animation and pathos in the 14th Canto of the *Orlando*; and among other missions, was twice sent ambassador to Pope Julius the Second. But, though some biographers deny it, he is spoken of as a very indifferent and unwilling politician. However, he was politician enough, in the best part of the art, to restore to harmony the district of Grafagnana, to which the Duke of Ferrara sent him as Governor for that purpose. He was a good while in the service of that prince, and of others of the family of Este, whom he honoured with his panegyrics; but he had almost as little reason to thank that insolent and even-wearing race, as Tasso after him. He was so arrogantly treated by Cardinal Hip-

polito for declining to accompany him to Hungary, where the climate was unfavourable to his health and time of life, that what with this and other ill returns for the delight he was giving mankind, he took for his device a bee-hive set on fire for its honey, with the motto "*Evil for Good.*" But the natural cheerfulness of his temper was a wealth of which nothing deprived him. Next to writing his poetry, he took delight in gardening and building. He was plain and temperate in diet, but a most delightful companion, particularly in the society of the ladies, by whom he was proportionately beloved. The name of his favourite was Gineura. He was so attached to her, that in one of his sonnets he wishes to be known for a poet, not by a wreath of ivy or laurel, but by a crown of Juniper,—Gineura, in Italian, resembling the word that signifies that tree. He was handsome both in face and person, though he latterly grew large like Boccaccio. His poetry (of which it is needless perhaps to inform our readers, that the translations give no idea) is exquisitely easy, natural, and full of a certain humanity in its wildest departures from it. He makes you feel a knight on horseback, and a magician on griffin-back, with an equal sense of reality; and carries you from story to story, and bower to bower, with a never-ending freshness and variety. But we must kill him, or we shall never have done. He died on the 18th June, (6th, O. S.) 1533.

Following the "*Calendar of Birth-days,*" is a "*Diary*" for appointments, and other memoranda, together with blank pages for general observations. This *Diary* differs in nothing from the common *Diaries*, except that wherever the birth-day of a celebrated man occurs, his name is put down, with the year in which he was born, thus reminding us pleasantly of great spirits, and affording us an opportunity of doing them honour.

The "*Miscellanies*" consist of a very clever and interesting paper called "*Walks round London*;" and various pieces of original poetry. From the *Walks* we select the following, (which is all that we can spare room for)—it takes us at once into the country, and is undoubtedly a very picturesque piece of writing. We understand that it is written by Mr. —, but perhaps he does not wish us to mention his name.

We propose, then, to take a direction to the north-west of the great city, along the Edgeware-road, which becomes interesting soon after you have passed through Paddington, the road being less frequented

than most of the others about town. It is bordered on one side by tall elms and undulating fields, and on the other by a fine series of meadows which still preserve their old character of simple open pasturage. Just before we reach Kilburn we shall be tempted to stop and look through an opening on the right into a complete landscape, cultivated and graceful in its effect without formality. The fields nearest to us seem to have burst into soft irregularities, as though the earth had made faint preludings to itself before it knew how to throw up the mountains. These hillocks mark the fore-ground; the middle distance is studded with trees and hedges, and the picture is shut in by peaceful hills. Passing through Kilburn, we continue in the same beautiful road for about half a mile, when we turn into a lane to the left, leading to Wilsden. Here we are perfectly retired and quiet, and may be as meditative as we please. The lane partakes of the *unmodernized* character of the whole neighbourhood: it is edged by strips of grass, and made especially picturesque by the capricious outline of its rich hedges, whose bases are embossed by large-leaved weeds and wild flowers breeding there in secure overgrowth. In this still situation, we shall soon come upon the gates of a mansion standing in the midst of spacious grounds, and having very much the look of an old chateau in a romance. Looking beyond the groups of graceful shrubs which are scattered about on this side the house, our view is bounded by deep groves and glades of large trees, nursing their own twilight. An hundred miles from town, in our opinion, we could not meet with any place more hushed and hidden, where the air could be freer, or the trees more solemn and umbrageous. The house is called Bramsbury, and is the seat of Mr. Coutts Trotter.

The following Song, and Fragment entitled "*Grief,*" are the production of Mr. Shelley, the author of that most powerful dramatic work *The Cenci*.

SONG.

On a faded Violet.

The odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

GRIEF.

A Fragment.

The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on: in truth, I
think,

Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her, were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make
hard hearts

Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief.
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears:
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead
—so pale!

Her hands were thin, and through their
wandering veins
And weak articulations, might be seen
Day's ruddy light.

A.

The song called "My Nanie O" is
written by Mr. Allan Cunningham,
the author of "the Nithsdale and
Galloway songs." He is certainly
the best writer of songs which Scot-
land has produced, with the excep-
tion—(we are sure he will allow the
exception), of Burns. There is great
naïveté and beauty in the lines which
we have put in Italics.

MY NANIE O.

Red rolls the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O;
Though heaven and earth should mix in
storm,

I'll go and see my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
My kind and winsome Nanie O;
She holds my heart in love's sweet
bands,

And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching time so meek she stands,
So saintly and so bonnie O,

*I cannot get one glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O.*

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear,
That wadnae love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;

*I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely O.*

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The pride of Nithsdale's Nanie O;
Love looks frae 'neath her golden
hair,

And says "I live with Nanie O."

Tell not, thou star, at gray day-light,
O'er Tintinabull top so bonnie O,

My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
None ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell 't
aboon,

They winna wrang my Nanie O.

C.

The following, which is part of a
poem entitled "Ul's Water and its
Echoes," comes from the pen of Mr.
Barry Cornwall, who, it seems, has
been lately among the lakes and
mountains of Cumberland.

ECHOES.

Ye spirits like the winds!—Ye, who around
The rocks and these primeval mountains run,
With cries as though some thunder-god un-
bound

His wings, to celebrate the set of sun,
And leaning from yon fiery cloud
Alarming blew his brazen horn aloud,
And then with faint, and then with fainter
voice,

That bade the world rejoice,
Proclaimed care asleep and earthly labour
done.

Oh! spirits of the air and mountains born,
And cradled in the cave where Silence lies!
As from dusk night at once the tropic morn
Springeth upon the struck beholder's eyes
In mid-day power bright and warm,
So ye, called forth from some unholy calm,
Mysterious, brooding, and prophetic, seem
To rise as from a dream,
And break your spell, but keep the secret
of the charm.

Not only like the thunder and the blast
Are your high voices heard, for far away
Ye gently speak, and as, when life is past,
The white swan crowns with song her dy-
ing day;

So in music faint and sad
Ye perish, who exultingly and glad
Rushed forward in your earlier course,
Like rivers from a rocky source
Fast flashing into light, and sinking soon
to shade.

Pale poets of the hills! doubtless ye are
Like those on earth, short-lived and self-
consuming,

Yet bright, from lightnings which around
your hair

Stream, and exhausted with too soon re-
suming

Your shouts, which first were stern and
strong,

And bore the burthen of your youth along,
But after, as ye further flew,
Grew alight, but ah! grew weaker too,
Until alone remained the memory of your
song.

Unlike the sounds which faintly fall on
 plains,
 Or tones low murmured through some syl-
 van place,
 Your voice in peerless domination reigns,
 Self-evidence of its supremest race :
 What, though the eye may see ye not,
 Ah ! who that ever heard hath e'er forgot
 The teeming harmony that rose and died
 Moaning upon the mountain side ?

One more short quotation and we
 have done. It is a translation from
 Petrarch by Mr. Leigh Hunt we be-
 lieve, and is very simple and beau-
 tiful.

O glad, triumphal bough,
 That now adornest conquering chiefs, and
 now
 Clippest the brows of over-ruling kings ;
 From victory to victory
 Thus climbing on, through all the heights
 of story,
 From worth to worth, and glory unto glory ;

To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
 Thou reignest now upon that flourishing
 head,
 At whose triumphant eyes, Love and our
 souls are led.

We must now shut up the Literary
 Pocket-Book, recommending it, how-
 ever, to our readers, partly for its
 original matter, and partly for its
Lists (of authors, &c.), which, (as
 we have before said), are really in-
 valuable, and are to be found in no
 other publication whatever. We had
 intended to have given this little book
 a more laboured notice, but it has
 come rather late into our hands, and
 we can only submit to our readers
 the above short and imperfect ac-
 count. Five shillings cannot well be
 laid out more advantageously for a
 Christmas present (to a man, wo-
 man, or child), than in the purchase
 of the Literary Pocket-Book for 1821.

Town Conversation.

No. I.

MR. BARRY CORNWALL'S TRAGEDY.

MANY complaints have been urged
 against our best poets for not direct-
 ing their attention to the stage ; but
 we are happy to learn that *one* of our
 best, has at length resolved to exo-
 nerate himself from any share of this
 blame. A more worthy object of
 ambition than the theatre presents
 to writers of genius and imagination,
 cannot be conceived ; yet how few
 such have recently devoted them-
 selves to its service ! If there be any
 thing in the footing on which thea-
 trical representations are now placed,
 that can account for this backward-
 ness, it becomes pressing indeed that
 the cause, or causes, should be dis-
 tinctly known, preparatory to being
 removed ; for the actual degradation
 of our Dramatic Literature reflects
 shame on the country—shame, too,
 which cannot, by any means, be con-
 sidered obliterated by excellence in
 other departments of composition.
 The Drama is, by distinction, the re-
 presentative of the taste, attainments,
 and manners of society :—no vigorous
 people (unless accidentally, and for
 a short time) ever was without a
 flourishing theatre, reflecting back, on
 the public observation, lively images

of the public feeling, habits, and ac-
 complishments.—To say, then, of a
 civilized nation, that it is totally de-
 stitute of a Drama proper to the day,
 is a reproach of a serious nature,
 bearing heavily against its intellec-
 tual claims.—It has certainly been
 but too applicable to England of late
 years : but symptoms have recently
 shown themselves of an awakening
 to a just sense of the animating in-
 vitation which the stage holds out,
 amongst those who are capable of do-
 ing honour to its call. The author
 of *Virginius* has proved that neither
 the size of the Houses, nor the dis-
 position of audiences (as has been
 pretended) is necessarily fatal to the
 success of talent employed in drama-
 tic composition. It would be strange,
 indeed, if a large theatre should be
 proved to be peculiarly favourable to
 nonsense, and hostile to sense and feel-
 ing : we have always doubted this, and
 now disbelieve it altogether. It may,
 indeed, hold many who cannot hear,
 —and the theatres of the ancients must
 have done the same, —but surely
 those who can, are left free to judge
 as correctly as if they were enclosed
 within the walls of a small building.

As for the disposition of audiences, we believe it remains pretty much as it has always been: it is made up of a good deal of hastiness, and of a propensity to be turbulent; joined, however, with a preponderating proportion of natural feeling, and of generous pride in the display of elevated faculty. Talent, therefore, we maintain, has quite as fair a chance at the theatre as elsewhere: much more so, we conscientiously believe, than authors have with the reviewers now-a-days. The manner in which some of the Reviews have behaved to certain deserving writers, is altogether more vulgar, as well as more liberal, than any expression of pit severity that can be quoted by unsuccessful candidates. People go to the play-house in a very different temper from that in which a party Reviewer sits down to criticize; and it is a temper at once more amiable, and favourable to candid judgment—but we are writing an Essay instead of a Notice.—A Tragedy by Mr. Barry Cornwall is understood to be on the eve of appearance, and we really think a more interesting event, connected with Literature, has not occurred for a long time. Should ill-success attend the attempt, we confess we should consider that fact as furnishing strong presumptive evidence that writers, for some reason or other, connected with the present theatrical system, have not a fair chance on the stage, and consequently act prudently in regarding it with shyness. On the other hand, if good fortune crown the enterprize, the public ought to be congratulated even more than the author—for by this, coming so soon after the success of *Virginius*, the Drama might be considered as raised from its fallen state,—the competition of eminent talent excited in favour of the theatre,—and elegant taste recalled to preside over that portion of the public pleasures which formerly constituted its glory, but which has latterly almost given us reason to believe it extinct. The name of the forth-coming tragedy is announced as *MIRANDOLA*; but we know nothing of the plot, which is very properly kept secret,—except

that we understand the accounts that have appeared in some of the newspapers are mistakes. The name suggests Italy. *Mirandola*, or *Mirandula*, is a place in Italy, famous as the first abode of John Picus, a prodigy of the fifteenth century, who died at the early age of thirty-three, but who had previously distinguished himself in all human knowledge and science. Lorenzo de Medici was his patron and companion, and gave him a villa at *Fiesole*,—a situation which the English reader will have pleasure in associating with such a character, in consequence of the mention made of it in Milton's great poem. John Picus of *Mirandola*, was a scholar after the fashion of his age, but he had an intellect "for all time." At Rome he published 900 propositions, or subjects of discussion, in almost every science that could exercise the speculation or ingenuity of man, and which (says a biographical writer,) "extraordinary and superfluous as many of them now appear, furnish an amazing idea of the boundless extent of his erudition and genius. These he promised publicly to maintain against all opponents whatsoever; and even offered to defray, out of his own purse, the charges of poor scholars, who should undertake the journey to Rome for the purpose of disputing with him." The ambitious polemic, however, was disappointed: this tournament of learning, this keen encounter of wit, never took place: the challenger was accused of heresy in thirteen of his theses, and obliged to fly back to Florence, to claim the protection of his powerful friend Lorenzo.—We do not suppose that the personage in question forms the hero of Mr. Cornwall's tragedy, but a short notice of so celebrated a man, who is not very well known to the generality of readers, will not, we hope, be thought to demand any apology. The coincidence of the name has suggested it.—The tragedy of *MIRANDOLA* is intended for Covent Garden: indeed, that accomplished actor, Macready, seems to render this selection a matter of course, whenever it is practicable to an author.

NEW NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF *WAVELEY*.

Kennilworth Castle is the announced title; and we were in hopes that this

first Number of the Third Volume of our Magazine would have been dis-

tinguished by an account of a work, the authorship of which is calculated to recommend criticism, more than the most favourable criticism can recommend it. Were we to say that its appearance has been delayed by an absolute difficulty experienced in transmitting to Scotland the requisite quantity of paper, however incredible such an assertion might ap-

pear, we have good reason to believe we should be saying nothing but the simple fact. Kennilworth Castle will, it is understood, be more in the manner of Ivanhoe, than of the Scotch series; and from what we hear we are prepared to expect a very successful composition. It is said to be calculated even to rival the Ivanhoe in the public favour.

LORD BYRON'S NEW TRAGEDY.

This work, which is, we understand, rather in the nature of a Dramatic Poem than of an *acting* Tragedy, is just announced as being in the press. It is entitled "*Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*." The story is, shortly, that of a Doge of Venice, who, on account of an insult offered to his wife, conspired with some malcontents to overturn the government of his country.—Venice was at that period governed by a council of ten, who discovered the conspiracy, and caused the Doge to be arrested. Faliero was sentenced to die, and behaved in the most abject manner in order to save his life: it was in vain, however, and he was finally executed. It is not a little curious to hear of a prince conspiring against the

land of which he was himself the head? We are told that Signor Foscolo has spoken in warm terms of the mode in which Lord Byron has pictured the manners and customs of Venice: and we have heard also that the Editor of the Quarterly Review has pronounced this tragic Drama to be a fine specimen of English composition. If it be so (and we are not without our attention to his opinion) we may congratulate the noble author on an improvement which we could scarcely have expected from his Venetian sojourn. Lord Byron is a poet, and undoubtedly a powerful one; but he is not a writer whose correctness of style has hitherto particularly entitled him to our regard.

MR. SHELLEY.

A friend of ours writes to us, from Italy, that Mr. Shelley, the author of that powerful Drama, "*The Cenci*," is employed upon an English historical Tragedy. The title, we believe, is to be *Charles the First*; at any rate that monarch is the hero, or principal person of the story. We hear that Mr. Shelley has expressed his determination to paint a true portrait of the unfortunate English King (it may be made a very captivating one) and to exclude from his work all prejudice,

political as well as moral. If so, the reader of poetry may calculate on being acquainted with a high and imperishable production. We differ entirely with the creeds of Mr. Shelley; but we do not on that account refrain from confessing, that he is unquestionably one of the very first of our now living English poets. We wish, most heartily, that we could bestow on his poetry our praise without qualification; but we cannot.

MR. SOUTHEY.

We understand that Mr. Southey is making preparations for a History of the Quakers, but that those pacific folks are not, at present, very forward in yielding to the wishes which the learned historian has expressed, of seeing the various documents in England belonging to the sect. We hope that this hesitation will not be persevered in. We have great regard for the honest dealings and primitive simplicities of these worthy people; and we verily believe, that their re-

spectability will not be endangered, nor their feelings outraged by their entrusting their papers to the inspection of Mr. Southey. Many facts will necessarily escape and find their way to him; and the chance is, that some of them may be distorted, if *authorities* cannot be referred to. Will it not be wise, therefore, to guard against this possibility, by making the historian at once a friend? The Quakers are not a literary people, and they do not encourage let-

Mrs. They have however, now, Quaker poets, and we hope soon to find them readers of poetry. They are an useful and respectable class, and the single fact of their shielding

all their poorer brethren from the stigma and calamity of begging, is enough to entitle them to the best consideration of every thinking man.

HORACE WALPOLE.

There was a report some time since, that Mr. Murray had purchased the *Life* of Horace Walpole, written by himself; but we conclude that the work reported of was, in fact, the "*Memoirs of the last nine Years of the Reign of George II.*" lately announced. Walpole was a sprightly and delightful letter-writer, but he had scarcely weight enough for history; and we understand that the

Memoirs (which is a sort of middle title) have much of the pleasant gossiping strain which rendered his letters so popular. By the bye, we observe, that *all* Horace Walpole's Correspondence has been reprinted in an octavo form, so that a reader with moderate means, is no longer shut out from the purchase of those lively letters.

COCKNEY WRITERS.

We shall here say a word on what the epithet *Cockney*, applied to a writer either of prose or poetry, really signifies,—or ought to signify:—it is worth describing; and, since we have made the *Edinburgh Mohocks* angry, they apply it so blunderingly that it is likely to lose all its point, should we leave it in their hands,—and that were a pity. (We suspect they never knew very well what they were about in using it;—but it has served them for a word when they have been without an idea. It has saved them an expenditure, disproportionate to their means, in argument and wit: they have written *Cockney* against a writer, when they have been unable to write any thing else.) Not but that, in some instances, the term has been sufficiently characteristic of the persons to whom they have applied it:—if their cleverness led them to these happy applications, we can only say, that their knavery has made them spoil their own joke; for the term *Cockney*, as now directed by them against an author, only means that they have a spite against his person or his talents.—The author of the article on the Scotch Novels, which appeared in our Magazine, has not, by his subsequent papers, rendered himself quite so agreeable to their feelings as they stated themselves to have found him in his first: in their last Number accordingly he is put down as a *Cockney*!—"an unfortunate Cockney!" Yet we believe it is pretty generally allowed, that he has proved himself to be too far North for them; and it would go hard, we suspect, for any of the

Mohocks to show, that, either in virtue of their birth-place or their compositions, they have a better right than he has to quote the motto of the Scottish nation, or brandish significantly the emblem which it accompanies. (Our ELIA, too—the pride of our Magazine, and the object of the praise of their's under his real name—he is set down as a "*Cockney Scribbler*!") This gentleman, in his capacity of acknowledged author, they have never mentioned but to eulogize; as, indeed, who does not eulogize his writings for displaying a spirit of deep and warm humanity, enlivened by a vein of poignant wit,—not caustic, yet searching,—and recommending a shrewdness of judgment on men, books, and things, which seems to revive the old times when Magazines were not, and literature and knowledge were the better for it. The author of our *Table Talk*, too, is "a Cockney:" we offer to wager the amount at which Professor Leslie has laid his damages, in the action he has brought against them, that he is not,—and that no reader of his papers thinks him one. They have thus a good opportunity presented to them of getting out of a scrape, if their words are worth any thing. But they will take Shakspeare's advice instead of our bet; "they who can't be honest shouldn't be valiant." They won't risk the wager. (Let us, however, proceed at once to tell them what a Cockney writer is: they know, as well as ourselves, that these, just mentioned, have no claim to the title.

Cockneys, in general, are little

men; but they are smart, clever, and active; quick observers, and wonderfully occupied with whatever is going on about them. They observe every thing, however, with an immediate and exclusive reference to themselves: being born and bred up in the metropolis renders each, in his own estimation, a member of a privileged class, and all novelties and varieties from their habits, are set down by them as singular exceptions, remarkable occurrences, things to be entered in their journals. They themselves constitute a standard, in their own estimation; and hence they are always measuring other people by themselves. If taller, they are giants; if shorter, dwarfs. Cockneys are thus unpleasantly pert in their manner, without meaning to be offensive: they are prone, too, to make mountains of mole-hills, and this is apt to turn the laugh against them, and cause them to be considered as more ignorant than they are.) Place a Cockney amongst the ice-islands described by our late discoverers, and he would be forcibly struck by the magnificence and terror of the scene; but the first object in his thoughts would be himself, and nature's marvels would be ranked high in importance chiefly through their connection with himself. How strange that he should be there! The ice how much more thick than on the Serpentine! How much more cold than in Cheapside! How much he will have to tell when he gets back!—"What do you find most remarkable at Versailles," said Louis XIV to the Doge of Genoa, whom he had compelled to come personally to make an apology? "*Myself!*" replied the Doge: "what most strikes me with surprise is that *I* should be here." This was a Cockney idea; and the Doge of Genoa was, no doubt, a sort of Lord Mayor.—When Mr. Henry Augustus Mug was prime minister at the court of his Mandingo majesty, in the interior of Africa, he looked at the palm-trees and thought of the flower-pots in the windows of Ludgate-hill; he admired the elephant's teeth, because they suggested his turner's-shop; and the white sands and black faces of the land of the Niger, put him in mind of a chess-board newly made. He was saucy to the savages on his right

as a Londoner; and not even his fears could conquer his propensity to cut jokes on their ignorance of knives and forks, in a country which furnished so much fine ivory for handles!

Such is a Cockney;—a Cockney author sublimates all these qualities in his person and writings. By a Cockney author we do not mean a London author;—there may be Cockney authors who never saw London, and *vice versa*. We allude to writers to whom this term of ridicule may be fairly applied. A Cockney author is likely to be found clever, but with his talent will almost constantly go a certain air of *smallness* belonging to his character generally. He will seem to want actual experience, and be inclined to make up the deficiency by egotism. His good manners will be pert; his observations too minute and particular; he will make too much of all he knows, and too little of what other people, who are not of his set, tell him. Chiefly, however, will his generosity and magnanimity be disgusting—for these will always savour of intolerance and insolence. Such an one happening upon the word *fatness*, as used in Scripture to express the quality of essential richness, would instantly connect the Bible with his own bile, and sicken at the word as nauseous. His poetry will be often beautiful, but quite as often false, and apparently affected; owing to his being unable to observe the due proportion of things, when they have any sort of relation to himself. Should he chance to "have stout notions on the marrying score," we are likely to have him telling us that Shakspeare was an enemy to marriage, not because he has any reason to say so, or because there are not innumerable reasons to say the reverse,—but because a Cockney is always eager to associate himself with Shakspeare, and, out of tenderness to the "bard's" reputation, will not suppose it possible a difference of opinion could exist between them.

We confess we have one of our popular writers, noticed in Blackwood's Magazine as a Cockney poet, chiefly in our eye at present; and we have not scrupled to render our allusions to him pretty plain, because we wish our charges against the Mohocks to be rightly understood. That they have written abominable and unfounded

anecdotes against this author we know: but that his style and sentiments are not provocative of severity, we would be the last persons to deny.

There are, perhaps, several good writers who might be termed Cockney authors, if it were allowable so to term Doctor Samuel Johnson, whose fondness for London is well known, and whose habits of life are to be traced in the turn and imagery of his compositions. The doctor once went a hunting at Brighton, and he manifested the true Cockney zeal in this novel exercise:—he rode over the hounds, and was, at least, in at *their* death.

In another, but a much better

sense, Steele and Addison were Cockney authors; and, so understood, the author of the articles in the *LONDON MAGAZINE*, on the *South Sea House*, *Christ's Hospital*, *The Two Races of Men*, may claim this distinguishing appellation. The fair influence of London on the works of men of talent, who are either natives of that capital, or who have resided there for a considerable portion of their lives, may be noticed by us in another short Article; and we shall then venture a word or two on the *Edinburgh School of Literature*. It is a very peculiar one. We do not here mean the Mohock school.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XLVII of this repository of literary decisions was published about the middle of December. The announcements of the two great Reviews, as they are called, that precede their publication, make authors experience a sensation not dissimilar to that which news of the intended presentation of the Recorder's report excites in the inmates of stony-hearted Newgate: those who feel themselves liable to the worst, become, in both cases, rather restless about the result. When the Quarterly Review is severe, it is more bitter than caustic: the Edinburgh is generally more caustic than bitter. But the Quarterly, on the whole, has done less harm to Literature than the Edinburgh: its best articles have less brilliancy of display; less liveliness, but more meaning, than the best which appear in the other:—at the same time, it must be admitted, that nothing approachable to its worst has ever been seen in its rival. There is more industry shown in the Quarterly than in the Edinburgh; a greater number of respectable hands are employed in it; the system of its manufacture is better; but we seldom or ever find it so clever as its senior appears in happy articles. There is, however, a pains-taking spirit, and a substantial construction, about the Quarterly now, which reflect credit on its management: furthermore, it carries an air of establishment with it that is imposing: it comports itself as if it constituted a fourth estate of the realm—King, Lords, Commons, and The Quarterly Review; and, considering it in this august

capacity, it must be allowed to bear its faculties meekly. With the exception of some grovelling articles, known to be written by an eminent hack in office,—the discussions of public questions in the Quarterly have a quality of judge-like summing-up about them. The faculties of the writers are all enlisted on the side of what is strong in the country; but their dispositions are not hostile to those who are weak, injured, and distressed. If they could do the latter much good, without seeming to bear hard on the former, they would willingly do so. According to their philosophy, whatever is right; but they would have no objection to make the right a little better, if it could be done without conveying any reflection on it as imperfect. If the Quarterly Review, for instance, had existed in those days when the Recorder's report usually included a few cases of *witchcraft*,—which a regard to the best interests of society had caused to be strictly considered as an unpardonable offence,—it would have maintained the "impropriety of *unsettling the foundations* on which our present code rests,"—but would have declared itself ready to "hail, with deep and unaffected satisfaction, any diminution which can be *proved to be practicable* in the rigour of its letter and administration." This language, which it holds in its last Number, on the subject of the present inquiry into the criminal laws, it would have held then; and who does not see that, if nobody had ever held different language, we should have vic-

time burnt for sorcery, as well as hanged for forgery, up to this day? The Quarterly Review, when it strikes the balance, always finds more danger in the alteration, than mischief in the existing practice: on the principle, therefore, of superior forces prevailing, to rest as we are, is the certain result. Now we know that society has been materially benefited by coming to a different conclusion: the argument, therefore, from analogy and experience, is against the Quarterly:—but we did not commence this notice with an intention to combat with it, but rather to compliment it. Its last Number is a well-written, laborious, temperate publication: with little or nothing in it unduly addressed to the bad passions, either of courtiers, or the populace of readers. There is no scandal in it, no polemical intemperance;—there is much amusing matter, some important points for consideration, and several mistakes, we think. A far-sighted view, a profound reflection, a noble glowing magnanimous declaration, or appeal to the spirit of human improvement, which Providence has planted in the highest class of human bosoms, we do not look for in the Quarterly Review: but it states the different cases, in its small way, with an evident labouring after impartiality: it seems like one who, if he were not withheld, would do something: it has an air as if it would be intrepid, were it not timid:—it suggests to our recollection the French farce, of which one of the ladies of the “small suppers” said—“*Ah, poor piece,—how hard it tries not to be bad!*”—The article on Italian Tragedy affords a curious example of what we mean. It really emits smoke towards the conclusion, where it speaks of the destiny of “beloved Italy,”—it gets the length of calling the sceptre of Austria a “leadén sceptre,”—and we now expect the flame of a generous enthusiasm to follow—but no: the poor fellow recoils, *he well knows why*;

‘Scar’d at the sound his hand hath made;

and the conclusion he comes to is, that he “sees no probability of Italy being other than divided and subdivided, consistent with the peace of Europe, and her own internal hap-

piness!”—This, by the bye, is the weakest article in the Number: we know nothing of the secret of its manufacture; but it seems to us written by some one who had no ideas of his own on the subject, and who has borrowed from another, who has given him wrong ones. What he says of the tragedy of Carmagnola is quite wrong; and that it is so is proved by the inconsistency of his observations. He calls the tragedy *feeble*, yet speaks of its “simple and manly eloquence;” and of the *pathos* in its principal scene. The chorus, which we gave in Italian, in a former Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE, is allowed to be “the most noble piece of Italian lyric poetry which the present day has produced.” It is not true that “Carmagnola wants poetry:” but its style is simple, condensed, and nervous; it has great colloquial power, and the dialogue is terse and pointed. This is not in the taste of common Italian poetry; nor is it in the taste of Mr. Foscolo’s Letters, or of his tragedy—both of which have great merit, but not of this kind:—and, to say the truth, we suspect that the writer of the article in the Quarterly has profited by Mr. Foscolo’s assistance. The first article in the Number is an ably written paper on Southey’s Life of Wesley: it is temperate, cautious, and very complete. Whoever the writer is, he possesses, admirably, the tact suitable to the Quarterly Review; for he contrives to write as a gentleman and a man of honour, without once running the slightest risk of shocking a single prepossession nursed by what is “fat and full of sap” in venerable establishment. The second article is on New South Wales:—it is slight and amusing. Italian Tragedy comes next, which we have already noticed. Articles four and six—on Frazer’s Tour through Part of the Snowy Range of the Himalá Mountains, and on Belzoni’s operations within the Pyramids—are interesting in consequence of their subjects. Article five, on Mrs. Heman’s poetry, is very laudably intended. The two last papers are on Insanity, and the Criminal Laws. The first is very unaffectedly written, and suitably treats of a most important and interesting subject. Doctor Burrows’s book forms the subject of review, and it is very deserv-

edly praised. It seems clearly established, by facts, that madness is a very remediable disorder, *if medical applications are made early*: but every thing depends on this. The late Doctor Willis averred, that nine out of ten cases of insanity recovered, if placed under his care within three months from the attack:—not only do the tables constructed by Doctor Barrows, but also the returns from *La Salpêtrière*, at Paris, justify this assertion. The necessity of uniting medical and moral treatment, and not depending on either singly, is much dwelt upon. The Doctor is of opinion that it is a mistake to suppose that madness is on the increase. But Ireland constitutes an exception, in this respect, to England, Scotland, and France. Doctor Hallaran, the Physician of the Cork Asylum, remarks that “the late unhappy disturbances of Ireland have augmented, in a remarkable degree, the insane lists;” he also mentions the influence to this effect of “the unrestrained use of ardent spirits, that alarming vice, so inimical to domes-

tic peace, to every moral virtue, and to political security.” It is shown that there is reason to suppose that suicide, instead of being more common in England than on the Continent, is less so. In the capitals of Paris, Berlin, and Copenhagen, the number of suicides, for the year 1817, is, in relation to that of London, as five to two, five to three, and three to one. The article on the state of our Criminal Law is a very long one: its spirit may be honest; but we are quite sure, that, if it were the question of abolishing examination by torture that were now agitated, the writer would be averse to *change* in the principles and practice of our penal code! The case of a man hanged, in 1814, for cutting down young trees, though the prosecutor, magistrates, and the whole neighbourhood, petitioned for mercy, is thought (by *The Quarterly Review*) to be one justifying such severity:—and it appears Lord Sidmouth thought so too.—So much for a sense of duty in certain bosoms!

PROJECTED ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Just now, when the Royal Society of Science is on the decline, and the Royal Academy of Art is allowed to do no good, a project has started up for the formation of a Royal Society of Literature. The following plan has been published.

Royal Society of Literature, for the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of General Literature. To consist of Honorary Members, Subscribing Members, and Associates.

The class of Honorary Members is intended to comprise some of the most eminent literary men in the three kingdoms, and the most distinguished female writers of the present day.

An annual subscription of two guineas will constitute a Subscribing Member. Subscribers of ten guineas, and upwards, will be entitled to privileges hereafter mentioned, according to the date of their subscription.

The Class of Associates is to consist of twenty men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character; ten under the patronage of the king, and ten under the patronage of the Society.

His Majesty has been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his approbation of the proposed Society, and to honour

it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the annual sum of one hundred guineas each, to ten of the Associates, payable out of the privy purse; and also an annual premium of one hundred guineas for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by a council belonging to the Society.

Ten Associates will be placed under the patronage of the Society, as soon as the subscriptions (a large portion of which will be annually funded for the purpose) shall be sufficient, and in proportion as they become so. An annual subscriber of ten guineas, continued for five years, or a life subscription of one hundred guineas, will entitle such subscribers to nominate an Associate under the Society's patronage, according to the date of their subscription.

The Associates under the patronage of the king, will be elected by respected and competent judges. The Associates nominated by subscribers must have the same qualifications of learning, moral character, and public principle, as those who are elected, and must be approved by the same judges.

Every Associate, at his admission, will choose some subject, or subjects, of literature for discussion, and will engage to devote such discussions to the Society's *Memorial of Literature*, of which a volume will be published by the Society, from time to

a which memoirs will likewise be
ad the successive Prize Dissertations.
from the months of February to July,
a purposed that a weekly meeting of the
society shall be held; and a monthly meet-
ing during the other six months of the year.

In the best written recommenda-
tion of this plan which we have yet
seen,* it is said, that, without some
such *royal protection*, "literature
will continue either neutral or ad-
verse to the service of the country."
This is paying but a sorry compli-
ment to the letters and literary men
of the country; or rather it is cast-
ing a reflection on them which the
long course of British genius repels.
Is the measure of pensioning twenty
writers, at the rate of a hundred a
year each, absolutely necessary to en-
list the talent, that takes a literary di-
rection in this country, in the service
of the best interests of society? We
should think not:—though it is very
possible that these pensions might
attach twenty persons to ministerial
newspapers. The writer of the article
in question, in his enthusiasm,
ventures to anticipate "*another Mil-
ton*," as the result of this society;
"summoned from the mountains and
the valley to 'vindicate the ways of
God to man.'" But this anticipa-
tion suggests a question:—would
Milton have probably been one of
"the Associates under the patronage
of the king,"—if the Royal Society
had existed in his days? We think
not. — It is but fair to say, that
the writer of the article condemns the
narrowness of the proposed construc-
tion; wishes the pensions to be
thrown altogether into the back
ground; talks slightly of them;
and desires to see the Society put
upon something like the footing of
the French Academy, — but to be
still more open and comprehensive.
In proportion as his ideas take a
wider and higher range, our objec-
tions to the project altogether in-
crease. The original proposition is
"for the encouragement of indigent
merit;"—and this it mentions first,

afterwards "for the promotion of
the general literature of the country."
As an association to give a hundred
a year to literary persons to whom
that sum is an object, it may alle-
viate distress; and so far it is wor-
thy of encouragement. It is not like-
ly to do much in the second branch
of its undertaking; but the first
would be always understood to be
its principal object; and there would
be no idea entertained of its Associ-
ates, but that of men whose fortunes
required aid, and whose talents need-
ed patronage. "The Society's Me-
moirs of Literature," we suspect,
would be considered analogous to the
muster of the Chelsea pensioners:
Mr. Murray would publish the an-
nual volume of course, and put his
name to the title page,—but he would
not give so much for the copy-right,
as for that of one of the Cantos of
Don Juan. The writer of the article
in the Literary Gazette himself
says, that the Associates would be
"called the *King's Paupers* by dis-
affection;" but is there any doubt
that ten of them, at least, would be
regarded as the "*King's Paupers*" by
the affection of his Majesty and his
courtiers?—However, as a charitable
institution simply, we repeat, we see
no objection to the foundation. The
labourer is worthy of his hire; and
the nature of the thing would be suf-
ficiently understood to hinder it from
doing mischief.

But if there be a serious idea now,
at this late day, after having so long
escaped the nuisance, of establishing
in England a ROYAL LITERARY A-
CADEMY, with the King for patron,
and Princes, Dukes, and Earls for
members, to smile and bow with
their *confrères* the poets and prose
writers of the day, we do most ear-
nestly pray that the good sense of
the country may take the alarm in
time. We really did not expect that
we should ever have had to argue
such a measure: all our greatest li-
terary authorities have attributed the
corruption of French literature to the

* *Literary Gazette*, for Dec. 16. If this paper was written by the Editor, he is a
much stronger and bigger man than we described him to be last month. If he did not
write it, we think he had better leave advice-giving for the future to the gentleman who
did. There was a good paper, too, the week before, in this Journal, on the Alma-
nacks, and Pocket-Books: If the Editor wrote *this*, we owe him an apology; but we
owe him none if he wrote the review of *The Earthquake*.

French Academy: Temple and Dryden date the decline of the French style to its existence; and they are right:—while, on the other hand, the most distinguished French authors, even they who have belonged to the Academy, have spoken of it as a focus of intrigue and servility; the contrivance of a despotic minister, in the first instance,—instituted with the design of spreading and rivetting political delusion through the country,—afterwards the seat of adulation, scandal, trifling, and paltry trick. Authors of pure, simple, and independent habits, however prodigious their talents, experienced the greatest difficulty of admission,—or died excluded, that there might be place for sycophants and courtiers. But the object is “to turn the genius of England into the current of English loyalty.” Indeed! What was supposed to be the influence of the French Academy on the public mind of France, with reference to those irreligious and licentious sentiments that proved the downfall of the monarchy? It was not the intention of the academy to take part with the populace:—no:—but it was a very principal means of depraving them. Any conspicuous example of servility and corruption must tend to disorganize society, much more than the official declarations of men, whose places warrant but one class of sentiment, can add to the stability of power. Can any one, who seriously thinks on the subject, suppose, that the cause either of literature, or of the constitution, or of the church, would be strengthened by the spectacle which a Royal Academy of Literature would present amongst us? The Duke of York, possibly president: Mr. Southey, perpetual secretary; Mr. Canning, Mr. Croker, Mr. Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Gifford of the Quarterly, Mr. Professor Wilson, Lord Byron, several Bishops, and Lawyers, and Peers, and all the Princes of the blood, members! The mere heterogeneity of the composition would excite ridicule and disgust in the public mind: all their proceedings would be held suspected, or rather odious: having no respect for each other, yet being obliged to observe the civilities of colleagues, they would settle down their minds

to a level of modish scorn, and companionable insincerity. Bickering is better than this: anger makes people sincere. We know it is an opinion entertained at the court of his present Majesty, and expressed by the highest person of that court, that the populace of England are naturally well-disposed, but that they are improperly managed: “they go to public houses, and there they meet with the newspapers: they ought to be induced to give more time to mirth, to spectacles, to games out of doors.” The idea may have its origin in humanity; but, if the tax-gatherer did not prevent the accomplishment of the wish it conveys, we should begin to fear, that, what with a new system for the populace, and a new academy for literature, we were indeed arrived at a new era,—one fatal to old England,—to its old manners, its old principles, and its old renown. If the scheme shall be talked of again, we shall have more to say on it.

The following note, taken from the Literary Gazette, contains some further particulars of what has been done, and is doing.

His Majesty has, we believe, intrusted the formation of the Institution, (The Royal Society of Literature,) which has called forth these remarks, to the learned and eminent Prelate, Dr. Thomas Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's. The names of several individuals who have taken part in bringing the design to its present maturity, have been mentioned to us, but we do not feel as yet at liberty to make them public. Suffice it to say, that other branches of the Royal Family have become subscribers; that Ministers give their aid; that many of the most distinguished among the clergy concur in promoting the plan; that the leading members of both the universities are among its friends. The funds are already considerable, and we are sure this public notice will raise them considerably; as heretofore, the only question has been “by whom the Society was projected, under whose auspices formed, and where the subscriptions to establish it in splendid sufficiency were to be made?” Having shown that the highest authority not only sanctions but zealously favours the design; that his Majesty may be considered as its *personal* as well as *royal founder* and patron; we are certain that men of every rank and station in the community will press forward to have the honour of contributing to its endowment and completion.

We have obtained a copy of the first prize questions to be proposed (which, we

understand, will soon be officially announced) and take the liberty of anticipating their promulgation; they are as follows,

1st. For the King's premium of one hundred guineas.

On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of Homer.

2d. For the Society's premium of fifty guineas.

Dartmoor, a poem.

3d. For the Society's premium of twenty-five guineas.

On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece,

and on the differences between ancient and modern Greek.

The first has already, if we remember rightly, been a subject of learned discussion, as well as of a recent work, by Mr. Payne Knight. The second is by no means so barren of incident for the highest poetical illustration as its name might seem to import. And the third is replete with interest.

We shall, we trust, be enabled to communicate further details as they arise, respecting a plan so important to Britain and British literature, in sequent Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.

We trust there will be nothing further to detail on the subject.

THE MOHOCKS.

We learn that Professor Leslie, of the University of Edinburgh, has brought an action for damages against the publisher of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and we apprehend it is now most likely that this respectable publication will be compelled to show its modest face in open court,—an exposure which it has hitherto avoided by heavy secret payments to the parties it has injured.—The cause of the action, and some of the circumstances attending it, are indeed highly characteristic. The article of which the Professor complains, is one signed "*Olinthus Petre, D.D.*;" and it is dated from "*Trinity College, Dublin.*" It forms the only reply *Blackwood's Magazine* has offered to the notice of it taken in our November number; and to the charge, publicly stated against it, in an *Edinburgh Journal*, of having attached James Hogg's name to papers he never wrote, and which were calculated to do the poet serious injury. One might have expected that the *Magazine* itself would have spoken out on this occasion: it seems to have concerned it so to do: setting the motives and the ability of the attack out of the question, there were facts affirmed, which, if true, are sufficient to brand any periodical work to which they may apply, with indelible infamy.—A letter from a correspondent on such a subject does not seem sufficient: but, at the same time, it must be confessed, that certain advantages attended this mode of reply of which the Editor might be happy to avail himself. A real signature, with a real place of abode,—and that one of the seats of learning,—and, in addition, a title

vouching at once for the learning and religion of the party,—must naturally be supposed to confer responsibility and respectability on the defence. The *Magazine*, itself, the reader might be expected to say, does not choose to appear as an advocate in its own cause; but here is a man of condition and piety, a Doctor of Divinity, resident in a college, the college of a metropolis, who steps forward in an honourable way to say—"I have done part of what you blame in *Blackwood's Magazine*: I am prepared to avow it, for I have done it under a sense of duty; and as no scandalous motive can attach to me, let the general justice of your charge against the *Magazine* in which I have written, be judged of from this specimen!"

There would be much weight in this: a Doctor of Divinity residing in Trinity College, Dublin, is likely to feel more for his own respectability than for the interests of an *Edinburgh Magazine*: on questions of literary merit as to the writers, either in it, or any contemporaneous periodical work, he may be supposed pretty impartial; and if he deliberately puts his name and address to a severe accusation against an individual, holding a public office of eminence and trust in one of the most famous of the British seats of learning, the first presumption is inevitably against the person accused—for who, in the situation of a Doctor of Divinity, would come openly forward to make such an attack, unless the case was one of notorious crime?

Doctor Olinthus Petre, therefore, of Trinity College, Dublin, would be

able to do much more for Blackwood's Magazine, with the public, than its Editor could do for it: and so the Editor thought:—and so he *made the Doctor*—manufactured him for the purpose! The D.D. *has no existence but in Blackwood's Magazine*: Trinity College, Dublin, never heard of him! This letter is another overt act of that conspiracy against character and truth, carried on by means of fraud, which we have made it our business to expose, which is now exposed, and which we trust will soon be crushed. We say nothing of the nature of the motives by which we are actuated: if the facts are as we have stated them, the *prima facie* evidence is in favour of these motives, for we have made out a strong and crying case of guilt, dangerous to the public, disgraceful to literature, and provocative of the indignation of honourable minds. If the writers in Blackwood's Magazine possess talents for satire and ridicule, let them exert these—but let them be fairly exerted. What we complain of is, that, by a series of tricks and impositions, unknown to criticism and literary discussion before their career, they have outraged private character, prostituted principle, insulted decency, perverted truth, and exhibited a spectacle of venal and spiteful buffoonery under the name of literature, to the corruption of taste, and the gratification of the worst feelings. One of their chief means, in this unworthy vocation, has been to fabricate and forge apparently real signatures. They have done this to give effect to some of their most malicious stabs at reputation; knowing well that the public attention would be thus eminently excited to their charges, and that more credit would be given to them, so recommended, than if they were offered in the common language of periodical works. This deception is of itself sufficient to establish the calumnious, venal, and malicious motive: it converts that, which might otherwise have been deemed criticism, into a private wrong; it gives the injured parties a claim on redress,—and throws distrust altogether upon professions and doctrines offered in the tone of discussion.

The extraordinary usage of James Hogg's name in Blackwood's Magazine, we fully described in our last: it seems to combine more treachery towards the public, and the abused individual, than any case of fraud we can recollect. The fabrication of Doctor Olinthus Petre is about as base. As it concerns Professor Leslie, it seems to *prove* the malevolent motive of the attack upon him. As a mode of replying to us it is beneath contempt: its foundation in falsehood renders it as nugatory as unmanly. The creature who would adopt such an expedient, would not scruple to speak against his own conviction in characterizing our writers; and we have absolute proof that he does so,—for one of those to whom he contemptuously alludes, by a signature in our Magazine, has been highly praised as an author in Blackwood's Magazine, — and the very articles written by this gentleman for us, have been specified by Blackwood's people as *the best in our work*! We mention this only to show the utter poltroonery of these men's minds. They are without even the shadow of an excuse to their own consciousness. They have not a partition of any sort between them and infamy: it must come home hard upon them, even in the secrecy of their own hearts. We have been told that Mr. JOHN GIBSON LOCKART, having been originally included in the action now pending, has given it under his hand, that *he is not the Editor of the Magazine*. The people of Edinburgh are not surprised at this denial: it is well known there that *Doctor Morris*, under the assumed name of Christopher North, is the Editor of the work, and the author of its most malignant articles! Would the Doctor have the baseness to make a similar denial? We believe he would; for all the professions of a merry, careless temper, by which it has been attempted to characterize the publication he conducts, have evidently been intended to cover an organized plan of fraud, calumny, and rapidity. The cowardice which ~~denies~~ a perpetrated wrong, is the natural associate of such qualities. Doctor Morris would deny just as firmly as Mr. Lockart.

Miller Redivivus.

DEAR ED.—Do you want any rattle-brained work to make a variety. People say you are too serious—or rather (for there is a great difference in the meaning of the phrases), they say *you are not sufficiently merry*. Do you think your readers would like an *old Joe Miller* done up now and then for them in the following style? If so,—they are of course soon done, and you might command one for every number. Of serious Poetry you will always get enough, and good too, for every body writes now as well as the elect did fifty years ago; but there is a class of readers, not few in number, I believe, who care little for real Poetry, but relish a joke in rhyme. Certain it is, that comic versification is little attempted; so if you will set me down as your JESTER I shall have an easy task, and an office without a crowd of competitors.—Yours very truly,

No. I.

MRS. ROSE GROB.

None would have known that Siegmund Grob
Lived Foreman to a Sugar-baker,
But that he died, and left the job
Of Tombstone-making to an Undertaker;
Who, being a Mason also, was a Poet,
So he engraved a skull upon the stone,
(The Sexton of Whitechapel Church will show it),
Then carved the following couplet from his own—
“STOP, READER, STOP, AND GIVE A SOB
FOR SIEGMUND GROB!”

Grob's Widow had been christened *Rose*,
But why no human being knows,
Unless when young she might disclose,
Like other blooming Misses,
Roses, which quickly fled in scorn,
But left upon her chin the thorn,
To guard her lips from kisses.
She relish'd tea and butter'd toast,
Better than being snubb'd and school'd;
Liking no less to rule the roast,
Than feast upon the roast she ruled—
And though profuse of tongue withal,
Of cash was economical.

Now, as she was a truly loving wife,
As well as provident in all her dealings,
She made her German spouse insure his life,
Just as a little hedge against her feelings—
So that when Siegmund died, in her distress,
She call'd upon the Phoenix for redress.

Two thousand pounds besides her savings,
Was quite enough all care to drown,
No wonder then she soon felt cravings
To quit the melancholy city,
And take a cottage out of town,
And live genteel and pretty.

Accordingly in Mile End-Road,
She quickly chose a snug retreat,
'Twas quite a pastoral abode,

Its situation truly sweet !
 Although it stood in Prospect Row,
 'Twas luckily the corner house,
 With a side-window and a bow :
 Next to it was the Milk-man's yard, whose cows
 When there were neither grains, nor chaff to browse,
 Under the very casement stood to low.
 That was a pleasant window altogether,
 It raked the road a mile or more,
 And when there was no dust or foggy weather,
 The Monument you might explore,
 And see, without a glass, the people
 Walking round and round its steeple.

Across the road, half down a street,
 You caught a field, with hoofs well beaten,
 For cattle there were put to eat,
 Till they were wanted to be eaten.
 Then as for shops, want what you will,
 You had'n't twenty steps to go,
 There was a Butcher's in the row,
 A Tallow Chandler's nearer still ;
 And as to stages by the door,
 Besides the Patent Coach, or Dandy,
 There were the Mile-End, Stratford, Bow,
 A dozen in an hour or more,
 One dust was never gone before
 Another came :—'twas monstrous handy !
 Behind, a strip of garden teem'd
 With cabbages and kitchen shrubs,
 'Twas a good crop when she redeem'd
 Half from the worms, and slugs, and grubs.
 Beyond these was a brick-kiln, small
 But always smoking ; she must needs
 Confess she liked the smell, and all
 Agreed 'twas good for invalids.
 In town she always had a teasing
 Tightness on her chest and weezing ;
 Here she was quite a different creature :—
 Well, let the worldly waste their health
 Toiling in dirt and smoke for wealth,
 Give her the country air, and nature !

Her cottage front was stuccoed white ;
 Before it two fine Poplars grew,
 Which nearly reach'd the roof, or quite,
 And in one corner, painted blue,
 Stood a large water tub with wooden spout—
 (She never put a rag of washing out) :
 Upon the house-top, on a plaster shell,
 " Rose Cottage " was inscribed, its name to dub ;
 The green door look'd particularly well
 Pick'd out with blue to match the tub.
 The children round about were smitten
 Whene'er they stopp'd to fix their eye on
 The flaming knocker, ('twas a Lion) ;
 Beneath it was a large brass knob,
 And on a plate above was written
 " Mrs. ROSE GROB."

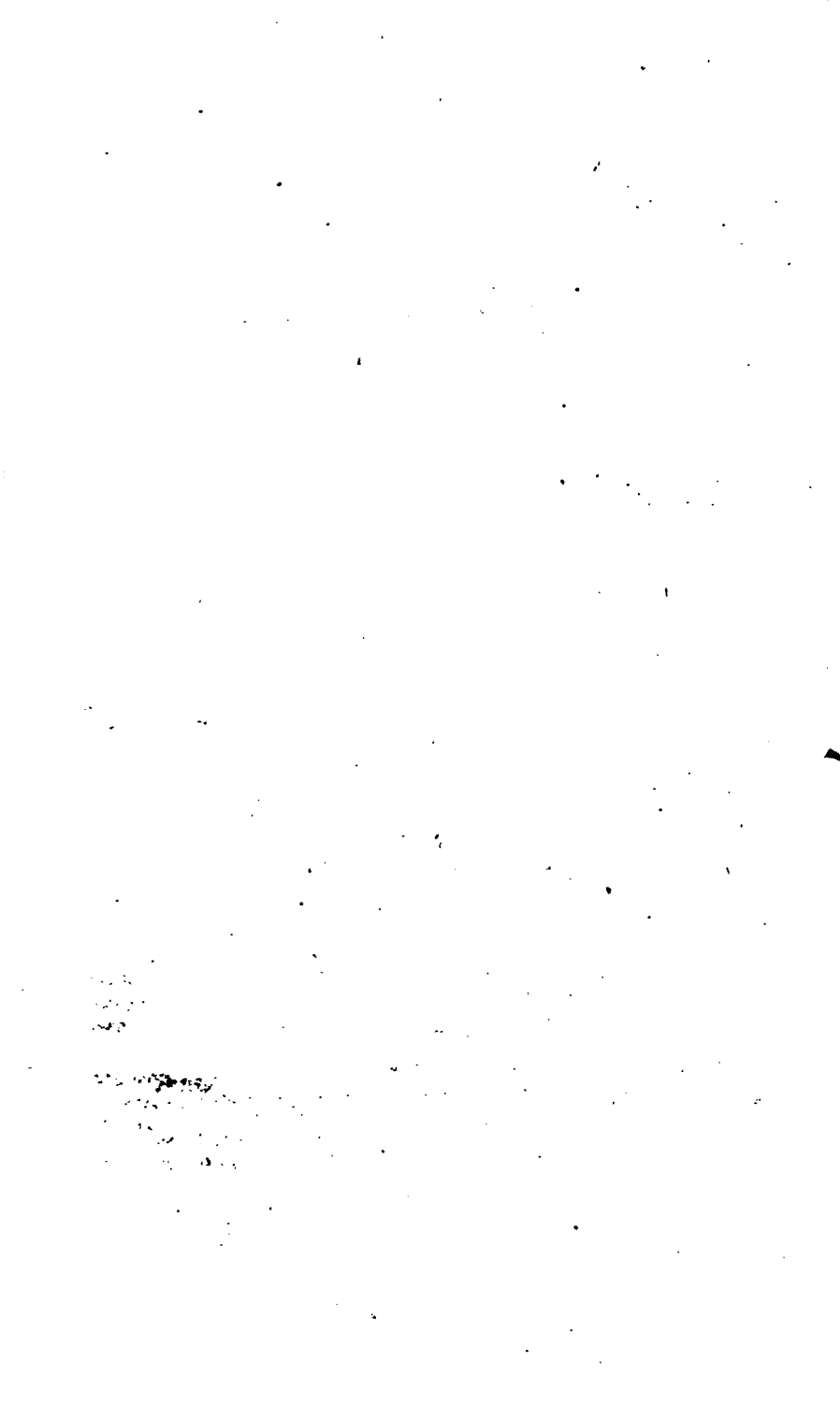
Here she resided free from strife,
 Except perpetual scolds with Betty,

For the main objects of her life
 Were two—and form'd her daily trade,
 To cram herself, and starve her maid—
 For one no savings were too petty,
 For t'other no tid-bit too nice.
 After her dinner, in a trice,
 She lock'd the fragments up in towels;
 She weigh'd out bread, and cheese, and butter,
 And in all cases show'd an utter
 Disregard for Betty's bowels;
 As if in penance for her sins
 She made her dine on shanks and shins,
 (Was ever such a stingy hussey!)
 And reckoned it a treat to give her
 Half a pound of tripe or liver,
 First cutting off a slice for Pussey;—
 Nay, of all perquisites the damsel stripping,
 She would'nt even let her sell the dripping!

No wonder Betty's un replenished maw
 Vented itself in constant grumbling,
 Which was in fact her stomach's rumbling
 Reduced to words, and utter'd from her jaw.
 But not content with this, the maid
 Took all advantages within the law,
 (And some *without*, I am afraid),
 So as to balance her forlorn condition,
 And get full payment for her inanition.

The washing week approach'd :—an awful question
 Now agitated Rose, with pangs inhuman,
How to supply the Mammoth-like digestion
 Of that carnivorous beast—a washerwoman!
 As camel's paunch for ten days' drink is hollow'd,
 So their's takes in at once a ten days' munching;
 At twelve o'clock you hear them say they've swallowed
 Nothing to speak of since their second luncheon,
 And as they will not dine till one,
 'Tis time their third lunch were begun.
 At length provisions being got—all proper,
 And every thing put out, starch, blue, soap, gin,
 A fire being duly laid beneath the copper,
 The clothes in soak all ready to begin,
 Up to her room the industrious Betty goes,
 To fetch her sheets, and screams down stairs to Rose,
 La, goodness me! why here's a job!
 You ha'nt put out a second pair.
 No more I have said Mrs. Grob,
 Well, that's a good one, I declare!
 Sure, I've the most forgetful head—
 And there's no time to air another!
 So take one sheet from off your bed,
 And make a shift to-night with t'other.

On Rose's part this was a *ruse de guerre*,
 To save th' expense of washing half a pair,—
 But as the biter's sometimes bitten,
 So in this instance it occur'd,
 For Betty took her at her word,
 And, with the bright conception smitten,
 Sat up all night, and with good thrift





APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER.

FROM THE PAR FRIeze IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Of needle, scissors, thimble, thread;
 Cut up *one* sheet into a *shift*,
 And took the *other* off the bed!
 Next morn when Mrs. Grob, at three o'clock,
 Went up to call the maid,
 And saw the mischief done by aid
 Of scissors, thread, and needle—
 There's no describing what a shock
 It gave her to behold the sheet in tatters;
 And so by way of mending matters,
 She call'd her thief, and slut, and jade,
 And talk'd of sending for the Beadle!
 La! Ma'am, quoth Betty, don't make such a pothor,
 I've only done exactly what you said,
 Taken one sheet from off the bed,
 And made a *shift* to-night with t'other!

H.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER.

AN EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT BAS-RELIEF, IN MARBLE, REPRESENTING THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER: COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF SEVERAL LEARNED AUTHORS AND ANTIQUARIES.

THE wealth of the British Museum in ancient monuments has been of late years daily encreasing:—while the collections of some other countries have been impoverished by the arm of retributive justice, this celebrated repository has been extending its possessions, and adding to its fame by the acquirements of hardy but honest enterprize, and the judicious employment of the means afforded by national opulence. New rules have been adopted for the management of this great institution, all dictated by a liberal, and at the same time thoughtful, regard to the gratification of the public, and the improvement of art and science. Little has been conceded in a temper of mere vanity, or fondness for foolish display: the British Museum has not been thrown open, like a public garden, for all comers of all ranks and descriptions:—but each in whom rational curiosity, or a particular pursuit, begets a wish for admission, find the proper degree of facility in realizing their wish. The forms of admission have nothing about them of unnecessary severity: they are simply calculated to preserve the collection from injury—or rather perhaps, we might say, to protect the student, and the rational observer, from the inconvenience and unpleasantness of ignorant crowds, and stupid starers, in a place where all the associations ought to be favourable to contemplation and feeling.

The subject of this notice, and of the accompanying plate, is one of the late acquisitions made by the Museum. It is an exquisite Bas-relief, of great and undoubted antiquity, which was an hereditary possession of the Colonna family at Rome: but the casualties of unhappy Italy have had a melancholy effect on private fortunes,—and the British Museum had an opportunity of purchasing this curious relic, which its managers did not neglect to improve. The following accurate description will not, we are sure, be thought too minute for the importance of the subject.

Many authors have written on the subject of this beautiful piece of sculpture; but they very much differ in their accounts: it is presumed that the following extracts, selected from their works, will clear the matter up, or at least nearly so.—The back ground of this bas relief, represents Mount Parnassus, the dwelling place of the Muses. Near the top is Jupiter, in a sitting posture; his long sceptre in his hand, (not his thunderbolt, as Addison has

it; for he is here the Benignant, not the Terrible, Jove) and the eagle at his feet. Here are the Muses, the symbols of Apollo; in short, here is Apollo himself; here is the whole apparatus of the oracle—the bow, quiver, and lyre, his usual symbols;—here is the Cortina at the feet of Apollo. This instrument, resembling a little mound, on which the belts of the quiver are resting, is a vessel, serving as a cover, or top, to the sacred tripod,—on

which the Priestess sat : its shape is that of half an egg-shell, and it is hollow within. One author says, that the back ground is meant to represent Mount Olympus ; another that it is Mount Helicon ; but these mountains had no cave that we know of ; whereas Parnassus had the Antrum Corycæum, as Pausanias tells us. It is therefore Parnassus. In the first division, in the middle of the marble, the subject of the apotheosis of the poet is proposed among the Muses ; — the first, seated, is Clio, holding a volume in her right hand, denoting history ; in her left, a lyra. The second is Urania, standing, and apparently speaking to Clio, and also pointing to a Globe ; she may be supposed to be reciting the acts of gods and heroes to her sister muse, of which the poems of Homer relate many. The third, Calliope, leaning on the right side of the cave, and holding also a volume, has been commissioned by the others to propose the subject to Apollo, who seems graciously to assent, as does his Priestess at his left hand. These two last figures have been a stumbling-block to several learned authors, who have written on this subject ; they made out the nine Muses, but did not know what to call the two female figures, as they termed them, at the entrance of the cave. The learned and modest Montfaucon durst not even venture a conjecture on them. Though Apollo is in the costume of the Muses, it is easily perceived that about the breast he is not formed like a female ; on ancient coins and medals he is frequently represented in this manner, and is then called Apollo Musagetes, or conductor of the muses. In the Towneley gallery, at the British Museum, are two bas reliefs, and an ancient head, in marble, of Apollo, resembling, in the disposition of the hair, and in the character of the face, the head of a Muse. It is clear, therefore, that this figure is no female, but the god himself.

Nearly at the top of the rock, Polyhymnia, deputed by the rest, after Apollo's consent has been obtained, makes the same request to Jupiter ; she has ceased to speak, and stands in an exulting attitude at hearing Jupiter's approving answer. The Muse behind her is Erato : she has heard the approval of Jupiter, and shows her joy by the haste she makes in dancing down the rock to communicate the happy tidings to her sister Muses. The next is Euterpe, who is sitting, and holding a double flute, her usual emblem, and which she points at an inscription,* the purport of which is, that Archelaus, the son of Apollonius, of Briene, is the sculptor of this marble. Terpsichore seems to desire Erato to moderate her joy, in order that they may not

interrupt two others, who are singing the praises of the new divinity ; she holds in her left hand a cythara, and with her right hand seems in the act of imposing silence. The two next, who are celebrating the praises of the poet, are Melpomene and Thalia, who preside over theatrical representations ; the one with the open book marks time with her right hand.

In the lowest division is the representation of the solemnity. It is in the inside of a temple ornamented with drapery. The capitals of pilasters appear at equal distances ; the rest is covered, to increase the sanctity of the place, destined to the future honour of the poet. Homer appears larger in size than usual, agreeably to his present character, and is sitting in a chair of state, a fillet round his head, and a long sceptre in his hand. Close before him stands an altar ; which is marked with two letters—A A—the initials of the artists' name. Tellus, or the Earth, and Chronus, or Time, are crowning him ; to show that at all times, and at all places, his merit will be known. Two young females support his seat : they are kneeling ; the one on his right, with an implement of war, such as the Amazons are said to have made use of, in her hand, represents the Iliad ; that on his left has an aplustre, or small streamer in her hand, and represents the Odyssey. Near the feet of the chair are two mice ; some say that these may allude to the Batrachomomachia, or battle of the frogs and mice, a ludicrous work attributed to Homer ;—had the artist meant this, he would surely have been impartial enough to have represented some of each species of the combatants ; but this cannot be : as the mice are evidently represented gnawing at a volume, or scroll ; they must, therefore, be emblematical of Homer's enemies, and those, who, like Zoilus, were envious of his fame. The remaining figures do homage to this new deity, and are about to perform a solemn sacrifice to him with the slaughter of a bull, which has a protuberance on his back, and is thus shown to be of the species of the country of the artist, Ionia. Near the altar stands a youth, in the character of Mythos, or Fable, crowned and attired as a young priest : in one hand he holds a prefericulum, or small pitcher ; in the other, a patera. History, represented as a female, sacrifices by throwing something on the altar. The next figure is Poetry, who holds two lighted torches upwards : after this come Tragedy and Comedy ; they assist at the sacrifice ; they have both benefited by the works of Homer. Tragedy is veiled ; she is attired with more dignity than Comedy, because her personages are heroes and persons of

the first quality. This division ends with five figures close together; Nature, Virtue, Memory, Faith or Fidelity, and Wisdom; all these go in company with Homer; these qualities form the merit of his works. Nature is represented by a child which stretches its hand out to Fidelity; Virtue raises her hand towards heaven; Memory is the hindmost of all; Faith holds the finger on the mouth; and Wisdom holds the hand under the chin. All the figures in this division have their names below them.*

One more figure remains to be noticed; it is left for this place, as it is in a manner a subject by itself. It is the figure of an old man in a philosopher's habit, standing on a pedestal, at the left side of the cave. The learned have puzzled themselves, and their readers, much, in endeavouring to discover whom this figure is meant to represent; one says that it is an Egyptian priest, and preceptor to Homer; another, that it is Hesiod; a third, that it is Linus; a fourth, that it is Pisistratus, the Athenian Tyrant, who collected and compiled the, till then, scattered works of Homer; a fifth says that it is Lycurgus; &c. &c. &c. A learned Doctor says, with Millin, that it is Olen of Lycia, the institutor of the Delphic oracle, who flourished prior to Homer; Spanheim and Schott say that this figure is meant to represent Bias, of Priene, one of the seven sages of Greece, and town's-man of the artist; that the instrument behind (about which so much has been written and said) is a tripod, with the Curtina, or cover, on it. They seek to confirm this last explanation by the relation of the story of the Ionian fishermen, who, having found a golden tripod, and applied to the oracle to know to whom to give it; received for answer, to the wisest; and it was ac-

cordingly given to Bias; Bias sent it to Thales; he sent it to another, and so on, till at last it was returned to Bias; and he sent it to the Temple of Apollo, at Delphos. It seems very probable that this figure represents one of the two latter personages, Olen or Bias. A learned antiquarian says that this beautiful piece of sculpture was executed at Smyrna.

Kircher says that this marble was found, towards the middle of the 17th century, about ten miles from Rome, near the Appian Way, at a place now called Frattocchio, in the Agro Frerentino of the ancients. There, it is said, stood both the Villa and Temple of the Emperor Claudius. Suetonius tells us, in the life of that Emperor, that he was fond of Greek literature, and that he frequently quoted Homer, both in the Senate and on the Tribunal of Justice. It is well known that the villas of the Romans were full of the works of Grecian artists; this bas relief may probably have been brought from Ionia, or from Greece, to Italy, ready executed; and perhaps obtained in a similar manner as the works of art were obtained in our time in Italy. This bas relief was many years in the family of Prince Colonna, at Rome; it was brought to England about fifteen years ago, and is now placed in the third room of the Towneley gallery at the British Museum.

December, 1820.

J. CONRATH.

The names of authors who have written on the subject of this bas relief:—Kircher, Fabretti engraved it at Rome, Cuper, Heinsius, Spanheim, Gronovius, Wetstein, Muster, Fabricius, Winkelmann, Schott, Montfaucon, Addison, D'Hancarville, Millin;—it is also mentioned in the Admiranda, and in the Museo Clementino.

THE DRAMA.

No. XII.

CHRISTMAS.—The managers of the winter Theatres have opened (as the phrase goes,) the "Christmas campaign." This is the season, indeed, for the patentees and pastry cooks to thrive in. Pantomimes and cakes abound, and one gaudy night is succeeded by another, and another, and another, till we almost grow tired of feasting, and late hours, and jokes, and the company of children.—Now is the time when business is but a name, and drollery is the order of the day. Now George Barn-

well awakes from his summer sleep, and kills his good uncle, in order that apprentices, and boys "from school," may not come to an untimely end. Now tragedy rears up her gorgeous head jewelled, and crowned, and

with sceptered pall comes sweeping by—

to the delight and astonishment of the ignorant. Now Farce is languidly approved, and Comedy is set at nought; whilst Harlequin is welcomed, and Columbine admired: and

* ΚΟΤΜΕΝΗ ΧΡΟΝΟΣ. ΙΑΙΑΣ. ΟΑΤΣΕΣΙΑ ΟΜΗΡΟΣ. ΜΥΘΟΣ. ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑ. ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ. ΤΡΑΓΩΔΙΑ. ΚΩΜΩΔΙΑ. ΦΤΥΣ. ΑΡΕΤΗ. ΜΝΗΜΗ. ΠΙΣΤΙΣ. ΣΟΦΙΑ.

now the GREAT CLOWN, applauded and wondered at; shines forth

Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar;

the Lord of the ascendant for a lunar month.---Hail to the peerless and sage Grimaldi! The mover of the muscles of men,---whose quaint monosyllables (sudden as the thunder shock, and potent as the word which opened the cave in the forest of Bagdad,) can banish seriousness and put sorrow to sleep: he comes, once in a year, with an influence fatal, as the Syrian Star,---to the pockets of servants and scholars; and yet we welcome him and wish him long.

Can our graver readers pardon us this involuntary apostrophe?---We trust they will; for Grimaldi is a great man, and merits more praise than we have given or can give.---Oh! in this holiday season, a little latitude must be taken (if not allowed) by us weary writers on the theatre: we cannot go on eternally lauding the same high talent, tolerating the same mediocrity, and lavishing our wit or anger on the old offenders against truth and nature. Let us be allowed to break our bounds for once, and enjoy a Number of the Magazine as well as our readers. We would have this article even *taste* as it were of the mirth and manner of the times,---be crowned and frosted over with new images and sparkling jokes.---And (if it may be also) we would fain have it somewhat substantial too---spiced and yet not heavy,---elegant, though it certainly is not expensive.

We heard two gentlemen discussing a play-bill the other day:---one observed to the other, that we should soon have those d--- pantomimes and nothing else; and we immediately set him down at 0 in our private estimation. What! abuse a pantomime when Christmas is coming: it is a treason against the reign of merriment: it is in bad taste, as well as an offence against things established. We have surely enough of tragedy and farce throughout the other quarters of the year, either on the stage or off. It is true, that we like to read a tragedy, and to be occasionally stimulated by it till we forget our manhood, (do we then forget it?) and weep at

fictitious woe: but there is a season for all things; and we see no reason why Harlequin should be ousted from his ancient throne to make room for Melpomene, or the gay Thalia. Mrs. Siddons is gone, and Miss O'Neil, and Mrs. Jordan, and they have left the stage unprovided with successors: but the Clown from the "Aquatic Theatre" (silent comedian!) still lives, unrivalled and alone; and shall we refuse to enjoy that part of the Drama which is still so completely and satisfactorily filled? It must not be.

Here are we, then, in the merry piping time of Christmas, enjoying idleness even as though we were still boys.---How gay are the shops! How full are the streets,---the carriages, the confectioners' chairs!---all the journeymen of all the tailors are put in requisition. The hatter brushes up his hats: the milliner beguiles young ladies of their coin with scarlet and winter colours: the furrier's shop has in it a world of comfort.---There is an odour haunting the corners of streets, where women selling baked apples sit, and pyemen loiter with their hot temptations. There spiced-gingerbread is vauntingly proclaimed, and the contractors for lotteries confess, in large letters, that a few tickets "may still be had." But, above all, the play-bills flaunt about, (like beautiful coquets envied by lovers) careless, as it were, of admiration, because secure of notice from all.---First "Covent Garden," in mighty capitals, discloses the secrets of the coming night. Then "Drury-lane" in rival letters speaks also of itself, and, perhaps in smaller type, acknowledges its own attractions. Then the Minor Theatres,---the Olympic---the Surrey ("twas called the Circus once,")---Astley's,---the Sans Pareil, &c. &c. follow in gay and gaudy lines, pouring out their profusion of entertainment, in titles which the vulgar can neither understand nor resist:---Wood Demons, Brazen Shields, and Fatal Masks:---Dancers, and Horsemen, and Vaulters:---Fire Eaters, and Jugglers, and Quadrupeds of various shape and intelligence,

White, black, and gray, with all their train,
may be seen at---really a too cheap

a rate. The modesty of these gifted artists is in proportion to their merit: they own their talent (what else can they do, when "crowded audiences" applaud?) and yet you are charged—a mere nothing. We are ashamed to mention the trifle that is demanded to witness the high mysteries of legerdemain; and a *lusus naturæ* (a giant or a dwarf) may be seen for a piece of coin, of which Brummel knew not even the name or value. But, amongst all the varieties of Christmas, the Pantomime, with Grimaldi at its head, stands ever, and must ever remain, pre-eminent.

PANTOMIME was the child of an Italian brain. It is true, that, in the ancient dramas, there were pantomimic exhibitions; but they were for the mere purpose of affording illustrations, or supplying defects in the regular tragedies, and were not a separate and independent amusement. Harlequin—Columbine—Pantaloon—and Clown (titles sacred in youthful fancy) are of modern race, and Italy was the birth-place of all. The "*Commedie dell' Arte*" from which our pantomime sprung, were not originally confined to dumb show; but Harlequin and his merry-men tossed about their wit upon the stage, and embodied in their plots the story of the day. They did not speak from book, but relied upon their faculties to produce something humorous, and seldom failed.—They were the improvisatori of the stage: and, dressed in pantomimic costume, like our present worthies, and confined to a single character, they shot forth their arrows of satire, under the entrenchment of a mask and a coat of folly.—It was thus, indeed, with our old English Motleys, who were the true wits, and almost the only moralists of their time. Now, our Doctors in Divinity assume the responsible part of the Motley's task, and their lectures are "tedious and brief," and sometimes even to the purpose: but the wit is divided between the Reviewers and the "Gentlemen," who write on the drama. It might have been better, perhaps, for the stage, if the authors of Comedy and Farce had caught the mantle of wit when it dropped from the shoulders of its old possessor; but "it was not to be" we suppose:—as

it is, they have gathered together the coarser particles of humour, while we have acquired that which is more ethereal; and with this dispensation of fate we are disposed to rest content.

Although pantomime has lost its speech, or only (like the son of *Croesus*) utters in the person of the clown an exclamation on extraordinary occasions; yet we do not repine. The tongue is still, but the muscles are put upon double duty: the dancing is more abundant: the leaps more lofty, and the grimaces of the clown are beyond comparison more effective. Nothing can be more disagreeable than that mixture of talk and dumb show, which we see in some of our Melo-dramas. We wish either the words, or the distortions away, and we don't much care which. In pantomime we have the pure unadulterated silent comedy. Were Harlequin to speak, he would be nothing. At present, he is a glittering mystery,—a thing between fairyism and humanity, to be admired and not comprehended; a word would cause him to fall from his elevation, and we should see, in his stead, a mere man, throwing himself into ridiculous attitudes:—the thing would be absurd. What is there, we should like to know, in that round black ball of a head, by which he could hope to attract the notice of his gentle Columbine, or to acquire the reverence of every butcher, and baker, and toymen with whom he deals? absolutely nothing. He would be like a lord stripped of his title; and would be despised without ceremony, as a creature below the ordinary standard of men. Columbine too, and Pantaloon—they were born for nothing but to dance and smile,—the one in an irresistible, and the other in a ludicrous manner: we hate any innovation on the established system, and Miss Tree does not please us (though she is encored by the galleries,) when she departs from the silent beauty of Columbine, to whistle, or shake tremulous notes from a single or double flageolet.

Of all the Harlequins, Bologna is the best: he is not now quite so active as some of his younger rivals, but he has still the most grace, and he understands what is called "the

business of the stage; that is to say, he is always moving about, and almost always expressive. His excursions are not confined to one quarter of the stage: he never stands as an idle spectator, but, when still, his attitude is to entice admiration, or to betray some feeling appropriate to the scene. Barnes is the best Pantaloon; but we have no good Columbine; and, with regard to Clowns, there is only one—Grimaldi. Of him we have spoken before.

We purpose for the future to make our dramatic article more a chronicle of theatrical events than we have done in this present number. We shall at present leave Mr. Elliston's new entertainment of "Pocahontas," and Friar Bacon or the Brazen Head, and so forth, for the purpose of saying a few words respecting the new tragedian.

MR. VANDENHOFF.—This gentleman, who had, we hear, acquired high provincial reputation, has performed several characters in London. He made his debut in *Lear*; but we cannot think that he succeeded in giving a faithful portrait. *Lear* is not a mere fretful querulous old man, with a "voice shrill as an eunuch's,"—tottering about the stage "in full possession of his incapacities:" his wrongs have made him mad, and his madness has sublimed and lifted him, for a time, beyond the ordinary weaknesses of age. His frame is no longer delicate, nor his voice tremulous, nor his step weak; but he is able to outface the storms which would have withered him in his hours of silken happiness. Frenzy has done this for him;—if it had not, it must have killed him. *Lear* is seen

Contending with the fretful elements

which would have blown his aged limbs aside, like the weak and youngling branches of a sapling tree, had they not been strengthened and upheld by fever. It is true that he says he is

A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man, but this is said rather with reference to what he *was*, when he knew himself, than to what he is. He has the full recollection of his injuries upon him, and of the infirmities which

made those injuries doubly heavy; but since the era of his madness, he has lived without the knowledge of himself: Mr. Vandenhoff gave us the picture of an old man, tetchy and weak, but the voice with which he claimed alliance with the heavens, and bade the thunder "sing his white head," and

Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,

was thin and powerless. The passages in which he succeeded best were those of the tenderer cast, and we think that he mistook his forte, and neglected the knowledge which his partial success in *Lear* might have given him, when he selected the fierce and sordid character of Sir Giles Over-reach, for his second performance. Altogether, though there were certainly some indications of genius, we are of opinion that Mr. Vandenhoff's *Lear* was a failure, partly from a misconception of the character, and partly from causes arising from physical defect. He acted throughout in an artificial tone,—imitating Mr. John Kemble, evidently, but with little of that internal working of the soul, which (we are told), made Mr. Kemble's curse so tremendous,—shaking his frame and convulsing it, while he groaned up the bitterness of his spirit, and in stifled accents, and with shaking hands, called on all "nature" to hear him:—it had little of this, and it was entirely without those overpowering bursts of passion which at times rendered Mr. Kean's *Lear* so startling and effective. We did not entirely approve even of that gentleman's performance of this character, but it is impossible to place Mr. Vandenhoff's acting for a moment, either in *Lear* or Sir Giles Over-reach, by the side of that wonderful tragedian, who is now "wasting his sweetness" on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Kemble's *Edgar* was admirable. It has been so often criticised that we refrain from doing more than merely adding our brief testimony to corroborate the praises of others. Miss Foote looked very pretty in *Cordelia*.

We have seen *Coriolanus* also, and the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*. We are told that Mr. Vandenhoff was the representative of Sir Giles Over-reach; but we protest that we

should not otherwise have known it. In Sir Giles he spoke in his natural voice, which is rather deep (not very powerful), and thick, and altogether distinct from the weak shrill notes which he produced on the previous Saturday. As Mr. V. will probably not perform Sir Giles again, we will not go into the unpleasant task of detailing what we conceived to be failures. This gentleman has very considerable talent, but we think he wants *forming*; his action and manner are frequently constrained, and his voice seems to say that he has prescribed for it a limit which it must never overstep. If Mr. Vandenhoff could see Mr. Kean in *Othello*, or Mr. Macready and Mr. C. Kemble in *Virginius*, he would perceive that they give themselves up to the passion of the moment without fear,—and this is the secret of their success. Mr. C. Kemble's *Wellborn* was entirely excellent: there was an easy, airy, cavalier spirit in it, that we think no one else could have given: he seemed at first as though he would have given away his goods and chattels for an old song, and afterwards that he would have fought with a lion to have regained them. We confess that we like Farren's *Marall*: it was too lean perhaps, and too like Dr. Pinch, or the worthy seller of medicine in *Romeo and Ju-*

liet, but it was well played: *Munden's Marall* was better; he looked like a *thriving* villain (Mr. Farren did not), and his villainy and meanness were rounded and shadowed off in the true spirit of a comic artist: he seemed as though he had dined with Mr. Justice Greedy frequently, and come away better for his fare.

The *Coriolanus* of Mr. Vandenhoff was less original than his *Lear*, but more effective: it was a plain imitation of Mr. John Kemble, but it was nevertheless better than Mr. V.'s portrait of Sir Giles Overreach.—Upon the whole we think Mr. Vandenhoff a meritorious actor, but decidedly inferior both to Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kemble. The latter gentleman “played him down” as it is called in Massinger's play:—with Mr. Macready he has not yet come in collision.

If it be not impertinent we would fain ask the managers of theatres why *Shakspeare's Lear* is not performed. The trash which Tate has had the impudence to mix, like base alloy, with the fine ore of our great poet, is not only bad, but frequently un-dramatic. We wish that some performer would have the spirit and good sense to revive the *Lear* of *Shakspeare*. We will promise him our best word if that be worth any thing. A.

BELZONI'S NARRATIVE OF HIS OPERATIONS AND RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.*

WE have never seen a work that more palpably bore on its face evidence of being dictated by a fearless, candid, and naturally judicious character. The author introduces himself to our acquaintance in a very unaffected manner, in a short preface. He tells us that he is not an Englishman, but that he preferred writing his book *himself*, to running the risk of having his meaning misrepresented by another: it is our duty to say, that he has succeeded in giving us a very perspicuous, amusing, and mainly narrative; in which the manner is as lively as the details are important. No single individual has yet effected so much in the way of

discovery and elucidation of those celebrated monuments of an antiquity, which was also antiquity to the generations that we term ancient; and the monuments of which surpass, in stupendous character, those of Greece and Rome, as much as these latter surpass our modern productions. Mr. Belzoni seems to be in possession of some absolute and peculiar faculty, at once adapting him for this sort of research, and impelling him to the perils and labours which are inevitably connected with it. He seems to have been directed to some of his most valuable conclusions by a sort of instinct, sharpening his external senses to in-

dications that existed not for common observers, and suggesting a train of deduction from them quicker and surer than the usual course of reasoning.

His style of narrative has the effect of exciting a strong interest in what relates to himself personally: and this is increased by the remarkable fact of his having been accompanied up the Nile by Mrs. Belzoni,—without the accommodation of servants and equipage, but as a married couple, taking by themselves a jaunt of pleasure or business in a civilized country! Their only attendant was a young Irish lad.—Mrs. Belzoni is, on more than one occasion, introduced to us in the attitude of presenting a pistol when necessary,—and she seems to have made very light of the inconveniences and dangers of the journey. We owe to this lady an amusing appendix to her husband's work, under the title of "*Mrs. Belzoni's trifling Account of the Women of Egypt, Nubia, and Syria.*"

The following is Mr. Belzoni's account of himself, his family, and the principal results of his labours in the East:—

My native place is the city of Padua: I am of a Roman family, which had resided there for many years. The state and troubles of Italy in 1800, which are too well known to require any comment from me, compelled me to leave it, and from that time I have visited different parts of Europe, and suffered many vicissitudes. The greater part of my younger days I passed in Rome, the former abode of my ancestors, where I was preparing myself to become a monk; but the sudden entry of the French army into that city altered the course of my education, and being destined to travel, I have been a wanderer ever since. My family supplied me occasionally with remittances; but as they were not rich, I did not choose to be a burthen to them, and contrived to live on my own industry, and the little knowledge I had acquired in various branches. I turned my chief attention to hydraulics, a science that I had learned in Rome, which I found much to my advantage, and which was ultimately the very cause of my going to Egypt. For I had good information, that a hydraulic machine would be of great service in that country, to irrigate the fields, which want water only, to make them produce at any time of the year. But I am rather anticipating. In 1803 I arrived in England, soon after which I married, and,

after residing in it nine years, I formed the resolution of going to the south of Europe. Taking Mrs. Belzoni with me, I visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, from which latter place we embarked for Egypt, where we remained from 1815 to 1819. Here I had the good fortune to be the discoverer of many remains of antiquity of that primitive nation. I succeeded in opening one of the two famous Pyramids of Ghizeh, as well as several of the tombs of the Kings of Thebes. Among the latter, that which has been pronounced by one of the most distinguished scholars of the age to be the tomb of Psammuthis, is at this moment the principal, the most perfect and splendid monument in that country. The celebrated bust of young Memnon, which I brought from Thebes, is now in the British Museum; and the alabaster sarcophagus, found in the tombs of the kings, is on its way to England.

It is due to the interests of science, as well as to the reputation and interests of this very meritorious individual, to enter an indignant protest against the cabals and persecutions, to the evil influence of which he has been exposed by the envy and cupidity of beings, who, destitute of his sagacity, courage, and industry, grudged him the precious results of these qualities. The French Consul, Drouetti, and his agents, renegadoes, &c. of various nations, conducted themselves towards this solitary and inoffensive traveller, in a spirit of intrigue and injustice, that, we regret to say, there are but too many examples of, under similar circumstances, staining the name of the nation in question. By Count Forbin, too, the present director of the Museum in France, our traveller has been most meanly treated. That weak-minded, small-souled person, had neither the sagacity to do any thing worth mentioning himself, nor the honour or gratitude to acknowledge what was done for him by another. Mr. Belzoni, however, unfortunately for these parties, can tell his own story in a plain but strong way: he has the ability to put the facts clearly before the public,—a circumstance which his enemies did not probably suppose likely, in consequence of Mr. B.'s not being a man of what is commonly called leaping. He is, however, a man of shrewd sense, and that is often more to the purpose. A direct attempt to assassinate him was the cause of his quit-

ting Egypt so soon; and a temporary stoppage has thus been put to his investigations; but he has already secured for England some first-rate prizes,—objects whose names convey celebrity, or rather immortality,—and made discoveries which secure for himself that fame which must have been the chief animation to his exertions. We allude particularly to the Head of Memnon, which is now safely lodged in the British Museum; and the discovery of the entrance into the second pyramid—an operation suggested by infinite sagacity, and executed with a hardihood and industry unparalleled.

We shall make a few amusing extracts from this volume—chiefly calculated for the miscellaneous reader:—those who are interested in the subjects must be referred by us to the work itself. Of the private life of the Bashaw of Cairo the following is a sketch:—

The Bashaw is in continual motion, being sometimes at his citadel, and sometimes at his seraglio in the Esbakie; but Soubra is his principal residence. His chief amusement is in the evening a little before sunset, when he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the bank of the Nile, to fire at an earthen pot, with his guards. If any of them hit it, he makes him a present, occasionally of forty or fifty rubies. He is himself an excellent marksman; for I saw him fire at and hit a pot only fifteen inches high, set on the ground on the opposite side of the Nile, though the river at Soubra is considerably wider than the Thames at Westminster Bridge. As soon as it is dark, he retires into the garden, and reposes either in an alcove, or by the margin of a fountain, on an European chair, with all his attendants round him. Here his numerous buffoons keep him in continual high spirits and good humour. By moonlight the scene was beautiful. I was admitted into the garden whenever I wished, by which means I had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who from nothing rose to be viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

From the number of lights I frequently saw through the windows of the seraglio I supposed the ladies were at such times amusing themselves in some way or other. Dancing women were often brought to divert them, and sometimes the famous Catalani of Egypt was introduced. One of the buffoons of the Bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard; which is no trifle among the Turks;

for some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard: he borrowed some Franks' clothes of the Bashaw's apothecary, who was from Europe, and, after dressing himself in our costume, presented himself to the Bashaw as a European, who could not speak a single word either of Turkish or Arabic, which is often the case. Being in the dark, the Bashaw took him for what he represented himself to be, and sent immediately for the interpreter, who put some questions to him in Italian, which he did not answer: he was then questioned in French, but no reply; and next in the German and Spanish languages, and still he was silent: at last, when he saw that they were all deceived, the Bashaw not excepted, he burst out in plain Turkish, the only language he was acquainted with, and his well known voice told them who he was; for such was the change of his person, particularly by the cutting off his beard, that otherwise they could scarcely have recognised him. The Bashaw was delighted with the fellow; and, to keep up the frolic, gave him an order on the treasury for an enormous sum of money, and sent him to the Kaciabay, to present himself as a Frank, to receive it. The Kaciabay started at the immensity of the sum, as it was nearly all that the treasury could furnish: but upon questioning this new European, it was soon perceived who he was. In this attire he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again.

Camel dealers in the East seem to be pretty much on a par with horse-dealers in the West. At an Arabian marriage, our author saw a dramatic entertainment performed, of which he gives the following account:—

When the dancing was at an end, a sort of play was performed, the intent of which was to exhibit life and manners, as we do in our theatres. The subject represented an Hadgee, who wants to go to Mecca, and applies to a camel-driver, to procure a camel for him. The driver imposes on him, by not letting him see the seller of the camel, and putting a higher price on it than is really asked, giving so much less to the seller than he received from the purchaser. A camel is produced at last, made up by two men covered with a cloth, as if ready to depart for Mecca. The Hadgee mounts on the camel, but finds it so bad, that he refuses to take it, and demands his money back again. A scuffle takes place, when, by chance, the seller of the camel appears, and finds that the camel in question is not that which he

sold to the driver for the Hadgee. Thus it turns out, that the driver was not satisfied with imposing both on the buyer and seller in the price, but had also kept the good camel for himself, and produced a bad one to the Hadgee. In consequence he receives a good drubbing, and runs off.—Simple as this story appears, yet it was so interesting to the audience, that it seemed as if nothing could please them better, as it taught them to be on their guard against dealers in camels, &c.

This was the play, he says; the ridicule of the farce was directed against Europeans.

The afterpiece represented a European traveller, who served as a sort of clown. He is in the dress of a Frank; and, on his travels, comes to the house of an Arab, who, though poor, wishes to have the appearance of being rich. Accordingly he gives orders to his wife, to kill a sheep immediately. She pretends to obey; but returns in a few minutes, saying, that the flock has strayed away, and it would be the loss of too much time to fetch one. The host then orders four fowls to be killed; but these cannot be caught. A third time, he sends his wife for pigeons; but the pigeons are all out of their holes; and at last the traveller is treated only with our milk and dhourra bread, the only provision in the house.

Mr. Belzoni forcibly describes his view from the top of the first pyramid at sun-rise:—

We went there to sleep, that we might ascend the first pyramid early enough in the morning, to see the rising of the sun; and accordingly we were on the top of it long before the dawn of day. The scene here is majestic and grand, far beyond description: a mist over the plains of Egypt formed a veil, which ascended and vanished gradually as the sun rose and unveiled to the view that beautiful land, once the site of Memphis. The distant view of the smaller pyramids on the south marked the extension of that vast capital; while the solemn endless spectacle of the desert on the west inspired us with reverence for the all-powerful Creator. The fertile lands on the north, with the serpentine course of the Nile, descending towards the sea; the rich appearance of Cairo, and its numerous minarets, at the foot of the Mokattam mountain on the east; the beautiful plain which extends from the pyramids to that city; the Nile, which flows magnificently through the centre of the sacred valley, and the thick groves of palm trees under our eyes; all together formed a scene, of which very imperfect ideas can be given by the most elaborate description. We descended to admire at some distance the

astounding pile that stood before us, composed of such an accumulation of enormous blocks of stones, that I was at a loss to conjecture how they could be brought thither.

Of the ruins of Thebes he says,—“it appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence.” Nothing, we think, can be more animating than the following description of one of the temples of this “hundred-gated” capital.

Having then set the people to work in another direction, where also I had hopes, I took the opportunity to examine at leisure the superb ruins of this edifice. In a distant view of them nothing can be seen but the towering propylæa, high portals, and obelisks, which project above the various groups of lofty palm-trees, and even at a distance announce magnificence. On approaching the avenue of Sphinxes, which leads to the great temple, the visiter is inspired with devotion and piety: their enormous size strikes him with wonder and respect to the Gods, to whom they were dedicated. They represent lions with heads of rams, the symbols of strength and innocence, the power and purity of the Gods. Advancing farther in the avenue, there stand before it towering propylæa, which lead to inner courts, where immense colossal are seated at each side of the gate, as if guarding the entrance to the holy ground. Still farther on was the magnificent temple dedicated to the great God of the creation. It was the first time that I entered it alone, without being interrupted by the noise of the Arabs, who never leave the traveller an instant.

Again,

I had seen the temple of Tentyra, and I still acknowledge, that nothing can exceed that edifice in point of preservation, and in the beauty of its workmanship and sculpture; but here I was lost in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which was more than sufficient of itself alone to attract my whole attention. How can I describe my sensations at that moment! I seemed alone in the midst of all that is most sacred in the world; a forest of enormous columns, adorned all round with beautiful figures, and various ornaments, from the top to the bottom; the graceful shape of the lotus, which forms their capitals, and is so well proportioned to the columns, that it gives to the view the most pleasing effect; the gates, the walls, the pedestals, and the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures in basso relievo and intaglio, representing

festivals, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings, and sacrifices, all relating, no doubt, to the ancient history of the country; the sanctuary, wholly formed of fine red granite, with the various obelisks standing before it, proclaiming to the distant passenger, "Here is the seat of holiness;" the high portals, seen at a distance from the openings to this vast labyrinth of edifices; the various groups of ruins of the other temples within sight; these altogether had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, exalt me on high over all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life. I was happy for a whole day, which escaped like a flash of lightning; but the obscurity of the night caused me to stumble over one large block of stone, and to break my nose against another, which, dissolving the enchantment, brought me to my senses again.

But his description of what he encountered in the galleries of the mummies is, for picturesque effect, more striking than any other passage in the book, and with this our extracts from it must close.

What a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my

throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rage, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri: of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth, that envelop the mummy.

A superb volume of plates accompanies the work, which may be purchased or not, at pleasure.

THE EARTHQUAKE,

A TALE.*

WE are absolutely sickened by this:—not by the work itself, though it is very absurd and very offensive, but by the fraud of which it is attempted to be made the means. It is expressed on its title-page to be by the author of "*The Ayrshire Legatees*:" we have no hesitation to declare that it is *not* by the author of the *Ayrshire Legatees*: we scruple not to run the risk of affirming this

in the most positive manner, so strong is the internal evidence that the pen employed in the one is not that which has traced the other. This is another deception from the source of so many: the real and able writer of the *Ayrshire Legatees* has taken a desperate step to turn suspicion from himself;—and he must feel the unpleasantness of the imputation very strongly,—peculiar and

pressing indeed must be the reasons he has for casting it far away from him,—otherwise he would never have had recourse to so extraordinary a measure as this. Of all authors in the world the author of the *Earthquake* was the least fitted for his purpose; but then the probability is, he was the only one who could be depended upon to render the service wanted. There was, therefore, no choice.

The story of the Ayrshire Legatees has been given in a series of papers that have appeared and ceased* in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and certainly we have read no articles in that work at all equal to them in point of substantial talent. They consist of the correspondence of a Scotch clergyman and his family, who have come up to London to take possession of a large legacy; and who convey their observations on the metropolis to various persons, male and female, whom they have left behind them. The letters are very varied; the old clergyman addresses his substitute in the ministry, and his elders; his wife relates the disasters of her marmalade and cheese, and the troubles of her domestic economy in the English capital, to her good gossiping cronies of the congregation; and the young lady and gentleman (son and daughter) convey their sense of the novelties of their situation, and show much capacity for conforming themselves speedily to the fashions of London, and discharging the heavy duties attached to those who unexpectedly become heirs of a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds.

The characteristic qualities of these papers is that of shrewd observation of the world; close intimacy with the habits, opinions, and dispositions of an acute, thoughtful, serious, but loquacious class, to be found only about the small towns and villages of Scotland;—great familiarity with the ruling politics of Kirk-sessions, and the independent and critical discussions of presbyterian tea-tables;—unaffected and natural language,—lively, but unpretending,—well adapted to the various personages, and indicating

the author to be eminently possessed of vigilant common sense, guiding and controuling the exercise of his fancy.

We do not know who has written the papers; but we scruple not to confess, that they immediately suggested to us the author of the *Scotch Novels*. We saw in them much of the same superabundance of scriptural allusion, which forms a marked feature in the *Scotch novels*; of the same close acquaintance with the foibles, and the vanities, as well as the virtues and usefulness of the *Scotch religious character*; the same ability, on quitting the sphere which seemed the author's favourite and his peculiar province, to acquit himself well in the delineation of widely distinct manners, and in giving a true and strong expression to the aspect of life in very dissimilar situations;—the same assurance of a hand practised in the actual ways of the world, where people of talent take the air of men

Who think of something else besides the pen,

and handle their pens the better for it:—above all, much of that admirable disposition to balance the evil against the good in the human heart, and to draw character fairly, instead of displaying it in a hideous exaggerated mask, such as the ancient actors employed to strike the sight of the distant spectators in their huge theatres.

We were sorry to see, in these papers, the author condescending to derive his interest occasionally from rather offensive sketches of private characters, in *their private and domestic capacity*, the names not being concealed. It was particularly objectionable to do this in a work notorious for private scandal,—but what we most regretted was, the *date* of these sketches. They evidently came from the hand of some one fresh from a visit to London; who had been received in the houses of the persons, who now served him for the subjects of satirical and pleasant description: one who had had access to good society, and was not indisposed to convert this privilege into a source of

* We observe in their December Number they have again taken up the *title*: but the spirit is gone; the original author has withdrawn. Nothing can be more dull than the *New Series*

materials for articles, rendered stimulating and attractive by personality, that might be profitable either to the writer himself, or to the persons connected with the Magazine. Mr. Wilberforce's prayer-meetings, and Mr. Charles Grant's parties, were conspicuously introduced, and the former sharply ridiculed.

We certainly did think it possible that Sir Walter Scott might have got up these sketches: but we hear that he disclaims them entirely, and we are glad of it. We never, with our feelings for this eminent man, could have thought of attributing to him any thing like baseness of motive; but we did think it far from unlikely, that he might have unwarily been induced, under the influence of a particular private connection, to contribute to the support of a work, the malice of which he is rendered by his nature incapable of feeling, yet may, under the particular circumstances of the case, be excused for disbelieving. The too great personality of the papers certainly would be a fault chargeable against him, were he their author; but this does not go the length of grossness or scandal:—it would simply constitute an impropriety, of a nature to call forth animadversion sufficiently strong to prevent its repetition. But, we repeat, Sir Walter Scott denies having had any thing to do with the papers in question; and we willingly take his word for it, and shall cease connecting his name with any thing that has appeared, or may appear, in Blackwood's Magazine—unless good reasons (which we do not anticipate) should be given us to break this resolution.

Immediately after our first allusion to Sir Walter Scott in regard to this subject, an advertisement appeared, in all haste, announcing "THE EARTHQUAKE, a Tale, by the author of *The Ayrshire Legatees*." It was advertised in a very peculiar way; and great desire was shown to attract particular attention to the notice. Why? The tale is one of the worst and weakest of the extravagancies produced in the present extravagant period.

It is very clear that Sir Walter Scott did not write *The Earthquake*: there needs no ghost from the dead to tell us this. It is very clear also

that the author of the *Earthquake* is not the author of the *Scotch Novels*. Who he is we cannot pretend to say; but if he ever wrote the *Ayrshire Legatees*, we engage to swallow all the numbers of *Blackwood* in which these papers have appeared!—We have heard it reported that we owe this *Earthquake* to Mr. JOHN GALT; but cannot affirm that the report is correct. No one, however, who knows any thing of Mr. Galt's famous tragedies, would ever suspect him of being the writer of a set of acute, close, unaffected representations of actual life, in the shrewd, homely language, of the minister and members of an Ayrshire congregation of presbyterians!

The author of these tragedies, however, *might* write *The Earthquake*, and perhaps did. To give the reader an idea of the peculiar qualities of this work, we may refer to what we have said of the *Ayrshire Legatees*; only asking him to conceive all that is most opposite to what we enumerated as the characteristics of these papers. What power is shown in the tale, is of a ranting melo-dramatic turn: all the contrasts are forced and theatrical; the means unnatural and violent; the display of human nature, artificial and false; the language often silly, and often ludicrously elevated. The clumsiness of the author's hand is shown by the excessive coarseness of his devices: no Christmas pantomime was ever more wonderfully awkward than the machinery of this tale;—the author cannot lead a dialogue through a page without violating probability, and shocking the sense of fitness. His sarcasms, and his "*asides*," as author, are in the raw, hard, forced, unpractised manner of the member of a speculative society. Nothing genial, or cordial, or easy, or unaffected, is discoverable in the strain of composition. It is all calculated for representation, and this is not more artfully done here than in an after-piece at Astley's.

Such is the general character of the work: but from the extent of this censure we except a good part of the second volume, the scene of which lies amongst some of the mountainous parts of Asia. The author seems here to have lively recollections of actual adventure assist-

ing him: from the dedication to Earl Guilford, we learn he has travelled in the East,—but so far as painting goes, and indeed every thing else,—sentiment, passion, feeling, incident—it is far, far behind Anastasius.

On the day when the city of Messina was destroyed by an earthquake, the magistrates were assembled in the cathedral, one of the few edifices that had withstood the convulsion. The galley-slaves, it is said, were the objects of dread, but were all peaceably collected, and fast in fetters. The records of the tribunals being lost, it was proposed to release those who had been longest under punishment; the reason here given for this discharge being no reason at all;—if any meaning attaches to the circumstance, it would imply the impossibility of knowing who had been longest or shortest under punishment. One of the felons liberated turns out to be a very remarkable personage:—“the smallness and neatness of his ears and hands, are the indications of a mind disposed to respect the feelings of others; but the glossy smoothness of his skin shows that he is a constitutional voluptuary!”

He who would believe that this passage was written by the author of the Ayrshire Legatees, must have larger ears than Don Birbone,—for so the smooth-skinned galley-slave was named by his fellow prisoners, on account of his gentlemanly carriage. Why he was in fetters no one knew—not even the police officers,—“for he was a convict before the last pestilence of which all their predecessors died.” What with plagues and earthquakes, the public registers were liable, it seems, to be very imperfect. Our author, however, afterwards lets us into the secret: the special crime committed by Don Birbone, entitling him to the fetters, was saving a child from being devoured alive by a gentleman, his fellow passenger. We beg the reader to be assured that we are here simply following the ingenious recital of the author.

At the liberation of the galley-slaves, we are introduced to the Baron Alcamo “a long-winded philosopher,” and Francisco, the Baron’s nephew, a young man “distinguished for a singular acuteness of tact,” who “having no reservation in his

expressions, was often excessively provoking.” There was, says our author, “a thoughtful air about him that might have been mistaken for silliness;” and his acuteness of tact was further shewn “in believing those things which correct philosophy denies.” The “defect of his intellect” was “mysticism;” and “the basis of his reflections, and the fulcrum of his feelings, was a persuasion that the whole frame of the world, with all the living inhabitants of the earth, constitute but one machine.”

This practical nephew, and his philosophical uncle, take interest in Don Birbone. “What are you fit for,” inquired the philosopher. “Nothing,” said the outcast:—the Baron’s heart was melted, and he hung his head in sorrow.” To the nephew of the acute tact, the galley-slave described himself “as one doomed to perdition.” In the next page the Baron Alcamo “bruises his thumb as he plied the knocker for admission” into his own house.

A Count Corneli is dug out of the ruins of his palace by Don Birbone. The Count had married a sister of the Baron Alcamo, and accordingly, after his resurrection, sought refuge in the house of the philosopher. The nephew “was much struck with his wan and troubled countenance”—yet the man had just been dug up, an exercise which does not improve the complexion—“eyed him inquisitively, and said nothing.” It appears that between Don Birbone, and the Count Corneli, there is a mysterious connection. The Don soon enters the Baron’s apartment: “do not be afraid of him, my lord,” said Francisco, the nephew,—because the Count thanked his disinterrer with warmth!—The indications in the Ayrshire Legatees are managed differently, and we think on the whole better!

The language in which all this detail is conveyed, is as childishly extravagant, vague, and incorrect, as might be expected from the nature of the incidents: a cold character says the author “obtains the homage usually paid to virtue, by merely abstaining from doing as little wrong, as it is negative in good.” This is downright nonsense.

Don Birbone sits down at the

Baron Aleamo's table, without introduction, or any excuse whatever: here he regards Francisco's pretty sister, with an expression that savoured more of the galley-slave than the gentleman: "Francisco shuddered, and wished his sister at Jerico!" But soon the young man "began to feel the latent energy of his own powers, and said *beware!* with the frown and sternness of an avenger." This is not at all like the Ayrshire Legatees.

Francisco, simply guided by his tact, takes upon himself to forbid Count Corneli his uncle's house, on the presumption of a connection between him and Don Birbone: to the latter he says—"whatever may have been the *crimes and errors* of your past life, be assured that they have given you no *warrant* to obtrude your infamy into this house." Our author has a most extraordinary manner of turning his phrases,—very different from that of people in general. Who else would ever have thought of telling a man that his guilt did not *warrant* him to obtrude his infamy!

At last we have an overt act, proving that the Count and the Don are indeed old acquaintances. As a finishing specimen of style and manner, we give the following passage—which, we think, will render it unnecessary to trouble our readers with more in the way of proof of the imposition which the title-page of these volumes attempts to practise on the public. The Don seizes the Count in the Baron's dining-room:—

"Come, wretched man, come!" and he dragged him from the room with the energy of a demon. The Count made no resistance. His teeth chattered; his face became of a gangrene yellow hue; his eye-balls distended and glassy, and his arms and limbs lost all power of action. His appearance was indeed so livid and hideous, and the image of it remained so *clammy* in the recollection of the spectators, that it was some time before they were sensible he had been actually withdrawn from their sight!

This *clamminess* of an image in the recollection, will constitute a sticking place to readers, we think. Few, we apprehend, will have the courage to venture forward in the slough. The book, however, really mends. In the second volume it is a good deal better: in the third it becomes again almost as silly as in the first.

It appears that Don Birbone is the real Count Corneli: the person who has assumed the name and title is one Castagnello, the son of an Italian opera singer, and an English lord. The Count in early life had taken a dislike to his wife:—"our inclinations are not in our own power," as a high authority says. He had a son, however, by her,—and "the pleasure he experienced in looking at his child, was as a glimpse of the clear blue sky, seen through the rolling darkness and gloomy fires which accompany the eruptions of Mount Etna!"—*Very like a whale*, indeed. The Count immured his wife in a convent: only he forgot to say she should be detained there. She accordingly soon left it, and naturally fell into the hands of robbers; "the chief of whom was Castagnello. The Count falls into their hands at the same moment. Castagnello sees the whole case, without any explanation. The husband and wife depart each their own road. The band of robbers is broken up; and Castagnello, an adventurer, meets with the legitimate son of his father, Lord *Wildwaste*—a name of itself sufficient to prove that the author of the Earthquake is not the author of the Ayrshire legatees. Much rant and nonsense take place between them, Castagnello's evil star predominates; and his brother leaves him an outcast and wanderer. Events take him to Florence; where he finds the Irish family of Kenelsmore, the eldest daughter of which Lord *Wildwaste*, who has got to Florence before him, marries,—and the youngest, who is disgustingly and weakly described by the author, Count Corneli, who has also taken Florence in his way, seduces, and destroys. Castagnello thus enlarges his experience of the Count's good qualities; and thus acquires a mastery over him by which he compels him to cede the title and possessions of Corneli for seven years;—so that Castagnello becomes the Count, and the Count goes about his business on an allowance.

The latter gets into scrapes and jails. More than the seven years have passed: nothing has been heard of the real Count by Castagnello, who, at last, ventures to Messina, trusting that the people of the town will have forgotten the features of him whose substitute he is, during

his long absence, and that he will be taken for the nobleman. Things are in this state when the earthquake happens, and Don Birbone the galley-slave turns out to be Count Corneli. Soon after the recovery of his title, *the Count murders his son, and is hanged*, and Castagnello retires to Mount Caucasus, and becomes one of the fathers of the propaganda.

The author in conclusion informs the reader that the "moral of his tale is not susceptible of being explained with facility in words."—So, without more words, we take our leave of the Earthquake, which certainly well justifies its title—for the *shocks* it inflicts are severe and numerous—that is to say if the reader have either sense or taste to be assailed.

MELMOTH THE WANDERER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BERTRAM, &c.*

We have this extraordinary and striking novel, of which we might say much, now before us:—the time evening; the scene our study, the lamp well-trimmed, and the fire comfortable. A quire of long paper, and a bundle of mended-pens, tempt us with the look of preparation:—Nothing to interrupt us between this and two hours past midnight—up to which time we know we can count on our eye-lids retaining their rigidity. It is a work worth writing about: it is not like *The Earthquake*: there is power in it,—terrible, offensive power—it is full of enormous faults; and contains no absolute beauties;—yet it rivets attention, absorbs interest—in short, it is one of the very best possible subjects for criticism. It is just such a

subject as we want for a good article: and a good article we shall certainly write upon it—but as the devil's in it—(we mean in the novel; he is the chief agent) we cannot do it now: it would take six pages, and our remaining space will scarcely suffice—(so says a note just received from the printing-office) for articles that must appear "*to keep up the symmetry of the Number*."—The symmetry of the Number! there is no resisting that phrase. There are papers just before which we would willingly take out,—but that would be losing time, says the printer: and the printer is despotic in the Magazine. The editor is only his prime minister; the publishers his secretaries of state. Melmoth, however, shall be reviewed.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XI.

The principal novelty that invites our notice is a small volume of ballads (six and a duet) by Wesley Doyle, Esq. an amateur well known as a singer of much "expressive power," in very high circles of Metropolitan society.

If the character of a people is to be traced through its ballads, that, of the English nation has undergone, of late, a very striking transition—a transition that marks very essential alterations in mind, and in its adjuncts, manners—and one that indicates a vast declension towards that species of voluptuousness which most certainly leads to the enervation of the stronger faculties, and their ab-

sorption in sensations so luxurious and enchanting, as to forbid all possibility of return to the nobler impulses that distinguish the heroic ages. Mr. Doyle's compositions, though they, in a degree, meet the desiderata of the time, are yet more free than most of the modern ballads, from the characteristics which betray whilst they allure: and it is amongst the particular recommendations of his publications, that while they are simple, effective, and sufficiently in the modern style, to satisfy fashionable expectancy, they have yet in them nothing that good taste would particularly revolt against.

* Four Vols. Edinburgh, 1830.

A ballad, to be truly popular, and thence to be taken as reflecting the national character, must be of a kind to catch the ear, and to move the heart; to sink into the memory, and to live by tradition. It must, of course, seize the topics of the times in which it is written, and must image the feelings that are the most prevalent, or the actions in which the genius of the people most earnestly engages.

It affords a curious commentary upon these observations, and one which is apparently at variance with the hypothesis, that the songs of something more than a century ago, most in estimation, were many of them mad songs, such as the *Mad Tom*, and *Mad Bess*, *From Rosy Bowers*, and *Let the Dreadful Engines of Eternal Will*, of Purcell. This peculiarity, however, appears only to present a modification of the desire of intense feeling which we now witness, extending itself towards allegory, or personification. The art of concentrated expression was not then so well understood as now, and it was thought necessary, previously to qualify extraordinary vehemence of sentiment, by investing it with the character of insanity. Force, however, was the principal agent: what in modern language is called elegance was almost totally unknown; and the music was rendered effective by accent, by harmony, and by divisions, all of which are in the modern ballad applied by graceful melody, and by the charms of glittering accompaniment.

But the grand difference between the poetry of such compositions up to the middle of last century, and those at present (and from the words the notes took their colouring) is in the expression of the passion of love. In the first instance, it appeared to be the object of the poet or the lover to purify his thoughts from every grosser passion, and to chasten his approaches from every sign of sensuality that could offend the almost impersonal delicacy of the deity at whose shrine he worshipped. In a word, the poets of that age sought to keep down sense, by exalting sentiment to its natural place of prerogative and dignity, and thus to give lawful supremacy to the intellectual faculties over mere sensuality.

With these specimens of art, which

had their origin and their circulation amongst the higher classes, was connected another species of ballad, which applied itself to the sports, to the incidents, or to the grander national predilections of the remaining orders of society. Among these, were hunting songs, and sea songs, together with the various love episodes that arose out of the latter, and made up a singular combination of sentiment and description. *The Storm*, and *Black Eyed Susan*, *Stand to your Guns*, and *Sweet Poll of Plymouth*, were bold and beautiful picturings, equalled perhaps, but scarcely surpassed, by any of the writings of Dibdin, who came next in succession, the most fertile, ingenious, picturesque, and sensitive of all our song writers. He wrote, indeed, too multifariously for his fame, and attenuated the striking merit of his thoughts, by beating out and expanding them over so vast a surface. But he led and governed the convivial feelings, and the lighter moments of the great bulk of his countrymen, during a very long period, neglected or forgotten as his productions now seem to be. The songs of Arne and Jackson, which, just before his day, had their range amongst the more scientific class of singers, and which found their place principally in the chambers of Dilettanti, are as completely lost. We now and then hear one or two of the best; but as to popularity, they are no more.

Of the present school of "ballad mongers," Mr. Moore, (to whom Mr. Doyle's work is inscribed) is the parent, and he has with irresistible success, contrived to reverse the construction of 50 years ago, and to convey to the impulses of sense, the supremacy so long awarded to sentiment. Yet he blends them both so intimately, and softens away all that used to terrify or disgust with such art, that were it not for the flushing cheek, and the burning glow, without which it is hardly possible for youth to read his compositions, the change might at first escape detection. He mingles tender feelings and reflection with the warmest passions; and the solution is so perfect, that it is almost impossible to detect the dangerous agents, disguised as they are, but not reduced by the other ingredients. The principal evil of these composi-

tions, is to be found in the idea that necessarily enters with them, viz. that love of variety is not only very universal, but very agreeable, and exceedingly pardonable; that upon the whole, it is fated to the lover to change, and that for the deserted fair one "to love again, and be again undone," is the natural resource against vacuity and ennui.

The musical structure of the modern ballad demands, that the melody be flowing and generally simple, that the accompaniment should (commonly) be showy, and such as to conceal defects; while it supports the powers of the singer, it should allow of those licenses, the pause, acceleration, or restoration, *tempo rubato*, strong emphasis and striking contrasts, with due allowances for the introduction of spontaneous ornaments, the flowers that spring up to deck and diversify the general level verdure. To these the grander requisites should be added, that the song ought not to embrace more than a compass of nine or ten notes, and the recipe is complete.

With the greater and the better part of these *postulata*, Mr. Doyle has complied. There is, however, more simplicity and strength than is generally to be found in such publications, with less of glare and show. His melodies are set off by few or none of the ornaments of accompaniment, and there is an indication of *manner* about them, which obviously proceeds from his yet immature acquaintance with the art of writing. But his songs have received the stamp of approbation from Dilettanti of a high class, and in some of the most polite assemblies of the metropolis they have been heard with delight, as the long list of subscribers for whom they have been principally printed, establishes. They come, therefore, to the public with all the powerful recommendation of a fashionable *imprimatur*, no less than by their intrinsic merit.

The tenth number of *Dramatic Airs*, is by Mr. Wilson; its theme, the sextetto in the Haunted Tower "*By mutual love delighted*." There is in this composition a strong manifestation of power, and we should almost be tempted to say a waste of power, so little pains has the author taken to avail himself of his subject.

Mr. Clementi's number of the *Operatic Series*, now in the course of publication, presents a model in this species of composition. The art with which he has continually combined detached parts of his theme (*Batti, Batti*) keeping the whole in view from the commencement to the close, is admirable. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, introduces portions of his theme at more distant intervals, and but for an inconsiderable space. He aims, perhaps, too much at diversity; by which construction the charm of the air is often hidden, and the chain of interest more broken than befits a lesson of this kind. Nevertheless, there is contrivance and a command of various materials, but they are wrought too much into the shape of cadenza. The composition would thus seem to want air, and might weary attention, were it not redeemed by the rapidity, variety, and spirit of the successions.

Toujours Toujours, an air with variations for the harp, by Dizi, loses the sentimentality of the instrument in the search after execution. The whole is too loose and straggling to be very impressive, besides that it adheres too much to the same forms.

Yes my Love Yes, a ballad by the same composer, is an answer (we presume), to *No my Love No*. At a moment when we have such august example for considering the difficulty of "commanding our inclinations" to be insuperable, it is an extremely generous enterprise to endeavour to illustrate the constancy and forbearance of our (the male) sex, and to place us upon an equal footing with the trusting fidelity of our more sensitive and delicate idols. If Mr. Kiallmark could republish his song, and obtain permission to dedicate it to royalty at this particular moment, he might do a material service.

Your affections could ne'er be so sickle and rearing,

To treat him with scorn you so lately approved;

Ah, when you first charmed me with looks so endearing,

You meant to be constant, and thought that you loved.

Then may you be blest, for I never can blame you,

Though torn with an anguish I cannot express;

And the friends of my bosom, believe me,
I'll name you
The first and the dearest,—Oh! yes,
my love, yes!

The Songs, Duets, and Glee's, introduced into Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, selected and composed by H. R. Bishop. The interspersation of music with the scenes of our bard is one of the circumstances which may be taken as symptomatic of the necessity of some change in the preparation of our musical dramas. Last year we had the Comedy of Errors thus dished up, and now a second instance occurs. Storace selected from the Italian Operas. Mr. Bishop has written upwards of forty works for the stage, and now he appears to fly to selection, while entire Operas have yielded to these musical plays. Mr. B. has in both taken a very judicious and not less ingenious part. His own compositions are particularly original, at the same time the music has a quaintness that assorts well with the age of the poetry. With a like regard to chronology, he has adapted the part songs to the music of our old composers, and in this compilation, we find *From the fair Lavinian Shore, When first I saw your face*, and other such, well arranged to Shakspeare's words. His own compositions are entitled to great praise, particularly the duet, *Orpheus*

with his Lute, which, except that it partakes of the manner of his former production, *As it fell upon a day*, bears no resemblance to any thing we know; it is also fanciful and expressive. The songs too range well with the rest, and we have seldom seen of late so beautiful an adaptation, (which we suppose it to be) as *Bid me Discourse*, a truly elegant and beautiful song. Upon the whole, this publication has far more to recommend it than the generality of works for the stage.

We close our article by a novelty in musical composition, dignified as the list of composers has been by noble authors; namely, by two songs, the production of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. *Oh wear for me this Blooming Rose* has the simplicity as well as the peculiar accent which appertains to a national air. It is light and pretty. *I love thee dearly* is of more pretension. We should be suspected of a courtly disposition were we to class them far above the middle rate of modern ballads. We are, however, in the habit of seeing many worse from the hands of professors, and not so many better from any hands. Indeed, classing Mr. Moore amongst the amateurs, we may fairly say, the profession is greatly outgone in these things by Dilletanti.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Royal Academy.—On the 10th of December, being the Anniversary of the founding of this Institution, the formal re-election of the officers took place. Sir Thomas Lawrence was re-elected President;—Mr. Fuseli, keeper;—Mr. Howard, secretary, &c. Medals were distributed as prizes to the successful students, whose names are as follow:

Mr. Watts, for the best copy of an Ostrade in the School of Painting.

Mr. Sharp, for the second best copy in that school (the original, the infancy of Bacchus, by Poussin).

Mr. A. Morton, for the best Drawing, from the living model.

Mr. Pitts, for the best Model, from the living model.

Mr. Weed, for the best Model, from an antique figure (one of the dying sons of Niobe).

Mr. R. Williams, for the best Model, from the same figure.

Mr. George Allen, for the best Archi-

tectural Drawing, being the plan and elevation of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn-square.

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE then addressed the students. After expressing his displeasure at the slow and inefficient progress in certain respects of the Students of the Life Academy, he pointed out the course which he considered most proper for them, as aiming at the grand object of art to pursue. It was with sincere pleasure that the President noticed the continued and decided improvement of the Students of the Antique, and he recommended to them strenuously to endeavour at a progressive improvement, and to remember the uncertain tenure by which all excellence is held.

Sir Walter Scott, Bart. has been, upon the resignation of Sir James Hall, unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, at the fullest meeting of that learned body that ever assembled. This honour, which is the highest that

Scotland has to bestow on literary or scientific eminence, was, we are informed, entirely unsolicited either by the distinguished personage who has received it, or by any of his friends.

Cleopatra's Needle.—This celebrated monument of antiquity has been presented to his Majesty George IV. by the Pacha of Egypt, and is expected to arrive shortly from Alexandria. It is intended to be set up in Waterloo-place, opposite Carlton Palace. The weight of the column is about 200 tons, the diameter at the pedestal seven feet. This magnificent column was obtained through the influence of S. Briggs, Esq. the British Resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pacha of Egypt.

Moore's Almanack.—The recent death of Henry Andrews, of Royston, the compiler of *Moore's Almanack*, has been noticed in the Journals:—we extract the following remarks from the *Monthly Magazine*:—

“The sale of *Moore's Almanack*, in his hands, rose to 430,000 copies per annum—yet honest Andrews never got above 25*l.* for his labours! This prodigious circulation arose from the astrological predictions with which the worthy calculator was required to fill it, and with which it is allowed to be filled, though printed for a public company, and revised and sanctioned at Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury! Andrews himself laughed as much at his own predictions, and their success, as any one of the most enlightened of his readers; but the circulation of the *Almanacks* depended on their insertion, and he was expected to supply them, or lose his employment. Of course he predicted *secundum artem*, and followed his books and the stars, with indicated events in various ratios of *probability*; and if one in ten came true, it satisfied the superstition, folly, and credulity of the dupes of dreams, omens, signs, and prophecies, who were his readers, and who, in spite of education and philosophy, still constitute a majority of this great nation.”

Patent Coffins.—In the Consistory Court, November 8, Sir W. Scott gave judgment in the cause of the Patent Iron Coffins,—the Church-wardens of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, having refused to inter the body of Mrs. Gilbert, of that parish, on due notice being given by her husband, the plea being that the body was deposited in an iron coffin. The case was brought before the court, and Sir William Scott delivered his judgment in an able and impressive speech, in which he recapitulated at length the grounds on which the right of interment rested. On the principle that the parish derived profit from interments, and that iron coffins resisted the operation of decay longer than those

of wood, he decided, that the persons who brought them *should pay for a longer lease of the ground occupied.* Coffins of lead were subject to an extra charge—why should not those of iron? He recommended that the body in question should be interred without extra fees, at the same time, without prejudice to the rights of the parish—and he would confirm a table of new fees for future cases, after proper examination.

Italy.—Florence.—A literary journal is announced under the title of *Antologia*, which is intended to give translations of the best and most interesting essays selected from the periodical publications of France, England, and Germany. This undertaking is to be conducted by an association of men of talent qualified to prosecute it with vigour and ability. It will, no doubt, stimulate the Italians to an emulation of those countries in periodical literature, and may open the way towards a more free communication between them, and their more enlightened rivals of the North. Of late many translations from the most classic English poets have been published in Italy by Leoni.

Bonn. M. A. G. Schlegel.—This celebrated writer has commenced a periodical work, devoted exclusively to the philological and philosophical treasures of Indian Antiquities, hitherto known in Europe merely by detached and scattered fragments. It is entitled “*Die Indische Bibliothek*,” and four numbers are to be published in the course of the year, although at no definite period of appearance. The first Number contains, 1. A survey of the actual state of Indian Philology. 2. Effusions of Indian Poetry, preceded by three short treatises, viz. on the Epic rhythm of the Indians, on the German Hexameter, and on the Orthography and Pronunciation of Indian words. To these succeeds an imitation, in 425 verses, of a poem, entitled “the Descent of the Goddess Garga,” accompanied with explanatory mythological notes. 3. An article on “*Nalus carmen Sanscritum e Mahabharati*,” edit. F. Bopp.

Sweden Gas-light.—This admirable method of artificial illumination has been just adopted at Stockholm by a brewer, who has introduced it into his establishment; this is the first time of its being employed in that city.

A Course of Lectures, on German Literature, under the immediate patronage of His Serene Highness Prince Esterhazy, is about to be delivered in London, by Andrew Staehle, LL.D. The Lectures will be in the German language. The following summary may serve to give a more distinct idea of the nature of the Lectures: Condition of German Poetry towards the middle of the past century.—Klopstock.—

Learning as poet and critic—influence of English Literature.—The *Hainbund* in Göttingen, and merits of its members, Voss, Miller, Stolberg, &c.—Review of the *Lyrical Poets* of this period.—Wieland, Schiller, Göthe.—Observations on several plays of Schiller and Göthe, and in particular on Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* and Maria Stuart, and Göthe's *Faust*, Tasso, *Iphigenia*.—Views and object of the Schlegel school and their conflict with Kotzebue.—Fouqué and Jean Paul.—The Poets of the War of Liberation.—Körner.—Latest state of Poetry.—Müllner, Grillparzer to Uhland, &c. Prospects in the future.

Languages.—According to a "View of all Languages and their Dialects," published by Mr. F. Aderburg, Counsellor of State to the Emperor of Russia, their number amounts to 3,064—viz. in all Asia 937—European, 587—African, 276—and African, 1,264.

An Island Damaged.—An Island near Java, called Fisherman's Island, is stated to have been rent asunder by the force of storms, which took place early in January, 1820.

Giants.—Doctor Titler, in a letter which he has inserted in the *Calcutta Mirror*, states that he found the joint of a human finger in the bed of a river, near Rossur. This fact, which does not at first seem very extraordinary, will appear in a very different light, when we add that it is twice the size of the joint of an ordinary man—*Ergo*, the person it belonged to must have been *twelve feet high*!

Apocryphal Scriptures.—A curious Volume has lately been published, entitled the *Apocryphal New Testament*, which contains the various Gospels, Epistles, and other Holy Books, attributed, during the first three centuries to the Apostles of Jesus Christ, and their companions. Apocryphal, it has been said, does not so properly mean spurious, as *secret, hidden, esoteric*; and therefore the Apocryphal Scriptures, according to this doctrine, were those communicated only to the priesthood, or to the more informed and gnostic laymen. The *Protevangelion* is one of the books contained in this Volume, and it is said to be the earliest in chronological order. It is affirmed, that there are proofs, in Matthew's Gospel, of his having recognized it as genuine.

Royal Society.—November 30th being the usual day for the election of officers for the ensuing year, Sir Humphry Davy was appointed President, in the room of the late much respected Sir Joseph Banks. On the 7th December, Sir Humphry Davy, on taking the chair, in a short address, adverted to the objects of the Royal Society; he adverted also to those Philosophical Associations whose objects were similar, but confined to particular branches of science. The present state of the Sciences, and the great share which the Royal Society had in their improvement, were next pointed out; and as connected with chemistry, he recommended the subjects of fluorine, and the amalgamation of ammonia and mercury.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

France.—Chateaubriand is appointed Minister to the Court of Prussia: the ultra sentiments of this man of talent, and the appointment of the Count Blacas, who is an ultra without talent, may excite suspicion that the politics of the Thuilleries have lately taken a bias to that side. The Duchess de Berri having interceded with the King of France for the lives of the criminals Gravier and Bouton, convicted of making the attempts upon her life and that of her infant, by exploding powder under her window, his Majesty has commuted the

sentence of death to one of perpetual imprisonment and hard labour. "*Merciful change!*"—adds a poor *time-serving* print, pretending to the character of *liberality*. Yet this print is one of those which maintain the propriety of substituting for the punishment of death that of imprisonment. If life is not to be forfeited, liberty ought to be in certain cases, and there never was one of more unmanly atrocity than this.

Germany and Naples.—The accounts respecting the intentions of the Allied Powers with regard to Naples are, as usual,

contradictory. Most of them, however, agree, that some proposition or overture has been made on the part of the Allied Courts to the King of Naples, requiring some changes to be made in the Neapolitan Constitution for the purpose of rendering it more monarchical. The French papers add that the King of Naples has been invited to a personal interview with the Sovereigns; and that this summons has been coupled with an intimation that his non-acceptance of the invitation would be considered a proof of his being under personal restraint, and held therefore to justify hostilities. Nothing of this is certain. The government of Naples is preparing assiduously for the worst. The troops are said to be on a respectable footing.

Spain.—Fears as to the stability of the new constitution in Spain have been entertained;—rumours of a counter-revolution, and doubts of the King's sincerity, have agitated the Spanish people, whose inquietude was increased by his Majesty's absence from the capital. Remonstrances were made to him on the latter point, and he returned to Madrid. The public feeling has been since a good deal tranquillized, —but a groom of the king's bed-chamber, with a colonel and a priest, have been examined touching their share in anti-constitutional plots. The municipality of Madrid has delivered a spirited address on the subject.

The United States.—The message of the President of the United States, to Congress, is a document that has always been regarded in this country with considerable interest; the nature of the American constitution being such as to lead its chief magistrate farther into discussion than the heads of governments usually venture in addressing their subjects. The message of November 14th, 1820, has been received since our last Number was published. It is a document of rather a deprecatory nature. The President sees “much cause to

rejoice, taking all circumstances into consideration.”—“Pressures on certain interests, it is admitted, have been felt;” these are traced to the transition of Europe from a state of war to one of peace, and to the fluctuations in the amount of the circulating medium. The permanent blessings of the constitution are held out as a sufficient consolation for temporary difficulties. The American public debt is stated to amount to about ninety-two millions of dollars, having been reduced nearly sixty-seven millions since 1815. The income of the state is given at 16,700,000 dollars; its expenditure 16,800,000; making an excess of the latter of 100,000 dollars,—to which must be added a loan of three millions, included in the above amount of income. Here, therefore, is a deficiency of income of rather more than three millions of dollars. The American President describes the question pending with Spain as still unsettled;—he alludes to the contest of the latter with her colonies as going on very favourably for the Independents, and anticipates their success, in a manner, to show that the wishes of the American government are strongly on their side. A question between the two powers on the construction of the first article of the treaty of Ghent, has been mutually referred by Great Britain and the United States to the decision of the Emperor of Russia.

Saint Domingo.—Christophe, the black tyrant of Hayti, has put himself to death, in consequence of a military revolution; and considering the activity of the other chieftain of the island, president Boyer, and the universal horror of despotism which the savage reign of the late emperor produced, there is every probability that the whole island will be united into one republic.

Turkey.—Ali Pacha still holds out in his blockaded fortress; and the reports vary as to the probability of his speedy reduction.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

His Majesty is stated in the *Times* to have been recently seriously indisposed: so much so as to have had sixty ounces of blood taken from him at two operations. The *Court Circular* affirms that the indisposition was only the effect of a trifling cold.

The Duchess of Clarence was safely delivered of a female child, at five minutes past five o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 10th. The infant was prematurely born, but, with the mother, is likely to do well. The young Princess is presumptive heir to the throne, after the Duke of York. The child has been christened Elizabeth, in obedience to the commands of his Majesty.

A singular diplomatic fracas is said to have taken place at Vienna: not only words, but blows also, are mentioned to have occurred. Lord Stewart, (brother of Lord Castlereagh), our Ambassador at the Austrian Court, is represented to have had a squabble with Prince Metternich,—and a challenge and a slap on the face, both inflicted by the Englishman, are stated to have been the consequences. The altercation had reference to the discussions agitated by the Congress at Troppau; and the Sovereigns there assembled, we hear, took the part of the Austrian Minister. It has been requested that Lord Stewart should be recalled: and it is said Sir Charles Stuart,

Ambassador at Paris, is to take his place.

The letters from St. Helena reach down to the recent date of the 7th November, at which period Buonaparte enjoyed good health, although it has been reported for several weeks (on the authority of advices, both direct and indirect), that he was seriously indisposed: he is, however, frequently subject to fits of despondency, which last for some days together, when he remains secluded as well from his friends as from visitors. The circuit to which the ex-Emperor was formerly limited has recently been extended, and he is permitted to ride and walk in a space of not less than fourteen miles.

M. Naldi, the celebrated buffo-performer at the Opera, lately met an untimely death at Paris, by the bursting of a self-acting cooking apparatus. M. Naldi was invited to dine with his colleague M. Garcia, who, agreeably to his wish, showed him this novel operation of cooking, when the former imprudently stopped the heat-regulator: an explosion instantly took place, and the lid severed the skull of M. Naldi, and laid him dead on the spot. M. Garcia received a wound on the head, but it is hoped that it is not dangerous.

The Queen.—The addresses to the Queen go on with unabated vigour; they are adopted at public meetings with all the show of oratory and crowded assemblage. On the other hand, addresses to his Majesty, professing a loyal attachment to his person, are got up in privacy, with closed doors, and under precautions to guard against the intrusion of strangers, similar to those of Free Masons. It being understood that hostile measures of some sort are still in contemplation against her Majesty, Mr. George Canning has resigned his place in the Administration, and has thus gained some credit for consistency. This gentleman, our readers know, continued abroad during the late investigation before the House of Lords. An address to the King has been carried in the Common Council of London, praying his Majesty to dismiss his Ministers: the following was the royal reply:

"It has been with the most painful feeling that I have heard the sentiments contained in the address and petition now presented to me by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city of London.

"Whatever may be the motives of those by whom it is brought forward, its evident tendency is to inflame the passions and mislead the judgment of the unwary and less enlightened part of my subjects, and to aggravate the difficulties with which we have had to contend."

Subscriptions have been raised to support

individuals who have fallen under the displeasure of the powerful, for displaying an attachment to the Queen's cause; and in several instances prayers have been put up for her in the churches. At Grinshill church, near Shrewsbury, after the clergyman had repeated that part of the Litany, "That it may please thee to bless and preserve all the Royal Family," the clerk, instead of saying "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," repeated with a loud and distinct voice, and most solemn countenance, "*Not exempting our most religious, gracious, and ever-revered Queen Caroline!*" The congregation were, of course, astonished at this deviation from the service: the man was reprimanded by the minister, and, we believe, afterwards pardoned. On several occasions the private meetings for addresses to his Majesty have been converted into public ones, and addresses carried very different in sentiment to the desires of the original authors of the assemblage. The Duchess of Bedford, the Countess Fitzwilliam, the Marchioness of Tavistock, and Lady Ossulstone, have been mentioned among the visitors at Brandenburgh House. A meeting of the county of Durham went off with great eclat: petitions were carried to both Houses of Parliament, praying the restoration of her Majesty's name to the Liturgy. Earl Grey spoke at this meeting.

It is said that the king had lately some conversation with the two poor Owyhee chiefs who were kidnapped by the Americans, and who were exposed to so much distress in this country. The *Literary Gazette* says, "The King was amused with their conversation, through an interpreter, and asked a good many questions. Among other things, the elder chief told him he had *six wives*; upon which his Majesty good-humouredly observed—'Notwithstanding which you left your country! well, I have but *one*, and I find that enough to manage!!' " We hope this anecdote is untrue. His Majesty has never attempted to manage his wife: and the subject does not seem one for jesting when we reflect on the shock that has been given to the feelings of allegiance, and the sense of decency, by the most injudicious system of attack adopted against the Queen Consort. Sentiments, such as these, do not necessarily involve an opinion in favour of her Majesty's conduct; they merely express what all dispassionate persons think in regard to the proceedings of her enemies.

Executions.—Much attention has been recently excited to the subject of capital punishment; and the putting to death of fourteen persons within the short space of one week, in the course of last month, has given an additional impetus to public feeling on this subject. The fact is certain,

that in no country of Europe is the shedding of man's blood by the public executioner so common as in England; in no country is the ignominious, disgusting, and profligate spectacle of these legal slaughters of such frequent recurrence. Nor is person or property the safer for it: quite the contrary. The very offences which the law is known to punish most unsparingly, increase day by day. People ask if *death* is the only expedient to remedy evils which wise and thoughtful rulers might avoid, or correct by measures of wisdom? The outrages of pickpockets, in the streets, have become lately quite a source of alarm to passengers; and Judge Garrow, the other day, took occasion to say, that mercy was not to be expected by *boys* found guilty of violence in this way,—for the frequency of the crime required severe example. Good God! is the gibbet then our only resource! because the lower orders of our population are steeped in ignorance and brutality, because the civil order of society is deranged by unpopular and injudicious public measures,—are we to look to the gallows as our only resource? We remember the Recorder of London stating something of the same nature in regard to infants of ten and twelve, convicted of capital crimes. “They must be *hanged*,” said he; “for these young rascals multiply.”—This is a terrible doctrine. On the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 5, six persons were put to death before the Debtor's Door, Newgate. One of these was a woman, *Sarah Price*, aged 43, for uttering forged bank notes; another *Fuller Harnett*, an officer in the army, belonging to a most respectable Irish family, for a private forgery. *John Madden*, another of these unhappy persons, had also been found guilty of uttering forged bank notes. The woman, from her exemplary conduct in prison, had been led to suppose, by the religious visitants, that her life would be spared. She, and they, however, were dreadfully mistaken. For *Lieutenant Harnett's* life not only was interest made, but a humane individual came up from the country, to offer some most forcible reasons for extending mercy to him, which he supposed his Majesty's government might be unacquainted with. Nothing, however, was of any avail. *Madden* had been offered permission to plead guilty to the minor offence, which subjects to transportation; but he refused, was found guilty of the fatal crime, and was hanged, having rejected the indulgence of the Bank. His companion, who had accepted that indulgence, but who, on *Madden's* refusal, was obliged to be included with him in the joint trial, was told, by the Recorder, that he should not suffer for the other's obstinacy, but that mercy

would be extended to him: yet, strange to say, he was *included in the fatal death warrant*; and it was only late on the night before his execution, that the Ordinary of Newgate procured a reprieve on the representation of this fact! Eight more were hanged on Monday the 12th. One of them uttered a piercing shriek as the drop fell. Poor wretches!

The *Blucher Packet* lately fell in with the wreck of a schooner, and rescued three seamen, the wretched remainder of seven. They had been nineteen days exposed to the weather, the waves, and starvation: the day of their deliverance would most probably have put an end to their sufferings by death. The only sustenance these poor creatures had left was the skin of half a pig's head, which they agreed to suck by turns, and three quarts of water.

It would appear that the human frame is capable of bearing inanition longer than many suppose. On the 22d November, *Elizabeth Steers* was discovered in an old chalk well, in the parish of Doddington, Kent. She had fallen in on the 8th of that month about six in the evening. She had nothing to subsist upon during the fourteen days and nights that she was in this situation, but a little water in a hole at the bottom of the well. During her agonising confinement she repeatedly heard the voices of persons passing that way; but could not make her own voice reach them, being at a depth of nearly forty feet below the surface of the earth. She had endeavoured to form steps by raising pieces of chalk; but they had constantly given way, thus increasing her despair at every disappointment. She received very little injury from her fall, and was rapidly recovering the effects of her accident.

An awful accident has taken place in the East-Indies, at Hurdwar, where there seems to be a place peculiarly appropriated to the religious ablutions of the natives. *Sepoys* had been stationed to prevent too great a pressure of people on the steps leading to the water. But two parties, who had before quarrelled about precedence of bathing, made a rush against each other, and the whole crowd, guards and all, got awfully jammed, in a situation that admitted of no relief. The unfortunate beings were crammed together with such violence, that bodies, legs, and arms, were entwined, and their shrieks were piercing in the extreme. About thirty were taken up from under the others, alive; and among them a young woman who had been in the centre. Four hundred, at least, perished.

Mr. Cobbett has been cast in an action for damages, brought against him by *Mr. Wright*, who had formerly been connected with him as his publisher. The action was for slander uttered against *Mr.*

Wright's character, in the Political Register. Mr. Cobbett defended himself; spoke highly of his own *unsuspecting nature*, and the Jury showed their sense of his defence by giving a verdict of 1000*l.* damages against him. This has renewed his bitterness against Sir Francis Burdett.

A most extraordinary fact has transpired, seeming to involve the character of Mr. Frederick Accum, the well known chemist, whose work on the adulteration of articles of food has made so much noise. The account is thus given in the public prints; but as, from the nature of the examination, it may be considered an *ex parte* statement, we rely on it that Mr. Accum will be enabled to place the affair in a different light. Mr. Accum has long been a subscriber to the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street; many of the books there had for some years past been found in a mutilated state; and this evil seeming to spread in the library, Mr. Searle, under librarian, made a representation on the subject to the managers, intimating his suspicion that Mr. Accum was the offender. They were loth to believe such a thing of a gentleman of his

reputation. The other day Mr. Accum entered the library at his usual hour, between five and seven o'clock. Though Mr. Searle, who was on the alert, could not see exactly his proceedings, a pile of books being interposed between them, he states that he had reason to suppose that Mr. A. had torn out some leaves from Nicholson's Journal. An application was made to Bow-street, and a warrant granted to search the house. A great number of torn leaves were found, which corresponded with the deficiencies of the books in the Institution. The prisoner maintained that the leaves belonged to books his own property; but failed to make this out to the satisfaction of the Magistrate. Mr. Birnie observed, that, however valuable the books might be from which the leaves had been taken, yet the leaves separated from them were only waste paper. If they had weighed a pound, he would have committed the prisoner for the value of a pound of waste paper; but as that was not the case, he discharged him. The managers of the Institution might bring their action.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, December 22.)

One year having now elapsed since the commencement of our labours, it might perhaps be expected that we should enter on a general review of the comparative state of British commerce at the close of the years 1819 and 1820. But besides that such a review, to be of any general interest, would necessarily extend to a length far exceeding the just limits of this department of our Journal, it would be, in a great degree, superfluous to our readers, who have, we trust, found in our monthly reports, an accurate and impartial statement of the most important features of our commerce, and a constant endeavour to execute, in every particular, the plan which we originally proposed. Of the new commercial regulations of foreign countries, affecting the commerce of the United Kingdom, and which we have successively noticed, the most important appears to be the new Tariff decreed by the Spanish Cortes. From the sentiments avowedly entertained by the ministers, we had hoped the introduction of a liberal system. Whether the plan of rigorous prohibition, or of duties so high as nearly to amount to a prohibition, will have the effect intended of excluding foreign goods, and encouraging the national manufactures; or whether these are in a condition to supply the whole consumption of the nation, are questions which

experience must decide; but according to the ideas generally entertained of the state of manufactures in Spain, the second question would be decided in the negative. The deficiency will, therefore, be supplied by contraband; and how little the most rigorous prohibition, combined with the most vigilant and expensive system of surveillance, can prevent contraband, may be seen by referring to our article "Sweden" in this month's foreign commercial report, where we shall quote some very striking facts respecting that kingdom. The revolution in Portugal is too recent to have produced any great commercial changes; and the newly-modelled government of Naples, having its attention occupied by the troubles in Sicily, and the apprehensions of foreign invasion, has not yet been able to pay much regard to commercial concerns. In Germany, the Southern States which propose to form a joint commercial arrangement, have sent their deputies to Darmstadt, for the purpose of negotiating on the subject; and it is said that the result promises to be favourable to the interest of the German manufacturers and merchants, but nothing has yet been done; nor has the German Diet taken any decisive steps respecting the trade and manufactures of the Confederation.

In our home markets, we regret to be

obliged to notice this month a very considerable depression in the prices of some of the most important articles of colonial produce, occasioned not so much by the season of the year, as by the unexpected failure of some great houses in that line, which has spread consternation, or made the holders anxious to sell for money, at a considerable reduction of the prices.

Coffee.—The market, after remaining in an uncertain and declining state for above a fortnight after the date of our preceding report, fell in the course of the succeeding week from 5s. to 7s. per cwt. This week there have been only two inconsiderable public sales, and the prices may be stated much the same as in the beginning of the week; there seems, however, a greater inclination to purchase, especially St. Domingo: the last price realized was 118s. but there are now few sellers under 120s.

Sugar.—Though the depression in the prices has not been quite so considerable as in coffee, yet the alarm among the West India merchants, since the late failures, and the consequences of many persons being indirectly involved in money transactions, had the effect of occasioning a dull market: some large holders appeared determined to force sales either from choice or by way of precaution, to be prepared with money in case of emergency. Hence large parcels have been disposed of on lower terms; and though there are still purchasers of refined for the spring delivery, they will not come forward unless parcels are offered below the market currency.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette.

Nov. 25.	34s. 7d.
Dec. 2.	35s. 2d.
9.	34s. 5½d.
16.	34s. 10d.
23.	34s. 8½d.

Cotton.—The market has been in a depressed state the whole month. The sales that have been effected have been chiefly for exportation. At Liverpool, considerable business has been doing in cotton, but at prices exceedingly low. The sales in five weeks, from the 18th November to the 26th December, were 42,490 bags. The arrivals during the same period, 27,029 bags.

Tea.—At the India sale, Boheas sold 1d. to 1½d. higher than at the preceding sale. Congo, common ½d. lower; middling and fine Congo at nearly the same rate. Twankay, 1½d. higher. Hyson, 2½d. and Gunpowder, 3d. below the prices at last sale.

Spices.—The East India Company has declared for sale on the 12th February,—

Cinnamon	130,000 lbs.
Cloves	31,000 lbs.
Nutmegs	100,000 lbs.

Mace	34,000 lbs.
Oil of Mace	1,000 lbs.
Saltpetre	1,000 tons

The demand for pepper has increased, there being no Company's pepper declared. Cloves are also more in request, as the quantity is not only very small, but, as report says, the whole of the Company's stock in England. The quantity usually declared in former years has been 100,000 lbs., latterly 50,000 lbs., and now only 31,000 lbs.

Indigo.—There is every appearance of improvement in the prices of, and the demand for, Indigo; the quantity at present in the warehouses of the East India Company is stated to be inconsiderable; and if a sale should be declared, it is expected to be a very small one. The purchases made at last sale bear a premium of 8d. per lb., and some holders even ask 1s.

Fruit.—The arrivals of fruit during the last two weeks are extensive beyond all precedent; the quality in general uncommonly fine: and though the demand is very great, the supply seems too much for the market: prices are low, and holders anxious to effect sales. Figs seem to be of inferior quality this year.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The demand for rum has been very languid lately, and prices declining. Brandy has fluctuated, but the prices have been constantly low, and the best Cognac may now be had at 3s. 6d. Geneva has remained without variation.

Corn.—Though the ports, as we stated last month, are shut against all importation, the prices have in general continued to decline, and we are more and more confirmed in our opinion, that the ports will not be open for these twelvemonths to come. We understand that considerable quantities of oats have been exported to Hamburgh, France, and other parts.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

The Leipzig Michaelmas Fair.

Leipzig, December 3.—Our Michaelmas Fair has been one of the most distinguished that we have had for many years. We had reason to anticipate this, because we had news that the great Russian fair at Novogrod had been uncommonly brilliant, and the magazines there nearly cleared by large purchases for China and Japan: a great many Russians, Poles, and Greeks, had therefore come to Leipzig, to make new purchases. The Polish Jews were the most numerous. The goods most in request were manufactures of silk, leather, and iron; also woollen cloths and linens. Many great houses dealing in these articles sold their whole stock, and received large orders. One house from Glasgow sold to

the amount of 200,000 dollars, and could have sold for 120,000 dollars more, if it would have given credit. A single manufacturer from Iserlohe sold 60 cwt. of needles, and might have sold as many more. The quantity of cotton yarn was immense, and large sums were lost upon it, as it was not dearer than the raw cotton itself; viz. No. 4, which, during the continental system, was 5 rix dollars per lb., was now 15½ Groschen. (24 to a rix dollar.) Cotton itself was a mere drug, on account of the great sale advertised at the India House in London.

There were French silk goods to the amount of 13,000,000 francs, and on the whole goods to the value of 22,000,000 dollars (nearly 4,000,000 sterling) at the fair, exclusive of jewellery and *bijouterie*. There were in fact few manufactures that did not find an extensive sale; especially woollen articles, as Merinos, bombazines, cachemires, &c. The printed calicoes were not quite so successful. *In this article the English brought nothing new, and were therefore quite eclipsed by the French, Saxon, Berlin, and Swiss manufacturers.* The English goods were, however, in immense quantities, which tended to depress the prices. The fine cloths of Aix-la-Chapelle, Sedan, Verviers, &c. &c. were much in demand, chiefly for Russia. Ordinary German cloths also sold well. A Frenchman residing in England brought 70 or 80 bales of English cloths, kerseymeres and calmucks, and bartered the whole with Jews, for Bohemian and Saxon wool, about 2000 cwt. The flannel and woollen manufacturers of Halle, Potsdam, &c. had a good fair, but silk goods a most brilliant one; especially those who brought articles calculated for the East. Many waggon loads of silk goods were sent for, by extra post, during the fair, all the warehouses being cleared. English laces had a prodigious sale, to the great injury of the Saxon lace manufacturers, who cannot sell so low as the English, who employ machinery. The Bohemian glass manufacturers, who have of late years carried their manufactures to a high degree of perfection, were very successful. Leather was one of the articles most sought, especially sole leather from Aix-la-Chapelle, Malmédy, and Maestricht. The price of this article is very high, because Buenos Ayres hides are scarce in England, Holland, and the Hanseatic cities. The linen and damask manufacturers of Silesia, Lusatia, and Bielefeld, did a great deal of business, especially those of Bielefeld, whose goods were much in demand by the

Russians. The Silesians have received large orders from Bremen and Hamburg. The Greeks purchased large quantities of furs; the French hareskins and bristles. The Nuremberg toy and hardware manufacturers were satisfied. It is many years since so much wool has been sold and exchanged: the fine wool was soon sold; middling was likewise much in demand, especially for the Netherlands. All the wool in Austria, Moravia, and the country of Barby, has since been bought up: the price has every where risen considerably. There was but little demand for indigo, and cochineal woods. We have not had for many years so bad a fair for coffee and sugar.

Sweden.—In the most valuable work, "Essay on the Statistics of Sweden," by Mr. P. A. Granberg, we found the following data respecting the proportion between the quantity of fine manufactured goods, made in the country and that annually consumed. "In 1814 the fine and middling cloth manufactured in the kingdom was 183,000 ells, of coarse, 124,000. If we divide the first quantity among the 140,000 respectable families, there will be hardly a pair of breeches for each member of a family; for the wife and children nothing. In 1813, there were 664,588 women who took out licences to wear silks. Our own manufactories produced 82,000 ells, making about three inches for each of those women; but for the men nothing. Whoever pleases may divide the seventy-eight ells of lace-net, that were made, among the wives and daughters of the 11,000 persons of rank in the capital, few of whom, we presume, will claim their share. The inference from these data is obvious. Our manufactories pretend to furnish us with all we want; we see here how far they succeed. It is evident that the quantity of goods which a nation requires is procured in spite of the most rigorous prohibitions, and that such prohibitions do not prevent importation, but only deprive the state of the revenue it might derive from a duty on the goods, deteriorate the moral character of the nation by leading to the commission of artificial crimes, and in the end do not even give the national manufacturers the intended advantage of maintaining a competition with foreigners, since a smuggled article is generally cheaper than one that has paid a duty."

The commercial notices from various foreign places are of so little importance at this time that we have omitted them for the sake of the account of the Leipzig fair, and the above article from Sweden.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather remaining mild and open has afforded particular facility for the operations of this season. The wheats have been well got in, are up, and look uncommonly healthy and strong, some indeed, perhaps are too luxuriant, but the excess will not be long unchecked by frost. The drill system is extending its circle very rapidly, and Mr. Coke's computation of its diffusion, at the rate of a mile in diameter yearly, is now very largely augmented, so much so indeed as soon to promise the extinction of the former practice. The autumnal ploughing has also been advantageously done, the soil being sufficiently moistened, yet sufficiently sound. The supply of wheat and of barley is large in the market; but the evil to the farmer is felt in the buyers refusing to purchase the inferior qualities, which constitute a very large proportion of the wheat crop, even at the most reduced prices. Barley is in additional consumption owing to the partial failure of turnips,

which, however, in some countries (Kent in particular) are better than was represented. Lean stock of all kinds is low. Pigs, of which the breed in England has been lately, it appears, much neglected and reduced, have been attacked by a fatal disease in many places. The lean nearly sustain their value, while fat pigs are depreciated. The straw for the foddering yard is in great plenty. Not the least feature of the agricultural case is the cessation of employment, from which cause the labourer is constrained to wander about in unsuccessful and hopeless research, pauperism is increasing, and the poor's rate must experience a heavy addition. Some of the reports, we observe, attribute to this cause the various robberies, with which the provinces appear to be far more harassed than at any former period. It is impossible, indeed, to exaggerate the complaints, which farmers now make, by any language.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Rev. C. Benson is preparing for publication, *Twenty Discourses*, preached before the University of Cambridge in 1820, being the first Course of Sermons delivered at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Hulse.

Shortly will be published, a Series of Questions and Answers in the practice of Physic, *Materia Medica*, &c. written for the Use of Gentlemen preparing for their Examination at Apothecaries' Hall. By C. M. Syder, Surgeon.

The Travels of Sir Robert Ker Porter, in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, will soon appear.

A new Romance, from the pen of Miss Anna Maria Porter, entitled the *Village of Mariendorp*, in three vols. is nearly ready.

The Rev. James Townley, has nearly ready for publication, *Bibliographia Sacra*; or, an Introduction to the Literary and Ecclesiastic History of the Sacred Scriptures, in three vols. 8vo. with plates.

Mr. Cooper has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a New Choral Book for the Use of the Established Church, containing a selection of the most valuable compositions for that service. The arrangements of the times will be after the German style, with a figured bass for the organ.

The Rev. John Hughes, Author of the *Horæ Britannicæ*, in 2 vols. is arranging materials for a Supplemental Volume, which will contain a translation of the Welsh Historical Triads, with two Essays, presented to the Cambrian Society.

A Work, to be entitled the *Second Advent*, or *Glorious Epiphany* of our Lord and Saviour, by the Rev. Mr. Fry, Author of Lectures on the Romans, is preparing for the press.

Speedily will be published, a History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate.

Mr. Arrowsmith has nearly ready for publication, a Map of the Constellations, in two large sheets, accompanied by a Memoir.

A General History of the House of Guelf, or Royal Family of England, from the first Record of the name, to the Accession of George I. will appear shortly.

Shortly will be published, the Principles of Foreign Medicine, explained, illustrated, and applied to British Practice. By J. G. Smith, MD.

Happiness, a Tale, for the Grave and the Gay, will shortly be published.

Doctor Ramsbottom has nearly ready, *Practical Observations on Midwifery*, with a Selection of Cases.

Mr. Wolstenholme Parr is about to publish the *Philosophy of Painting*.

Shortly will be published, by the Rev. J. B. Sumner, a Volume of Sermons on the Christian Faith.

Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira, a Poem, by James Bird, Author of "The Vale of Slangden," is preparing for publication.

Oliver Cromwell, and his Times, by Thomas Cromwell, is in the Press.

The Celt's Paradise, a Poem. By John Benim.

A Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India, during the Mahratta War of 1817, 1818, 1819, with Maps and Plans, by Lieut.-Col. Blacker, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Ayre is printing a New Edition, with Additions, of his Practical Observations on Disorders of the Liver.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, Astronomy, and Fine Arts.

Plans, Elevations, Sections, &c. of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum, lately erected at Wakefield. By Watson and Pritchett, of York, med. folio, 2l. 12s. 6d. royal folio, 3l. 3s.

Observations on the Construction and Fitting up of Meeting Houses for Public Worship, with Plans, &c.; including one lately erected in the City of York. By William Alexander, 4to. 9s.

Views in Ceylon, a Series of Six Engravings, highly finished in Colours, Illustrative of Candyen Scenery, Costume, &c. 8l. 5s.

The National Sports of Great Britain. By Henry Alken. Plates Coloured, folio, No. 1. 2l. 2s.

Illustrations of the Monastery, Engraved by C. Heath, from Drawings by R. Westall, R. A. 12mo. 9s. 6d., 8vo. 12s. 6d., 4to. proofs, 1l. 4s., imperial 4to. India proofs, 1l. 10s.

Biography.

Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin. By Maria Graham, 8vo. Portrait, 10s. 6d.

Education.

The Scientific Monitor; or, Sequel to the Scholars' Remembrancer. By M. Seaman, 12mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.

Selections of Classic Italian Poetry from the Works of Tasso, Ariosto, &c. for the Use of Students in the Italian Language. By T. B. Defferrari. Two Vols. 12mo. 12s. boards.

Conversations on English Grammar, in a Series of Familiar and Entertaining Dialogues between a Mother and her Daughter. By Mrs. Williams, 12mo. half-bound.

A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. on certain Clauses in the Education Bills, now before Parliament. By S. Butler, DD. FAS. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Germs of Thought; or, Rudiments of Knowledge: intended to Promote the Mental and Religious Improvement of Youth. By Thomas Wood, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

History.

The History of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746, with Portraits of both the Pretenders. By the Chevalier de Johnstone. Translated from the French MS. 4to. 2l. 2s.

A View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos: including a Minute Description of their Manners and Customs. By the Rev. W. Ward, Vols. III. and IV. 1l. 2s.

Pictures, Historical and Biographical, drawn from English, Scottish, and Irish History. By John Galt, Esq. 2 Vols. Foolscep, 14s.

A Narrative of Proceedings in Venezuela, in South America, in 1819 and 1820; with Observations on the Country and People—on its Republican Government, and Leading Members. By G. L. Chesterton, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Historical Memoirs of the City of Armagh, for a Period of 1373 years; comprising a considerable Portion of the General History of Ireland, and a Refutation of the Opinions of Dr. Ledwich respecting the Non-existence of St. Patrick. By James Stuart, AB. 8vo. with Plates, 18s. Boards.

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Essay on the Principles of Evidence, and their Application to Subjects of Judicial Inquiry. By James Glassford, 8vo. 18s. Boards.

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Glasgow, &c. &c. Sixth Edition, revised and corrected throughout. Price 3*l*. 6*s*.

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Chapter of Ely.—The Rev. H. Hodgson, B. A. of Catherine-hall, to the vicarage of Idmington and Chapelry, of Wilts, void by the resignation of the Rev. T. Davis.—The Rev. H. J. Todd, M. A. instituted by the Archbishop of York, to the rectory of Settrington, Yorkshire, on the presentation of the Earl of Bridgewater, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robt. Gilbert.—The Rev. J. Maddy, D. D. one of his Majesty's Chaplains in ordinary, to the living of Stonesfield, Suffolk.

Cambridge. His Majesty has been pleased to direct letters-patent to be passed, granting unto the Rev. James Wood, D. D. Master of St. John's College, the place and dignity of Dean of the Cathedral Church of Ely, void by the death of Dr. Pearce.—The subject of the Norrisian Prize Essay is "The Connection between the Jewish and Christian Dispensations." That of the English Poem for the Chancellor's third gold medal for the ensuing year is "Evening."

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Nov. 18.

Atkinson, Charles, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, merchant. Atts. Jacob and Bentley, 67, Basinghall-street, London. C.
Bally, Stephen, Bradford, Wiltshire, butcher. Atts. Dax, Son, and Meredith, 29, Guildford-street, London. C.
Dommett, George, late of Deptford, Kent, soap-maker. Atts. Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings, Westminster. T.
Edridge, Daniel, Baldock, Hertfordshire, cooper. Att. Sweet, Edward-street, Blackfriars-road, London. T.
Ellis, John, Staverton-row, Newington, Surry, baker. Atts. Benton, Union-street, Southwark. T.
Harris, Charles, Winchester, saddler. Atts. Tilbury and Langdale, 8, Falcon-street, Falcon-square, London. C.
Harsant, Edward, Wapping-street, carpenter. Att. Shave, 110, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
Hewett, George, Fair-mile-house, near Henley-upon-Thames, banker. Att. Holmes, 25, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. T.
Klotz, Morris, Brighthelmstone, merchant. Att. Champ, 77, Chancery-lane, London. T.
London, Thomas, Hartford, Cheshire, salt-manufacturer. Att. Kent, 16, Clifford's-inn, London. C.
Lonnen, William, late of Ringwood, Southampton, butcher. Atts. Tilson and Preston, 29, Coleman-street, London. C.
Patey, Andrew, West Teignmouth, Devonshire, builder. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. C.
Smith, Edward, Green-Lettuce-lane, London, tea-dealer. Atts. Weston, Teesdale, and Symes, Fenchurch-street. T.
Tawaites, Stephen, Staplehurst, Kent, tallow-chandler. Atts. Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-square, Southwark. T.

Usherwood, Thomas, Jun. Tunbridge, farmer. Att. Babby, Clement's-inn, Strand. T.
White, Henry, Strand-lane, Strand, London, printer. Atts. Bishop and Score, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury. T.

Gazette—Nov. 21.

Barker, Thomas, and Francis Hudson, Stratford, Essex, brewers. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
Brown, Joseph, Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, timber-merchant. Atts. Tomlinson, Thomson, Baker, and Smith, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street. T.
Bury, Thomas, Exeter, factor. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red Lion-square, London. C.
Flinn, James, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Barbor, 122, Fetter-lane, London. C.
Housman, William, late of Blackfriars, London, merchant. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook. T.
Hulse, Richard, Hinckley, Leicestershire, grocer. Att. Ware, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Hunt, Henry, Liverpool, haberdasher. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Hunter, James Augustus, Aston, Warwickshire, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Johnson, Ann, Palmer-village, Westminster, bricklayer. Atts. Deaton and Barker, Gray's-inn-square. T.
Peate, Richard, Osvestry, Salop, wine and spirit-merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Prentice, William, High-street, Southwark, iron-monger. Atts. Haudley and Lister, 6, Gray's-inn-square. T.
Tahourdin, Gabriel, Warwick-court, Holborn, money-scrivener. Atts. Amory and Cole, Lothbury, London. T.

Treffry, Henry, and Richard Treffry, late of Liverpool, chemists. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, Kings-Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Tack, William, of Marlborough, Wiltshire, carpenter. Att. White, Pewsey, Wiltshire. C.

Gazette—Nov. 25.

Adams, John, Trinity-square, Minories, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.
 Adlington, John, late of Tottenham, Middlesex, builder. Att. Pope, Old Bethlem, London. T.
 Edwards, John, Warminster, Wiltshire, coal-merchant. Att. Williams, Red Lion-square, London. C.
 Jackson, Henry, 42, Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Thwaites, 81, Essex-street, Strand. T.
 Jackson, James, Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Kingswell, Simon, late of Blackwall, Middlesex, painter. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-lane, Holborn. T.
 Lawrence, William Henry, Bath, linen-draper. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Lealey, William Andrew, otherwise Leslie Bailey, late of Stow-market, Suffolk, cabinet-maker. Atts. Dixon and Son, 7, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
 Lloyd, Thomas William, late of Evesham, Worcestershire, fellmonger. Att. A'Beckett, 20, Broad-street, Golden-square, London. C.
 Millard, John, Cheap-side, London, linen-draper. Att. Burfoot, 2, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.
 Minett, William, Prospect-place, Southwark, Surry, auctioneer. Att. Pasmore, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Phillips, George, Old Brentford, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. Att. Finch, Brentford Butts. T.
 Pierce, William, 234, High-Holborn, Middlesex, wax and honey-merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. T.
 Quinton, William, and John Quinton, late of Basford, Nottinghamshire, timber-dealers. Att. Knowles, New-inn, London. C.
 Stott, Charles, Manchester, brush-manufacturer. Att. Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn, London. C.
 Thompson, George, Preston, cheesemonger. Att. Blacklock, 14, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Thompson, James, Liverpool, factor. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Wheeler, William, New Kent-road, Surry, timber-dealer. Att. Newcomb, 2, King's-street, Golden-square. T.
 Woolley, Edward, Bilston, Staffordshire, iron-master. Att. Hunt, 5, Surry-street, Strand, London. C.

Gazette—Nov. 28.

Baillie, John, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Bray, George, Leeds, pocket-book-manufacturer. Att. Mackinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
 Clarke, Thomas, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. Att. Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
 Hartley, Richard, Ripon, mercer. Att. Spence, 50, Threadneedle-street, London. C.
 Marston, Isaac, Birmingham, coal-dealer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
 Meadowcroft, Thomas, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Norris, 32, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Peirson, Joseph, Strangeways, Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, goldsmith. Att. Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.
 Strong, Richard, Exeter, clothier. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red-lion-square, London. C.
 Taylor, Allen, late of Kent-road, Surry, malt-roaster. Atts. Weston, Teesdale, and Simes, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
 Tipper, John Ely, Romford, Essex, stationer. Atts. Watkins and Peoly, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-inn, London. T.

Thompson, Thomas, late of Camomile-street, London, merchant. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street. T.
 Wadham, Robert, Poole, grocer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 2.

Allen, John, Warwick, inn-keeper. Atts. Collet, Wimburn, and Collet, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Arnett, John Henry, Chelsea, Middlesex, coal-merchant. Atts. Clutton and Carter, High-street, Borough. T.
 Bickerdike, George, Huddersfield, victualler. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, Thaives-inn, London. C.
 Brinkworth, George, Bath, victualler. Att. Mackinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
 Bromley, John, Circus-street, New-road, Middlesex, ironmonger. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, London. T.
 Burgess, Henry, and James Hubbard, Miles's-lane, Cannon-street, London, woolstaplers. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. T.
 Foote, Samuel Townsend, Exeter, spirit-dealer. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
 Hickes, John, Leeds, linen-draper, Att. Mackinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
 Holmes, Joseph, Portsmouth, coal and corn-merchant. Att. Pownall, Staple-inn, London. C.
 Hutchinson, James, Manchester, joiner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
 Lankesheer, William, late of Walecot, Somersetshire, victualler. Att. Stephen, New Broad-street-buildings, London. C.
 Moore, William, Thorpe-Constantine, Staffordshire, cheese-factor. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
 Nichols, Sarah, and Martha Nichols, late of New Woodstock, milliners. Atts. Lowden and Helder, Clements-inn, London. C.
 Phillip, Evan, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, linen-draper. Atts. Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn, London. C.
 Pickels, Nathan, late of Colne, Lancashire, grocer. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Radnedge, John, Argyle-street, Bathwick, Somersetshire, dairyman. Atts. Young and Hughes, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry, London. C.
 Rogers, Samuel, Gutter-lane, Cheap-side, London, hosier. Atts. Barter and Bowker, Gray's-inn-place, Holborn. T.
 Shuttleworth, Ann, and George Robinson, Lincoln, boat-builders. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. T.
 Simpson, William, late of Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, japan-manufacturer. Att. Phipps, Weavers-hall, Basinghall-street. T.
 Wiseman, Samuel, John Harper, and Thomas Foyson, Norwich, bombaseen-manufacturers. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 5.

Abraham, Moses, and Daniel, otherwise David Levy, Bath, silversmiths. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, Old-buildings, London. C.
 Bramwell, Joseph, jun. Liverpool, ship-chandler. Att. Mason, New Bridge-street, London. C.
 Budgett, John Burges, Stoke St. Michael, Somersetshire, dealer. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Buckley, James, Uppermill, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer. Att. Batty, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Byrne, William, late of Fludyer-street, Westminster, broker. Att. Hannam, Piazza-chambers, Covent-garden. T.
 Edmunds, Edward, late of Oswestry, Salop, scrivener. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.
 Fox, Robert, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Middlesex, wine and brandy-merchant. Att. Hunt, Surry-street, Strand. T.
 Green, James, late of Hedon, Holderness, Yorkshire, merchant. Atts. Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Oldaker, Edward, Ipswich, grocer. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Page, John, Upton-upon-Severn, tanner. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Webb, William, and Henry Webb, Bristol, linen-drappers. Atts. Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn, London. C.
 Williams, John, Bishopsgate-street-within, London, linen-draper. Att. James, Bucklersbury. T.
 Wilson, William, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 9.

Bevan, James, late of the City-road, Middlesex, timber-merchant. Att. Millward, Old Bailey, London. T.
 Butler, John, Crispin Butler, and Francis Butler, Dunnington, Yorkshire, butter-factors. Att. Walker, New-inn, London. C.
 Daly, Matthew, late of Blackman-street, Southwark, dealer in spirits, Att. Coucanen, Change-alley, Cornhill, London. T.
 Inchbold, Thomas, Leeds, bookseller. Att. Batye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Laycock, Susannah, and George Brooke, Minories, London, shop-sellers. Att. Lake, Cateaton-street. T.
 Price, Daniel Thomas, Holywell-street, Shore-ditch, Middlesex, butcher. Att. Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
 Sharpus, Richard, Davis-street, Berkeley-square, Middlesex, dealer in china. Atts. Mayhew, Price, and Styan, Chancery-lane. T.
 Symonds, Charles, and William Taylor, Watling-street, London, warehousemen. Att. Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.
 Vary, John, late of Lee-Green, near Wakefield, cloth-maker. Atts. Smithson and Ramskill, Pontefract. C.
 Welsford, John Cobley, Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, London, merchant. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
 Wilson, John, and George Waugh, Aldersgate-street, London, wholesale-hatters. Atts. Allison and Hundleby, Freeman's-court, Cornhill, London. T.

Gazette—Dec. 12.

Jefferies, Isaac, Warmley, Gloucestershire, inn-keeper. Att. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Mynett, George, jun. and John Pugh, Stroud, cabinet-makers. Att. Bowyer, 18, Cook's-court, Carey-street, London. C.
 Olive, John, Longford, Gloucestershire, farmer. Att. King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Platts, Henry, Broadway, Deptford, Kent, tobacco-merchant. Att. Williams, 1, Gray's-inn-place, London. T.
 Phillips, Posthumous, otherwise Posthumous Rowland Phillips, Carmarthen, druggist. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Sallows, Robert, Hadleigh, Suffolk, grocer. Atts. Bridges and Quilter, 28, Red-lion-square, London. C.
 Sheard, Levi, Lepton, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, coal-merchant. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, 28, Thavies-inn, London. C.
 Turner, Thomas, Stock Exchange, London, broker. Att. Derby, Harcourt-buildings, Temple. T.
 Underwood, Samuel, parish of St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, carpenter. Att. Burfoot, Kings-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Worthing, Jonathan, Exeter, factor. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 16.

Agrest, John, Sutton-Valance, Kent, farmer. Att. Young, 6, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. T.
 Batten, Luke, St. Albans, Hertford, cooper. Atts.

Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, Boswell-court. T.
 Bond, John, late of Blackman-street, Southwark, Surry, innkeeper. Atts. Bennell and Dixon, St. Swithin's-lane, London. T.
 Carter, William, Hammersmith, Middlesex, slop-seller. Atts. Richardson and Miller, New-inn, London. T.
 Freeman, John Newman, late of Newport, Monmouth, money-scrivener. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Gilbert, John, Plymouth-dock, Devon, butcher. Att. Makinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
 Gray, James, Bishopsgate-street-without, London, grocer. Atts. Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Gregson, Richard, late of Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, 9, Kings-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Hurry, Charles, Burton-street, Burton-crescent, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. T.
 Lamb, John, Birmingham, Warwick, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, 109, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Ploughman, Henry, Romsey, Southampton, brandy-merchant. Att. Gillbank, 46, Coleman-street, London. C.
 Pratten, Mark, jun. Castle-green, Bristol, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, 109, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Ranson, John, Union-street, Borough, Southwark, Surry, grocer. Att. Carlon, High-street, Marylebone. T.
 Reynolds, Thomas, Highworth, Wilts, draper. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Rucker, Siegmund, Old South Sea-house, Broad-street, London, merchant. Att. Tomlinson, 7, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Silva, John Rofino, Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, Kings-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Sweet, Charles, Northtawton, Devon, tanner. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
 Warwick, John, St. Albans, Hertford, draper. Atts. Pownall and Faithorne, 36, Old Jewry, London. T.
 Webster, James, and Geddes Mackenzie Simpson, Tower-street, London, merchants. Att. Tomlinson, 7, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Weetman, James, Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 19.

Brown, Robert, late of Sheffield, York, draper. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. C.
 Curry, James, late of Berner's-street, Marylebone, Middlesex, painter. Att. Hamilton, Berwick-street, Soho, London. T.
 Debarry, Richard, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Middlesex, dealer. Atts. Grimaldi and Stables, 1, Copthall-court. T.
 Foreman, James, Kettleburgh, Suffolk, innholder. Att. Hine, Essex-court, Temple, London. C.
 Hay, John, Kenilworth, Warwick, builder. Atts. Long and Austen, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Leeson, Edward, Wood-street, London, dealer. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. T.
 Pratt, William, Walsall, Stafford, retailer of wines. Atts. Hall and Willett, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Ross, Alexander, and James Murray, Leadenhall-street, London, merchants. Atts. Tomlinson, Thomson, Baker, and Smith, 18, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.
 Searf, Samuel, Leeds, York, stuff-manufacturer. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, 28, Thavies-inn, London. C.
 Slater, Joseph, late of Wolverhampton, Stafford, maltster. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Nov. 18 to Dec. 19.

Clyne, John, woollen draper, Leith.
 Hall and Handyside, wood-merchants, Fisherow;
 and Robert P. Handyside, Edinburgh.
 Alexander, George, farmer, Banff.
 Anderson, Robert, wright and builder, Glasgow.
 Dunn, John, merchant, Greenock.
 Gibson, John, trader, Halbeath.
 James, George, and William Williamson, cattle-
 dealers, Aberdeen.
 McKendrick, Andrew, plaisterer, Glasgow.
 Clark, Robert, drover, Dumfries.
 Dunlop, John, baker, Stewarton.
 Finlayson, Thomas, farmer, Tain.
 Rae, John, merchant, Aberdeen.
 Robertson, James, merchant, Cupar-Fife.
 Mungall, Robert, distiller, Glasgow.
 Scott, Francis, huen-draper, Lockerbie.
 McCallum, Donald, innkeeper Otter-Ferry, Ar-
 gyleshire.
 Dickinson, Adam, and Company, booksellers, E-
 dinburgh.
 Ritchie, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, Dairy.
 Lamb, William, builder, Leith.
 Turnbull, John, skinner and wool-merchant, Gal-
 ashiels.
 Wilson, James, baker and flour-dealer, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

Royal Birth.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, her
 Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence, a
 Princess.
 Nov. 23. At Ormond-house, near Bath, the lady
 of Major-Gen. A. C. Jackson, a daughter.
 — In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of
 Capt. Bathurst, R. N. a daughter.
 — In Bolton-street, Piccadilly, the lady of Major
 Burrows, of Stradone, in the county of Cavan,
 a son.
 24. At Harpesley-park, Durham, the lady of G. H.
 Wilkinson, Esq. a daughter.
 25. At Barlington-house, Lady Catherine Caven-
 dish, a daughter.
 — At Hampstead, the Hon. Mrs. Babington, a
 son.
 28. At Didden-hall, Essex, Mrs. W. Campbell, a
 daughter.
 29. At Chichester, the lady of Dr. Burnett, Phy-
 sician of the Fleet, a daughter.
 Dec. 3. In Nottingham-place, the lady of H.
 Hackshaw, Esq. of the Island of St. Vincent, a
 son-and-heir.
 4. At Montpellier-Jodge, Cheltenham, the lady of
 Pearson Thompson, Esq. a daughter.
 10. At Gosport, Hants, the lady of Capt. Hire, R.
 N. a son.
 13. In Grosvenor-square, the lady of John Ma-
 berly, Esq. M. P. a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Leith Fort, the lady of Major Campbell, a
 daughter.

ABROAD.

At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, a son-and-
 heir.
 At La Tour, near Vivay, the lady of Geo. Baring,
 Esq. a daughter.
 At Boloene-sur-Mer, the lady of the Hon. Lord
 Cringletre, a daughter.
 At Quebec, the lady of the Rev. J. F. Mills, a
 daughter.
 At Verdun-sur-Meuse, the lady of Capt. Strachey,
 R. N. K. S. W. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 21. At St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, Francois
 de Courtney Chevalier de Forchecourt, to Frances,
 eldest daughter of Thos. Hamilton Oylife, Esq.
 of Brompton.
 24. Major Terry, of the 25th regt. to Eliza, second
 daughter of Major-Gen. Benjamin Gordon.
 26. At Lambeth Church, Leslie Finlayson, Esq. of
 Newington, to Anne Maria, only daughter of the
 late Chas. Penneck, Esq. of Tregambo-hall,
 Cornwall.
 27. At Cheltenham, Colonel Greentree, of the

Company's Service, to Jane Elizabeth Maria,
 eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir John
 Dyer, K. C. B. Royal Artillery.

— At St. Marylebone Church, Charles Grant, Esq.
 of Hopewell, son of the late Sir Ladvick Grant,
 of Dalvey, Bart. to Miss Kerridge, daughter of
 the late W. Kerridge, Esq.

9. At Felbridge, Norfolk, the Rev. Colin Camp-
 bell, to the Hon. Beatrice Byng, daughter of the
 late Viscount Torrington.

30. At Honiton, Devon, Capt. Thornbrough, R. N.
 son of Admiral Sir Edward Thornbrough, K. C. B.
 to Emily, second daughter of Daniel Garrett,
 Esq. of Cott-house, near Honiton.

— Wm. Nepean, Esq. of the 16th Lancers, son
 of Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. at Clifton, to Emilia,
 the daughter of Col. Yorke.

Dec. 1. Lieut. N. Schuidham, R. N. second son
 of Arthur L. Schuidham, Esq. of Deer-park,
 Devon, to Fanny, daughter of the Rev. N. Orgill
 Leman, of Branstons-hall, Suffolk, and Grand-
 daughter of the late Sir Wm. Anderson, Bart.

2. F. Acton, Esq. Nephew of the late Sir J. Acton,
 Bart. of Shropshire, Prime Minister at Naples,
 to Esther, relict of the late Wm. Baker, Esq.
 Jun.

4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Earl of
 Errol, to Miss Eliza Fitzclarence, third daughter
 of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

5. Rich. Gresley, Esq. of Stowe-house, near Lich-
 field, to Mrs. Drummond, widow of the late
 Robt. Drummond, Esq. of Megginet-castle, in
 the county of Erroll.

7. At Weymouth, the Rev. Thos. Carew, B. D.
 younger son of the late Sir Thos. Carew, Bart.
 of the Castle Tiverton, to the only daughter of
 the late Thos. Baker, Esq. of Cullompton, in
 the same county.

— At Leeds, Wm. Whitaker Maitland, son of John
 Maitland, Esq. of Woodford-hall, Essex, to
 Anne, daughter of Benjamin Gate, Esq. of
 Ormley-house, Yorkshire.

12. T. Brockhurst Barclay, Esq. of Devonshire-
 street, Portland-place, to Sarah, daughter of
 H. Peters, Esq. of Betchworth-castle, in Surrey.

18. At Marylebone Church, Major Chetwynd Sta-
 pleton, Royal Hussars, to Margaret, only daugh-
 ter of George Hammond, Esq. of Hampton-
 court.

— Latey, at the Abbey Church, Bath, Captain
 Seward, R. N. to Mrs. Knight, widow of the
 late Capt. Knight.

— The Rev. A. Edge, to Miss Fairlie, sister of Sir
 Wm. Cunningham Fairlie, Bart. M. P. for Leo-
 minster.

16. At Bowdon Church, Cheshire, the Rev. J. T.
 Law, eldest son of the Lord Bishop of Chester,
 to lady Charlotte Grey, eldest daughter of the
 Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Lambie, Esq. of Jamaica,
 to Elizabeth Dundas, second daughter of Patrick
 Crichton, Esq. of the same place.

At Bonnington, Lanarkshire, Sir Guy Campbell,
 Bart. son of the late General Campbell, to
 Pamela, eldest daughter of the late Lord Edward
 Fitzgerald.

At Carlaverock, Capt. Alex. Borthwick, R. N. to
 Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Capt.
 Lachlan McLean, of the Hon. East-India Com-
 pany's Service.

IN IRELAND.

The Rev. Arthur Knox, to Mary, daughter of the
 late Right Hon. Denis Daly, of Dunsandle.

ABROAD.

At Berlin, Alex. Oswald, Esq. of Dunmiler, Fif-
 shire, to Scott Greville, eldest daughter of the
 late J. Pattison, Esq. of Glasgow.

At Halifax (by special licence) Hanley Logan,
 Esq. to the daughter of Major Forster, Com-
 manding Royal Artillery Nova Scotia.

At Ghent, Stanley Cary, Esq. son of E. Cary, Esq.
 of Follaton, Devon, to Matilda Mary, second
 daughter of Sir Richard Bedingfield, Bart. of
 Oxburgh-hall, Norfolk, and sister to lady Petre.

At Ceylon, Wm. Granville, Esq. Deputy Secretary
 to his Majesty's Government, to Frances, daugh-
 ter of the late Hon. Geo. Turnour, of that Is-

land, and niece of his Eminence, the Cardinal Duke de Bassat, and of the Earl of Winterton.

DIED.

- Nov. 21. At his house, in Hill-street, the Earl of Malmesbury, in the 76th year of his age.
- The Countess Dowager of Lincoln, sister to the Marquis of Hertford, and mother to the late Viscountess Folkestone.
- At his apartments, in Chelsea College, aged 62, Sir John Peshall, Bart.
23. At his residence, in Hans-place, Knightsbridge, after a few days illness, an inflammation of the intestines, the Hon. John Hamilton Fitzmaurice, Viscount Kirkwall.
- Aged 79, Richard Thornton, Esq. a Magistrate for Southwark and the county of Surrey.
- At Dover, Dr. Francis Thatcher.
28. The Rev. Geo. Hayter Hames, rector of Chagford, Devonshire.
- The Rev. John Hunt, A.M. rector of Welford, Gloucestershire, and chaplain to the Rt. Hon. Lord Whitworth.
30. The Rev. Daniel Duff, A.M. late of Salvador-house, Tooting.
- Lately at Magdalen College, Oxford, the Rev. Benjamin Tate, DD.
- Dec. 3. At his house on Forrest-hill, near Peckham, in his 70th year, Robert Bissett, Esq. F.R. and A.S. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Surrey.
- At Plymouth, George Eastlake, Esq. aged 62, a native of that town, where, for many years he conducted, with able integrity, the legal business of the Government, under the Solicitor of the Admiralty; and held other offices of trust connected with his profession.
- At the Rhwyd, Worcestershire, in her 60th year, the lady of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart.
- At Hastings, in her 87th year, Frances Cairness, Countess of Clermont.
5. At his seat, Gore-court, in Kent, A.H. Bradley, Esq. aged 65.
7. At Highnam-court, Gloucester, aged 80, Francis Coleman, Esq. late of Hilbridon-house, Devon.
8. In Greenwich-park, Maria, second daughter of Sir Thos. Lawie, K.C.B. &c.
- The Rt. Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Register of Scotland, M.P. for the county of Dumbarton.
- In the Cloisters of Windsor Castle, aged 83, Dr. W. Clarke, formerly an admired singer of sacred music, and a great favourite of his late Majesty. He was senior minor canon of St. George's chapel and of St. Paul's cathedral.
9. In Lower Grosvenor-street, after a long illness, Wm. Tierney Roberts, Esq. M.P. for St. Alban's.
- At Plymouth, Anne, relict of the late Thos. Lookyer, Esq. of Wembury-house, Devonshire.
10. Major Thos. J. Harrison, of the Royal Artillery, late of Wenzel-house, Cornwall.
- At Shewhill, S. Heathcote, Esq. 4th son of the late Sir Thos. Heathcote, Bart. of Hurrely-lodge, Hants.
11. In Upper Grosvenor-street, Mrs. Graham, relict of the late Thos. Graham, Esq. of Kinross and Burleigh, late M.P. for the county of Kinross.
12. At his house, Berkeley-square, Theodore H. Broadhead, Esq. M.P. aged 55.
13. At Wichbury-house, Wilts, the lady of Peter Templeman, Esq.
15. Signor Naldi, the celebrated Opera performer; his death was occasioned by the bursting of a new-invented self-acting cooking apparatus.
16. At his seat, Hill-house, Rodborough, Sir Geo. Onesiphorus Paul, Bart.
18. At Gabbins Park, Herts, the lady of Thomas Kemble, Esq.
- Louisa, second daughter of the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Browlow North, Bishop of Winchester.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Glasgow, in the 74th year of his age, Professor Young, who had filled the chair of Greek Professor in that University 46 years.
- At Aberdeen, the dowager lady Bannerman, in her 77th year.
- At Balcarres, the Countess dowager Balcarres, aged 94.

- At Edinburgh, Thos. Adair, Esq. clerk to the Signet.
- At Edinburgh, the relict of the late Lord Justice Clerk Macquenn.
- At Irvine, aged 102, Mr. Jas. Neil, late a ship-master of that Port. He had served in the navy 65 years, many of these under Boscawen and Hawke; his faculties were unimpaired to the last.
- At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. Imrie.
- At Freeland-house, the Rt. Hon. dowager Lady Ruthven.

IN IRELAND.

- At his seat, the Priory, near Templemore, in the 63d year of his age, Sir John Craven Carden, Bart. succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Sir Arthur, the present Baronet, nephew to Lord Viscount Harbington.
- At his seat, in the county of Roscommon, Arthur French, Esq. M.P.
- At Dublin, Mrs. Dunne, relict of the late Fras. Dunne, Esq. and mother of Lieut.-Gen. and Col. Dunne, 7th Dragoon Guards.
- At Desart, his seat near Kilkenny, the Rt. Hon. John Otway Cuffe, Earl of Desart, in the 33d year of his age. His lordship succeeded Otway, the late Earl, in 1804.
- At his seat, at Ballybrack, in the county of Kerry, in his 93d year, Geoffry O'Connell, Esq. eldest brother to Maurice Baron O'Connell, Grand Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; he was very fond of angling, and till his 90th year has been seen in the coldest weather nearly up to his waist in water, catching salmon.
- At Dublin, Wm. Henn, Esq. late Master in Chancery.
- Aged 74, the most Rev. Dr. Bray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.
- At Bishopscourt, county of Kildare, Wm. Ponsonby, Esq. only son of the late Rt. Hon. Geo. Ponsonby.

ABROAD.

- Lately, at Sierra Leone, Thomas Lefevre, Esq. holding a distinguished civil situation in that colony. The warm and affectionate disposition of this gentleman, his captivating manners, well-informed mind, and fine taste, excite the greatest regret for his untimely loss in the breasts of those who had the happiness to be his friends.
- On his passage from Ceylon, Lieut.-Col. Napper, of the 83d regt.
- At New York, Major Donald Macdonald, late of Swane-street, Chelsea.
- On his passage home, from St. John's, New Brunswick, on board the Isaac Todd, Thomas Harvey Esq. of the Commissariat department.
- At Demerara, aged 25, Charles O'Donnel, Esq. Recorder of that Colony.
- At Caen, in Normandy, after a short illness, Wm. Bernard Morland, Esq. eldest son of Sir S. B. Morland, Bart. M.P. He served as sheriff of Bucks in 1811.
- At Jamaica, the Hon. John Hiatt, Custos Rotulorum, and chief Judge of the Court of Common-Pleas in that Island, and one of the assistant Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, aged 98.
- At Bourdeaux, after a lingering illness of three years and a half, G. Ramsden, Esq. late Lieut.-Col. in the Grenadier Guards.
- At Orleans, in the 58th year of his age, Richard Tyson, Esq. many years Master of the Ceremonies at the Upper Rooms at Bath.
- At Whitehall, near New York, the venerable Henry Francisco, aged 184 years!! after an illness of 45 days. He was a native of England, and emigrated about 80 or 90 years ago, was present at the coronation of Queen Ann, and was one of the drummers on that occasion.
- At Kingston, Jamaica, John Hally Henderson, Esq. of the Ordnance office there.
- At Bologna, within an hour of each other, Geo. Meek, Esq. of Campfield, and his lady.
- At Hyeres, South of France, aged 48, W. Shipley, Esq. eldest son of the Dean of St. Asaph. His death was occasioned, while shooting, by the gun of his attendant accidentally going off, and his contents lodging in his head, which was literally shattered to pieces.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Nov.											
1	M. 43	28.808	76	WNW	Rain	17	M. 32	29.163	73	SE	Snow
	A. 43	28.977	78	NWbW	Showery		A. —	29.103	78	SSE	Rain
2	M. 36	29.274	74	WSW	Very fine	18	M. 36	29.339	77	NE by E	Very fine
	A. 45	29.283	65	W by S	Very fine		A. 42	29.379	68	N by W	Very fine
3	M. 37	29.400	73	NW	Clear	19	M. 37	29.432	80	SE	Misty
	A. 45	29.400	60	W	Very fine		A. 44	29.450	72	SSW	Misty
4	M. 37	29.392	72	ENE	Cloudy	20	M. 43	29.500	84	S by W	Small rain
	A. 45	29.399	68	ENE	Fine		A. 47	29.464	76	SSW	Small rain
5	M. 36	29.453	63	SSW	Fine	21	M. 47	29.408	80	S by W	Cloudy
	A. 38	29.400	71	SE by S	Cloudy		A. 50	29.400	67	S	Fine
6	M. 48	29.267	87	WSW	Misty	22	M. 45	29.308	75	SE by S	Rain
	A. 50	29.294	78	WSW	Cloudy		A. 45	29.263	76	ESE	Fog, rain
7	M. —	29.284	90	SE by S	Fog	23	M. 42	29.085	84	E by S	Rain
	A. 54	29.295	70	SSW	Cloudy		A. 46	28.982	83	N by W	Cloudy
8	M. 52	29.373	84	E by S	Fog	24	M. 38	29.208	79	SSE	Cloudy
	A. 54	29.369	77	ENE	Rain		A. 43	29.217	77	ESE	Fog, rain
9	M. 45	29.403	74	ENE	Fine	25	M. 42	29.090	82	ESE	Cloudy
	A. 46	29.367	61	ENE	Cloudy		A. 45	29.083	73	ESE	Fine
10	M. 42	29.543	74	NE	Small rain	26	M. 44	29.319	83	SSE	Cloudy
	A. 45	29.547	69	NE	Cloudy		A. 49	29.390	70	SSW	Fine
11	M. 41	29.678	74	N by E	Cloudy	27	M. 41	29.438	78	E	Fine
	A. 47	29.718	62	NE	Fine		A. 47	29.438	64	E	Fine
12	M. 38	29.648	69	W by N	Fine	28	M. 38	29.603	82	ENE	Cloudy
	A. 40	29.500	68	W by N	Small rain		A. 37	29.628	78	NE	Cloudy
13	M. 36	29.091	77	NNE	Small rain	29	M. 37	29.800	73	E by N	Cloudy
	A. —	29.048	78	NNE	Sleet		A. 38	29.800	70	NE	Cloudy
14	M. 34	29.300	75	NNE	Snow	30	M. —	29.773	79	NE by N	Cloudy
	A. 35	29.294	70	NE	Snow shower		A. —	—	—	—	—
15	M. 32	29.438	71	NNE	Very fine						
	A. 40	29.439	63	NE	Fine						
16	M. 39	29.464	75	N	Clear						
	A. 38	29.400	61	NNE	Cloudy						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of November, and noon the 1st of December, 1.223 inch. The quantity that fell upon the roof of my observatory during the same period, 1.808 inch. Evaporation, between noon the 1st of Nov. and noon the 1st of Dec. 0.865 inch.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 20 Dec.	Hamburg. 19 Dec.	Amsterdam 22 Dec.	Vienna. 9 Dec.	Genoa. 4 Dec.	Berlin. 16 Dec.	Naples. 4 Dec.	Lelsig. 11 Dec.	Bremen. 10 Dec.
London.....	25.50	37	40.6	9.50	30.96	7.04	589	6.174	620
Paris.....	—	26½	57½	117½	95½	82½	22.90	184	17½
Hamburg...	181½	—	34½	143½	44½	151½	42	145½	138½
Amsterdam.	57½	104½	—	137½	90½	145	47.80	139	128½
Vienna.....	254	144½	140½	—	61½	41½	58.60	101	—
Frankfort..	14	145½	55½	59½	—	104½	—	100½	108½
Augsburg...	253	145	35½	62	61	105	58.30	100½	—
Genoa.....	478	83	89½	—	—	—	19.25	—	—
Leipzig.....	—	145½	—	57½	—	105	—	—	109½
Leghorn....	509	88	95	—	122	—	117	—	—
Lisbon.....	555	37½	41½	—	180	—	50.35	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.45	95	102½	—	626	—	118	—	—
Naples.....	424	—	79½	—	103	—	—	—	—
Bilbao.....	15.45	94	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.90	95½	103	—	622	—	118.50	—	—
Porto.....	555	37½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 14 Dec.	Nuremberg. 14 Dec.	Christiania 7 Dec.	Petersburg. 1 Dec.	Riga. 1 Dec.	Stock- holm. 6 Dec.	Madrid. 9 Dec.	Lisbon. 6 Dec.
London.....	150½	fl. 10.2	6 Sp. 96	9½	10	12.10	39	38½
Paris.....	78½	fr. 117½	31 Sp. 84	105½	—	—	16.7	16.8
Hamburg....	144½	144½	146	9½	9½	128	92½	93
Amsterdam.	138½	138½	—	10½	10½	122	102½	103
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2960	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Nov. 23 to Dec. 23.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-7..12-8
Ditto at sight	12-4..12-5
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-8..12-9
Antwerp	12-8..12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-7..37-10
Altona, 2½ U	37-8..37-11
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70..25-75
Ditto 2 U	26..26-5
Bourdeaux	26..26-5
Frankfort on the Main	154½..155½
Ex. M.	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-14..10-16
Trieste ditto	10-14..10-16
Madrid, effective	36½..36
Cadiz, effective	36½..36½
Bilboa	36½..35½
Barcelona	36..35
Seville	36½..35½
Gibraltar	30½..30
Leghorn	47..46½
Genoa	44..43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	39..38½
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	51..48
Oporto	51..48
Rio Janeiro	54..53
Bahia	50
Dublin	7..7½
Cork	7..8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

£. s. d. £. s. d.

Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	11	0	0	10½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 34s. 8½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheat bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	5	0	to	2	15	0
Apples	3	0	0	to	3	10	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Nov. 27 to Dec. 23.

Nov. 27.

Dec. 3.

Dec. 11.

Dec. 23.

	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
Newcastle....	35	0	to	44	0	32	0	to	42	0
Sunderland...	36	0	to	44	6	36	0	to	43	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Nov. 18.	Nov. 25.	Dec. 2.	Dec. 9.	Dec. 16.
Wheat	57 11	56 4	55 6	55 0	54 0
Rye	33 8	33 5	34 6	34 9	35 4
Barley	28 5	27 9	27 0	26 9	26 4
Oats	20 5	20 3	20 2	20 2	19 9
Beans	38 4	38 8	39 2	37 2	35 7
Peas	38 5	40 10	41 1	40 2	38 8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Nov. 20 to Dec. 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	32,944	12,092	13,679	58,715
Barley	25,348	4,490	—	29,838
Oats	38,143	12,060	4,170	54,373
Rye	27	—	—	27
Beans	12,071	—	—	12,071
Pease	8,594	—	1,500	10,094
Malt	10,409	Qrs.	Flour 40,723	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 4,645 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 65s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	56s. to 96s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 75s.
Farnham, ditto	112s. to 140s.
Yearling Pockets	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Smithfield.		
3 0 to 4	4..4 0 to 5	5..1 6 to 1 12
Whitechapel.		
3 8 to 4	4..4 0 to 5	5..1 1 to 1 12
St. James's.		
3 3 to 4	4..0 0 to 0	0..1 2 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	3s.	8d. to 4s.	8d.
Mutton	3s.	8d. to 4s.	8d.
Veal	5s.	0d. to 7s.	8d.
Pork	4s.	8d. to 6s.	8d.
Lamb	0s.	0d. to 0s.	0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	3s.	4d. to 4s.	6d.
Mutton	3s.	8d. to 4s.	4d.
Veal	4s.	6d. to 7s.	0d.
Pork	4s.	4d. to 6s.	6d.
Lamb	0s.	0d. to 0s.	0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Nov. 27 to Dec. 25, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
15,740	1,352	88,810	1,850

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Dec. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
	£.	£ s.	Canals.	£ s.		£.	£ s.	Bridges.	£ s.
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2912	100	—	Southwark.....	16
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	10 10	4443	40	—	Do. new.....	17
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham.....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall.....	18 5
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000L.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes.....	91
54,000L.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo.....	5 5
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided).....	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 5l.....	27 10
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.....	22 10
938	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	75	60,000L.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100
400	100	5	Chester and Blackwater.....	90				Roads.	
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35
500	100	44	Coventry.....	999	300	100	—	Commercial.....	103
45-45	100	—	Croydon.....	3 10	1000	100	5	— East-India.....	
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch.....	100
2060	100	3	Dudley.....	62				Great Dover Street.....	31
3375	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester.....	63	492	100	1 13	Highgate Archway.....	6
231	100	58	Erewash.....	1000	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12
1257	100	20	Forth and Clyde.....	500	1000	—	1	Surrey Do.....	10
1260	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	30	1000	—	—	Severn and Wye.....	30
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1	Water Works.	
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction.....	211				East London.....	66
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey.....	57	3800	100	—	Grand Junction.....	48
48,800L.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	94 10	4500	50	1 5	Kent.....	30
28-49	100	—	Grand Union.....	30	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50
19,327 1/2	—	5	Do. Loan.....	93	1500	—	2 10	South London.....	21
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex.....	50
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	18
6312	100	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1360	100	—		
25,528	—	18	Kennet and Avon.....	18 10				Insurances.	
11,059 1/2	—	1	Lancaster.....	27				Albion.....	40 10
2879 1/2	100	16	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	2000	500	2 10	Atlas.....	4 12 6
545	—	14	Leicester.....	295	25,000	50	6	Bath.....	575
1806	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	300	1000	25	Birmingham.....	350
70	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	—	250	3	British.....	50
230	—	11	Melton Mowbray.....	—	4000	100	2 10	County.....	30
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell.....	650	20,000	50	5	Eagle.....	2 12
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire.....	150	50,000	20	1	European.....	121
43,526L.	100	5	Do. Debenures.....	92	1,000,000L.	100	6	Globe.....	20
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire.....	70	40,000	50	5	Hope.....	3
247	—	25	Neath.....	400	2400	500	4 10	Imperial.....	80
1770	25	—	North Wilts.....	—	3000	25	1 4	London Fire.....	23
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	31,000	25	1	London Ship.....	19
1720	100	32	Oxford.....	625	2500	100	18	Provident.....	16 10
2400	—	3	Peak Forest.....	68	100,000	20	2	Rock.....	1 18
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	—	745,100L.	—	10	Royal Exchange.....	230
12,254L.	—	—	Regents.....	24	—	—	8 10	Sun Fire.....	—
5831	100	2	Rochdale.....	39	4000	100	10	Sun Life.....	23
500	125	9	Shrewsbury.....	160	1500	200	1 4	Union.....	33
600	100	7 10	Shropshire.....	140				Gas Lights.	
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—	8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	64
700	100	40	Stafford & Worcestershire.....	640				Do. New Shares.....	42
300	145	10	Stourbridge.....	210	4000	50	2 8	City Gas Light Company.....	97
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon.....	17	1000	100	7 10	Do. New.....	46
—	—	22	Stroudwater.....	405	1000	100	3	Bath Gas.....	18
533	100	12	Swansea.....	200	1000	100	16	Brighton Gas.....	14
350	100	—	Tavistock.....	90	2500	20	2	Bristol.....	28
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	24 10	1500	20	—	Literary Institutions.	
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1920	1000	75s	—	London.....	37
1000	100	11	Warwick and Birmingham.....	215	700	25s	—	Russel.....	11 11
1000 1/2	50	10 10	Warwick and Napton.....	209	700	30s	—	Surrey.....	7
980	—	—	Wilts and Berks.....	6				Miscellaneous.	
14,288	105	5	Wlsbeach.....	60	1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart.....	20
126	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham.....	24	1297	100	2 10	British Copper Company.....	50
6000	—	—			2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery.....	10
			Docks.		3447	50	—	Do.....	6 10
2309	146	—	Bristol.....	98	2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19
3182 1/2	100	3	Do. Notes.....	60				Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	71 10
450,000L.	—	10	Commercial.....	161				Do..... 2d. Class.....	61 10
1038	100	—	East-India.....	18 10				City Bonds.....	100
3114,000L.	—	4	East Country.....	98					
1,200,000L.	—	19	London.....	167					
			West-India.....						

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th November to 25th December.

	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent.	Long An. Navy.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
1820															
Nov.															
25	—	68½	69	77½	86½	105½	17½	—	—	—	25	—	69	2p	69½
27	219	68½	69	77	86½	105½	17½	—	—	224½	25	—	—	3p	69½
28	219	68½	69	78	86½	105½	17½	—	—	225	25	—	—	3p	70½
29	219	68½	69	77½	86½	105½	17½	—	—	—	25	—	—	3p	70½
30	—	68½	69	77½	86½	105½	17½	—	—	—	—	—	—	2p	70
Dec.															
1	219	68½	69	78	86½	105½	17½	—	pr	—	25	—	—	2p	70½
2	219	69	69	78	86½	—	17½	—	pr	—	25	—	—	2p	70½
4	219	68½	69	—	86½	106	17½	67½	pr	—	26	—	69½	2p	70½
5	219	68½	69	70	86½	106½	17½	—	1p	225	26	—	—	2p	70½
6	—	69½	—	78	87½	—	17½	67½	1p	—	26	—	—	2p	70½
7	221	69½	70	78	87½	106½	18	—	1p	—	26	—	—	1p	71
8	223	70½	69½	79	88½	107	18	—	2	—	24	—	—	1d	71
9	—	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	68½	1½	—	25	—	—	1d	71
11	223	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	1p	70½
12	223	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	1d	71
13	223	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	68	1	—	25	—	—	1p	70½
14	222½	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	—	1	—	25	—	—	par.	70½
15	222½	69	—	78	87½	106½	18	67½	—	—	26	—	—	par.	70½
16	222½	69½	—	—	87½	106½	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	par.	70½
18	222	69	—	78	87½	106½	17½	—	1½	—	26	—	—	par.	70½
19	—	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	—	1½	—	25	—	—	par.	71
20	221½	69	—	78	87½	106½	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	par.	71
21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	221	69½	—	78	87½	106½	18	68½	1	—	26	—	—	par.	71
23	—	69½	70	—	87½	—	18	—	1½	—	26	—	—	1p	71
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

IRISH FUNDS.

										<i>Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Nov. 25, to Dec. 18.</i>			
	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.	Wide Street De- bentures.	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
1820													
Nov.													
23	208½	75½	75	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	90	Nov. fr.	Nov. c.
24	—	75½	75	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—	25 76	95
30	—	75½	75½	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—	—	27 77	30
Dec.												Dec.	
1	—	75½	75½	—	81	102½	102½	—	—	—	—	1 77	25
2	211	75½	75	—	—	103	102	—	—	—	—	4 77	50
6	211	75½	75½	—	—	103½	103½	—	83	—	—	8 78	20
7	211	—	75½	—	—	103½	103½	—	—	—	—	11 78	90
9	211	76½	75½	—	—	103½	103½	—	—	—	—	16 78	35
16	—	75½	75	—	—	103½	103	—	—	—	—	18 78	50
18	—	75½	75	—	—	103½	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—

AMERICAN FUNDS.

										IN LONDON.								N. YORK.		
										Nov.	Dec.								Oct.	Nov.
										28	1	5	8	12	15	19	22	30	10	
Bank Shares.....										23-5	23-5	23-5	23-5	23	22-15	22-15	22-15	104	104	
6 per cent.....	1812	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	104	106	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	1813	104	104	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	107	
	1814	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	107	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	1815	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	108	
3 per cent.....		70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	—	

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1821.

VOL. III.

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BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKESPEARE

WE have to intreat the indulgence of Authors and Correspondents this month. We have received large consignments, both of publications and contributions—which must remain unnoticed for “one revolving moon,” more—but which we have not consigned to oblivion. On the contrary, they are all at present in our eye, and on our mind. In our next number we hope to quiet the reproaches of the mass, by reducing its bulk.

Our Correspondent's paper on the Fine Arts, we have not been able to find room for:—but we cannot omit extracting one part of it—which we think contains important information.

“This country, though distinguished at present in the practice of the Fine Arts, has been long reproached, and with some show of reason, with a want of sufficient attention to the elements of design; and it became a matter of general remark, that instruction in the first principles of drawing and painting, was less provided for in England, than in any other enlightened nation. We are happy to find that this deficiency cannot now be said any longer to exist. A gentleman of experience in the art of painting has prepared a spacious building, in all respects well calculated for its purpose—which is that of affording every kind of advantage to students, both in drawing and painting. It is admirably lighted,—provided with a library,—casts from the antique statues,—and copies from the finest pictures, to illustrate the teacher's instructions. The benefits resulting from his method are proved by the striking circumstance of his pupils generally bearing off the prize medals, &c. offered by the public establishments for the encouragement of Art. Several of them were so distinguished at the last distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy. There are two deaf and dumb youths educated at this school,—and it is most interesting to observe the progress they are making. Their drawings are of an excellence which is seldom surpassed by students of older standing, who have the full possession of their natural senses. Other drawings, by youths from twelve to sixteen, reared in this school, are particularly worthy of praise for their simplicity and correctness. Such as are advancing in oil-painting, promise to do equal credit to the establishment.”

We have a Correspondent's letter by us on a political subject, which we would fain notice without delay, because we could show his blame to be unjust:—but we must deny ourselves this satisfaction for the present. In

the meanwhile, we refer him to the paper entitled, "*Signs of the Times*," and ask him if its motto is not applicable to its sentiments.

We are happy to find that the *Plate of the Bas-relief*, in our last Number, gave satisfaction; and we anticipate as much for the *head of Memnon*, in the present. We have a great respect for living heads that have any thing in them, but we hate bad portraits, and meagre biographies; and therefore prefer the novel course of pretty frequently offering to our readers representations of the most celebrated objects of art in sculpture and painting, as embellishments of our Magazine, accompanied by papers on their peculiar character, and merits. To be sure, we flatter ourselves that we *have that within us which passeth shew!*—but these are days of exertion,—of patronage,—of popularity,—of liberality,—and every fine quality besides! The LONDON MAGAZINE, therefore, must play its part, as occupying a distinguished place amongst the noise and bustle. *We apprehend that Magazines will soon form the only literature of the country!*





NEEMTTON'S HEAD.

FROM THE BOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
London Magazine.

Nº XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1821.

VOL. III.

MEMNON'S HEAD.

It is well known, that there were two statues of Memnon: a smaller one, commonly called the young Memnon, whose bust, by the skill and perseverance of Belzoni, has been safely deposited in the British Museum; and a larger and more celebrated one, from which, when touched by the rays of the morning sun, harmonious sounds were reported to have issued. Cambyses, suspecting that the music proceeded from magic, ordered this statue to be broken up, from the head to the middle of the body; and its prodigious fragments now lie buried amid the ruins of the Memnonium.—Strabo, who states himself to have been a witness of the miracle, attributes it either to the quality of the stone, or to some deception of the priests; while Pausanias suspects that some musical instrument was concealed within, whose strings, relaxed by the moisture of the night, resumed their tension from the heat of the sun, and broke with a sonorous sound. Ancient writers vary so much, not only as to the cause of this mysterious music, but even as to the existence of the fact itself, that we should hardly know what to believe, were it not for the authority of Strabo, a grave geographer, and an eye-witness, who, without any apparent wish to impose upon his readers, declares that he stood beside the statue, and heard the sounds which proceeded from it:—"Standing," he says, "with Elius Gallus, and a party of friends, examining the colossus, we heard a certain sound, without being exactly able to determine whether it proceeded from the statue itself, or its base; or whether it had been occasioned by any of the assistants, for I would rather believe any thing than imagine that stones, arranged in any particular manner, could elicit similar noises."

Pausanias, in his Egyptian travels, saw the ruins of the statue, after it had been demolished by Cambyses, when the pedestal of the colossus remained standing; the rest of the body, prostrated upon the ground, still continued at sun-rise, to emit its unaccountable melody. Pliny and Tacitus, without having been eye-witnesses, report the same fact; and Lucian informs us, that Demetrius went to Egypt, for the sole purpose of seeing the Pyramids, and the statue of Memnon, from which a voice always issued at sun-rise. What the same author adds, in his Dialogue of the False Prophet, appears to be only raillery: "When (he writes) I went in

my youth to Egypt, I was anxious to witness the miracle attributed to Memnon's statue, and I heard this sound, not like others who distinguish only a vain noise; but Memnon himself uttered an oracle, which I could relate, if I thought it worth while."—Most of the moderns affect to discredit this relation altogether, but I cannot enrol myself among them; for, if properties, even more marvellous, can be proved to exist in the head of the young Memnon, it would be pushing scepticism too far, to deny that there was any thing supernatural in the larger and more celebrated statue. Unless I have been grossly deceived by imagination, I have good grounds for maintaining, that the Head, now in the British Museum, is endued with qualities quite as inexplicable, as any that have been attributed to its more enormous namesake.—I had taken my seat before it yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of drawing a sketch, occasionally pursuing my work, and occasionally lost in reveries upon the vicissitudes of fate this mighty monument had experienced, until I became unconscious of the lapse of time, and, just as the shades of evening began to gather round the room, I discovered that every visitor had retired, and that I was left quite alone with the gigantic Head! There was something awful, if not alarming, in the first surprise excited by this discovery; and I must confess, that I felt a slight inclination to quicken my steps to the door. Shame, however, withheld me;—and as I made a point of proving to myself, that I was superior to such childish impressions, I resumed my seat, and examined my sketch, with an affectation of *nonchalance*. On again looking up to the Bust, it appeared to me that an air of living animation had spread over its Nubian features, which had obviously arranged themselves into a smile. Belzoni says, that it seemed to smile on him, when he first discovered it amid the ruins; and I was endeavouring to persuade myself, that I had been deceived by the recollection of this assertion, when I saw its broad granite eyelids slowly descend over its eyes, and again deliberately lift themselves up, as if the Giant were striving to awaken himself from his long sleep!—I rubbed my own eyes, and, again fixing them, with a sort of desperate incredulity, upon the figure before me, I clearly beheld its lips moving in silence, as if making faint efforts to speak,—and, after several ineffectual endeavours, a low whispering voice, of melancholy tone, but sweet withal, distinctly uttered the following

STANZAS.

In Egypt's centre, when the world was young,
My statue soar'd aloft,—a man-shaped tower,
O'er hundred-gated Thebes, by Homer sung,
And built by Apis' and Osiris' power.

When the sun's infant eye more brightly blazed,
I mark'd the labours of unwearied time;
And saw, by patient centuries up-raised,
Stupendous temples, obelisks sublime.

Hewn from the rooted rock, some mightier mound,
Some new colossus more enormous springs,
So vast, so firm, that, as I gazed around,
I thought them, like myself, eternal things.

Then did I mark in sacerdotal state,
Psammis the king, whose alabaster tomb,
(Such the inscrutable decrees of fate,)
Now floats athwart the sea to share my doom.

O Thebes, I cried, thou wonder of the world !
 Still shalt thou soar, its everlasting boast ;
 When lo ! the Persian standards were unfurl'd,
 And fierce Cambyzes led th' invading host.

Where from the East a cloud of dust proceeds,
 A thousand banner'd suns at once appear ;
 Nought else was seen ;—but sound of neighing steeds,
 And faint barbaric music met mine ear.

Onward they march, and foremost I descried
 A cuirass'd Grecian band, in phalanx dense,
 Around them throng'd, in oriental pride,
 Commingled tribes—a wild magnificence.

Dogs, cats, and monkeys in their van they show,
 Which Egypt's children worship and obey ;
 They fear to strike a sacrilegious blow,
 And fall—a plous, unresisting prey.

Then, Havoc leagu'ing with enfuriate Zeal,
 Palaces, temples, cities are o'erthrown ;
 Apis is stab'd !—Cambyzes thrust the steel,
 And shuddering Egypt heaved a general groan.

The firm Memnonium mock'd their feeble power,
 Flames round its granite columns hiss'd in vain,—
 The head of Isis frowning o'er each tower,
 Look'd down with indestructible disdain.

Mine was a deeper and more quick disgrace :—
 Beneath my shade a wondering army flock'd,
 With force combined, they wrench'd me from my base,
 And earth beneath the dread concussion rock'd.

Nile from his banks receded with afright,
 The startled Sphinx, long trembled at the sound ;
 While from each pyramid's astounded height,
 The loosen'd stones slid rattling to the ground.

I watch'd, as in the dust supine I lay,
 The fall of Thebes,—as I had mark'd its fame,—
 Till crumbling down, as ages roll'd away,
 Its site a lonely wilderness became.

The throngs that choak'd its hundred gates of yore ;
 Its fleets, its armies, were no longer seen ;
 Its priesthood's pomp,—its Pharaohs were no more,—
 All—all were gone—as if they ne'er had been.

Deep was the silence now, unless some vast
 And time-worn fragment thunder'd to its base ;
 Whose sullen echoes, o'er the desert cast,
 Died in the distant solitudes of space.

Or haply in the palaces of kings,
 Some stray jackal sate howling on the throne :
 Or, on the temple's holiest altar, springs
 Some gaunt hyæna, laughing all alone.

Nature o'erwhelms the relics left by time ;—
 By slow degrees entombing all the land ;
 She buries every monument sublime,
 Beneath a mighty winding-sheet of sand.

Vain is each monarch's unremitting pains,
 Who in the rock his place of burial delves ;
 Behold ! their proudest palaces and fanes,
 Are subterraneous sepulchres themselves.

Twenty-three centuries unmoved I lay,
 And saw the tide of sand around me rise ;
 Quickly it threaten'd to engulph its prey,
 And close in everlasting night mine eyes.
 Snatch'd in this crisis from my yawning grave,
 Belzoni roll'd me to the banks of Nile,
 And slowly heaving o'er the western wave,
 This massy fragment reach'd th' imperial isle.
 In London, now with face erect I gaze
 On England's pallid sons, whose eyes up-cast,
 View my colossal features with amaze,
 And deeply ponder on my glories past.
 But who my future destiny shall guess ?
 Saint Paul's may lie—like Memnon's temple—low ;
 London, like Thebes, may be a wilderness ;
 And Thames, like Nile, through silent ruins flow.
 Then haply may my travels be renew'd :—
 Some Transatlantic hand may break my rest,
 And bear me from Augusta's solitude,
 To some new seat of empire in the west.
 Mortal !—since human grandeur ends in dust,
 And proudest piles must crumble to decay ;
 Build up the tower of thy final trust
 In those blest realms—where nought shall pass away !
H.

TABLE TALK.

No. VII.

ON READING OLD BOOKS.

I HATE to read new books. There are twenty or thirty volumes that I have read over and over again, and these are the only ones that I have any desire ever to read at all. It was a long time before I could bring myself to sit down to the *Tales of My Landlord*, but now that author's works have made a considerable addition to my scanty library. I am told that some of Lady Morgan's are good, and have been recommended to look into *Anastasius* ; but I have not yet ventured upon that task. A lady, the other day, could not refrain from expressing her surprise to a friend, who said he had been reading *Delphine* :—she asked,—If it had not been published some time back ? Women judge of books as they do of fashions or complexions, which are admired only “in their newest gloss.” That is not my way. I am not one of those who trouble the circulating libraries much, or pester the booksellers for mail-coach copies of standard periodical publications. I cannot say, that I am greatly ad-

dicted to black-letter, but I profess myself well-versed in the marble bindings of Andrew Millar, in the middle of the last century ; nor does my taste revolt at Thurloe's *State Papers*, in Russia leather ; or an ample impression of Sir W. Temple's *Essays*, with a portrait after Sir Godfrey Kneller, in front. I do not think, altogether, the worse of a book for having survived the author a generation or two. I have more confidence in the dead than the living. Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends, or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merits of either. One candidate for literary fame, who happens to be of our acquaintance, writes finely and like a man of genius ; but unfortunately has a foolish face, which spoils a delicate passage :—another inspires us with the highest respect for his

personal talents and character, but does not quite come up to our expectations in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections. If you want to know what any of the authors were who lived before our time, and are still objects of anxious inquiry, you have only to look into their works. But the dust, and smoke, and noise of modern literature have nothing in common with the pure, silent air of immortality.

When I take up a work that I have read before, (the oftener, the better,) I know what I have to expect. The satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. When the entertainment is altogether new, I sit down to it as I should to a strange dish,—turn and pick out a bit here and there, and am in doubt what to think of the composition. There is a want of confidence and security to second appetite. New-fangled books are also like made-dishes in this respect, that they are generally little else than hashes and *refaccimentos* of what has been served up entire and in a more natural state at other times. Besides, in thus turning to a well-known author, there is not only a security, that my time will not be thrown away, and my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash,—but I shake hands with, and look an old, tried, and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away. It is true, we form dear friendships with such ideal guests—dearer, alas! and more lasting, than those with our most intimate acquaintance. In reading a book which is an old favourite with me (say the first novel I ever read) I not only have the pleasure of imagination, and of a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it. It recalls the same feelings and associations which I had in first reading it; and which I can never have again in any other way. Standard productions of this kind are links in the chain of our conscious being. They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are land-marks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops on which

we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of a moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours. They are “for thoughts and for remembrance!” They are like Fortunatus’s Wishing Cap—they give us the best riches—those of Fancy; and transport us, not over half the globe, but (which is better) over half our lives, at a word’s notice!

My father Shandy solaced himself with Bruscambille. Give me for this purpose a volume of Peregrine Pickle or Tom Jones. Open either of them any where—at the Memoirs of Lady Vane, or the adventures at the masquerade with Lady Bellaston, or the disputes between Thwackum and Square, or the escape of Molly Seagrim, or the incident of Sophia and her muff, or the edifying proximity of her aunt’s lecture—and there I find the same delightful, busy, bustling scene as ever, and feel myself the same as when I was first introduced into the thick of it. Nay, sometimes the sight of an odd volume of these good old English authors on a stall, or the name lettered on the back, among others on the shelves of a library, answers the purpose, revives the whole train of ideas, and sets “the puppets dallying.” Twenty years are struck off the score, and I am a child again. A sage philosopher, who was not a very wise man, said, that he should like very well to be young again, if he could take his experience along with him. This ingenious person did not seem to be aware, by the gravity of his remark, that the great advantage of being young is to be without this weight of experience, which he would fain place upon the shoulders of youth, and which never comes too late with years. Oh! what a privilege to be able to let this hump, like Christian’s burthen, drop from off one’s back, and transport one’s-self, by the help of a little musty duodecimo, to the time when “ignorance was bliss,” and when we first got a peep at the raree-show of the world; through the glass of fiction—gazing at mankind, as we do at wild beasts in a menagerie, through the bars of their

cages,—or at curiosities in a museum, that we must not touch! For myself, not only are the old ideas of the contents of the work brought back to my mind, in all their vividness; but the old associations of the faces and persons of those I then knew, as they were in their lifetime—the place where I sat to read the volume, the day when I got it, the feeling of the air, the fields, the sky—return, and all my early impressions with them. This is better to me—those places, those times, those persons, and those feelings that come across me as I retrace the story and devour the page, are to me better far than the wet sheets of the last new novel from the Ballantyne press, or even from the Minerva press in Leadenhall-street. It is like visiting the scenes of early youth. I think of the time “when I was in my father’s house, and my path ran down with butter and honey,”—when I was a little, thoughtless child, and had no other wish or care but to learn my task, and be happy!—Tom Jones, I remember, was the first work that broke the spell. It came down in numbers once a fortnight, in Cooke’s pocket-edition embellished with cuts. I had hitherto read only in school-books, and a little ecclesiastical history (with the exception of Mrs. Radcliffe’s *Romance of the Forest*): but this had a different relish with it,—“sweet in the mouth,” though not “bitter in the belly.” It smacked of the world I lived in, and in which I was to live—and showed me groups, “gay creatures” not “of the element,” but of the earth; not “living in the clouds,” but travelling the same road that I did;—some that had passed on before me, and others that might soon overtake me. My heart had palpitated at the thoughts of a boarding-school ball, or gala-day at Midsummer or Christmas: but the world I had found out in Cooke’s edition of the *British Novelists* was to me a dance through life, a perpetual gala-day. The six-penny numbers of this work regularly contrived to leave off just in the middle of a sentence, and in the nick of a story—where Tom Jones discovers Square behind the blanket; or where Parson

Adams, in the inextricable confusion of events, very undesignedly gets to bed to Mrs. Slip-slop. Let me caution the reader against this impression of Joseph Andrews; for there is a picture of Fanny in it which he should not set his heart on, lest he should never meet with any thing like it; or if he should, it would, perhaps, be better for him that he had not. It was just like ———! With what eagerness I used to look forward to the next number, and open the prints! Ah! never again shall I feel the enthusiastic delight with which I gazed at the figures, and anticipated the story and adventures of Major Bath and Commodore Trunnion, of Trim and My Uncle Toby, of Don Quixote and Sancho and Dapple, of Gil Blas and Dame Lorenza Sephora, of Laura and the fair Lucretia, whose lips opened and shut like buds of roses. To what nameless ideas did they give rise,—with what airy delights I filled up the outlines, as I hung in silence over the page!—Let me still recal you, that you may breathe fresh life into me, and that I may live that birthday of thought and romantic pleasure over again! Talk of the *ideal*! This is the only true ideal—the heavenly tints of Fancy reflected in the bubbles that float upon the spring-tide of human life.

Oh! Memory! shield me from the world’s
poor strife,
And give those scenes thine everlasting
life!

The paradox with which I set out is, I hope, less so than it was: the reader will, by this time, have been let into my secret. Much about the same time, (or I believe rather earlier,) I took a particular satisfaction in reading Chubb’s Tracts, and I often think I will get them again to wade through. There is a high gusto of polemical divinity in them: and you fancy that you hear a club of shoemakers, at Salisbury, debating a disputable text from one of St. Paul’s Epistles, in a workman-like style, with equal shrewdness and pertinacity. I cannot say so much for my metaphysical studies, into which I launched shortly after with great ardour, so as to make a toil of a pleasure. I was presently entangled

in the briars and thorns of subtle distinctions, — of “fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,” though I cannot add that “in their wandering mazes I found no end;” for I did arrive at some very satisfactory and potent conclusions; nor will I go so far, (however ungrateful the subject might seem,) as to exclaim with Marlowe’s Faustus—“Would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book,”—that is, never studied such authors as Hartley, Hume, Berkeley, &c. Locke’s Essay on Human Understanding is, however, a work from which I never derived either pleasure or profit; and Hobbes, dry and powerful as he is, I did not read till long afterwards. I read a few poets, which did not much hit my taste,—for, I would have the reader understand, I am deficient in the faculty of imagination: but I fell early upon French romances and philosophy, and devoured them tooth-and-nail. Many a dainty repast have I made of the New Eloise:—the description of the kiss; the *promenade sur l’eau*; the letter of St. Preux, recalling the time of their first loves; and the account of Julia’s death; these I read over and over again, with unspeakable delight and wonder. Some years after, when I met with this work again, I found I had lost nearly my whole relish for it (except some few parts), and, I remember, was very much mortified with the change in my taste, which I sought to attribute to the smallness and gilt edges of the edition I had bought, and its being perfumed with rose-leaves. Nothing could exceed the gravity, the solemnity with which I carried home and read the Dedication to the Social Contract, with some other pieces of the author, which I had picked up at a stall in a coarse leather cover. Of the Confessions I have spoken elsewhere, and may repeat what I have said—“Sweet is the dew of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their recollection!” Their beauties are not “scattered like stray-gifts

o’er the earth,” but sown thick on the page, rich and rare. I wish I had never read the *Emilius*, or read it with less implicit faith. I had no occasion to pamper my natural aversion to affectation and pretence, by romantic and artificial means. I had better have formed myself on the model of Sir Fopling or Sir Plume. There is a class of persons whose virtues and most shining qualities sink in, and are concealed by, an absorbent ground of modesty and reserve; and such a one, I do, without vanity, profess myself.* Now these are the very persons who are likely to attach themselves to the character of *Emilius*, and of whom it is sure to be the bane. This dull, phlegmatic, retiring humour is not in a fair way to be corrected, but confirmed and rendered desperate, by being there held up as an object of imitation, as an example of simplicity and magnanimity—by coming upon us with all the recommendations of novelty, surprise, and a superiority to the prejudices of the world—by being stuck upon a pedestal, made amiable, dazzling, a *leurre de dupe*. The reliance on solid worth which it inculcates, the preference of sober truth to gaudy tinsel, hangs like a mill-stone round the neck of the imagination—“a load to sink a navy”—impedes our progress, and blocks up every prospect in life. A man to get on, to be successful, conspicuous, applauded, should not retire upon the centre of his enormous resources, but be always at the circumference of appearances. He must envelop himself in a halo of mystery—he must ride in an equipage of opinion—he must walk with a train of self-conceit following him—he must not strip himself to a buff-jerkin, to the doublet and hose of his real merits, but must surround himself with a *cortège* of prejudices like the signs of the Zodiac—he must seem any thing but what he is, and then he may pass for any thing he pleases. The world love to be amused by hollow professions, to be

* Nearly the same sentiment was wittily and happily expressed by a friend, who had some lottery puffs, which he had been employed to write, returned on his hands for their too great severity of thought and classical terseness of style; and who observed on that occasion, that “Modest merit never can succeed!”—

deceived by flattering appearances, to live in a state of hallucination; and can forgive every thing but the plain, downright, simple, honest truth—such as we see it chalked out in the character of *Emilius*.—To return from this digression, which is a little out of place here.

Books have in a great measure lost their power over me; nor can I revive the same interest in them as formerly. I perceive when a thing is good, rather than feel it. It is true,

Marcian Colonna is a dainty book;

and the reading of Mr. Keats's *Eve* of St. Agnes lately made me regret that I was not young again. The beautiful and tender images there conjured up, "come like shadows—so depart." The "tiger-moth's wings," which he has spread over his rich poetic blazonry, just flit across my fancy; the gorgeous twilight window which he has painted over again in his verse, to me "blushes" almost in vain "with blood of queens and kings." I know how I should have felt at one time in reading such authors; and that is all. The sharp luscious flavour, the fine *aroma* is fled, and nothing but the stalk, the bran, the husk of literature is left. If any one were to ask me what I read now, I might answer with my lord Hamlet in the play,—"Words, words, words."—"What is the matter?"—"Nothing!"—They have scarce a meaning. But it was not always so. There was a time when, to my thinking, every word was a flower or a pearl, like those which dropped from the mouth of the little peasant in the *Fairy Tale*, or like those in Mr. Fellowes's answers to the *Addresses to the Queen*! I drank of the stream of knowledge that tempted, but did not mock my lips, as of the river of life freely. How eagerly I slaked my thirst of German sentiment, "as the hart that panteth for the water-springs:" how I bathed and revelled, and added my floods of tears to Goethe's *Sorrows of Werter*, and to Schiller's *Robbers*—

Giving my stock of more to that which had too much!

I read, and assented with all my

soul to Coleridge's fine Sonnet, beginning—

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,

If through the shuddering midnight I had sent,

From the dark dungeon of the tow'r time-rent,

That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!

I believe I may date my insight into the mysteries of poetry from the commencement of my acquaintance with the authors of the *Lyrical Ballads*; at least, my discrimination of the higher sorts—not my predilection for such writers as Goldsmith or Pope: nor do I imagine they will say I got my liking of the novelists, or the comic writers,—for the characters of Valentine, Tattle, or Miss Prue, from them. If so, I must have got from them what they never had themselves. In points where poetic diction and conception are concerned, I may be at a loss, and liable to be imposed upon: but in forming an estimate of passages relating to common life and manners, I cannot think I am a plagiarist from any man. I there "know my cue without a prompter." I may say of such studies—*Intus et in cute*. I am just able to admire those literal touches of observation and description, which persons of loftier pretensions overlook and despise. I think I comprehend something of the characteristic part of Shakspeare; and in him indeed, all is characteristic, even the nonsense and poetry. I believe it was the celebrated Sir Humphry Davy, who used to say that Shakspeare was more a metaphysician than a poet. At any rate, it was very well to say so. I wish that I had sooner known the dramatic writers contemporary with Shakspeare; for in looking them over, about a year ago, I almost revived my old passion for reading, and my old delight in books, though they were very nearly new to me. The *Periodical Essayists* I read long ago. The *Spectator* I liked extremely: but the *Tatler* took my fancy most. I read the others soon after, the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer*, the *World*, the *Connoisseur*: I was not sorry to get to the end of them, and have no desire to go regularly through them again. I consider myself a thorough

adept in Richardson. I like the longest of his novels best, and think no part of them tedious; nor should I like to have any thing better to do than to read them from beginning to end, to take them up when I chose, and lay them down when I was tired, in some old family-mansion in the country, till every word and syllable relating to the bright *Clarissa*, the divine *Clementina*, the beautiful *Pamela*, "with every trick and line of their sweet favour," were once more "graven in my heart's table."* I have a sneaking kindness for Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné*—the deserted mansion, and straggling gilliflowers on the mouldering garden-wall; and still more for his *Man of Feeling*; not that it is better, or so good; but at the time I read it, I sometimes thought of the heroine, Miss Walton, and of Miss ——— together, and "that ligation, fine as it was, was never broken!"—One of the poets that I have always read with most pleasure, and can wander in for ever with a sort of voluptuous indolence, is Spenser; and I like Chaucer even better. The only writer among the Italians I can pretend to any knowledge of, is Boccaccio, and of him I cannot express half my admiration. His story of the Hawk I could read and think of from day to day, just as I would look at a picture of Titian's!—

I remember, as long ago as the year 1798, going to a neighbouring town (Shrewsbury, where Farquhar had laid the plot of his Recruiting Officer) and bringing home with me, "at one proud swoop," a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and another of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*—both which I have still, and I still recollect, when I see the covers, the pleasure with which I dipped into them as I returned with my double prize. I was set up for one while. That time is past "with all its giddy raptures:" but I am

still anxious to preserve its memory, "embalmed with odours."—With respect to the first of these works, I would be permitted to remark here, in passing, that it is a sufficient answer to the German criticism which has since been started against the character of Satan (*viz.* that it is not one of disgusting deformity, or pure, defecated malice) to say that Milton has there drawn, not the abstract principle of evil, not a devil incarnate, but a fallen angel. This is the scriptural account, and the poet has followed it. We may safely retain such passages as that well-known one—

— His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd; and the excess
Of glory obscur'd—

for the theory, which is opposed to them, "falls flat upon the grunsel edge, and shames its worshippers." Let us hear no more then of this monkish cant, and bigotted outcry for the restoration of the horns and tail of the devil.—Again, as to the other work, Burke's *Reflections*, I took a particular pride and pleasure in it, and read it to myself and others for months afterwards. I had reason for my prejudice in favour of this author. To understand an adversary is some praise: to admire him is more. I thought I did both: I knew I did one. From the first time I ever cast my eyes on any thing of Burke's (which was an extract from his Letter to a Noble Lord in a three-times a week paper, *The St. James's Chronicle*, in 1796) I said to myself, "This is true eloquence: this is a man pouring out his mind on paper." All other style seemed to me pedantic and impertinent. Dr. Johnson's was walking on stilts; and even Junius (who was at that time a favourite with me), with all his terseness, shrunk up into little antithetic points and well-trimmed sen-

* During the peace of Amiens, a young English officer, of the name of Lovelace, was presented at Buonaparte's levee. Instead of the usual question, "Where have you served, Sir?" the First Consul immediately addressed him, "I perceive your name, Sir, is the same as that of the hero of Richardson's *Romance*!" Here was a Consul. The young man's uncle, who was called Lovelace, told me this anecdote while we were stopping together at Calais. I had also been thinking that his was the same name as that of the hero of Richardson's *Romance*. This is one of my reasons for liking Buonaparte.

stances. But Burke's style was forked and playful as the lightning, crested like the serpent. He delivered plain things on a plain ground; but when he rose, there was no end of his flights and circumgyrations—and in this very Letter, "he, like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered his Volscians" (the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale*) "in Corioli."—I did not care for his doctrines. I was then, and am still, proof against their contagion; but I admired the author, and was considered as not a very staunch partisan of the opposite side, though I thought myself that an abstract proposition was one thing, a masterly transition, a brilliant metaphor, another. I conceived too that he might be wrong in his main argument, and yet deliver fifty truths in arriving at a false conclusion. I remember Coleridge assuring me, as a poetical and political set-off to my sceptical admiration, that Wordsworth had written an Essay on Marriage, which, for manly thought and nervous expression, he deemed incomparably superior. As I had not, at that time, seen any specimens of Mr. Wordsworth's prose style, I could not express my doubts on this subject. If there are greater prose-writers than Burke, they either lie out of my course of study, or are beyond my sphere of comprehension. I am too old to be a convert to a new mythology of genius. The niches are occupied, the tables are full.—If such is still my admiration of this man's misapplied powers, what must it have been at a time when I myself was in vain trying, year after year, to write a single Essay, nay, a single page or sentence; when I regarded the wonders of his pen, with the longing eyes of one who was dumb and a changeling; and when, to be able to convey the slightest conception of my meaning to others in words, was the height of an almost hopeless ambition! But I never measured others' excellences by my own defects: though a sense of my own incapacity, and of the steep, impassable ascent from me to them, made me

regard them with greater awe and fondness.—I have thus run through most of my early studies and favourite authors, some of whom I have since criticised more at large. Whether those observations will survive me (to say the truth) I neither know nor care: but to the works themselves, "worthy of all acceptance," and to the feelings they have always excited in me ever since I could distinguish a meaning in language, nothing shall ever prevent me from looking back with gratitude and triumph. To have lived in the cultivation of an intimacy with such works, and to have familiarly relished such names, is not to have lived quite in vain.

There are other authors whom I have never read, and yet whom I have frequently had a great desire to read, from some circumstance relating to them. Among these is Lord Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion, after which I have a hankering, from hearing it spoken of by good judges—from my interest in the events, and knowledge of the characters from other sources, and from having seen fine portraits of most of them. I like to read a well-penned character, and Clarendon is said to have been a master in this way. I should like to read Froissart's Chronicles, Hollingshead and Stow, and Fuller's Worthies. I intend, whenever I can, to read Beaumont and Fletcher all through. There are fifty-two of their plays, and I have only read a dozen or fourteen of them. A Wife for a Month, and Thierry and Theodoret, are, I am told, delicious, and I can believe it. I should like to read the speeches in Thucydides, and Guicciardini's History of Florence, and Don Quixote in the original. I have often thought of reading the Loves of Persiles and Sigismunda, and the Galatea of the same author. But I somehow reserve them like "another Yarrow." I should also like to read the last new novel (if I could be sure it was so) of the author of Waverley:—no one would be more glad than I to find it the best!

T.

* He is there called "Citizen Lauderdale." Is this the present Earl?

A RECENT VISIT TO THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE.

La Trappe, 12th October, 1820.

AFTER depositing a letter for you, my dear —, with the old post-mistress at Mortaign, — which is a neat village about eight miles from hence, where I rested last night, and procured a guide — I set out for this place, and reached it a little before two. The rout passed through cultivated lands, varied with woods, which stretched off to the distance in pleasing swells. Soon after leaving the small village of Rinrolles, which consists merely of a few scattered huts, (or more properly hovels,) my guide pointed out the monastery. Its roof was just visible, amidst the thick body of foliage which surrounded it; indeed it is seated in an immense basin of wood. A small stream running through a valley, eastward of the convent, has had several barriers placed across it, at certain distances, to form, I imagine, fish-ponds. These heads of water vary the landscape most pleasingly, which otherwise would want feature, and present nothing but a mass of sky and wood. It must be allowed, however, that the latter is now a beautiful object by itself — glowing in all the richest tints of autumn. The woods here are principally of beech, intermixed with oak and linden. On the immediate approach, La Trappe appears little better than a collection of farm buildings. My guide sounded the bell at the great wooden gate, and placed me before the wicket, which was opened by a figure with a closely shaven head, wrapped in coarse brown cloth, reaching but little lower than his knees, and girded about the middle with a rope. In lieu of shoes and stockings he wore a pair of heavy wooden sabots; and directly, on opening the door, he threw himself on his knees: — bending his head completely to the ground, he coupled his hands in the form of supplication, at the back of his neck, and seemed to whisper, what I at first thought might be a short benediction; but I have since been led to think it might be an intercession in respect of the breach he found it necessary to make in his vow of silence. Though I came here, expecting to find the most

rigorous silence observed, as well as other severe penances, I had not anticipated a reception from one of the brethren in a manner so humiliating to himself, and affecting to me.

The brother, on raising himself, humbly asked my pleasure; — then, motioning to me to follow him, conducted me into a small, but neat room, and retired. I had scarcely looked round the room, ere the door opened, and two of the community entered. They were young looking men, apparently little more than thirty years of age: their garment proved to me, that they were of a different rank from the monk who admitted me, as they were clothed in a light drab coloured tunic, which reached from head to foot. They threw back their cowls, and prostrated themselves on the cold bricks at my feet. After continuing in this posture a minute, they raised themselves, and exclaimed "*Deo gratias.*" They then conducted me, in silence, to the chapel. The fraternity were just concluding the service as I reached it. In crossing the garden, there was something peculiarly solemn in the deep voices of the monks, contrasted with the perfect stillness that reigned around. The chapel is a plain wainscotted room, not above thirty feet in length, without any organ. I found the monks, about a dozen in number, on concluding the service, all turned towards the altar, and their eyes fixed on the ground: they remained thus stationary, observing profound silence. After a short time, the Superior gave a gentle tap with a hammer, and the fraternity retired. — Without a word, I was conducted back to the reception-room, and there left to my meditations: so that I now had an opportunity of inspecting it completely. It was of wainscot, with a brick-floor, and was decorated with four small prints: — the death of Joseph, — the Crucifixion of our Lord, — his Ascension, — and his Glorification in heaven, seated at the right hand of the Almighty. I found also a dissertation on the Trinity, in Latin; a crucifix, and re-

ceptacle for holy water; and a manuscript, which speaks so much more forcibly to the general rules of the house, than I, by any description could do, that I took down the heads of it, and now send them you:—

“Those who have entered this Monastery, have made the most humble supplications to Divine Providence. They avoid communication with each other, especially during pain. If they want any thing in the monastery, they address him who receives the visitors.

“If you assist at the office of the church, or chaunt, conform to our manner, without noise at the end of the verse, or during the meditation, and begin not before the chaunters.

“The fathers speak not:—one reads while eating; they pray with a low voice. Wound them not, by examining too closely the reader.

“The guests who come within this house will find nothing unhospitable. If the religious whom they meet hold no conversation with them,—it is because they are bound to keep silence; and the Holy Spirit hath said, that the man who loves conversation will not prosper on earth.

“Throughout this house the most inviolable silence is to be observed, in the church, in the garden, in the refectory, in the dormitory, in the cloister. If you speak, it must be in a low voice; and speak not to the religious who may meet you.

“If you perceive any one you have known in the world, it will be well if he does not recollect you. If it is your father, your brother, or your nephew, they have quitted the world. They converse only with God in this solitude; they are occupied only with the affairs of the soul, which are most important;

with prayers to God, and with penitence.

“Note.—Our dear brothers, the candidates, not having permission to speak, they request the visitors not to accost them; as they cannot answer, without breach of the faith plighted on entering this solitude, and forgetting their calling.”*

Every precaution, indeed, is adopted to avoid noise; and any father who should inadvertently throw down a book in the chapel, drop a knife or spoon in the refectory, or in any other way interrupt silence, would subject himself to the penance enjoined by the rules of the house, which meet even the minutest actions. They do not suffer themselves to lean on a chair; or, in illness, to take the benefit of physic.

After a short time, the father, whose office it was to receive strangers, and whom, for distinction's sake, I will name, *Pere Loquitur*, (for, on entering the Abbey, they abandon their family and take some sacred name)—entered the room. He first conducted me to the refectory, where preparations were made for dinner. It was a room about twenty-five feet in length, and fifteen in breadth, lighted by one window at the southern end. A small crucifix hung at the opposite extremity, and adjoining the door was a receptacle for holy water. Its walls were bare. Two narrow wooden tables, on trestles, ran along the room, on the sides of which, next the walls, were benches. Viands had been placed for fourteen persons, and the fare for each consisted of a thick *potage* of potatoes and greens, in a wooden bowl, holding above a quart; a large lump of black bread, two small apples, and a dingy brown jug of water. By the side of each portion, a wooden spoon, a small red earthen-ware tumbler, and a little brown holland

* The writer regrets he cannot offer the above in its original language, particularly as so much depends upon idiom; but unfortunately he entered it with pencil in his pocket-book in English for expedition's sake. He begs to observe too, that he intentionally omitted a sentence or two, which he has now no mode of replacing,—the material sense of one of which was, that strangers were requested to go no where but in the company of the attendant father.

napkin were placed. Thence I was conducted to the dormitory, which was over the chapel, and about the same size as the refectory: the beds exactly resembled the births in a packet, as they are ranged in a wooden frame-work, one above another, three in height, along the sides of the room. In front of each was a small pendant piece of brown holland: the internal furniture appeared to consist only of a mattress, blanket, and bolster; the members of this community never take off their clothes; they sleep in them. Adjoining this was a room appropriated to reading; it could hardly be called a library, for it contained only two or three shelves with books, a few stools, and a table. On the latter were scattered some volumes. At the north end, hung a tattered, but well executed, painting of a saint, writing by inspiration: it had no frame. On the stairs hung some coarse brown surtouts belonging to the fathers, ticketed with their respective names. The monastery is but a shattered relic of what it was before the Revolution. I made some enquiries of Pere Loquitur, and found there were nineteen fathers, including the Prior and Abbé, independent of the candidates, of whom there were about thirty. It was one of the candidates that opened the gate to me: indeed, upon them the menial offices appear principally to devolve. The candidates are distinguished by the appellation of "*Brethren*,"—the Monks, are "*Fathers*." I have before noticed the wide distinction which directly strikes the beholder in their dress.

Pere Loquitur requested me to stay to dinner; upon which I begged to dine in the refectory, and partake of their fare. The request seemed to give him pleasure, rather than otherwise; and he asked me to stop the night: I accordingly dismissed my guide, and walked in the garden with Pere Loquitur till the dinner bell rung. At the entry of the refectory, one father poured water on my hands; another held a bason for me; a third, a towel: all had their cowls drawn over the head and face, and, with the exception of the reader, they kept them so during the whole of the dinner time,

so that not a feature could be discerned. We entered the refectory in two files; and stood looking toward the cross while grace was chanting: after which, Pere Loquitur touched me on the arm, and pointed to a separate seat, where a neat table cloth was spread; two delti-plates, a queen's ware bason, filled with *potage*, and a metal spoon and fork were set before me. It was with much difficulty I could get much of the *potage* down; as a vast quantity of sorrel juice was incorporated in the liquid, and the crust was the only part at all palatable of the sour black bread. I observed my friend, Pere Loquitur, and another young father, waited on the rest, which they effected with much activity, and but little noise, particularly when it is considered that they, like all the rest, were equipped in heavy wooden shoes. When the fathers had nearly emptied their basons of *potage*, a tin pan of potatoes and one of hot milk, were placed before each person; in addition to which, before me, was placed a bottle of cider, a glass tumbler, and a small plate of apples. One of the younger fathers read all dinner time, from a dry treatise on the early converts to Christianity; and ever and anon the Superior required a cessation of all occupation, by a gentle tap on the table with his hammer; after a few minutes, another knock announced that eating, drinking, and reading might again proceed; nor was a moment lost by any of the parties in resuming their occupations: they commenced again, as if by mechanism. During these intervals, I heard another voice reading in a distant room, and I frequently heard a hammer knock in that direction, so that I conclude the candidates dined in a room apart. I observed also that I was shown over half the convent only. Dinner being ended, at the sound of the hammer we moved into the same files as before.—Grace was repeated,—after a few minutes of perfect silence, the hammer knocked, and we proceeded slowly into chapel to Vespers. At entering, every monk threw his cowl back, and I thus had an opportunity of seeing that one father was very aged: he appeared almost bent double. Their countenances gene-

rally were mild and pleasing, having an air of serenity; nor did I observe one, whose aspect was marked by dissatisfaction or gloom, although their life is one continued series of severe mortifications. A requiem formed part of the service; this I find is always the case, in the event of intelligence reaching the Superior of the death of a parent of either of the members; but it is never communicated to them which one has sustained the loss. I observed also a particular magnificat to the Virgin Mary; the whole occupied rather more than an hour. The same scene of motionless silence which I had observed on first arriving, again followed the conclusion of the service; and, after one or two of the fathers had retired, I left the chapel, round the door of which were gathered about a dozen of the candidates. I afterwards learnt that they were not permitted to enter, except on special occasions; they appeared to have been joining silently in the service.

In the garden was a large cross, directly fronting the door of the house, and here I seated myself; so that I observed the fathers passing from the chapel, one by one, and taking different routes in postures of meditation. The cemetery being a grass plat, in part of the garden, was between myself and the monastery: there were about nine or ten graves, and at the head of each was a little black cross, on which was painted the name of the deceased, his age, and the day of his death. One grave was open in readiness to receive an occupant, but the earth around it did not bear the least appearance of having been recently disturbed which rather contradicted the current report that the fraternity are in the daily habit of digging a portion of their graves. I had nearly finished a little sketch of the monastery, when I observed one of the fathers approach; he knelt down in prayer at the head of the untenanted grave, and I retreated amongst the shrubs that I might not disturb him. I returned to the reception room. My kind attendant Pere Loquitur was there, and invited me to follow him to the parlour. It was not much after five,

but he pressed me to have some supper: an attendant in a common dress set it on the table; it consisted of bread and cheese, a dish of apples and pears, and a bottle of cider. The first mentioned article, though brown, was of a very superior description to that I had had in the refectory: over the cupboard door was written,

Dieu voit.

The parlour was close to the reception room: its appearance was more comfortable than that of any other room I had entered in the house; and it was rendered still more so by a blazing fire, a luxury the fathers wholly abstain from. The room was hung round with small prints, representing their various usual occupations; its windows command, if I may so speak, a view of the world, for they look without the monastery, and give a sight of the road from Mortaign, and two other small paths from neighbouring hamlets. When I had supped, the father asked me if I wished to attend chapel again and receive mass; in answer to the latter part of the question, I told him I was a protestant, at which he seemed somewhat surprized; and, after leaving me for a few minutes, returned with a slip of paper, on which was written in pencil "*vous ne pouvez pas prier avec nous, parceque vous etes protestant,*" a sentiment I assented to; so furnishing me with a pen and ink, and two or three books, Pere Loquitur left me, in order to attend chapel himself. His books were, the "*Imitation of Christ,*" in Latin and French; — a modern treatise entitled "*Religion before the Revolution;*" and the "*History of the Abbey of La Trappe, from the time of De Rance.*" — The latter I skimmed, but slightly; unfortunately time would not permit me to do more. I gathered from it that the Abbey was founded in 1140, by Rotru, second Count de La Perche, pursuant to a vow he had made when in danger of shipwreck off the coast of Brittany. The original name of the Abbey was "*La Maison Dieu Notre Dame de la Trappe.*" It was renowned for many ages for the irreproachable lives of its Abbots

and Monks; but the fury of civil wars, and the inroads of the English, introduced laxity and disorder. The religious preserved no pretensions to piety but the name; the sports of the field paved the way to more questionable pursuits; the inhabitants of the Abbey became notorious for the profligacy of their manners; and licentiousness might be said to have reached its utmost limits, at the period when the celebrated De Rance sought retirement there, which was 500 years after the foundation of the Abbey.

Don Ormond Jean le Bouthillier de Rance, was born at Paris, the 29th of January, 1626; of an ancient family. He was a protégé of Mary de Medicis, a god-son of Cardinal Richelieu, and a nephew of De Chavigni, secretary of state, and superintendant of finances. Thus a golden path was opened for him. In his infancy he was created a Knight of Malta, and destined for the profession of arms; but, when ten years old, he entered the church, in order to fill the benefices of his brother, who had just died.

He cultivated the Belles Lettres, and at the age of thirteen, published; (the work observes, "with the assistance of his tutor,") an addition of Anacreon in Greek, with notes. (1639.)—As his revenues were considerable, after he had concluded his studies, and entered the world, he entirely abandoned himself to the dissipations of life. When he was scarcely thirty, on returning from a journey, and entering the apartment of a lady of high rank, for whom it was supposed he had contracted a passion, instead of meeting her, all life and gaiety, as he expected, he found her a corpse! The circumstance so depressed his spirits, that it brought on an illness, which nearly proved fatal. On his recovery, his melancholy increased; time, instead of alleviating, increased the agony of his mind, and he retired to an estate at Veret, near Tours. The misfortunes of Cardinal De Retz, a victim to the caprice of fortune, coupled with his own unhappiness, wrought in him so strong a conviction of the emptiness of all hu-

man things, that, regarding the world as one vast tomb, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the strict service of his God, and to a cloister. He sold his estate, and gave the produce to the Hotel Dieu de Paris; resigned the presidency of three abbeys, and two priories; and, reserving to himself the abbey of La Trappe, he took the monastic habit, to which he had formerly felt the utmost repugnance. After passing his noviciate at the Abbey of Perseign, he took the vows on the 6th of January, 1664, at the age of thirty-nine, in this celebrated abbey, where he inspired the religious with a new spirit. Here he established those unnatural severities for the strict observance of which the fraternity have become so distinguished, and in these solitudes his religious melancholy seems to have been perpetuated. He expired on a litter of cinders and straw, surrounded by the community, the 27th of October, 1700, aged 75 years.

The present prior, I think, rather inclines to relax the severity of the order, than otherwise; his countenance is extremely amiable, and though he never spoke, I experienced several little attentions from him. I could not but give the fraternity credit for suffering their attention to wander but little from their devotional exercises, though they are of so unceasing a nature, when I found, that, though I had attended their chapel twice, the father who conducted me had not observed I was not a catholic. I had told him in the first instance, that I was an Englishman, in order that he might not feel surprized at my not making use of the holy water, or entering into all the mechanical parts of their ceremonies; concluding he would not fail to notice my inattention.

About half-past six, Pere Loquiter came to show me to my chamber. He then told me, I was the first protestant that had ever been present in their chapel during worship. I was not inclined to contradict his assertion, though I know it required some qualification.

I sat down and wrote till I had burnt my candle to the socket; and then slept soundly on my little truckle bed, the mattress and bolster of

which were stuffed with hay. About eight in the morning, Pere Loquitur tapped at my door; conducted me to the parlour, requested me to make a good breakfast, (from the same viands that had been placed before me the preceding evening for supper) and then to depart. It was with difficulty I obtained permission to leave a little donation for the poor, by way of recompence for their kind hospitality. The father mentioned his regret, that he could not again show me the chapel; but he said, they were doing public penance: which I believe they do every morning. The routine of their exercises is wonderful:—they rise daily between one and two in the morning, and are engaged from that time for some hours in the chapel, and indeed, throughout the whole day with but little intermission. They take refreshment but twice in the day, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and then, no doubt, it is of a less inviting description than on the other days, when they eat three times. All their recreation seems to be comprised in a short walk each day (or in manual labour) within the narrow limits of their garden and orchard:—and then they appear to be wrapped up in meditation and prayer. There are certain days, when they exceed these bounds, and walk in a part of the adjacent wood, which is neatly kept, and intersected with several long umbrageous alleys, that diverge from a point near the monastery.

Northward of the present house; are some considerable ruins, but they are not marked by any beauties of architecture. Between the orchard and the ruins were one or two smaller walks of the description before mentioned, but entirely composed of firs and yews. Amongst the latter, stood a dilapidated grotto; indeed, every part of the monastery is marked with ruin. There is a convent of female Trappists some

miles distant; but I did not visit it, as gentlemen are refused admittance. I need scarcely observe, that the rule (*vice versa*) is observed here,—admittance being strictly denied to the ladies.

The fraternity are Capuchins of the Cistercian order of St. Benoit. "*Sedebit solitarius, et tacebit*," is their rule; and even (as in the case of De Rance) in the agonies of death, the fathers have resisted a breach of it, by expiring rather than communicate those wants, the relief of which might have lengthened their existence.

La Trappe, unlike many of its contemporaries, invited not the indolent to slumber within its walls; but it opened an asylum to those who had plunged in all the disorders and dissipations of life; whose minds were racked with the retrospect of a dark line of sins; and who indulged the idea (sanctioned by the Romish ritual,) that vehemence of humiliation might atone for past crimes. Though we may condemn a system which would lead us to suppose, that the severities of one period of life, would of themselves expiate the offences of a former, yet we cannot but respect the piety of many of these recluses. The great point of regret is, that any body of men should withdraw themselves so completely from the ability of practising the charities of life—should deny themselves those comforts which Providence has bountifully scattered around, and debar themselves from the use of speech, the noblest characteristic of mankind.

It was with feelings of regard for its inhabitants, as well as with those of regret at viewing men grovelling under such mistaken notions, that I took my leave of La Trappe, and entered again those busy scenes of life, which, though marked by disorder, form the allotted sphere of man.

I remain my dear ———, &c.

G. H. P.

A. LEGEND OF ISCHIA.*

THERE is a dreamy softness, as day fades,
 Gathering along the ether ; it pervades
 The sea and earth, and o'er the wakeful soul
 A deepening hue of meditation flings,
 Whilst the advancing shadows thinly roll
 O'er the bright waters ; from their obscure wings
 Shedding oblivion on all mundane things.
 In the pale clearness of the delicate sky
 Yon mountain rears its ever-during head,
 O'er which the ocean's habitant once sped,
 Now echoing to the sea-gull's wailing cry ;
 Lonely it stands, lifting to heaven its brow,
 Scath'd with the levin-flash, where clouds repose
 Their dreary forms, when the sirocco blows
 Its baleful breath on withering man ; but now
 Its rugged lineaments are pictured fair
 On evening's wan expanse ; and on the height
 The convent tenants breathe a taintless air,
 On whose pellucid wings their vesper prayer,
 Unmix'd with aught of earth, springs in its upward flight.
 The breezes, winnowing round each fairy hill,
 So mildly blow, that scarce the clustering vine
 Waves with their gentle fanning, as they still
 Among its odours playfully entwine.
 And now the moon brightens her crescent pale,
 With one sole star, streaming celestial light ;
 And, from the dusky hill and shadowy vale,
 With her fair beam scatters the gloom of night.
 See ! Meteor-like, beneath the tendril bower,
 The wheeling fire-fly shoots his flame serene,
 Kindling with living flash the twilight hour,
 And glancing on the vine-leaf's tender green ;
 Whilst the last bird of even, which all night long
 Pours to the listening wood his plaintive note,
 In fitful sweetness tunes his liquid song,
 Anon, in melody's full tide to float,
 On the enraptur'd ear :—no other sound
 Breaks the deep seeming thoughtfulness around.

It was in such a night, when storms were o'er,
 When the rent cloud had sail'd in blackness by,
 Leaving in lovelier blue the vernal sky ;
 When the bright wave soft rippled to the shore,
 And winds were hush'd :—it was in such a night,
 Upon the silent swelling of the tide,
 A boat was seen, in solitary plight,
 Drifting to Ischia's coast, with none to guide
 Its reckless course ; but on the risings sheen
 Of that calm sea, near ever, and more near,
 It came, as if a spirit's hand unseen

* Ischia is a small romantic island, of volcanic origin, in the vicinity of the Bay of Naples. A church is erected in the Vale of Lacco, in honour of Santa Restituta, the patroness of the island, whose festival annually attracts, not only the islanders, attired in their best garb, but also the more devout Catholics from Naples, to worship at her shrine, and indulge in the revelries of a species of holy fair which is held for several days to grace the occasion.

Had led it gently from the realm of fear.

"Some boat, perchance, torn by the sweeping gale

And bounding surge, from a neglectful bark ;

Or the sole relic of some hapless sail,

Wreck'd on Italia's shore, when tempests dark

Scowl'd in the sounding heavens,—whose luckless crew,

With unclosed eyes, fix'd in eternal sleep,

Cold and unshrouded in the weltering deep,

To home, to light, and life, have bid adieu."—

Within yon little bay, whose gentle wave,

Claspt by those arms, feels no disturbing gale,

Whose playful ripples idly love to lave

The yellow sands that skirt the sloping vale,—

There, where the glimmering air its doubtful gleam

Sheds soft upon the waters, like the play

Of wilder'd fancy in a matin dream,

The alien boat in peaceful haven lay.

And other boats around the stranger press,

And with experienced looks the seaman eyes

The shapely contour of his easy prize,

Whilst vaguely circulates the erring guess

Of port and destiny. Why do they stand

With one consent in still and silent gaze,

As if the touch of an enchanter's wand

Had frozen them to shapes of mute amaze ?

What is't they look on ?—Wrapt in slumber deep,

And shadowed by the evening's falling gloom,

A female form reclin'd ; quiet her sleep ;

Her face dropp'd on an arm, polish'd and fair ;

The fluttering wind had strewn her silken hair

Of black o'er a pale cheek ; most calm and holy

Was her repose ; yet trace of melancholy

Had sunken there, of meek distress to tell.

Her breathing was as still as the odorous smell

Exhal'd from pulseless flowers ; nor could be seen

Motion of lips, or the fair bosom's swell—

So hush'd she lay, so fearfully serene !

The dark and silken lashes overshade

An eye half open, glaz'd, and strangely still—

And then her touch—ah heavens !—how deathly chill !—

Alas ! the young, the beauteous maid is dead !

Oh ! bear her gently in your manly arms,

And sing a requiem to her parted soul,

Even as ye gaze on her dissolving charms,

Nipp'd by the frost of an untimely doom,

Let the slow strain to heaven's bright portals roll :

And when the stranger asks in future time,

Who rests the inmate of her sainted tomb ?

Tell him, a virgin of a foreign clime,

Who, faithful to her creed, ne'er bent the knee

To any god of mortal mould ; that He

Who kens the latent impulse of the heart,

Amidst ordeals of infernal birth,

Did, in her hour of need, his strength impart,

And turn to marvelling fear the demon mirth

Of Painims' frenzy, as they saw the flame,

Prepared to desolate that beauteous clay,

Round her soft limbs innocuously play,

And frustrate thus their ineffectual aim :

That, harden'd still in heart, in a lone boat

At length they plac'd her unresisting form,
 With things deflagable, thus left to float
 And perish on the tide by fire or storm.
 But neither fire nor flood had power to harm
 One precious limb ; the fire hath shot in air,
 And the strong surge hath curl'd in vain alarm,
 And hath not hurt one solitary hair :
 But God, who saw the sorrows of the maid,
 Lull'd her in peaceful sleep ; and as the breath
 Of dreams most holy on her faint lips play'd,
 He took her to himself :—thus gentle was her death !—

ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC, OR TEUTONIC RACE.

THE character of a people is faithfully expressed in their popular songs. It has been truly observed of such compositions, that, like the pulsation and breathing, they are the sign and measure of the inward life. That the lyrical productions of which we are about to treat, constitute an excellent index to the character of that particular race of men to which they belong, may, we think, be made very apparent ; but, before entering on these productions, it must be permitted to us to offer a few words on those peculiarities of disposition and habit which constitute and distinguish the character in question.

A number of circumstances concur in forming the character of a people. The nature of the government, the nature of the country, their occupation, their religion, and a variety of other particulars, have necessarily more or less influence on their habits and modes of thinking and feeling. Much, however, also must be conceded to depend on the natural and original temperament of a people. It is this which disposes them more to the reception of one set of impressions than another ; and thus accounts for the habits which grow up amongst them in their social infancy. The sanguine temperament of the African Negro, and the cold and phlegmatic temperament of the American Indian, will always, under all circumstances, so long as these two races of men shall remain unmixed, ensure an essential diversity in their character.—The races of Europe do not, indeed, afford such a marked contrast ; and the intercourse of nations, every day becoming more intimate, has a tendency to wear

down and soften original distinctions : still, however, we perceive tribes, or families of people, in Europe, which the common observer feels convinced at a first glance, must have proceeded from essentially different stocks. For instance, the nations of the Gothic, or Teutonic race—namely, the Scandinavians, and the people of their dependent islands,—the Upper and Lower Germans (including Swiss, Alsations, Flemings, and Dutch,)—the English and Lowland Scots,—not merely speak branches of one common language, but have a strong family likeness, both in features, complexion, and figure, and in character and disposition :—while the Celtic race again, differs strongly from the former, not merely in language, but in all the other particulars just enumerated.

Switzerland displays this marked distinction very strikingly. So far back as its authentic modern history extends, it has consisted of two leading divisions—the German country, and the Roman country—(*pays Romain*). Now, though religious tenets have great influence on a people's temper—and it has been generally observed on the Continent, that Catholics (whether from the number of holidays, processions, and shows they have,—or the hostility of their religion to thinking,) are, upon the whole, much more gay and volatile than Protestants—yet the people of the *Pays de Vaud*, and of the other Roman districts, who are not only Protestants, but Calvinists,—the most austere of all Protestants,—are infinitely more brisk and cheerful than the Catholics of the German country.—Again, the Gauls in the time

of Cæsar, were notorious for their versatile and mercurial disposition; and for this the modern French (chiefly Gauls) have always been famed.—The grave and phlegmatic disposition assigned to the Germans by Tacitus, is as characteristic of their descendants, as the large limbs, the fair hair and complexion, and blue or hazel eyes, which he also assigned to them.—The political institutions of all the Teutonic countries, even yet retain traces, more or less distinct, of the manners and habits so forcibly described by the Roman historian; and it was truly observed by Montesquieu, that the English constitution was formed in the woods of Germany.

The prevailing character of the Teutonic nations is obtuseness of the senses, or tardiness in receiving sensual impressions; sincerity and singleness of disposition; constancy and perseverance in pursuit.—Their appearance and movements are heavy, and ungraceful. But from their constancy in pursuit, and their power of dwelling long on one object, they have reached greater excellence in certain important branches of knowledge and acquirement, than people of a more quick and mercurial disposition.—Though their want of delicacy of tact may prevent them from ever becoming the greatest painters or statuarys,—they have produced a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Tycho Brahe, a Newton, a Bacon, a Hobbes, and a Leibnitz.—They have planted themselves in the wildernesses of the new world; and, by patient labour, converted them into flourishing communities: while the French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, in similar situations, have yielded to external circumstances, and either trifled away their time on the spot where they first planted themselves,—or become savages with the natives. The colonists of the former in Russia and Poland, have displayed the same perseverance. From their sincerity of disposition, and their freedom from distrust and jealousy, they are peculiarly adapted for acting in union.

The intercourse between the sexes has always been of a more elevated character with them, than with any other race. Tacitus expressly states, that of all the barbarians known to the Romans, the Germans alone en-

tertained a high regard for women; and this regard displayed itself, in the middle ages, in chivalry,—an institution which flowed naturally out of their character—and the circumstances of the times.

To gaiety, in the genuine sense of the word, they are strangers. In their mirth, as in every thing else, they are deficient in ease;—their wit, which is often forcible, has seldom a spontaneous appearance, but usually that of effort. Even their language is stamped with the directness and sincerity which belongs to their character. It was justly observed, by Leibnitz, that a person writing or speaking in one of the Teutonic languages, with a view to conceal his meaning, will find it more difficult to succeed in his object than if he used any other tongue. It was a *Frenchman* who observed, that language was given to man to *conceal* his thoughts!

The points of difference between the Teutonic and the Celtic race are obvious to the most superficial observer. The Celt is of an ardent and impetuous temperament; rapid in all his movements; quick in his perceptions; he has a keen intuitive glance, and naturally expresses himself in bold and figurative language. He is, at the same time, much more fickle and inconstant, and much less cordial and sincere. If more sensible to kindness, he is also more prone to anger and revenge than his Saxon neighbour.

If there exists an intimate connection between the character of a people and their songs, we may expect that the songs of different nations belonging to the same common race, should bear a characteristic resemblance, corresponding with the affinity of habit and disposition.—Accordingly, it happens, that the songs and ballads of the various people of the Teutonic stock, have all one common stamp impressed on them, and are even generally of the same mechanical structure. Difference of government, situation, occupation, has of course had its influence; but the type is everywhere perceptibly the same,—and in the dales of Norway and Switzerland, the recesses of the Black Forest, the marshes of the Elbe and Weser, the sands of Pomerania, to

the smiling plains of England, we can trace an astonishing similarity in the popular songs, and in the manner of singing them. At the same time we must take into account that the original race has, in some of these countries, received more admixtures than in others; and this admixture has certainly had its influence on their lyrical effusions,—particularly on the music. Of all the nations in question, the Lowland Scots have, perhaps, received the most of this admixture; accordingly they now retain least of the original common Gothic character; and this circumstance, as will be shown hereafter, has strongly influenced their songs.

No particular song can be preserved by tradition for any very great length of time; for what passes from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart, must experience changes in each stage of transmission. But as the new flows gradually out of the old, as the generations of men flow gradually out of each other,—and the new, as well as the old, being popular only from its accordance with the general feeling,—though individual identity is lost, a general identity is preserved. One mode of composition may gradually supplant another; new discoveries may be made; rhyme may banish alliteration; but, as the Teutonic language, though much modified, still remains fundamentally the same after a lapse of 2000 years,* we may reasonably believe that the character of the songs, continues fundamentally the same from the earliest times. It is hardly, therefore, going too far to affirm, that the ballad of Chevy Chace (in none of its existing forms of any great antiquity) or one of the Danish *Kæmpe Viser*,—still bears a resemblance to the songs sung by the antient Germans on rushing to battle, or those which were afterwards collected by order of Charlemagne.

The song and music of the Celts are

quite distinct in character from those of their neighbours.† The poetry is bold and figurative; and the ardour of a warm and enthusiastic imagination boils over on every object within its reach. The music is animated and impassioned in the highest degree; the strains are at times absolutely heart rending. Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* has happily described the character of the pathetic Celtic airs:—

The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear;—
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehana's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in their strain
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

Of the Celtic poetry few specimens have been laid before the English public; but we can have no difficulty in pronouncing from these, that its qualities are the very opposite of those of the Teutonic poetry.—We may safely affirm of the following extract, from the literal translation of a modern Gaelic poem, by an old mountain sportsman, who could neither read nor write, that it does not bear the least resemblance to any thing in the whole range of Teutonic poetry, from the first of the Norse, or Anglo-Saxon lays, down to the last popular ballad that has been indited.—The poet thus addresses himself to the rock Guanich, the most conspicuous object in the range of his favourite sport:

Rock of my heart! the secure rock;
That rock where my childhood was cherish'd!
The joyous rock,—fresh, flowery, haunt of
birds,—

The rock of hinds, and bounding stags!—

* See Grimm's *Deutsche Grammatik*, (Göttingen, 1819,—Bohte, London,) a grammar of all the branches of our common tongue, at the various stages of their progress from the earliest times to the present, and a work of immense learning and incalculable utility to the English antiquary.

† The music of the Lowland Scots is chiefly Celtic; a circumstance to be traced to that admixture before noticed by us.

Load were the eagles round its precipices,—
Sweet its cuckoos and swans—
More cheering still the bleating
Of its fauns, kid-spotted.

Rock of my heart! the great rock!
Belov'd is the green plain under its extre-
mity;—

More delightful is the deep valley behind it
Than the rich fields and proud castles of the
stranger!

More pleasant to me than the humming
song of the rustic,
Over the quern, as he grinds the crackling
corn;

The low cry of the stag of brownish hue,
On the declivity of the mountain, in the
storm.—

Rock of my heart! thou rock of refuge!
The rock of leaves, of water-cresses, of
freshening showers;

Of the lofty, beautiful grassy heights:
Far distant from the shelly brink of the sea.

On the hillock of fairies I sit, when the re-
tiring sun

Points his last beam upwards to the sum-
mit of the hill:

I look on the end of Loch Treig—
The sheltering rock where the chase was
wont to be!

The song and the music of the Teutonic race are of quite a different cast.—To the music we shall afterwards allude more particularly;—but, in passing, we must observe, that Mr. George Chalmers is quite mistaken when he supposes, on the authority of Hawkins, that the English have “*no national music*.” They have a national music, which has a strong resemblance to that of the other Teutonic nations.—The Teutonic song bears the stamp of cordiality and artless sincerity. It has nothing of the easy dignity of the Spanish *romances*, two of which Percy has spoiled by an absurd attempt to give them an English cast; nor of the voluptuous luxuriance of the Venetian *Barcarolles*; nor of the pointed lightness, and airy gaiety of the French *Vaudevilles*; nor of the wit, and touching simplicity of the Lithuanian *Dainos*.—But there is an earnestness, a frankness, a homely sincerity, and kind heartedness, about the Teutonic ballads and songs, which cause them, in the long run, perhaps, to take a stronger hold of the affections, and make a deeper impression on the heart, than those of any other people.

It is, however, high time to enter on that particular consideration of

the songs of the people of the Teutonic race, which we proposed to ourselves as the main object of this article.

Without losing ourselves in the periods which precede record, or attempting to define the occupations of the Scalds, or the difference between them and the Druids, we shall go no farther back than the earliest of the genuine monuments of the songs of our forefathers. From that period, the resemblance in tone and character to those of the present day is to be continuedly and clearly traced.

The oldest Teutonic song yet discovered, is the song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, published at Cassel, in 1812, from a manuscript of the latter end of the eighth century.—It is in alliteration; relates to a tradition of the old Pagan times; and is supposed to have been composed centuries before the date of the manuscript.—We may also here mention that, in the poetical version of the Gospels, in Allemannish rhyme, by Otfried, a native of Swabia, a monk of Weissenburg, in Alsace, (composed between 863 and 872,) there are occasionally passages of a lyrical character; and more particularly one which has reference to the poet's own longing for his native home.

Before the discovery of the song of Hildebrand and Hadubrand, that on the victory of King Lewis over the North men (dated 881,) was generally accounted the oldest. This song is in rhyme. The following is its commencement, which we give as literally as possible, without endeavouring to retain the rhyme.

A king I do know,
Lord Lewis is his name;
He delights to serve God
Because God rewards him.

A fatherless child was he;
Much had he cause to grieve,
But God he did choose him
And rear'd him himself:

He gave him many brave
And noble men to serve him;
A throne here in Franken:—
Long may he fill it!

Towards the conclusion of this song, there are some spirited and highly characteristic lines:—

Long it was not
Ere the Northmen he found,
“God be praised!” he exclaimed—
His wish was fulfilled.—

Boldly rides the king;
The battle song he sung,
And together they all sung,
Kyricleison!

The song it was sung,
The fight was begun,
The blood rose in the cheeks
Of the exulting Franks!

In England, we have a curious fragment of a piece composed by Canute the Great.—As he was navigating by the Abbey in the Isle of Ely, he heard the monks chanting their psalms and anthems, and was so struck with the melody, that he composed a ballad on the occasion, which began thus:—

Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching reuther by;
Roweth, Cnites, noer the land
And here we thes muneches sang!*

This composition of the eleventh century possesses all the characteristics of the ballad of later ages.

The *Nibelungen Lied*, which has lately engaged so much of the attention of the learned in Germany, is a series of rhapsodies or songs, the subjects of which are partly historical, partly fictitious, and belong to an early period of the history of the Germanic nations. The rhapsodies, in the form in which they now appear, are of the thirteenth century; but they are universally allowed to have been originally composed long before that time. They are quite the ballad in style and structure, as the following specimen from the commencement of the work will show:—

To us in ancient stories
Many wonders are told,
Of praise-worthy heroes
Of valour most bold;
Of mirth and bridal feasts
Of weeping and dismay,
Of battles of stout warriors,
Great wonders hear you may!

There was brought up in Burgundy
A noble maiden;
In all the lands around
A fairer was not seen;
Her name was Chriemhilt
She fair was to behold,
And for her sake did lose his life
Full many a warrior bold.

The first Scot's song is to be found in the Chronicle of Wyntown, which was completed between 1420 and 1424.—The song itself is, however, of a much more antient date, and must have been composed shortly after the death of King Alexander, in 1285.—After dwelling on the wise regulations of this monarch, and the plenty which prevailed in his reign, Wyntown thus introduces the song:

This Salyhyd fra he deyd suddenly:
This sang wes made of hym for-thi—
Quhen Alyсандyr oure kyng wes dede
That Scotland led in Lave and Le,
Away wes sons of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle:
Oure Gold wes changyd into Lede:
Cryst, borne in-to Virgynyté,
Succour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexyté!

With the exception of one or two stanzas, preserved in English chronicles, all the old Scots songs have perished. The lyrical pieces of that nation, which exist in an entire shape, though many of them, no doubt, revivals of other productions, belong to a comparatively recent period.

The English are comparatively rich in old ballad literature. Every one knows the curious series on Robin Hood, of various dates;—and the very antient ballad of which the oldest copy extant, without date, bears to be “imprinted at London, in Lothburye, by Wylliam Copland,” beginning:

Mery it was in Grene Forest,
Amonge the leves grene,
When that men walke east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Such sightes hath ofte bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north cuntrye,
By them it is I meane:
The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudeley
An archer good ynough.—

Besides these, there are several in Percy, unquestionably genuine, belonging to a very remote period.—Some exquisite fragments have been preserved by Shakspeare in his im-

* Merry sung the monks within Ely
As Cnut the king was rowing by:
Row, my men, near the land
And hear we these monks' song.

mortal works ; and the second act of the old comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle, opens with that convivial song, which is yet, perhaps, unequalled in our language, and which still retains its popularity, beginning,

Back and side go bare, go bare,

Both foot and hand go cold :

But belly, God send thee good ale ynough,
Whether it be new or old !

A number of carols for particular periods of the year, the composition of a very remote age, are still tenaciously retained by the common people of England.—Some of the Christmas carols, for instance, as well as the tunes to which they are sung, are very antient.—The colloquies between Joseph and Mary, bespeak an age of great simplicity ; when the idea of religion being endangered by homely allusions to, and even an approximation to jokes on some of its most sacred mysteries, never once entered the head, either of those who made, or those who heard them.—For instance, in one of the carols, still usually sung in the metropolis, the following passage occurs :

As Joseph and Mary walk'd through the
garden so gay,

Where the cherries they grew upon every
tree,

Then bespoke Mary, with words both meek
and mild,

Gather me some cherries, Joseph, they run
up in my mind ;

Gather me some cherries, for I am with
child.

Then bespoke Joseph, with words most
unkind,

Let them gather thee cherries that got thee
with child !—

Now, such a composition as this could only have originated in a simple age, when men no more thought the truths of religion could even be questioned, than they thought it possible to question the succession of night to day, and day to night.

The Germans have fewer of what may properly be called genuine old ballads than the English or Danes. Yet among the peasantry of the different provinces of that extensive country, a number of characteristic ballads and songs are current, many of them handed down from the remotest ages. The attention of the learned public was first called to this subject, in latter times, by Herder, a

man of wonderful power of imagination, who published, in 1778 and 79, a collection of popular songs, in two volumes ; containing specimens from almost every language of Europe, translated with a truth and fidelity of which in England we have not the slightest conception. His Waly Waly, Baloo my Babe, Sir Patrick Spence, are as completely Scotch as his *Passacavase El Rey Moro*, is Spanish. In Herder's collection, the number of German songs bear no great proportion to the whole. Since his time, however, the collectors have laid many of the popular lyrical productions of Germany and Switzerland before the public ; sometimes accompanied with their proper airs. Of these collectors, Elwert, Bothe, von Seckendorf, Nikolai, Gräter, Arnim and Brentano, Büsching and von der Hagen, Goerres, and Meiner, are among the most distinguished.

The publication of Arnim and Brentano, called *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, consisting of three well filled 8vo. volumes, contains a great number of genuine popular songs, some of them from old Chronicles, and MSS ; and many collected with great labour from the peasantry of the different provinces.—It also contains a curious collection of the rhymes and songs of the children in various parts, or what we call Nursery Rhymes. The following extract from a ballad of the Black Forest, taken down from the recitation of a female peasant, seventy-six years old, translated almost literally, reminds us strongly of the ditties of our own peasantry. The ballad is called *Karl Frederick* ; the subject of it is the murder of a young woman by *Karl Frederick* ; because his mother would not consent to his marrying her. He goes, notwithstanding, to bring her home, and in conducting her

He draws from the sheath his gleaming
sword,

And stabb'd his maiden most piteously ;

" Now know I that she's sure to die : "

Then he drew out his shirt so white,

And in the wound he dipped it strait,

The shirt was coloured red all o'er,

As if it had been washed in gore :

Into the court he then did ride,

Bearing with him his wounded bride ;

To meet him out his mother run,

" You're welcome home again my son,

With thy young bride so wan and pale—
O why then is thy bride so pale?
And why too are her looks cast down,
As if with child she had been gone?"
"Now mother hold thy tongue, I pray,
And speak not in this cruel way;
It is no child that makes her pale,
She has receiv'd a deadly wound."—

This tragic wedding, the death of the bride, the slaughter of Earl Frederick by her father, and the roses and lilies that grew out of the graves of the two lovers, form a popular subject with the peasantry in different parts of Germany, and many various versions of the ballad are current.

The celebrated ballad of *Leonora*, by Bürger, has sometimes been traced to the English ballad, called, "the Suffolk Miracle; or a relation of a young man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback, behind him, for forty miles, in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave;" but Dr. Althof, the intimate friend and biographer of Bürger, has satisfactorily shown that he could not possibly have been acquainted with the English ballad, as it is not to be found in the Göttingen library, the only place where Bürger could have seen it: and he has pointed out at the same time the true source of the German composition.—Bürger, one moonlight night, heard a peasant girl sing an old German song, of which three lines remained engraven on his memory; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was unable afterwards to obtain any trace of it. There is a complete copy of this curious ditty in the *Wunderhorn*,—of which the following is a close translation:

The stars beam in the sky,
The moon it shines so bright;
How quick the dead do ride!

Open the window, love!
And let me in to thee;
I cannot long here be.

The cock already crows,
It chaunts to us the day,
I dare no longer stay.

Far, far, have I ridden,
Two hundred leagues of way!
And still must ride to day.

O dearest heart of mine,
Come get thee up behind,
The way thou'lt pleasant find!

Yonder, in Hungary Land,
A little house have I,
Thither my way doth lie!

Upon a wide spread heath,
My house is ready made,
For me and for my bride.

Let me no longer stay!
Come quick my love, come, come,
And let us to our home.

The little stars us light,
The moon it shines so bright,
How quickly ride the dead!

Now whither wilt thou take me,
O God what can'st thou mean,
All in the darksome night!

With thee I cannot ride,
Thy little bed's too strait,
And too far is the gait.

O come and lay thee down,
Sleep, my love, sleep away,
Until the judgment day.

There is an old Norse ballad, bearing a close resemblance to the above, from which Oehlenschläger, in his *Palnatoke*, has taken the following three lines:

The moon it shines,
The dead man grins,
O be thou not so red!

Some curious German ballads have been preserved by John Henry Jung, who was born in 1740,—a man of a very singular character, who gave to the world an account of his own remarkable life, under the title of *Henry Stilling's Biography*. This individual was intended to be a charcoal burner, but chose rather to be a tailor. Having a strong love of knowledge, he instructed himself in his hours of leisure, and became candidate for the place of preceptor of a school. Failing in his attempt, he was obliged to return to his trade, from which, however, he was occasionally called to act as a private teacher in families. He became afterwards a physician, and professor, and died a privy councillor of Baden!—He was a man of a most amiable and sincere character; and his account of his own life is supposed to be one of the most veridical works of the kind ever composed. His piety was of a fervent, but at the same time of a visionary cast. He believed in the intercourse of departed spirits with the living, and his peculiar doctrines on this subject were espoused by many people in different parts of Germany.

The following ballad, among

is given by Jung, in his biography. A peasant, he says, told him the following story respecting it :

"A little down there, you see the castle of Geisenberg; straight behind it there is a high mountain, with three heads, of which the middle one is still called the Kindelsberg. There, in old times, stood a castle of that name, in which dwelt knights who were very ungodly people.—God became, at length, weary of them; and there arrived late, one evening, a white little man at the castle, who announced to them that they should all die within three days: as a sign, he told them that the same night on which he spake, a cow would produce two lambs. This accordingly happened; but no one minded the prophecy, except the youngest son, the knight Siegmund, and a daughter, who was a very beautiful maiden: these two prayed day and night. The others all died of the plague, and these two were saved. Now here, on the Geisenberg, there was also a bold young knight, who constantly rode a large black horse; on which account he was always called the knight with the black horse. He was a wicked man, who was always robbing and murdering. This knight fell in love with the maiden, on the Kindelsberg, and was determined to have her; but the thing had a bad ending; I know an old song on this story. (Here he sung the song.) The affecting melody, (continues Jung) and the story itself, produced such an effect on *Stilling*, (Jung) that he often visited the old peasant, who sung the song to him, till he got it by heart."

At Kindelsberg, on the castle high,
An antient lime-tree grows,
With goodly branches, wide outspread,
Which rave as the wild wind blows.

There stands a stem, both broad and tall,
Quite close this lime-tree behind;
It is grey, and rough all over with moss,
And it shakes not in the wind.

There sleeps a maiden the mournful sleep,
Who to her knight was true;—
He was a noble count of the Mark,
Her case she well might rue.—

With her brother to a distant land
To a knight's feud he did repair;
He gave to the maiden the iron hand,
They parted with many a tear:

The time was now long past and gone,
The Count he came not again!
By the lime-tree foot she sat her down,
To give vent to her sorrow and pain.

And there to her another knight came;
A coal-black steed he was on,
Unto the maiden he kindly spoke,
Aught her heart to win.

The maiden said, "thou shalt, I vow,
Me for thy wife ne'er have;—
When the lime-tree here shall wither'd
stand,
My heart to thee will I give!"

The lime-tree still was high and young,
Up-hill, and down he passed,
In search of a lime so large and so high,
Till he found it at the last:

Then out he went, in the moonshine bright,
And dug up the lime-tree so green,
And set the wither'd tree in its stead,
And the turf laid down again.

The maiden up in the morning rose,
Her window was so light;
The lime-tree shade no more on it played;
She was seized with grief and afright!—

The maiden to the lime-tree run,
Sat down with sorrow and pain,
The knight he came, in haughty mood,
And sought her heart again:—

The maiden answer'd, in distress,
"Thou'lt ne'er be loved by me."—
The proud knight then he stabbed her dead.
The Count grieved piteously!—

For he came home that very day,
And saw, in sorrowful mood,
How by the wither'd lime-tree lay
The maiden in her blood!

And then a deep grave did he dig,
For a bed of rest for his bride,
And he sought for a lime up-hill and down,
And he placed it by her side.

And a great stone he also placed,
Which by the wind cannot shaken be;—
There sleeps the maiden in peaceful rest,
In the shade of the green lime tree.

The following passage is closely translated from the ballad of Maria and the Knight St. George, in a collection of "old popular songs, in the dialect of the Kuhländchen," published in 1817.

It's up in the mountain, the wind it doth sweep,
There Maria she sits and her child rocks asleep;
She rocks it asleep with her snow-white hand,
And she uses for it no swaddling band:

O now I have laid my babe to rest,
And with beautiful flowers I have cover'd
its breast,
With roses and lilies, and clover so white,
My babe shall sleep as long as God will.

It may not now be amiss to give some specimens of the mirthful songs of this people. The following extract is from the pilgrimage of the *Bins-*

grawers; an old popular song, in the collection of Hagen and Büsching, with a very affecting tune, resembling an old church hymn. The song itself is very antient, and belongs to a time when great liberties were taken with sacred subjects. The Binsagauers having taken a pilgrimage, to St. Salvator's, state to him the object of their coming; and after beseeching him to look graciously on them, they proceed thus:

O grant us good oats, and grant us good
hay;

Kyrieleison:

And free us aye from old women we
pray;

Kyrie-eleison;

The young we like better, we need hardly
say;

Juch Juch he, Kyri Kyrie—

Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!—

O free us also, we pray thee, from hail;

Kyrieleison:

Or down from the altar we'll knock thee
without fail;

Kyrieleison:

We're sufficiently rude, as right well you
know;

Juch Juch he Kyri Kyrie—

Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!

Our parson would just be the man to our
mind;

Kyrie-eleison:

If better to preach he were only inclined;

Kyrieleison:

With his cook maid he does better as well
you do know;

Juch Juch he, Kyri Kyrie—

Glory be to Krispel and to Salome!

The following is also from the same collection. The "Death of Basle," has reference to a painting of death, by Holbein, at the church of Basle.

When I a blithe young fellow was,

I married an old wife;

But ere three days were past and gone,

I led a weary life.

I hied me then to the church yard,

And unto death did pray,

O kind good death of Basle,

Take my old wife away:

And when back to the house I came,

Dead there my old wife lay;

I to the waggon yoked the horse,

And drove my wife away.

And when I to the church yard came,

The grave was ready made;

O softly tread ye bearers,

Least my old wife awake!

Come ahoval, ahoval, ahoval up,

My old and wicked wife;

For while she lived I wot she was,

The plague of my young life!

Having deposited his old wife in the earth, he hastens home and gets a young one, who beats him from morning to night, and soon makes him regret her predecessor.

The Danes have the richest collection of old ballads of all the Teutonic nations. These ballads, long known under the name of the *Kiempe Viser*, were, to the number of one hundred, first printed by Anders Sorensen Vedel, in 1591, at the request of the Queen of Denmark. Others were added in subsequent editions, of which several appeared, both in Denmark and Norway.

A volume of *Tragica*, or old Danish historical Love Songs, was published in 1657; and a hundred ballads were added, by Peter Syv, to Vedel's collection, in 1695. A New Edition, enriched by several ballads from old manuscript collections, of which, to the honour of the fair sex, there had been many made in former days in Denmark, has lately been published in Copenhagen, with the old tunes to which they were sung.* This curious collection of ballads, in a language so very like the north country English, ought to be in the hands of every amateur of this species of literature. It is divided into ballads relating to the old mythical period,—supernatural and miraculous ballads,—historical ballads,—and fictitious ballads. With respect to their age, it cannot be exactly determined; but it has been affirmed, by good judges, that, with the exception of five, in the historical class, all the rest are the composition of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. The subjects to which the historical ballads relate, are many of them of a very ancient date; the language is often full of archaisms not to be found in the monuments even of the 15th century; and several of them are referred to by name in the old Chronicles.

Some of these ballads have been introduced with considerable effect, by Oehlenschläger, in his Dramas. In his Tragedy of Axel and Valborg, which is itself founded on a popular ballad, he introduces that

* To be had from Mr. Bohte, London.

Knight Aage in the following manner—

Valborg. My Axel oft has told me with what skill

You touch the harp—

William. Oft times its tones

Have soothed my troubled senses to repose:

Valborg. Well then, dear William, seat thee in that nook,

Where, by my mother's grave a harp is hung,—

How many a sleepless night has Valborg's voice

Accompanied its tones among these graves!

How many a time with it has she begun

The song of the Knight Aage! Never sung

She it to end; her feeble voice was drowned

By scalding tears; but you, my noble William,

Received, from God a nature more robust:—

Take you the golden harp, and seat yourself

Down by the Royal pillar, facing Axel, And sing, with tuneful string, your song to end,

Whilst Valborg kneels beside her Axel's corse—

And do not, prithee, rise till all is o'er—

Till Else has her Aage joined in death.

It was the Knight Sir Aage,
He to the island rode;
He betrothed Lady Else,
She was so fair a maid;

He betrothed Lady Else,
All with the gold so red,
But on the Monday after
He in the earth was laid;

It was the Lady Else,
And she did wail and weep,
The Knight, Sir Aage heard her,
Under the earth so deep;

Uprose the Knight, Sir Aage,
Took his coffin up behind,
And hied him to her chamber door,
His Lady fair to find:

With the coffin he knock'd upon the door,
Because he had no skin,
"O rise up Lady Else
And let thy Aage in!"

Then answered Lady Else,
"I will not ope my door,
Till thou repeat Christ Jesus' name,
As thou couldst do before!"

"O rise up little Else,
And open thou thy door;
I can the name of Jesus name,
As I could do before."

Then up rose the proud Else,
The tears fast down did flow,
And in she let dear Aage,
For whom she felt such woe;

And then she took her golden comb,
Wherewith she combed his hair,
And for every hair she redded,
She dropt a bitter tear.

"Now, hear ye Knight, Sir Aage,
My dearest love, O say,
How was it under the black earth
In the grave where you lay."

"Every time thou merry art,
And in thy mind art glad,
Then pleasant is my grave to me,
All round with rose leaves clad;

"But every time thou grieve'st,
And in thy mind art sad,
My coffin then it seems to be
All filled with clotted blood.

"But now the red cock croweth,
I can no longer stay,
To earth now hurry all the dead,
And I must take the way.

"And now the black cock croweth,
To earth must I descend,
The gates of heaven wide open are,
And I must quickly wend!"

Upstood the Knight, Sir Aage,
Took his coffin up behind,
And dragged it on to the church yard,
Painful he did it find;—

And now the Lady Else,
Her heart it was right sad,
She went on with her Aage,
All through the darksome wood;

She went with him all through the wood,
And into the church yard,
And then the Knight, Sir Aage,
Lost the hue of his yellow hair;

And as he came to leave the yard,
And into the church sped,
O there the Knight, Sir Aage,
Lost the hue of his cheeks so red;

"Now hear thou little Else proud
Hear me my dearest dear,
See that thou never more do weep,
For thy betrothed here;

And cast thine eye to heaven up,
And little stars aboon,
And thou wilt thereby come to know,
How the night passeth on."

She cast her eye to heaven up
And to each little star;
Into the earth the dead man slipped,
She never saw him more!

* In old times, ghosts were supposed to take their coffins with them—See the wooden cuts in the *Helden-buch*, &c.

Now home went Lady Elae,
Deep sorrowing all the way,
And on the Monday after,
She lay in the dark clay.

This affecting ballad was taken from a manuscript collection, which belonged to Christiana, daughter of King Christian IV, and in which she wrote her name, with the date, 24th June, 1660. The number of ballads closely resembling it, dispersed throughout the various Teutonic countries, is very great indeed; and it is hardly going too far to affirm, that something like it is to be found in almost every one of their provinces. The Suffolk Miracle, the original of Bürger's *Leonora*, and a Norse song, all of similar construction, have already been noticed. The strongest likeness to it, however, is to be found in the famous Scots ballad of William and Margaret, which we believe was first published in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. But, though in all these the resemblance is very great, it does not seem certain that any one country was indebted for the subject to another. The belief in ghosts follows naturally, from the belief that we do not wholly die; and the most that the reason of an enlightened age can say on the subject, is, that allowing a continuation of our existence, in some shape or other, we know not whether the nature of that existence does or does not allow of an intercourse between it and the mortal life. There is a difficulty in supposing an identity of being, without an identity of affections; and men in a rude age, naturally cling with fondness to the idea, that, as the old affection is con-

tinued, the disembodied spirit will not be subjected to a restraint, debarring it irrevocably, from all means of communicating with the object of its regard. Those who witness the separation of two lovers by the hand of death, can hardly avoid picturing to themselves a renewal of the intercourse so sadly disturbed; and hence the idea of such ballads as we have last noticed, must be almost perpetually floating in the mind, and as extensively diffused as human feeling. It must be allowed, at the same time, that the resemblance between William and Margaret, and the Knight Aage, extends even to the details. Compare the following verses from the former, with what we have just given above.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And its but my spirit Margaret,
That's now speaking to thee.
She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie
God send your soul good rest!
Now she has kilted her robe of green,
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night,
The dead corpses followed she:
Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Any room at your feet;
Or any room at your side Willie;
Wherein that I may creep?
There's no room at my head, Margaret;
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margaret,
My coffin's made so meet:—
Then up and crew the red-cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, dear Margaret,
That I were going away.
(To be continued.)

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

“Are these sentiments which any man, who is born a Briton, need be afraid or ashamed to avow?”

No. I.

DIFFICULTY OF POLITICS AS A SUBJECT; UNCERTAINTY OF POLITICAL PRINCIPLES; REMARKS ON THE DIVISIONS OF POLITICAL SENTIMENT IN THE COUNTRY.

WE adventure on a very serious and hazardous undertaking in commencing this series of Articles; and we have now put its title on paper, for the first time, with a trembling

hand. The prospect before us is not a cheerful one; the roads we must traverse are doubtful and unsafe;—we dare not affirm that we know exactly what we ought to recommend,

nor do we feel assured of our ability to recommend persuasively what we fancy we know. In writing on Literature, or on the Arts, it is a sufficient object to expose what is wrong; but in political discussion, we apprehend, it is mischievous to do so, unless we can at the same time enounce what would be right—for, as a political constitution is a matter of practical necessity, it would seem to be unfairly assailed by speculative objections, unless these are accompanied by demonstrations of practicable improvements.

But demonstration in politics is, we believe, impossible;—it cannot be given, and were it given, would not be accepted. The whole institution, or science, or whatever else it may be called, originates in human error, and infirmity; prejudices are its necessary means, and illusions of all sorts its natural auxiliaries. Politics have but little, comparatively, to do with man as he naturally wishes to be, or justly ought to be, or with things in their general properties,—but chiefly relate to the actual, accidental condition of society. They are, moreover, inextricably connected with personal interests: candid opinion, therefore, can scarcely be brought to bear upon them, for every individual is, in some measure, a party to every question that can be agitated. Upon political questions there is always to be observed a most suspicious and disheartening tallying of sentiments with personal situations: Mr. Denman takes God to witness, that he believes the Queen pure in heart and conduct; while Sir John Copley is honourably indignant at her depravity! Lord Liverpool, whose integrity is only questioned by the dregs of faction, leans to the side of conviction; and Lord Grey, no longer an eager partizan, maintains she ought to be acquitted. How idle, then, to talk of conscience and principle as easy and obvious guides to what is right in politics!—It might have been easily predicted, before her Majesty talked of coming over to this country, that the Lord Chancellor would be against her, and Alderman Wood for her:—*conscience* and *principle*, therefore, we see, may mislead in this labyrinth—for surely one of these individuals must be wrong.

Perhaps the fact is, that politics, at the best, are but a necessary evil: absolutely necessary, but still an evil. If this be the case, the only rule of right that can be applied to them, is that of keeping strictly within the limits of the necessity. The human intellect is clearly more subjected to the influence of time and place in forming political opinions, than it is with reference to any other class of sentiment, except religious creeds. If Mr. Wilberforce had lived in the days of Augustus, he would have had *slaves* in his house,—only taking care to treat them well. On the other hand, Cicero, had his life been delayed till now, would, beyond a doubt, have joined Mr. Brougham, or taken his place, in carrying through Parliament the slave-trade felony bill; yet in one of his speeches, we find him fixing the time of a particular occurrence by coolly observing, “this happened at the hour when *the cries of your chastized slaves are always heard in your mansions*,”—meaning, say the commentators, about one o’clock of the day,—and the orator seems to have been quite unconscious of the inhumanity of this daily infiction, or the injustice of slavery.—Lord Castlereagh, when he introduced the bills of last year against the Press, professed a regard for its freedom infinitely more liberal than any thing that ever dropped from Bacon or Sir Matthew Hale; yet it would be gross flattery in us to say, that we believe his lordship possesses a more liberal mind than fell to the lot of either of the two persons just mentioned. May not the difference be, that Lord Castlereagh yields his feelings to a necessity, which the dispositions and intellects of the others have helped to introduce in the lapse of time?

We are far, however, from thinking, that it is only people’s opinions, as to wrong and right in politics, that change with different ages of the world;—these qualities themselves vary, according to the varying condition of society. There is no foundation for the science in absolute nature, as there is for all the other sciences,—and, therefore, there is no possibility of considering it but in strict dependance on local and temporary circumstances. If Newton’s philosophy be, as we believe, ground-

ed in truth, it holds quite as good to explain the phenomena of the universe, in the island of Ceylon, as in the island of Great Britain; but the same cannot be said of the British constitution, supposing it to be, as we believe, the paragon of constitutions. We have now before us the Annual Register for 1819, in which there is the official account of the quelling of a rebellion against the British flag in that island, and of the execution of two of the rebel chiefs. One of them, Keppetapole, is said to have "met his death with a firmness worthy of a *better cause*:"—such is the phrase of the Gazetteer, and it is the customary one in regard to all such unsuccessful attempts; yet the two Ceylon chiefs did but make resistance to a foreign invasion, and it is generally considered a *natural right* to do so. It is very likely, however, that the happiness of the inhabitants of Ceylon, and the advance of human improvement, ought to be considered as benefited by the extinction of this insurrection, and the transfer of the government of the island into British hands. The execution, therefore, of the native chiefs, may have been politically *proper*; though they had a political *right* to raise the banners of revolt! In the same way, James would have acted with perfect political justice had he condemned, in case of victory over the revolution, the whig lords for high-treason; yet these whig lords, we now say, gloriously maintained their political rights, and, by triumphantly doing so, have rendered us, their posterity, debtors to their memory of gratitude for all our political blessings!

This uncertainty, and apparent inconsistency, arise from this,—that there is no such thing as absolute right or wrong in politics:—resistance is a question of prudence, a high authority has declared; if so, subjugation is the consequence of power. There is not any one fixed principle in politics, derivable from the nature of things, to guide the understandings of men, and silence their passions, prejudices, and interests. Some have said, that man is *born free*, and, therefore, has a right to *remain so*; but it is untrue that he is so born: he is born to immediate dependance and pain. He protests against life, by his cries,

the moment he enters into it: nothing like voluntary suffrage is exercised by him when the most serious and heavy of engagements is imposed upon him. Others have said, that man is born under *absolute power* (his parents'), and therefore ought to *remain under it*:—but this is not true either,—for nature implants an instinct of affection in the parental breast, to qualify and restrain the power in question,—above which, in fact, it often gains an ascendancy,—while, except in some monstrous cases, it leads to an irrepressible self-denial and devotion in favour of the weaker party. History does not make it evident, that princes have a similar instinct towards their native subjects, far less towards their conquered enemies.

There can, therefore, be but little certainty, or comfort, in writing on politics, for they are naturally uncertain and uncomfortable. There is scarcely a point of their practice that may not be traced to an abstract absurdity or injustice; yet they are essential to the existence of society, and are intimately entwined with all we say, do, and think. They indicate, too, the strength or the weakness of nations; their health, or their infirmity. As connected with national character, they approach to more pleasant topics of discussion; and, in particular instances, they involve animating considerations, demand urgent appeals, and give opportunity for inculcating useful lessons. A publication, like ours, professing to reflect the actual features of the time, must be considered imperfect if it excludes them; and, besides, we really feel ourselves responsible to our readers for affording them something like fair representation, and candid inquiry, on subjects so obscured by misrepresentation, and so abused by fraud. We are not very sanguine of making converts to doctrines; but we do think it possible that we may be able to shake the strength of inveterate prejudice in naturally well-disposed minds,—and induce some people to consider and reflect over the public occurrences of the time, steadily, seriously, and impartially, who have hitherto been accustomed to break away into violence, on one side or other, at the mere sound of names, as on a signal which

they were engaged to obey, rather than as acting under the influence of rational investigation. We can scarcely expect to convince, or at least gain individuals, in the teeth of their plainest interests; but we may, perhaps, in a degree, modify the view which persons take of their interests. That very zealous support which is to be traced to personal profit, or preferment, received or looked for from the authorities of the state; as well as that pertinacious dissent which issues either from mercenary motives, from a morbid constitutional vanity, or a natural malignity, we have no hope to influence. They who thought Wellington disgraced by the hisses of a mob which dispersed in confusion when he stopped his horse to look at them; they who deem the Queen's answers to her addressers noble compositions, and Mr. Cobbett an authority in politics, being quite beyond our reach, will not be aimed at in our observations. On the other hand, if a man be a court-chaplain, or a head clerk in a public office, or an army agent, or be placed in any similar situation of relationship to the fountain of good things, we are far from impeaching his personal sincerity in his opinions; nor do we see any thing in his circumstances to hinder him from being a very honest and estimable member of the community; but we must consider him, with reference to political discussion, as rather to be argued *about*, than *with*. His feelings have their natural bias, and this very bias is one of the elements of the system we have to examine in its various bearings. There is no illiberality in saying this: English law recognizes the existence of certain affections, which, without being at all discreditable to the persons in which they have a place, tend to incapacitate a person from fairly discharging certain public duties. By committing the decisions of legal trials to twelve common men, rather than to the twelve learned judges; by making the place of judge a place for life, instead of dependant on the pleasure of the crown; by giving the accused certain advantages in the forms of the proceedings against high treason, as a counterbalance to certain disadvantages attending a charge of this nature,—the British Constitution acknowledges

the prejudices and partialities that spring up in the mind under the generating influence of place and profit, and corrects their practical effects. Are we to be more tender in our observations than the law is in its enactments? The other day, at Kensington—(and we quote the fact as one of the signs of the times, as well as an illustration of our present argument)—an address to His Majesty, tending to persuade him that the late proceedings against the Queen had excited no feeling of disapprobation in the breasts of the loyal and honorable amongst his subjects, was hastily got up, and signed, at an early hour of the morning—viz. before breakfast. This meeting was convened under the active interference of a respectable gentleman, *who is one of the first clerks of the war office*; who receives Commissariat half-pay, in addition to his salary, by the special favour of the Crown, and pensions in addition to both. The persons present were few, and the majority of them were bound to the cause by ties similar in their nature to those confining the individual who took the chair. Now we would appeal to our readers, sitting at their firesides, whether such an address can be justly considered as proving any thing more on one side, than an article in the radical weekly journals proves on the other? There certainly is nothing like candour, or perception of the truth, evinced in these vulgar journals: they are not the organs of intellectual and independent expression, but the channels of scurvy feeling, and malignant humour; yet, though they may be more calculated to excite our dislike than the orderly effusions of praise to which we have opposed them, they are not more worthy of our distrust. Both are equally unfaithful in their evidence; and when we regard the coarse venality displayed in the herd of servile publications,—backing the natural and not unblameable attachments of those who are snugly placed amongst “existing circumstances,”—we are afraid the offensive steam of corruption will appear, but too plainly, soaring and mixing with the incense-cloud of grateful adulation.

Nothing that we have said as to the general uncertainty and instability of what are called political

principles, can apply against attempts to examine the practical propriety of particular measures,—though, we confess, we have thrown out enough to prevent any sanguine hope of arriving at demonstration or unanimity. Still, however, though we cannot pretend, nor indeed would wish to establish the right of universal suffrage, it may be within our jurisdiction and ability, to illustrate the bad character and bad consequences of such proceedings as have lately thrown the nation into disturbance:—it may be permitted us to compare the conduct and talents of particular public men; to endeavour to deduce from these their respective capacities for serving the nation;—to seek to fortify what are unanimously regarded as the best and strongest points in the national character;—to abash, or at least expose the viperous front of disaffected faction,—and the brazen countenance of venal flattery;—urgently to address the sense of integrity, and patriotic affection, when the foundation of manners is assailed, and the supports of good faith and confidence shaken, throughout their whole social union, by glaring instances of dereliction from honour and decency, displayed amongst the conspicuous classes, or on the elevated stations of society. Without pretending to ascertain the conditions of the original social contract; or rather disbelieving that there ever was, or could be, one entered into, it may nevertheless be permitted us to examine the connection of public energy with the degrees of public liberty; and of the stability of the institutions of government, with their popularity and happy influence on the mass of the governed. Without debating the principles of the union between church and state, it may not, perhaps, be deemed altogether presumptuous in us to suggest, that the members of the body of established clergy do injustice to their high calling, and give advantage to the scoffer, when they become heated and violent instruments to forward the purposes of worldly authority, in a suspicious coincidence with the views of private interest: and, on the other hand, we may, we hope, be allowed to say a word in behalf of the instincts of human nature, and the wants of the human soul, when liberality in poli-

tics is attempted to be connected with hostility to general religion,—and the philosophy of improvement is turned from its fair direction, to point towards licentiousness of manners, and consequent domestic desolation.

Upon which of the points of opinion, to be gathered from the preceding observations, can any really honest man be prepared to quarrel with us? Nor are we without a hope of effecting something more than merely sheltering ourselves from absolute hostility: our own most decided conviction is, that until such sentiments and feelings are drawn forth from that privacy,—where doubtless they now exist to a far greater extent than their silence gives superficial observers reason to suppose,—and become a principle of action, uniting in strenuous endeavour, for the country's welfare, the respectable understandings, and fair and faithful intentions which constitute and characterize the *core* of the British community,—the country must continue plunged in growing evils, and become every day more and more involved in disheartening circumstances of disagreement, of deterioration, and jeopardy. It really would almost seem as if a revolution of manners was already begun amongst us; and if there be any thing at all certain in politics, it is that such a revolution is the invariable forerunner of a general change in the institutions of society. A change of this sort in this country, if produced by the present visible agents of alteration, must be for the worse:—there are no symptoms whatever, calculated to beget confidence in the effects of any political metamorphosis produced under the auspices of those who are now actively endeavouring to bring one about. Such of the radical reformers as are sincere, seem to be men of pert and vain tempers; with nothing of the old English masculine cast of character,—that freedom from affectation,—that instinctive philosophy, the pride of which is its harmony with common sense, and its triumph amending without subversion. They are of alien breed: they do not look to the past with natural affection; they do not feel the weight of the ancient glory of England; they are accustomed to espouse the calumnies of her enemies; they are not sensible

of the responsibility which her name throws on those who would even modify the institutions under which its renown has been accumulated. They are not *national* in their feelings and tastes; they have vivacity, but they are of shallow hearts, and are without imagination. Mr. Hobhouse, a smart man, is an example of what we mean: * his books, his speeches, his opinions on religion, are all alien in their style to the English character. A more meagre principle than an English soul animates his moral and intellectual being altogether: there is a flippancy about his thoughts which ill-suits with the rancour of his language. He is worthy to be the historian of the "hundred days," but for England, whose history is composed of *centuries*, his powers are too small. At Rome he busied himself with criticizing dates and names; and in this, as in other respects, he has shewn himself more fitted to play the part of a French philosopher than of an English patriot. His place is Paris: there he shone, and was much admired:—there he would eclipse Sir Francis Burdett; but in the English House of Commons he will never command or deserve that respectful attention, from a host of adversaries, which is given to his colleague, and brother reformer.

England would become another and inferior country to that which it has been, were its future destinies to be modelled by such hands; and the worst feature in her present condition, is the almost nullity in the state, of the individuals who in public business would be the representatives of her genuine character. We allude to certain men of fortune, rank, and talent, animated by the spirit of her history, faithful to that path of improvement which she has so sedately and successfully followed,—alive to the spirit of enterprize which distinguishes the present time, yet too mindful of their country's dignity to think of submitting her to unnecessary risks, or even of running hazards for improvement in the reckless manner of nations that have all to gain and nothing to lose. The courtiers, on one side, and the disaffected on

the other, have contrived to destroy the influence of genuine statesmen altogether; and the public are consequently divided in a very unhappy way. A great proportion of the people,—comprising much of what is most respectable in private life, and secure and steadfast in society,—support the persons occupying the established places of government,—not in the exercise of a sagacious and discriminating conviction of their rectitude and wisdom,—but as the least of two evils,—as leaning to the safer side,—to keep the semblance of property and order together, and continue old names and customs, threatened as they think all these would be with subversion and ruin, were unnecessary opposition to afford an advantage to the schemes of the men who imported Paine's skeleton as the symbol and standard of British Reform. On the other side is placed the comparatively small, but active party of those who are disaffected in heart and soul to the present system of society; who have in view its complete up-breaking; who covet a new partition of goods, and would bring this about by an entire change of opinions and institutions. The former and larger division are guilty of the inconsistency of respecting the action of British good-sense and independent sentiment—to which the long stability and enduring strength of the country are chiefly to be traced—with the wish of contributing to the permanency and tranquillity of the state! It is very bad reasoning indeed that leads to this conduct; the experience of history is all pointed against it,—but every day there is afforded another, and still more striking proof of its incorrectness. The mere courtiers are much less incensed against the disaffected personally,—and the disaffected shew much less absolute anger against the courtiers, than both these parties display against the individuals who stand between them. These are such high-minded moderate politicians as are animated by the spirit of the British Constitution; who acknowledge it to be a spirit of liberty and improvement;

* Sir Francis Burdett we do not consider as a genuine *radical*. He is merely an English oppositionist of the sturdiest order: such as existed in the best days of English history; whose opinions might be carried too far, but had a right tendency.

but whose affections and understandings abide by the ancient order of our society,—because they see in it admirable provisions, adapted to human nature, for the preservation of social peace and safety, and for developing and stimulating those aspirations and capacities which tend to benefit, distinguish, and ornament the domestic life, and public character of nations. A glowing and at the same time sedate patriotism, shining from a lofty eminence in the eyes of men, and attracting admiration to its pure and steady lustre—like, for instance, the fine flame which irradiates the public conduct and compositions of that young nobleman Lord John Russell—is what the extreme factions chiefly dread and detest. For the same reason, it ought to be steadily regarded by the people as a beacon of hope and safety. It is in such splendid examples of intellect in wealth, and liberality in elevated station, that the glory of British history and the brilliancy of the national reputation, may best be contemplated. Their lustre has ever led the march of the nation onward to its richest possessions, as the pillar of fire led the tribes through the desert to the land of milk and honey. Unlucky circumstances, and base arts, have, for some years past, chilled the sympathy which ought to exist between the honest sense of the people, and the impulses of those talents and virtues which are advantageously placed by Providence, united to great names and honorable titles—in advance of the common situations of society, in order to give forcible effect to their operation on public opinion, and the public welfare. The consequence has been, that apathy has succeeded to energy amongst the sound and substantial part of the community,—and that reproach, thrown with impunity by the mischievous on the worthy, has totally destroyed in politics the influence of the best class of politicians. Look at the noble display of talent, probity, and zeal lately made by Earl Grey; and consider how much the dignity of the country would have gained had such a mind guided the course of the government, with reference to a recent particular occasion, instead of the timid and subservient dispositions which

have led to so much mortification, exposure, and disgrace. It has been hitherto the great distinction and blessing of this nation, that its nobility and gentry, without sinking into the class of regular courtiers, but retaining their independent character and capacity, have occupied themselves with the public affairs, counselled the throne, and powerfully influenced its measures. In no other country have distinguished subjects been able to render themselves of any value with reference to the court, but as its satellites: but with us, independent gentlemen have played the part of eminent statesmen, and have served the prince and the people,—each more effectually from stooping to neither. Unhappily, however, these natural guardians of the institutions and liberties of their native land, have of late seen their proper and necessary weight in the commonwealth annihilated—and in favour of whom? Mere placemen, and vulgar mal-contents! The balance of authority and opposition, that proud boast, and useful privilege of this country, has been entirely left to such counteracting parties as Mr. Cobbett see-sawing Mr. Croker, and the editor of the Examiner tilting Mr. Canning, once editor of the Anti-Jacobin! In the same way we find it now proposed, (*the first suggestion of the plan, we are told, proceeding from the monarch personally*) that a LITERARY ACADEMY should be formed, on the model of that wretched French institution over which English genius has been accustomed to exult in words, as well as triumph in works,—to constitute a make-weight against the *Sunday press*! Such *Signs of the Times* as these are prodigiously discouraging: they seem to indicate the extinction of the old spirit of the country. The demon of scandal sits perched on the pinnacle of our king's palace, chattering, and laughing, and pointing with his finger into the interior,—while an excited populace look up, and re-echo the hootings of the fiend. What a contrast does this present to the “old domestic morals” of the British court,—and how destructive the effect of such a contrast on that feeling of reverential allegiance which has been the ancient companion of independent sentiment in this once

solidly-founded common-wealth. No public interest whatever called for running the fearful hazard of a recent disgusting exposure:—it necessarily and inevitably led to recrimination in both heart and mouth, calculated terribly to prejudice, in public esteem, an august public functionary, whose real power consists but in the respect which his title excites. The dignified clergy, in the first assembly of the nation, have alluded, in their united capacities of bishops and legislators, to the *vices* which constitute an insuperable bar to a measure, introduced by the servants of the Crown as one of redress for the Sovereign, but which these vices represent as one of contemplated injustice. Why expose the Crown to this disgrace?—or incur the risk of a still greater calamity,—viz. that of seeing men, clothed with honorable titles and dignities, forfeiting their honour in subserviency to the Court as a fountain of distinction and profit? The Queen's conduct was neither the only, nor even the principal matter which presented itself for the serious consideration of the persons on whom it fell to decide on the institution of the late inquiry:—there were several infinitely more important points for them to weigh. What conduct had been pursued *towards*, as well as *by* her Majesty;—what effect such a domestic dispute would have on the public mind;—what good *could* be its result, and what bad *might*;—what excitement it was likely to make of popular passion;—what means it was likely to put into the hands of the disaffected;—what temptation it was likely to offer to the clergy, and magistracy, and other subaltern officers in the state, to pursue a line of conduct marring their utility by injuring their respectability,—and calculated to shake the foundation of religious and loyal sentiment in the land, by branding the peculiar promulgators of both with an odious character for power-serving, and discreditable violence.—These are the questions to which his Majesty's ministers were bound to give the greatest share of their attention, when it was first in agitation to adopt severe measures, tending to a public conflict, against the Queen. The private feelings of one of the parties are as nothing compared with

these great state considerations;—and they are so obvious, and so palpable are the deductions from them, that no honest man of sound judgment can for a moment hesitate to pronounce, that ministers violated their duty, both to the throne and the public, when they consented to become the instruments of this most fatal attack on a woman, whose tastes and habits do not appear to be at all congenial to English notions of what is *seemly*,—but whose courage, sufferings, and ill-treatment have induced the people generally to consider her cause as one entitled to the support of generous feeling and the national magnanimity. And this conclusion, to which they have come, is a correct one, under all the circumstances of the case—however wild, absurd, and distasteful may be much of the matter mixed up with the popular support. The fault, here, is chiefly to be laid against those who have kindled this effervescence,—unwisely, if the measures that have been pursued by the administration are regarded in a public light, and unfairly if they are contemplated as emanating from irritated personal feeling. Every thing conspired to dictate abstinence and reserve on this unhappy subject: the private *consciousness* of the palace, the honour of the government, the tranquillity of the people. Suppose the Queen guilty of all laid to her charge; her crimes, as a wife, cannot fairly be considered before a public tribunal, but in connection with the treatment she has received as one; and though it would be deplorable that such an example of misconduct should escape with impunity, it would be ten times more honorable to the country that it should do so, than that England should present the spectacle of power taking advantage of the injuries it has inflicted, and overcoming, in the name of justice, a party towards whom it stood in the capacity of offender.

But such reflections are now after-time: the mischief hath been effected, and this is surely of a more extensive and enduring nature than the moral and political constitution of the British common-wealth has ever before sustained. Never before has such deadly havoc been made amongst all the fences of external and titular dig-

city which hedge-in the seats of public authority:—the veil has been rent in twain, and the sight displayed behind it has substituted mockery for respect. The titles of the State have lost their charmed hold on the mind, since they have been connected with a process of scandal, folly, and profligacy, carried on laboriously, from day to day, before mitres and coronets—the personal habits, and domestic intercourse of royalty founding the ground-work of the licentious farce. The late inquiry is unique in the history of the world: under a despotic government no such frightful exposure could take place,—and no free one has ever hitherto so far violated both prudence and duty. The *radicals*, who, before this, had made not one step towards weight or consideration, have now been enabled to give an air of *chivalry* to their confederation; and to talk of loyalty to the Queen, and of the courtesies due to the female sex, and of the duty of manhood towards an oppressed lady! There has been dreadful mis-management in all this: but the effects of the improvidence and mistake committed cannot be cured by irrational zeal, or insincere professions. The good sense, candour, and intrepidity of the country must be arrayed out, in full and imposing

force, in the country's defence. The tricks and violence of party can no longer be of any avail: men's minds have been too far alienated to be gained back by mere words. A vast preponderating mass of attachment to the ancient order of our law, and the social structure of England, still exists in the nation; and so far it possesses a mighty advantage over most of the other states of Europe; but to enable this attachment to display itself, or rather to hinder it from perishing, we must have rank and title again seen forward, and adventurous, and triumphant, in behalf of Justice, and Truth, and Morals, and Independence. The Doctors in Divinity, and Rectors, and Curates, appealing to the people in the interests of courtiers that have committed themselves, can do nothing for the Constitution, or for religion: they are, on the contrary, helping on the disaffected to a strength and importance from which they seemed hopelessly proscribed. We must look again to our natural political guardians. At some recent county meetings, the people have shown a disposition to do so, and we hail the first symptoms of this return to their old confidence, as indications of a cheering nature, streaking the general gloom of our political horizon.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A clear fire, a clean hearth,* and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game, and lose another;† that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no,—and will desire an adversary, who has slipt a wrong card, to take

it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without ex-

* This was before the introduction of rugs, reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinder, betwixt your foot and the marble.

† As if a sportsman should tell you, he liked to kill a fox one day, and lose him the next.

acting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards: and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, traydrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors;—the dazzling supremacy and regal inves-

ture, of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone;—above all, the over-powering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel, or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage. Nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas, that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same shape and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say; and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it

is; and, in my mind, would have stript it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the shape of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?—

“But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out.—You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the anti-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the “hoary majesty of spades”—Pam in all his glory!—

“All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, picture-less. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling.—Imagine a dull deal-board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestor's money) or chalk and a slate!”—

The old lady, with a smile, con-

fessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce “*go*”—or “*that's a go*.” She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring “*one for his heels*.” There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet, she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in traydrille.—But in square

games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participant. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—by-stander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game.—By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in back-gammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching.

Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless.—She could not conceive a game wanting the spritely infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue, (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil, and dry slate (*she used to say*) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions,—(dropping for awhile the speaking mask of old Sarah Battle) I would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we are as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great hattling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

P. S.—With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—*Bridget Elia*.

I grant there is something sneaking in it: but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ancle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to

put up with an inferior spring of action.—

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.—

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.—

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to get a tierce, or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my

sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply to it, after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

ELIA.

VERSES

TO LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

On their Publication of *Wordsworth's Excursion*,

IN OCTAVO.

AYE! this, as Cobbet says, is right!—
Just as it should be!—With delight,

For one, I give my bravo!
And thank you, for enabling me,
Upon my humble shelf, to see
“THE EXCURSION”—in Octavo!

Long have I grieved, that such a mine
Of Poesy's true lore divine,
Rich veins of thought affording;
Should be half inaccessible,
By means of that forbidding spell
Which lurks in quarto boarding.

'Tis not the cumb'rous shape alone;
Though that, I candidly must own
A *tangible* objection:

For books, which one is only able
To read—by spreading on a table,
Seldom invite inspection.

Yet bulk I should not heed one pin,
In books that are worth looking in—
There is a much worse evil:
Twelve shillings, for a book like this,
E'en for poor bards, is not amiss,—
Two guineas is—the d——!

And never more so, than when set
Upon a tome one wants to get;
Then—then indeed we feel it:—
Un pauvre diable, tel que moi,
Is tempted to infringe the law,
And, from pure taste, to steal it!

But, such a speculation might
Be awkward; so it is but right
To end such lawless thrillings,—
By publishing to all the town,
That Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,
Now sell it for twelve shillings.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. III.

RHYME LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER, MARINER.

Voyage in the Spectre Shallop.

FITTE FIRST.

1.

It was hallowmass eve;—like a bride at her bowering
 The moon on green Skiddaw sat shining,—and showering
 Her silver light on the Solway waves,—steeping
 In brightness the cormorant's rocking and sleeping:
 The lone Ellenbrook 'neath the green boughs was simmering,
 In castle and cottage the candles were glimmering;
 No foot was abroad,—dread of witch-spell and glamour
 Bound matron and maid to the hall and the chaumour:
 In a mariner's ear the night-tide singeth sweet;
 So I sat and I gazed, while the flood, at my feet,
 Leap'd, and murmur'd:—I thought when the stiff breeze was
 sounding,
 How my bark through the billows went breasting and bounding;
 And I long'd much to lift up my halser and fly
 Where there's nought to be gazed at but ocean and sky.

2.

As I wish'd, lo! there came my bright bark, Barbara Allan;
 Her fair shadow far on the moonlight flood falling;
 Her silk pennon streaming so gay at her side,
 And her gallant sails bent all in seafaring pride;
 Around her the glad waters, leaping and flashing,
 Clave wide with delight, and away she went dashing;
 Before the fair presence of my beauteous shallop;
 The cormorants fly, and the porpoises gallop,
 The seamews dive down, and the seagulls go soaring,
 As her prow through the deep brine goes sweeping and snoring:
 Loud and loud came the voice from the mainland to hail her—
 The glad whistle, the shout, and free song of the sailor.
 While John Selby, first faint, and then bolder and bolder,
 Cried, "Launch out the boat, and bring me Richard Faulder!"
 He whistled—the boat, with one stroke of the oar,
 At my foot made a furrow ell deep in the shore.

3.

I laugh'd and sprung in,—soon the smitten waves parted,
 And flash'd, as along to my shallop I darted.
 The mariners shouted, nor lack'd there the tone
 Of tongues which from boyhood to manhood I'd known;
 The mariners shouted, nor lack'd they the form
 Of friends who with me had braved tempest and storm:
 And away went the shallop, with bent sail and rudder,
 And the shore gave a groan, and the sea gave a shudder:
 We hail'd the clear diamond on green Criffel burning,
 That stream'd on our path, like the star of the morning;
 And, gleaming behind us, shot o'er the wild seas
 The hallowmass torches of bonnie Saint Bees;
 The sweet glens of Cumberland lessen'd,—and colder
 The moonbeam became, and the wind waken'd bolder;
 And the sable flood roar'd, while along the rude furrow,
 The slender bark flew, with the flight of an arrow.

4.

'Twas sweet now to hear how the strain'd canvas sung
 As, right on our path, like a reindeer we sprung ;
 'Twas sweet now to hear how the chafed wind kept trying
 The might of our mast, and the foaming waves frying :
 'Twas sweet from the stem to the stern to be pacing,—
 In the chart of my mind the bark's course to be tracing,—
 In some far sunny bay to be dropping our anchor,
 Or, where the spiced woodlands tower'd greener and ranker,
 To chace, when the sun on the desert smote sorest,
 The fleet-footed deer, and the king of the forest ;
 Or, where the free balm richer dropt from the bushes,
 Hear the frank maiden's sighs in her shealing of rushes,
 As she thinks, while her girdle grows tighter, of sailing
 With one who had loved, and had left her bewailing :—
 Such thoughts came upon me—mid curse and carousing,
 The Man Island smugglers sat singing and bousing ;
 They ceased as we passed, and an old man cried, "*See !
 Lo ! there goes the SPECTRE SHIP sundering the sea !*"—

5.

Loud laugh'd all my mariners—and as they laugh'd, there
 Fell a thick smoke from heaven that choked the sweet air ;
 Loud laugh'd all the mariners—and as they laugh'd, whistling,
 Like the hunting hawk's wings, went the wing'd shallop rustling,
 And at once o'er our heads there came stooping a cloud
 Huge and sable, that swathed up my ship like a shroud ;
 Above and about me the low thunder pudder'd,
 A dread fell upon me—the dark ocean shudder'd !
 A rush of wind came, and away the cloud pass'd—
 And there sat a hoary OLD ONE at the mast !
 With his furrow'd brows bent down, like one in devotion,
 And his ancient eyes cast on the star-gleaming ocean.
 "Hoary father," I said, "ill it suits thee to brave
 The moisture of night, and the damp of the wave :
 Go hillock my blankets above thee—and here,
 Take this tass of strong water to charm thee and cheer !"

6.

The OLD ONE look'd up—then the hawthorn's sweet timmer
 Had shed its rich bloom on my twenty third simmer,—
 The OLD ONE look'd up—then these hoar locks were black,
 As the moor-cock's soot wing, or the sea eagle's back,—
 But from glad three and twenty till threescore and seven,
 From my locks like the snow, till my locks like the raven,
 I never beheld such an aspect ;—abast
 I leapt in dismay,—and the ANCIENT ONE laugh'd !—
 Laugh'd loud, and a thousand unseen lips laugh'd round,
 And the smooth pleasant sea murmur'd far to the sound !
 My comrades were vanish'd—men framed by the spell
 Of the fiends, with their bark, in the dock-yards of hell,
 To wile Richard Faulder,—at midnight unhallow'd,—
 When the dark angels rule,—in the sea to be swallow'd !
 Away flew the fiend-bark, so smoothly and fine
 That she seem'd more to swim in the air than the brine ;
 The green islands stoop'd low their heads as we pass'd,
 And the stars seem'd in pairs from the firmament cast ;
 Sole charmer alone the charm'd moon stay'd to smile,
 Till my Gray Guide dropp'd anchor before a green isle.

FIFTE SECOND.

1.

It was a fair land, that sprung up like the blossoming
 rose when the dew has fall'n soft on its bosom :
 Of balm smell'd the woods, and of myrrh smell'd the mountains ;
 Of fruit smell'd the valleys, of wine smell'd the fountains ;
 The waves on the shore all in concert kept springing
 With the soft nightingale, sitting 'mongst the boughs singing ;
 The winds in the woodtops sung to a glad tune,
 Like a small bird's voice heard 'mongst the brown bees in June ;
 And each time the breeze in the woodlands made stir,
 The ship's sails seemed steep'd in frankincense and myrrh.
 Around sang the mermaids—one swam till her hair,
 Like gold melting in silver, show'd wavering and rare ;
 One reclined on a couch all of shell-work and spars,
 And warbled charm'd words to the hesperide stars ;
 There one, with a shriek more of rapture than fear,
 With the bright waters bubbling around her, came near,
 And seeing the shallop, and forms of rude men,
 Shriek'd,—clave wide the water,—and vanish'd again.
 I stood at the helm, and beheld one asleep—
 James Graeme, a young sailor I lost in the deep ;
 All lovely as lifetime, though summer suns seven,
 Since his loss, his young sister to sorrow had given.
 A mermaid a soft couch had made him, the tender
 One sat nigh and warbled,—her voice, sweet and slender,
 Pierced through the mute billows ; all tear-dew'd and shaking
 I gazed, and the form as I gazed seemed to waken ;
 All the seamaiads with song hailed him from his long slumber,
 And their songs had no end, and their tongues had no number.
 The OLD ONE leap'd up with a laugh—but there came
 A bright FIGURE past him, he ceased,—and, in shame,
 Dropp'd his eyes and sat mute—the rebuked ocean veil'd
 Her loose bosom, and loud all her mermaidens wail'd.

2.

The green land of mermaidens vanish'd, and soon
 A fair island rose, round and bright as the moon ;
 Where damsels as pure as, lone Skiddaw ! thy flocks,
 Show'd blue eyes and bosoms from thickets and rocks.
 Or lay on the sward, half revealed and half shielded—
 (The flowers, touch'd by beauty, a richer scent yielded)
 Or sat and loud love-ditties warbled, and sang
 And harp'd so melodious that all the woods rang.
 And there lay a fair one 'tween sleeping and waking,
 The breeze her dark brow-tresses moving and shaking,
 Round her temples they cluster'd all glossy and gleaming,
 Or gush'd o'er her bosom-snow, curling and streaming—
 I wish'd—for that sight chased remembrance away—
 And the bark knew my wishes, and stood for the bay :
 Less old and less ghastly my dread comrade grew—
 With the change of his look, like a levin-flash, flew,
 From the stem to the stern, a bright PRESENCE—I saw
 The ancient one tremble—I prayed in mine awe,
 And named GOD ! with a bound from the lewd isle we started,
 O'er the flood like the wild flame the spectre-bark darted.

3.

The moon sunk—the flame o'er dark heaven went rushing,
 The loud thunder followed, the rain-flood came gushing,

I sain'd myself oft, yet no shape could I see,
 Either bless'd or un bless'd, save that OLD ONE and me
 The thunder-burst ceased—dropt the wind—yet our flight
 Waxed swifter—I long'd for the merry morn-light:
 No light came, and soon, shadow'd high o'er the flood,
 Rose a huge dusky outline of mountain and wood,
 And I saw a deep vale, and beheld a dark river,
 And away flew the bark as a shaft from the quiver.
 Around me the waters kept toiling and dashing,
 On the land stood a crowd their teeth grinding and gnashing,
 Groups of figures who hover'd 'tween living and dying,
 And "water" and "water" continually crying,—
 Loud cursing, and stooping their lips to the flood,
 While the stream as they touch'd it was changed into blood:—
 Their crime has no name—for those wretches who hate
 Their home and their country, her glory and state,
 Are born without name, and live nameless, and die
 As dishonour should ever; I hearken'd their cry
 And gazed on their persons—in bliss or in pain
 Some marks of the semblance immortal remain;
 But those came in aspect so grisly and ghast,
 That my Gray Guide smiled scorn, and flew sullenly past;
 And a yell such as wolves give when baffled of blood,
 Came following us far down that dark dismal flood.

4.

And away we rush'd on, while along the shores follow
 A shout and a shriek, and a yell and a hollo!
 And a thick cloud was there, and amidst it a cry
 Of the tortur'd in spirit flew mournfully by;
 And I saw through the darkness, the war-steeds careering,
 The rushing of helm'd ones, the fierce charioteering;
 I heard shouting millions, the clang of opposing
 Sharp steel unto steel, and the cry at the closing;
 The neighing of horses, and that tender moan,
 Which the smote courser yields when his glory is gone—
 I have heard him in battle to moan and to shriek,
 With an agony to which human agony's weak.
 I heard the trump clang—of fierce captains the cheering—
 The descent of the sword hewing, cleaving, and shearing;
 Earth murmur'd and yawn'd, and disclosing, like hell,
 A fathomless gulph, ate them up as they fell.
 The OLD ONE smiled ghastly with gladness, and starker
 The wild havoc wax'd, and the rolling flames darker.
 The tumult pass'd by—and a swift glance I gave,
 And the greensward stood gaping like death and the grave;
 Far down, and still downward, my glance seem'd to enter,
 And beheld earth's dread secrets from surface to centre.
 Crush'd helms, altars, crowns, swords and monument stones,
 Gods, gold, sceptres, mitres and marrowless bones—
 Lay thick—things immortal men deem'd them!—for ever
 That grass will grow green, and flow on will that river:
 The fair sun, now riding so beauteous in noon;
 The stars all preparing for shining,—the moon
 Which maidens love much to walk under,—the flowing
 Of that stream who can stay, or that green grass from growing?
 The stars are for ever,—the wind in its flight,
 The moon in her beaming, the sun in his might:
 But man and his glory!—the tide in the bay
 The snow in the sun, are less fleeting than they.

5.

I still stood dread gazing, and lo there came on,
 With sobbing and wailing, and weeping and moan,
 A concourse of wretches, some reverend, some regal,
 Their robes all in rags, and with claws like the eagle:
 The miser was there, with looks vulgar and sordid;
 The lord too was there, but no longer he lorded;
 Anointed heads came—but a monarch still stronger
 Rules now, and no king shall reign sterner or longer:
 There stood ONE, whose hero-blood, boiling and brave,
 Is cold as the peasant, and dull as the slave;
 And HE whose proud name, while there lives a bard-strain,
 And a heart that can throb, must immortal remain;
 Immortal remain too, in spite of the clods
 Of gross earth, who inherit that name of the gods.
 Beside them stood rank'd up, in shadowy array,
 The harp-in-hand minstrels whose names live for aye;
 Those bright minds the muses so honour'd and served,
 And whom our rich nobles have lauded—and starved—
 All vision'd in glory:—in prostrate obeisance
 Mammon's mighty men fell—and seem'd damn'd by their presence.
 There Butler I saw with his happy wit growing,
 Like a river, still deeper the more it kept flowing;
 Young Chatterton's rich antique sweetness and glory,
 And Otway who breathes while warm nature rules story.

6.

The land breeze lay mute, and the dark stream lay calm,
 But my guide gave a nod, and away the bark swam;
 And I heard from the mountains, and heard from the trees,
 The song of the stream, and the murmuring of bees;
 From the low-bloomy bush, and the green grassy sward,
 Were the sweet evening bird, and the grasshopper heard,
 While the balm from the woodland, and forest, and lea,
 Came dropping and sprinkling its riches on me.
 And I heard a deep shriek, and a long sob of woe;
 And beheld a procession all mournful and slow;
 Of forms who came down to the river in ranks,
 Their stain'd marriage garments to blanch on the banks.
 Ranks of regal and noble adulteresses steeping
 Their limbs and their robes, and still wailing and weeping;
 Vain toil—all the water of that dismal river
 Can cleanse not those stains—they wax deeper than ever.
 One came and gazed on me—then fill'd all the air
 With shriekings, and wrong'd her white bosom, and hair;
 All faded and fallen was the glance and the mien
 Of her whom I woo'd and adored at eighteen.
 She fell from her station, forsook the pure trust
 Of my heart—wedded—sinn'd and sunk deeper than dust:
 To my deep sleep by night and my waking by day,
 There's a fair vision comes that will not pass away.
 I turn'd mine eyes from her;—the bark, fast and free,
 Went furrowing the foam of the bonnie green sea.

FITTE THIRD.

1.

We furrow'd the foam of the bonnie green sea,
 And sweet was the sound of its waters to me;
 We bore away eastward, it seem'd as gray day,
 Gan to mottle the mountains—away, and away,

As we wanton'd the billows came curling in night
 I' th' eastward,—but westward they sparkled in light.
 The wind in our mainsail sang fitful and loud,
 And the cry of the sea-eagle came from the cloud ;
 We pass'd wooded headland, and sharp promontory,
 And ocean-rock famous in maritime story ;
 Till the sun with a burst o'er the tall eastern pines,
 Shower'd his strength on the ocean in long gleaming lines—
 And lo ! and behold ! we rode fair in the bay
 Of that fairest of friths, the broad sunny Solway :
 There tower'd haughty Skiddaw—here rose Criffel green,
 There haunted Caerlaverock's white turrets between—
 Green Man, like a garden lay scenting the seas,
 Gay maiden's gazed seaward from sunny Saint Bees—
 Dumfries's bright spires, Dalswinton's wild hill,
 Comlongan's gray turrets,—deep Nith winding still,
 'Tween her pine-cover'd margins, her clear-gushing waters,
 Which mirror the shapes of her song-singing daughters.
 Thou too my own Allanbay, sea-swept and sunny,
 Whitehaven for maidens, black, comely, and bonny ;
 And generous Arbigland, by mariners hallow'd,
 A name known in prayer, and in blessing, and ballad :

2.

As I look'd two gay barks from their white halsers broke,
 With a shout o'er the billows from Barnhourie rock ;
 Their white penons flaunted, their masts seem'd to bend,
 As they pass'd the rough headland of cavern'd Colvend ;
 My aneient guide smiled, and his old hand he lay'd
 On the helm,—and the ship felt his wish and obey'd :
 Her head from sweet Allanbay suddenly turning,
 Sprung away—and the billows beneath her seem'd burning.
 Nigh the sister barks came, and the deep shores were ringing,
 With a merry wild legend the seamen kept singing,
 Nor man's voice alone o'er the sea-wave could render
 Bard's labour so witching, and charming, and tender ;
 For I heard a rich voice through that old legend pour'd,
 The voice too of Her I long served and adored ;
 Hard fortune—false friends—and mine ill-destinie,
 And the dark grave have sunder'd that sweet one from me.

3.

Soon the sister barks came, and shout, yelloch, and mirth,
 Now rung in the water, and rung in the earth ;
 And I saw on the decks, with their merry eyes glancing,
 And all their fair temple locks heaving and dancing,
 Not my true love alone ; but maids mirthsome and free,
 And as frank as the wind to the leaf of the tree.
 There was Katherine Oneen, Lurgan's bonniest daughter,
 Gay Mally Macbride, from the haunted Bann water,
 And she who lays all seamen's hearts in embargoes,
 Who have hearts for to lose, in old kind Carrickfergus.
 Green Nithsdale had sent me her frank Jenny Haining,
 With an eye that beam'd less for devotion than sinning ;
 Mary Carson the meek, and Kate Candlish the gay ;
 Two maids from the mountains of blythe Galloway ;
 And Annand, dear Annand, my joys still regarding,
 Sent her joyous Johnstone, her blythesomer Jardine ;
 And bonnie Dumfries, which the muse loves so well,
 Came gladdening my heart with her merry Maxwell ;

And loveliest and last, lo! a sweet maiden came,
I trust not my tongue with recording her name,
She is flown to the land of the leal, and I'm left,
As a bird from whose side the left wing has been reft.*

4.

Glad danced all the damsels—their long flowing hair
In bright tresses swam in the dewy morn air;
More lovely they look'd, and their eyes glanced more killing,
As the music wax'd louder, and warmer, and thrilling;
The waves leap'd and sang, and seem'd with the meek lute
To keep, not to give, the meet time to the foot.
The shaven masts quiver'd, the barks to the sound;
Moved amid the deep waters with start and with bound;
All the green shores remurmur'd, and there seem'd to run
Strange shapes on the billows; the light of the sun
Was lustrous and wild, and its shooting gleam gave
More of cold than of warmth to the swelling sea-wave;
I trembled and gazed for I thought on the hour,
When the witch has her will, and the fiend has his power,
And the sea-spirit rides the dark waters aboon,
Working mariners woe 'neath the hallowmass moon.
And I thought on my old merry mate, Martin Halmer,
Doomed to doomsday to sail in a vessel of glamour,
Between sunny Saint Bees and the Mouth of the Orr—
Wives pray still as shrieking he shoots from the shore.

5.

Now nigh came the sister barks—nigher and nigher—
More gay grew the song, more melodious the lyre;
More lovely maids look'd, and their feet leap'd more free,
The rocks rung, and more merrily sung the green sea:
And I gazed, for I could not but gaze, and there stood—
Meek and mild her dark eye—glance down-cast on the flood—
That fair one whose looks, while ships swim the salt sea,
While light comes to morning, and leaves to the tree,
While birds love the greenwood, and fish the fresh river,
Shall bless me, and charm me, for ever and ever.
O I deem'd that nought evil might mimic the light
Of those dark eyes divine, and that forehead so bright,
Nought from the grim sojourn unhallow'd, unshriven,
Dared put on the charms, and the semblance of heaven;
She glanced her eye on me—from white brow to bosom,
All ruddy she wax'd, as the dewy rose blossom.—
I called on my love—with a blush and a sigh;
And side-looking, as still was her wont, she drew nigh.

6.

"Heaven bless thee!" I said,—even while I was speaking,
The phantom barks vanish'd, with yelling and shrieking;
And mine ANCIENT GUIDE glared, as a tiger will glare,
When he comes to his den and the hunters are there:
And changing his shape, to a cormorant he grew,
Thrice clanging his wings round the shallop he flew;
And away from the sea and the shore, in his flight,
Fast faded and vanish'd that charmed day-light.
Down on the dread deck then my forehead I laid,
Called on Him that's on high—to his meek Son, I pray'd:

* Many birds, particularly the dove, first lift the left wing to fly, and school-boys cut the tip of that wing alone to preserve their pet-doves from roaming.

The spectre bark shook—'neath my knees seem'd to run
 The planking like snow in the hot summer sun :
 Such darkness dropt on me as when the sea wars
 With the heaven, and quenches the moon, and the stars ;
 And my dread guide flew round me, in swift airy rings,
 Stooping down, like a sea raven, clapping his wings—
 A raven no more now, a fire he became,
 And thrice round the shallop has flown the fiend-flame ;
 In the flame flew a form, and the bark as he shot,
 Shrivelled down to a barge, and a bottomless boat—
 And I call'd unto him who is mighty to save ;
 Swift his spirit flew down and rebuked the sea-wave,
 And smote the charm'd boat ; with a shudder it sounded
 Away through the flood, on the greensward I bounded ;
 And back flew the boat, to a black mist I saw
 It dissolve—I gazed seaward in terror and awe ;
 While my Fiend Guide passed off, like a shadow, and said
 " MAHOUN had not power to harm hair of thy head !"
 I praised God, and pondering sought gladly my way,
 To the merriment-making in sweet Allanbay.
 But never may landsman or mariner more
 Muse in hallowmass eve on that haunted sea shore ;
 Nor behold the fiend's wonders he works in the main,
 With my GUIDE and his dread SPECTRE SHALLOP again !

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

The Travels and Opinions

OF

EDGEWORTH BENSON,

Gentleman.

No. II.

ON VENICE,—SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE LAST ARTICLE: THE PASSAGE-BOAT, AND ITS COMPANY: BUONAPARTE AND HIS SYSTEM.

I AM tempted to add a few words more of Venice, before leaving her to her unfortunate fate. A lady of rank, now living there, the fascination of whose manners is equalled by the hospitality of her receptions, is in possession of the famous ring with which the Adriatic used to be wedded, and I had an opportunity of looking upon this remarkable historical relic. The reader knows that this pledge of union was dropped into the sea, as a symbol of "having and holding;" he may therefore wonder how it should happen now to be separated from the spouse to whom it had been solemnly made

over. The explanation of this circumstance will illustrate the progress of the decline of human institutions, from the time of their vigour and efficacy, when their influence is provided for by their intimate association with popular sympathy, and their forms are substantial sources of strength, corresponding with the impulses of the social mind and feeling. After this period is passed, various are the stages of degeneracy: men gradually become too knowing to respect their old customs without being wise enough to do without them: the upper classes are still anxious to enforce them upon the

lower as restraints, but the spectacle of obedience waxes interrupted, vulgar, and inconsistent, when it is felt as a mark of inferiority, either of intellect or condition. What the champion at the coronation of George the Fourth will be, that had the husband of the Adriatic become;—a name, a figure of mock-representation, a mere affectation in the eyes of the principal performers in the ceremony, a tawdry raree-show to the gazing crowd. The curse of Europe now is, that, almost every where, the opinions of men have removed from the legal and political institutions; that moral harmony between them is at an end. Prescription and coercion, have taken the place of credence and veneration, and the secret has transpired that the disbelief of the individuals who enforce the maxims and rules of the state, is quite as gross as the disobedience of those on whom they are enforced. There must be a restoration of harmony, in this respect, effected, by some means or other, before public stability and tranquillity can be considered as ensured.

The marriage of the Adriatic was originally a ceremony, whose real signification was at least equal to its parade. Its forms were imposing, because they suggested facts that made the Venetians proud: the ring was dropped into the bosom of the water,—and, while the sea continued faithful to the republic, no hand would have dared to disturb the pledge: it was guarded by the religion of patriotism,—it lay in the deep a small talisman of mighty effect.—But when the inefficacy of the rite was proved by the repeated experience of reverses, it was degraded from its original elevation in the fancy, and came to be considered as a mere matter of show and curiosity. The ring was then no longer thought of as an anchor of glory, sunk in the waves, but as a bauble of vanity, which might gratify the childish caprice of the opulent; and divers were stimulated by sums of money, in offering which the great families of Venice outbid each other, to plunge after it, and bring it up from the bottom after a temporary immersion, to become the prize of the vainest and wealthiest competi-

tor. When the ring could be thus disturbed in its hymeneal bed, and dragged forth by coarse and irreverend hands to be chattered over at evening parties, it was but too plain that the marriage was no longer a sacrament, but an empty form: the age of Venetian heroism might then be said to be gone; but worse remained behind. Some of the divers got drowned in the course of their greedy annual adventures; and as the rite itself had dwindled into utter insignificance, the senators of Venice, who still continued the practice of their dungeons "*under the leads*," and their secret executions in the *lagune*, became touched with humanity for these unfortunate ragamuffins, who risked, and occasionally lost, their lives in committing sacrilege for a few pistoles. If the apparatus for restoring the drowned had been then invented, they might probably have contented themselves with ordering a resuscitation-establishment to be placed on the nearest sandbank; but the devices of modern philanthropy and morality were then less elaborately comprehensive than they are now; even England, a country richer in preventatives of vice and misery, and more abounding in both, than any other country of Europe, had not then thought either of fire-escapes, humane-society-ladders, or safety-coaches. The Venetian government not possessing our present advantages, contented itself with preventing, in a very summary way, the occurrence of the accidents in question. It was enacted by a solemn order of senate, that the marriage-ring should be no longer actually consigned from the deck of the *Buc-centaur*, to the heaving bosom of the ever ready bride; but that it should be simply suffered to touch the water, attached to a string,—by means of which, the first magistrate might surely recover it, carry it back in his pocket, and preserve it for acting again in the next yearly farce!—The ring, thus recovered, passed from the hands of the Doge Mont Cénigo—in whose family palace Lord Byron resided—into those of the last of the republican chiefs, who held the bauble of power when the state of Venice was broken up by the French bayonets. From him it

fell into the possession of the Countess Bensone, whose conversation and manners still represent the ancient elegance and hospitality of Venice; and whose son sustains the reputation of her ancient genius, by poetical compositions, sweet and melancholy as the scene around him.

At length this progressive degeneracy of spirit reached so low, that the sentence of national ruin started forth, like the hand writing on the wall, on the eyes of many who had been hitherto blind. At this moment there was something like a rousing of heart shown, and, with natural alarm, a disposition to re-kindle the energies of the republic. This stirring, however, was chiefly perceptible amongst the middle and lower orders; the higher called it insubordination, and dreaded its effects more than they feared the consequences of the public disorganization and pusillanimity. A valet to one of the noblemen about this time, being in the room when his old master exclaimed in the style of former days, which had then become mere cant—"the walls have ears in Venice," had the spirit to reply—"that is past—men now have neither eyes nor ears. When the French please to come, come they will, and cut your lion's wings for you."

A political observer, whose opportunities of information, and power of improving them, are of the very highest order, remarked to me that it was evidently the intention of the Austrians, the present masters of Venice, to reduce the place and territory to nothing: in ten years, said he, if their power continues, she must be absolutely ruined. Knowing their footing in Italy to be, after all, precarious, their object is to establish the prosperity of Trieste on the absolute destruction of Venice. Although governors equally of the Milanese States and the Venetian, they have put a line of custom-houses between the two, owing to which measure of rank absurdity, the Milanese find it more advantageous to take their sugar (for instance) from the people of Genoa, under a foreign government, than from their fellow-subjects. The cruelty of this piece of dullness will appear in its proper light, when it is noted that the re-

fining of sugar constituted one of the principal employments of Venetian industry. The Emperor of Austria paid a visit to Venice when I was there: the procession of his entry by water, down the grand Canal, made the finest sight, in the way of a show, I ever witnessed: the state barges seemed to brocade the surface of the water: the marble palaces were crowded with Italian women; but yet the scene was one of sad humiliation and deep injury. The authorities were foreign, the natives oppressed:—all the forms of congratulation shown by the citizens, were in open contradiction both to their interests and sentiments: yet a public dinner was given by the merchants, and a partial illumination took place in the evening,—for though the Italians might be easily kindled to an armed resistance, they have no idea of its being possible, in a state of tranquillity, to display a frowning look of thoughtful public indignation against what are called the Constituted Authorities. Of the habits of independence they are utterly ignorant: rebellion or grovelling submission are the only alternatives that fall within their contemplation. Still the Emperor of Austria, notwithstanding these puny symbols of rejoicing, felt himself surrounded by public coldness and gloom, and expressed his disappointment and dissatisfaction at the circumstance! A visit from an emperor, he thought, should have dispersed delight amidst poverty and disgrace: "what do they want," he asked? and this he, a German, had the face to demand in the city of Dandolo and Ziani, whose harbour is now deserted, whose canals are choking up, whose merchants are ruined, whose government is annihilated. At the theatre, in the evening, the public feeling showed itself strongly, in contradiction to the illuminations. He entered first, with his newly-married wife (the third or fourth) and was received with a very faint tribute of applause, — which was suddenly swelled to a peal of thunder when his daughter, Maria Louisa, made her appearance behind, and slowly, and with stately carriage, advanced to sit on the left of her young imperial mother-in-law. Throughout the

Emperor's journey in Italy, this contrast followed to torment him, until it was ordered, to avoid its unpleasantness, that his daughter, the Archduchess of Parma, should travel a day in the rear!—it was upon this occasion, in the theatre of Venice, that Maria Louisa made particular inquiries, which was Lord Byron's box; it was pointed out to her, together with his Lordship himself, who was then in it. A hint was afterwards, I believe, given, from a quarter near her person, that our noble poet's solicitation of an introduction would be well received; but the hint was not taken. Lord Byron, no doubt, felt, that the interview would either be unmeaning or painful, and would therefore be better avoided.

The personal oppressions now experienced in Venice, correspond with the public ignominy of her condition. It enters within my own knowledge that an Italian officer, who solicited the necessary *permission to marry* from the Emperor himself, and who received it, was, after this, absolutely defied to contract the engagement by the local minister, who thought himself slighted, in consequence of the application going directly to the sovereign, instead of through his hands. The officer durst not, or thought he durst not, conclude the marriage in the teeth of this menace!—The Austrians, having taken possession of the duty on eatables, which was collected by the municipality for the purpose of defraying the charges of lighting the city, and providing the other accommodations of this nature usual in large places,—it became necessary to impose a second tax, equal in amount to the first, on the articles of provision: it thus happens that there is a difference, to the disadvantage of the Venetians, of six sols on the pound, between the price of meat at Venice, and at Padoua. In the time of the French, four thousand men were employed in the arsenal; the Austrians had not, when I visited it, seven hundred at work. The French expended the money drawn from the inhabitants within the state; and some say, added thereto a sum of twelve millions of francs (480,000*l.*): the Austrians annually send treasure to Vienna. When the Emperor was at Venice,

he had several meetings with the Chamber of Commerce, through the medium of which the merchants preferred various petitions for relief in regard to certain measures, the effects of which they experienced in the total decay of trade. Upon no one point, it was understood, was concession made to the applicants; and it was on these occasions chiefly, that his Imperial Majesty took his Italian subjects to task *for not loving him*. He strongly expressed his indignation, at their daring to harbour discontent with the system of order established in Europe by himself and his allies: he referred to that system as immutable; and professed, at the same time, to consider himself almost exonerated from the duty of regarding, in any degree, the interests of those whose allegiance was forced, not voluntary. To this imperial, or rather imperious mode of reasoning, the poor Venetian merchants could only oppose shrugs, and protestations of loyalty, affection, and gratitude! The president of the Chamber of Commerce, informed the Emperor that the preparation at Venice of certain foreign wine, chiefly from the Levant, for the Russian and other markets, was almost the only source of profit that remained to the city, after so many murderous decrees; but that now this also was dried-up by a recent ordinance. The Emperor replied, that, in general, the commercial regulations affecting Venice, had issued from the councils of his ministers; that he took, however, all the credit, due for the last, to himself—that he himself had recommended it,—thinking it highly improper that *manufactured wine* should be drank instead of genuine. In this instance, his imperial Majesty may have shown good *taste* in one respect; but what would our wine merchants say, to adopting this genuine principle in commercial legislation?—All this betokens a sad change for Venice from the past time: it was then famous for its silk manufactures, which were the object of great encouragement by the republican government. The House of Cavanessia was the first in this line, and it employed four hundred workmen; the reader, by comparing this number with the extent of some of our Lancashire esta-

blishments, may mark the proportion which what is called commercial greatness on the Continent bears to that of England. The fabric of glass, too, was so much encouraged by the rulers of Venice, that the noble who married the daughter of a glass-manufacturer, was able to confer nobility on his wife and children,—which he could not do in the case of any other plebeian match. The Venetians admit, that the demand for their industry, and their traffic generally, fell greatly, when the French took possession of their territory; but they unanimously add, that the Austrians have done them infinitely more harm. In fact, these latter do nothing favourable to them whatever, and add very heavily to their burthens;—now surely, this is reversing the relationship that ought to exist between rulers and ruled. If there is no intentional cruelty in the system of administration adopted towards Venice, there is at least much negligence, or rather indifference to suffering; and the spectacle which this celebrated city now offers, is an awful proof, that the “deliverance of Europe,” has been but a partial deliverance; that the work which we thought consummated so happily, and which we regarded with so much exultation, has been but imperfectly and unsatisfactorily accomplished—and finally, that to place a people, against their consent, under a foreign yoke, is to inflict upon them an enduring species of torture, a living death, an injury, which must either terminate in extinction or terrible revenge.—England is blamed at Venice, as elsewhere, for having betrayed the hopes which she had encouraged: this charge, perhaps, cannot be as easily substantiated as it is vehemently preferred:—it is, perhaps, to be traced, in a great measure, to the high idea that was entertained of her might and influence, leading the Italians to consider that the arrangement of their country, and almost every other arrangement, was in her sole hands. Much inordinate expectation was, doubtless, thus turned towards her; and she is probably now condemned for what she could not well have hindered: but her high language,

and unqualified promises towards the conclusion of the conflict, are naturally now turned against her by the parties who were cajoled with the hope of gain, and who find themselves deep losers: and surely, it is much to be regretted, that we do not find it more palpably on record, that England’s exertions, at the conclave of sovereigns, were more completely in unison, not only with her own pledged word, but with that spirit of free and noble policy, the only one becoming a country, whose proud prerogative it is, or was, as one of the greatest of her sons has declared,—*to teach the nations how to live!**

From Venice to Ferrara, by land, is a tortuous course: I preferred the mail-boat, which passes from the Adriatic into a canal, and from thence drops into the Po. The advantage of such common modes of conveyance is, that they vary usefully, and amusingly, the sphere of your communications with the natives; and often afford you opportunities of becoming acquainted with their real character, habits, and opinions, which, letters of introduction to the higher classes are by no means the best calculated to procure. These latter may gain you a hospitable reception, as a stranger; but, to know the people amongst whom you travel, it is necessary to see them when they are under no obligation of restraining themselves towards you,—when their show of civility is not likely to surpass the measure of the actual feeling, and the freedom of casual intercourse warrants a frank disclosure of their genuine notions, in regard to the various topics in which you chiefly take interest.

The passengers by the boat I have mentioned, are placed under the protection and command of the post-office courier, who provides their table, and regulates all the internal arrangements. We formed a strange motley company, that were drawn off, on a dark rainy evening in February, from the quay, under the orders of Francisco Manzani, a humourist, rogue, and good-fellow. He had been (he said) thirty-five years in his present situation; and the familiarity of Italian manners, coupled

with this long experience in his vocation, had given him a sort of licentious brazen carriage towards his passengers, which was checked, so as to fall short of offensiveness, by a sharp regard to the *buon' mano* in prospect, but dependent on the degree of satisfaction entertained by each traveller at the termination of the voyage. This man knew, excellently, how to balance the consequence and airs of the *padrone*, by a ready attention and huffing deference to the wants and wishes of the individuals under his charge: he was both master and servant: gave orders, and received them, with equal grace: seemed to feel himself despotic, and acted as if his authority multiplied his duties. In his manner was richly exemplified, that compensating tendency, implanted by Providence in the human breast, to extract food, for the nourishment of self-consequence, from those circumstances, whatever they are, which are peculiar to the individual. It is owing to this natural instinct, that every body seems to imagine that the name of his trade, calling, profession, place of abode, birth, or family, constitutes, of itself, a title of honour, to be appealed to on eminent occasions as a stimulant to himself to act up to his obligations, and a claim on the favorable notice of others. This he does, while the term on which he sets so much store is used, as one of scorn,—and sometimes of infamy, by those who have no interest in it. “It would be unworthy of a cobbler to act so;” or “what better could be expected of a cobbler;”—are two different turns of expression, one of which a man chooses according as he may, or may not, have Crispin for a patron. What a different estimation is made of the value and meaning of the word Frenchman, in France and in England!—and when Lord Amherst was at Pekin, how much less reason had he to “glory in the name of Briton,” than George the Third had, when he was addressing, for the first time, a British parliament! Francisco Manzani displayed, in every gesture and action, down to the minutest movement, a visible indication of an ever-present sense of his office. He opened his store chest, and appealed,

by a significant look, to the surrounding company, for their suffrages, though of its contents we were long left in ignorance. His imperfect expedients to remedy gross inconvenience, were accompanied with a wink of his eye, as if they were privileges of place, honorable in themselves, and casting glory on all within their sphere. When he sat in the immoveable arm chair at the head of the table, he bore himself high, like the king of a twelfth cake;—he joined loudly in the chorus of all the songs that were sung, French and German, as well as Italian. Many were his jokes,—but all of the same quality,—and his consistency, in this respect, seemed to raise him in the opinion of the ladies of our party (all Italians). As the hour of eating approached, it was ushered by smirking hints of munificence and disinterestedness. We were told, that we should see what we should see! We were put in good humour by anticipation of dainties,—and were thus bound over, as it were, to be pleased when substantial, though common dishes were put before us. Nothing could be more admirable than the skill with which he reconciled absolute parsimony in facts, with the declamation and manner of a profuse hospitality. He amply supplied all deficiency in the dishes, by the noise and gesticulation of the founder of a feast: he seemed to have cast all idea of profit on comestibles overboard, to be prone to riot at his own expense, to surfeit us to his loss, when in truth scrupulous calculation had presided at the very slicing of the sausages. “Eat for once in your lives,” he cried,—“never mind Francisco!”—yet long before his guests were inclined to leave off, they were compelled to turn to their own stores.—Two ill-looking, dirtily-dressed men, received a large share of his pressing attentions at meal-time: they stubbornly, however, refused to aliment with us, and Francisco, who knew well the reason, knew that his importunities were not likely to injure him. They were Jews, who durst not share our bread,—nor our viands, which were chiefly fitted for Bolognese tastes; the *padrone* being from Bologna, a city where the fa-

* The gratuity given over and above the fare.

mous Mr. Hogflesh would have had no temptation to shrink into an initial. The secret soon transpired publicly; and then the Israelites, appearing to be relieved from a load, took out their separate provision, which chiefly consisted of *sauage, made of goose*, as coming nearest to the prohibited flesh! All this part of the country is famous for the manufacture of these delicacies; and the poor Jews, every where beset by their stimulating flavour, cannot help making bad imitations of the savoury sins.

Not the least talkative, nor the least agreeable member of our society, which had eight-and-forty hours' existence, was a corpulent and itinerant *prima donna*, whose husband held a poor place in the police at Bologna, while she travelled Italy over, making much money at its theatres, attended by a hump-backed maid servant, whose Bolognese jargon drew almost constant peals of laughter from the other Italians. The years of the mistress only numbered twenty-seven; but she had flesh for forty, and experience enough for any age. The two ought to have fallen into the hands of the author of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, that their portraits might have been,—as they merit to be,—immortalized. I never saw such examples of full animal spirits, overpowering health, enjoyment of the air of life,—which they respired, with a zest, as if it tickled their nerves, and circulated cordially round their hearts. Nothing did, or could, come amiss to them)—for they meant no evil, and saw none. Were these women to fall into the hands of a gang of robbers, and be carried off to a cave, in the woods, it may safely be affirmed of them, that neither the loss of their numerous rings, nor any other loss, or infliction, incidental to such an accident, would disquiet them: they would know, like Jaques, how to extract good from every thing. It is not to be supposed, however, that this imperturbable serenity, which I am here attempting to celebrate, was akin to indifference or insensibility. No:—if there was one thing more remarkable than another, in the singer, it was the warmth and volubility of her domestic affections. She talked, vehement-

ly, of the approaching meeting with her poor husband, as she called him, while tears of joy and eagerness stood in her eyes, and her face was suffused with the genuine glow of her spirit. No secret was made, either by her, or her servant, of the latitude, as to fidelity, which she deemed warranted to travellers like herself; but she always had been, and always would be, she said, scrupulously punctual to visit her *povero*, at least once a year! She was now bearing to him the spoils of her last campaign; and the stock was exhibited to us with much exultation: there was a gold watch, and a set of buttons for a waistcoat; a small shred of gauze from Loretto, with a certificate, signed by a priest, that it had been passed over the image of the Virgin, in the *Santa Casa*; there was also an antient earthen lamp, dug up in a field near Rome; and a piece of native sulphur, brought from the *Solfaterra* near Naples. The servant expatiated loudly on the merits, peculiarities, and history of each of these valuable articles; and, as she raised her voice, in her zeal, the wonders of her story, and the uncouthness of her dialect, seemed alike forcibly to strike my Italian companions; they gazed on the relics with admiration and curiosity, while they were unable to restrain the bursts of merriment which her jargon tempted. The scene, as we all bent over the table, where this treasure was exhibited by candle-light,—with the animated attendant desecanting,—and the happy mistress triumphing,—and the numerous company applauding to the skies, and generally, with sincerity,—was one of extraordinary vivacity, and novelty. We were just then falling from the last lock into the *Po*—a name which suggested associations very dissimilar from any by which I was then surrounded; yet by this dissimilarity, increasing their effect.

We had also on board one who had been an army purveyor at Milan, under the government of the French Viceroy. He had then made his fortune, and kept it under the Austrians—being, in this respect, luckier than many of his countrymen. An Italian officer, who had served under Napoleon, had too much reason to contrast his fate with the fortunes of

the purveyor. With this latter individual, I had more conversation than with any of the others, during our short voyage. He had fought in all the battles in Germany, in 1813,—Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, and lastly, Leipsic. His pay then was five hundred francs a month—about twenty pounds. Since the termination of that campaign, up to about the time of my meeting him, he had been left destitute of regular means of subsistence,—and, as he himself expressed it, had no choice but to starve, or to prey on society. It was to be presumed, that he had adopted the latter alternative, for he did not seem to have suffered starvation, and he had abilities which, at Paris and Turin, where he had resided, could easily be made to supply the daily wants of an adventurer.

To a woman, whom he had known at Vienna, and who had become the mistress of a cardinal, the governor of one of the Pope's towns, in Romania, he was now indebted for a very recent appointment to a subaltern commission in one of the regiments of the church, stationed at Bologna; and he was on his way to join. His pay was to be one hundred and fifty-six francs a month, about six guineas,—without hope of promotion. Any allusion to the past order of things, brought into his keen black eye the lustre of a fallen angel's; his aspect then kindled, as with a volcanic flash. He might have said to me, with as good a reason for his antipathy as Shylock's, "*I hate you because you are a Briton*;" but he neither said so, nor seemed to feel so. It was clear, however, that he deemed the policy of England a mass of perfidy and injustice,—and a pause, a look, and a shrug, often spoke "in silence louder than divines can preach."

He had all the notions, so common at this time upon the Continent, that Bonaparte was not at St. Helena; that his capture was mere pretence; and that he was sure to re-appear on the stage. But, notwithstanding his inveterate prejudices on such subjects, which he cherished with an obstinacy proportioned to the ignorance in which they were nursed, I found him impressed with a high notion of the English character, as he had seen it exem-

plified in particular individuals. His admiration, however, had but little of cordial feeling attending it; for he seemed to think, we were a peculiar race, insulated in our dispositions and interests, as well as our situation,—between whom, and the people of the Continent of Europe, there could be no hearty sympathy, or community of feeling.

This man's talents, as I have already hinted, were far above the common order; and in carrying them to the army, under Napoleon, he had taken them to an excellent and ready market. In six months from his entrance into the ranks, he was promoted from a private soldier to sub-lieutenant,—and his other steps followed, regularly, each opportunity he had to distinguish himself.

It was in this way that our arch enemy won hearts, and employed hands. He built on the feeling of self-interest, as on a foundation, and certain it is, that power may have a much more exceptionable basis. Justice and morality, are excellent pleas in words; but their shapes are vague and disputable in actions. It is not easy to convince the Venetians, or the Genoese, that these fine heavenly qualities are embodied in the political measures, of which they are the victims; and, in the absence of this conviction, it can scarcely excite our surprise, if they take their own interests, as furnishing a test of the merits of the respective governments, and give the preference to the one by which these were chiefly promoted. Morality and justice, must take the precedence of every other consideration, when they can be distinctly recognized; but "pretenders are abroad"—false prophets, who come in a name which they have no right to use, and which is rather their condemnation, than their title. With these impositions, commonly practised, the mass of a nation may be excused for distrusting the professions of state-papers, and manifestoes, and looking closely to their winnings and losings.—The plunder of the military, and the gains of men, who derived their profits from the calamities attending military devastation, ought to be put altogether out of the question; but, in Italy, we find everybody complaining of the change, because every

body has lost by it ; and the universality of the present suffering gives a high notion of the dexterity with which the political system of Buonaparte, unprincipled as it was, had been contrived, for the purpose of giving a general movement and impetus to the circulation of interests in the states to which it was applied. The sound foundations of public strength he does not appear in any instance to have sunk ; but, he substituted for these, with consummate skill, an organization of mutual support, linked dependance, and superficial establishment. Doing nothing to invigorate the heart, he quickened the pulse, and filled the veins. Bearing in view his great crimes and errors ; such as his studied corruption of character, in order to bring it to the state best fitted for his instruments ; his debasement of literature and education, to be the mere engines of his crooked and greedy politics ; his hostility to liberty, of which he has been one of the bitterest, and most fatal enemies,—these very faults constitute, in one sense, grounds to admire his ability. Standing so opposed, in so many important points, to the spirit of his age, it surely is wonderful, that he should have exercised such an influence on its affairs. Had he taken advantage of that spirit,—followed its direction, and profited by its strength, his success would not have been extraordinary ; but Napoleon had little or no aid from it, for no man ever less merited its assistance. In one or two respects only, could he be considered as acting in unison with the spirit of his time ;—religious toleration, and the abolition of the galling feudal distinctions, furnish, perhaps, the only instances of this harmony, while, in many, he was directly opposed to its hopes and tendency. His complicated system, therefore, included no principle of natural gravity, by which it might have supported itself ; he was the Atlas, who sustained the whole on his shoulders,—and we must acknowledge the strength that upheld it so long.—It is owing to this circumstance, however, that Buonaparte has left so few impressions of himself on the face of society ; he seems to have passed clean away. The French Revolution has

at once got above him ; we can every where mark what it has done and fixed ; but no institution, emanating peculiarly from the character and views of Napoleon, seems likely to continue to exercise an influence on society. Louis XIV impressed his character on his kingdom, and the impression remained ; but even the Buonapartists, in France and elsewhere, are compelled to use a language, altogether at variance with the measures of their ruined chief, in order to have a chance of being attended to. It appears to me, that this tells against the genius of the individual in question, while, in another way, it bears—as I have shown—testimony to his activity, industry, and ability. Genius always connects itself, by some point of communication or other, with the great mass of contemporaneous feeling ;—but this sympathy does not seem to have existed, or existed but very faintly, in the breast of the late Emperor of France.

This, however, we must allow : he built a great house on the sand,—which, though it did not remain, and could not remain, employed many hands, and gave shelter, for a time, to many inhabitants. Though much mischief was wrought up with the prosperity he seemed to diffuse, the harm was perhaps less, and the benefit greater, in Italy than elsewhere. Here, we may see something like evidence of the truth of that assertion in his favour, commonly made by his friends, but which appears palpably false, with reference to France—namely, that his power was laying the seeds of a better order of things, than that which he had himself established, or any that could be expected from those who wished to displace him. The present constitutional government in France, is a blessing, which the influence of the institutions of Napoleon, must have deprived her of, for a series of many years, had they been permitted to settle in that country ;—but his power in Italy was clearly tending to produce her union, though unintentionally on his part. It was not his wish that it should do this ; but, on the contrary, it entered within his policy to keep Italy divided,—for he could not hope to have her, in one entire body, under his own

sceptre. His conversion of the fairest and most celebrated part of Italy, into a French province; and his barbarous order, that the French language should be officially employed at Florence and Rome, are enough to consign his name to execration, so far as it will be connected with Italian history; nothing can excuse, or even extenuate, those gothic acts: but his raising up the name of *the kingdom of Italy*; his providing for frequent and intimate communication between its provinces; his rekindling the fire of military ardour amongst its fallen people; his public improvements, calculated to rouse

their pride and better their condition,—were all working together, to produce a spirit of national union and enterprize, which tended to speedy liberation from the yoke of France. He was training the Italians to arms, and awakening them from sloth, to a sense of glory: the consequence would soon have been, that they would have rescued their independence from his hands; or, at least, made so desperate a struggle for it, that the contest in Spain would have been thought of as nothing, in comparison with the insurrection in Italy.

ON PULPIT ORATORY.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION; WITH REMARKS ON THE REVEREND ROBERT HALL.

THE decline of eloquence in the Senate and at the Bar is no matter of surprise. In the freshness of its youth, it was the only medium by which the knowledge and energy of a single heart could be communicated to thousands. It supplied the place, not only of the press, but of that general communication between the different classes of the state, which the intercourses of modern society supply. Then the passions of men, unchilled by the frigid customs of later days, left them open to be inflamed or enraptured by the bursts of an enthusiasm, which would now be met only with scorn. In our courts of law occasions rarely arise for animated addresses to the heart; and even when these occur, the barrister is fettered by technical rules, and yet more by the technical habits and feelings, of those by whom he is encircled. A comparatively small degree of fancy, and a glow of social feeling, directed by a tact which will enable a man to proceed with a constant appearance of directing his course within legal confines, are now the best qualifications of a forensic orator. They were exhibited by Lord Erskine in the highest perfection, and attended with the most splendid success. Had he been greater than he was, he had been nothing. He ever seemed to cherish an affection for the techni-

cilities of his art, which won the confidence of his duller associates. He appeared to lean on these as his stays and resting places, even when he ventured to look into the depth of human nature, or to catch a momentary glimpse of the regions of fantasy. When these were taken from him, his powers fascinated no longer. He was exactly adapted to the sphere of a court of law—above his fellows, but not beyond their gage—and giving to the forms which he could not forsake, an air of venerableness and grandeur. Any thing more full of beauty and wisdom than his speeches, would be heard only with cold and bitter scorn in an English court of justice. In the houses of parliament, mightier questions are debated; but no speaker hopes to influence the decision. Indeed the members of opposition scarcely pretend to struggle against the “dead eloquence of votes,” but speak with a view to an influence on the public mind, which is a remote and chilling aim. Were it otherwise, the academic education of the members—the prevalent disposition to ridicule, rather than to admire—and the sensitiveness which resents a burst of enthusiasm as an offence against the decorum of polished society—would effectually repress any attempt to display an eloquence in which intense passion should impel the im-

gination, and noble sentiment should be steeped in fancy. The orations delivered on charitable occasions,—consisting, with few exceptions, of poor conceits, miserable compliments, and hackneyed metaphors,—are scarcely worthy of a transient allusion.

But the causes which have opposed the excellence of pulpit oratory in modern times, are not so obvious. Its subjects have never varied, from the day when the Holy Spirit visibly descended on the first advocates of the Gospel, in tongues of fire. They are in no danger of being exhausted by frequency, or changed with the vicissitudes of mortal fortune. They have immediate relation to that eternity, the idea of which is the living soul of all poetry and art. It is the province of the preachers of Christianity to develop the connection between this world and the next—to watch over the beginnings of a course which will endure for ever—and to trace the broad shadows cast from imperishable realities on the shifting scenery of earth. This sublunary sphere does not seem to them as trifling or mean, in proportion as they extend their views onward; but assumes a new grandeur and sanctity, as the vestibule of a statelier and an eternal region. The mysteries of our being—life and death—both in their strange essences, and in their sublimer relations, are topics of their ministry. There is nothing affecting in the human condition, nothing majestic or sweet in the affections, nothing touching in the instability of human dignities,—the fragility of loveliness,—or the heroism of self-sacrifice—which is not a theme suited to their high purposes. It is theirs to dwell on the eldest history of the world—on the beautiful simplicities of the patriarchal age—on the stern and awful religion, and marvellous story of the Hebrews—on the glorious visions of the prophets, and their fulfilment—on the character, miracles, and death of the Saviour—on all the wonders, and all the sweetness of the Scriptures. It is theirs to trace the spirit of the boundless and the eternal, faintly breathing in every part of the mystic circle of superstition, unquenched even amidst the most barbarous rites of savage tribes, and all the cold and

beautiful shapes of Grecian mould. The inward soul of every religious system—the philosophical spirit of all history—the deep secrets of the human heart, when grandest or most wayward—are theirs to search and to develop. Even those speculations which do not immediately affect man's conduct and his hopes are theirs, with all their high casuistry; for in these, at least, they discern the beatings of the soul against the bars of its earthly tabernacle, which prove the immortality of its essence, and its destiny to move in freedom through the vast etherial circle to which it thus vainly aspires. In all the intensities of feeling, and all the regalities of imagination, they may find fitting materials for their passionate expostulations with their fellow men to turn their hearts to those objects which will endure for ever.

It appears, therefore, at first observation, strange, that in this country, where an irreligious spirit has never become general, the oratory of the pulpit has made so little progress. The ministers of the Established Church have not, on the whole, fulfilled the promise given in the days of its early zeal. The noble enthusiasm of Hooker—the pregnant wit of South—the genial and tolerant warmth of Tillotson—the vast power of reasoning and observation of Barrow—have rarely been copied, even feebly, by their successors. Jeremy Taylor stands altogether alone among churchmen. Who has ever manifested any portion of that exquisite intermixture of a yearning love with a heavenly fancy, which enabled him to embody and render palpable the holy charities of his religion in the loveliest and most delicate images? Who has ever so encrusted his subjects with candled words; or has seemed, like him, to take away the sting of death with “rich conceit;” or has, like him, half persuaded his hearers to believe that they heard the voice of pitying angels? Few, indeed, of the ministers of the church have been endued with the divine imagination which might combine, enlarge, and vivify the objects of sense, so as, by stately pictures, to present us with symbols of that uncreated beauty and grandeur in which hereafter we shall ex-

patiate. The most celebrated of them have been little more than students of vast learning and research, unless, with Warburton and Horsey, they have aspired at once boldly to speculate, and imperiously to dogmatise.

It cannot be doubted, that the species of patronage, by which the honours and emoluments of the Establishment are distributed, has tended to prevent the development of genius within its pale. But, perhaps, we may find a more adequate cause for the low state of its preaching in the very beauty and impressiveness of its rites and appointed services. The tendency of religious ceremonies, of the recurrence of old festivals, and of a solemn and dignified form of worship, is, doubtless, to keep alive tender associations in the heart, and to preserve the flame of devotion steady and pure, but not to incite men to look abroad into their nature, or to prompt any lofty excursions of religious fancy. There have, doubtless, been eloquent preachers in the church of Rome,—because in her communion the ceremonies themselves are august and fearful, and because her proselyting zeal inspired her sons with peculiar energy. But episcopacy in England is by far the most tolerant of systems ever associated with worldly power. Its ministers, until the claim of some of them, to the exclusive title of evangelical, created dissensions, breathed almost uniformly a spirit of mildness and peace. Within its sacred boundaries, all was order, repose, and charity. Its rites and observances were the helps and leaning-places of the soul, on which it delighted to rest amidst the vicissitudes of the world, and in its approach to its final change. The fulness, the majesty, and the dignified benignities of the Liturgy sunk deep into the heart, and prevented the devout worshipper from feeling the want of strength or variety in the discourses of the preacher. The churchyard, with its gentle risings, and pensive memorials of affection, was a silent teacher, both of vigilance and love. And the village spire, whose “silent finger points to heaven,” has supplied the place of loftiest imaginings of celestial glory.

Obstacles of a far different kind

long prevented the advancement of pulpit eloquence among Protestant Dissenters. The ministers first ejected for non-conformity were men of rigid honesty and virtue,—but their intellectual sphere was little extended beyond that of their fellows. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that they sacrificed their worldly interests from any regard to the principles of free enquiry, which have since almost become axioms. They believed that their compliance with the requisitions of the monarch, would be offensive to God, and that in refusing to yield it they were doing his will; but they were prepared in their turn to assume the right of interpreting the Bible for others, and of condemning them for a more extended application of their example. Harassed, ridiculed, and afflicted, they naturally contracted an air of rigidity, and refused in their turn, with horror, an extensive sympathy with the world. The controversies in which the learned men among the Dissenters were long occupied, having respect, not to grand and universal principles, but to petty questions of ceremony and minor points of faith, tended yet further to confine and depress their genius. Their families were not the less scenes of love, because they preserved parental authority in its state; but the austerity of their manner tended to repress the imaginative faculties of the young. If they indulged themselves in any relaxation of manner, it was not with flowing eloquence, but with the quaint conceit and grave jest that they garnished their conversation or their discourses. Their religion wore a dark and uncouth garb; but to this we are indebted, in no small degree, for its preservation through times of demoralizing luxury.

A great change has taken place, of late years, in the literature and eloquence of Protestant Dissenters. As they ceased to be objects of persecution or of scorn, they insensibly lost the austerity and exclusiveness of their character. They descended from their dusty retirements to share in the pursuits and innocent enjoyments of “this bright and breathing world.” Their honest bigotries gave way at the warm touch of social intercourse with those from whom they

dissented. Meanwhile, the exertions of Whitfield,—his glowing, passionate, and awful eloquence;—his daring and quenchless enthusiasm,—and the deep and extensive impression which he made throughout the kingdom, necessarily aroused those, who received his essential doctrines, into new zeal. The impulse thus given was happily refined by a taste for classical learning, and for the arts and embellishments of life, which was then gradually insinuating itself into their churches. Some of the new converts who forsook the establishment, not from repugnance to its constitution, but to its preachers, maintained, in the first eagerness of their faith, the barbarous notion that human knowledge was useless, and even dangerous, to the Christian minister. The absurdity of this position, however strikingly exemplified in the advantages gained by the enemies of those who acted on it, served only to increase the desire of the more enlightened and liberal among the non-conformists to emulate the church in the intellectual qualification of their preachers. They speedily enlarged the means of education among them for the sacred office, and encouraged those habits of study, which promote a refinement and delicacy of feeling in the minds which they enlighten. Meanwhile, their active participation in the noblest schemes of benevolence tended yet further to expand their moral horizon. Youths were found among them prepared to sacrifice all the enjoyments of civilized life, and at the peril of their lives to traverse the remotest and the wildest regions, that they might diffuse that religion which is every where the parent of arts, charities, and peace. It is not the least benefit of their Missionary exertions, that they have given a romantic tinge to the feelings of men “in populous city pent,” and engrossed with the petty and distracting cares of commerce. These form the true Evangelical chivalry, supplying to their promoters no small measure of that mental refinement and elevation, which the far less noble

endeavours to recover the holy Sepulchre shed on Europe in the middle ages. It is not easy to estimate the advantages which spring from the extension of the imagination into the grandest regions of the earth, and from the excitement of sympathies for the condition of the most distant and degraded of the species. The merchant, whose thoughts would else rarely travel beyond his desk and his fire-side, is thus busied with high musings on the progress of the Gospel in the deserts of Africa—skims with the lonely bark over tropical seas—and sends his wishes and his prayers over deserts which human footstep has rarely trodden. Missionary zeal thus diffused among the people, has necessarily operated yet more strongly on the minds of the ministers, who have leisure to indulge in these delicious dreamings which such a cause may sanction. These excellent men are now, for the most part, not only the instructors, but the ornaments of the circles in which they move. The time which they are able to give to literature is well employed for the benefit of their flocks. In the country, more especially, their gentle manners, their extended information, and their pure and blameless lives, do incalculable good to the hearts of their ruder hearers, independent of their public services. Not only in the more solemn of their duties,—in admonishing the guilty, comforting the afflicted, and cheering the dying—do they bless those around them; but by their demeanour, usually dignified, yet cheerful, and their conversation decorous, yet lively; they raise incalculably the tone of social intercourse, and heighten the innocent enjoyment of their friends. Some of them are, at the present day, exhibiting no ordinary gifts and energies;—and to the most distinguished of these, we propose to direct the attention of our readers.

Mr. HALL, though perhaps the most distinguished ornament of the Calvinistic* Dissenters, does not afford the best opportunity for criticism. His excellence does not consist in

* We use this epithet merely as that which will most distinctively characterize the extensive class to which it is applied—well aware that there are shades of difference among them—and that many of them would decline to call themselves after any name but that of Christ.

the predominance of one of his powers, but in the exquisite proportion and harmony of all. The richness, variety, and extent of his knowledge, are not so remarkable as his absolute mastery over it. He moves about in the loftiest sphere of contemplation, as though he were "native and enured to its element." He uses the finest classical allusions, the noblest images, and the most exquisite words, as though they were those which came first to his mind; and which formed his natural dialect. There is not the least appearance of straining after greatness in his most magnificent excursions, but he rises to the loftiest heights with a childlike ease. His style is one of the clearest and simplest—the least encumbered with its own beauty—of any which ever has been written. It is bright and lucid as a mirror, and its most highly-wrought and sparkling embellishments are like ornaments of crystal, which, even in their brilliant inequalities of surface, give back to the eye little pieces of true imagery set before them.

The works of this great preacher are, in the highest sense of the term, imaginative, as distinguished not only from the didactic, but from the fanciful. He possesses "the vision and the faculty divine," in as high a degree as any of our writers in prose. His noblest passages do but make truth visible in the form of beauty, and "clothe upon" abstract ideas, till they become palpable in exquisite shapes. The dullest writer would not convey the same meaning in so few words, as he has done in the most sublime of his illustrations. Imagination, when like his of the purest water, is so far from being improperly employed on divine subjects, that it only finds its real objects in the true and the eternal. This power it is which disdains the scattered elements of beauty, as they appear distinctly, in an imperfect world, and strives by accumulation, and by rejecting the alloy cast on all things, to embody to the mind that ideal beauty which shall be realized hereafter. This, by shedding a consecrating light on all it touches, and "bringing them into one," anticipates the future harmony of creation. This already sees the "soul of goodness in things evil," which shall one day

change the evil into its likeness. This already begins the triumph over the separating powers of death and time, and renders their victory doubtful, by making us feel the immortality of the affections. Such is the faculty which is employed by Mr. Hall to its noblest uses. There is no rhetorical flourish—no mere pomp of words—in his most eloquent discourses. With vast excursive power, indeed, he can range through all the glories of the Pagan world, and seizing those traits of beauty, which they derived from primeval revelation, restore them to the system of truth. But he is ever best when he is intensest—when he unveils the mighty foundations of the rock of ages—or makes the hearts of his hearers vibrate with a strange joy, which they will recognize in more exalted stages of their being.

Mr. Hall has, unfortunately, committed but few of his discourses to the press. His Sermon on the tendencies of Modern Infidelity, is one of the noblest specimens of his genius. Nothing can be more fearfully sublime, than the picture which he gives of the desolate state, to which Atheism would reduce the world; or more beautiful and triumphant, than his vindication of the social affections. His Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, contains a philosophical and eloquent development of the causes which make the sorrows of those who are encircled by the brightest appearances of happiness, peculiarly affecting; and gives an exquisite picture of the gentle victim adorned with sacrificial glories. His discourses on War—on the Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Ministry—and on the Work of the Holy Spirit—are of great and various excellence. But, as our limits will allow only a single extract, we prefer giving the close of a Sermon preached in the prospect of the invasion of England by Napoleon, in which he blends the finest remembrance of the antique world—the dearest associations of British patriotism—and the pure spirit of the Gospel—in a strain as noble as could have been poured out by Tyrtæus.

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity,

and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe: and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If Liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then to decide whether that Freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the Freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the Freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this Freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field many will repair to the closet, many

to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shout of battle and the shock of arms.

While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, (and they will incessantly revolve them) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty*: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! *Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.*

There is nothing very remarkable in Mr. Hall's manner of delivering his sermons. His simplicity, yet solemnity of deportment, engage the attention; but do not promise any of

lous power of the author, to identify himself with bygone manners, and give assurance of truth to the detailed representation of celebrated events, whose recorded historical descriptions, though sufficient to enable us to point out blunders in such an attempt, are but imperfect guides to accuracy in circumstantial and minute delineation. We have heard it affirmed, that our author, in some of his former works, has been caught in oversights and mistakes by professed antiquaries: it may be so, —but this does not much concern his reputation; for the spirit of his representations is matchless, and carries with it a conviction of its complete harmony with the system of life and manners that forms the subject of the work. His familiarities of phrase; his side-wind allusions; his incidental illustrations,—are all, as they ought to be, marked evidence to date and place. This, we say, is as it ought to be, for such things are the natural offspring of temporary and local incidents; they are formed in the mould of the day,—and, bearing a close relationship to popular sympathy, and matters of current celebrity, they convey the more prominent and superficial features of existing society. When we follow the course of the story of *Kenilworth*, we shall see reason to affirm, that the anonymous writer has never, on any former occasion, shown more skill in executing this most difficult part of his task, than we find exemplified in these volumes. Every sentence in them is redolent of the age of Elizabeth; and the language of Goldthred, the mercer of Abingdon, is as consistent with propriety in this respect, as that of the soldiers, knights, and courtiers, whose phraseology, being more on record, and altogether more palpable, is, of course, more easy of imitation.

The Earl of Leicester, as Elizabeth's favourite, and her proud entertainer at *Kenilworth Castle*,—to whom the popular report assigned hopes of being raised from the rank of subject by his sovereign's attachment,—is the hero of this tale,—which passes altogether at court, and amongst courtiers, and their victims. The intrigues, perfidies, feverish ambition, sudden reverses, eternal anxieties, heartless smiles, weary gai-

ties,—with all the outward assumptions at variance with fact, character, and feeling, that rankle, and swarm, and generate, and corrupt, and sting, and disgust, in the element which our writer has here selected, constitute the ground-work of his composition. He has flung over these radical plagues a splendid covering: the drapery that hides the gaunt and festering carcase is magnificent; and the miserably diseased monster sustains it majestically, and preserves a noble gait. All that can fire the eye of an aspiring man of the world, all that throws complacency over the features of princes, that gives the semblance of transport to their favourites and dependants, and dazzles and intoxicates the gaping wondering crowd,—is here gorgeously displayed in its most alluring and commanding shape. We are admitted into the presence chamber of royalty; we breathe its hushed and perfumed air; we tread its soft silent carpets, and see intellect, and art, and beauty, and bravery ranged around the chair of state, in the capacity of humble, though willing and honoured dependants. And yet, such is our author's instinct, or such are his sentiments, that we are made to turn with horror from this magnificent array, as from a "whited sepulchre," full of "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores." The ground on which we walk sounds hollow under our feet, as if the caves of death were below. A sword hangs visible in the air, suspended by a thread, over each of these smiling faces. We see hideous serpents twining round the hearts that beat under these snowy swelling bosoms, and envied robes of gold; and from the brilliant court of the most glorious of England's sovereigns,—from the festivities of *Kenilworth*, which transcended all the pageants that ambition and adulation ever devised to appease the restless cravings of the regal appetite,—we would be fain to escape, for our soul's peace, to the veriest dens of poverty and want,—to the poor-house, the work-house, or, in default of any other place of refuge, the charnel-house itself! The selfish spirits, the callous hearts, the vile hungry desires, the cruel purposes around us, are more dreary and appalling than the

prospect of the wildest desert, with its arid sands, savage rocks, and prowling beasts of prey.

The hero of the romance being Leicester, its interest is derived from the sufferings of his young wife, whom, in a fit of passionate love, he carried off from her doating father, an old English knight and sportsman, and secretly married; but whom he is withheld from acknowledging by his own selfish ambition, and the villainous intrigues of the scoundrel Varney, one of his greedy retainers. Amy Robsart, in her father's house, was a "lively, indulged, and idle girl,"—of high spirit, and bewitching beauty. Her adoration of Leicester is unbounded; yet her pride, vanity, fondness for show, and sensibility to her sex's point of honour, would be enough to render her discontented with the seclusion to which she found herself consigned. But circumstances of a still more disquieting nature begin to gather in the perception of this unfortunate creature: her husband's visits are few and stolen, and she has growing reasons for suspecting that his interests, at least, tend to estrange him from her:—her retirement has become little, if at all, short of actual imprisonment, under an uncouth and harsh jailor;—and, worst of all, Varney's conduct on his interviews with her, as her lord's confidential messenger, approaches to insult, and testifies to his possessing unbounded influence over the master of her heart and fate. Into the dark and deadly character of this man she sees with feminine penetration; and he has deeply wounded and provoked her haughty spirit, by unguardedly allowing indications of insolent hopes to escape him. She regards his presence, therefore, with horror; though the favour in which he stands with the earl, whose opinions and resolutions he sways, leads her to command her manner towards him, and to be silent as to her conviction of his wickedness.

Nothing can be conceived more distressing to the feelings of the reader than the situation of Amy in the gloomy old mansion-house of Cumnor—Countess of Leicester, and dying with desire to start forth on the world in the glory of her husband's rank and fortune, yet thrall

and thwarted by a sullen growling wretch,—hypocrite and fanatic,—to whose custody she has been consigned:—unprotected by him whose pride, as it was his duty, it ought to have been to display her as the fairest jewel of his state; and doomed to destruction by a practised villain, to whom, in her youth and beauty, and fullest hope and confidence, she was left a helpless prey. From the moment we are introduced to her we see that the web, clinging around her, is too complicated and strong to admit of her escape: her perdition is seen darkly, but distinctly, in the distance, and casts a chilling shadow over the whole course of the romance. Much indeed of the action in these volumes passes remote from her seclusion: she is not often brought forward, nor made a prominent object of exhibition: yet, while the vanities of Elizabeth, and the parade and ambition of Leicester, shed a gorgeous lustre over the pages, the gloom of Amy Robsart's grief,—and her pale image, seen in disappointment and suffering, obtrude upon, and sadden, the splendid picture. The ignorance of the principal and self-sufficient actress in the pageantry, and the heedlessness of the swarms that buz and glitter around, of the tissue of distress and crime which is weaving under their eyes, as it were, —while they fancy themselves the gods of the earth, giving and enjoying nought but blessings,—strike an inexpressible terror into the heart. Of what value are human appearances, we ask ourselves. How pitiful are human pretensions! Alas,—while the farce of gladness and greatness is going busily forward, the serious business of misery and despair is not respite: groans are uttered in corners; destiny is struggled with in the darkness and solitude of smitten hearts; the death-bed is surrounded by despairing supplicants,—while, on these scenes of pain and woe, break sounds, from without, of the impositions which mankind practise on themselves and on their fellows!

This romance is distinguished by the signs of a *dramatic power*, superior, we think, to any that the great author has before shown. It is a noble play throughout,—in which the principal interest is deeply tragic, and the accessories are lively and

grand. The whole passes in rapid and varied action: character here is altogether subordinate to this:—it is the “pomp and circumstance” that rivet our attention; and the importance of the incidents, the vivacity and glitter of the accompaniments, the associations of the names and places, keep up a powerful and constant effect. The author (as we have said) has not here gone so deeply into the human heart, or illustrated individual habits so richly as in some of his former compositions,—but he has seized upon, and arranged, the treasures and ornaments of a remarkable period of history, and reflected them back on observation from the clear mirror of his chivalrous mind. We have the names of Raleigh, and Spenser, and Sidney, and Shakspeare, freely introduced; and the known incidents of their lives are woven into the story, and made the topic of the conversation of the characters, in a very skilful manner,—advantage being taken of the knowledge of the reader to contrast or enliven their sentiments and situations in the romance, with reference to what afterwards occurred to them in the onward current of their fortunes. But although the author was obviously led to avail himself of these celebrated names, and has employed them with his usual dexterity, we much doubt whether, on the whole, the effect of such introductions can be considered as pleasing. The interest of the reality is, in such cases, above that of the fiction; and the latter, therefore, seems to profane the former. The imagination of every reader does more for Shakspeare than the description of any poet can do, even if he were possessed of Shakspeare’s genius. The attempt to make him act, and speak, and look as a common mortal, is destructive of his throned majesty in our minds. It is so with all famous authors, and artists, and philosophers: their existence is above the sphere of usual actions; and they ought not, therefore, to be brought corporally on the scene. There is bad taste, therefore, we think, in the French custom, which has lately spread to Germany, of making their great poets and painters the heroes of their dramas. We remember at Paris seeing Boileau, and Lully, and Racine, on the stage,—and

we thought the actors ought to have been contented with representing kings, ministers, and generals. These latter are the proper classes for the painted show and the story-telling page. They can bear to be wrought upon, and turned to account in this way. They are not made of too refined materials to bear the workman’s hand: they do not seem degraded by this usage: their acts and histories suggest nothing so ideal or elevated to the fancy, that a clever author need despair of even over-topping their memories.

Anthony Foster is the keeper, or rather jailer, of the unfortunate lady at Cumnor-place. This fellow, before the accession of the “Occidental Star,” had been a fierce papist, and nicknamed Tony Fire-the-faggot, “because he brought a light, to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong’s torch, and no man else would give him light, for love or money.” With the change of the established religion, Anthony fell into the “pure precision” doctrines, and was now “as good a protestant as the best.”

“And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companions,” said the mercer.

“Then he hath prospered, I warrant him,” said Lambourne; “for ever when a man hath got nobles of his own, he keeps out of the way of those whose exchequers lie in other men’s purchase.”

“Prospered, quotha!” said the mercer, “why, you remember Cumnor-Place, the old mansion-house beside the churchyard?”

“By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that?—it was the old Abbot’s residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon.”

“Ay,” said the host, “but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great courtier, who had the churchlands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he were himself a belied knight.”

“Nay,” said the mercer, “it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her?”

“How,” said Tressilian, who now for the first time interfered in their conversation, “did ye not say this Foster was married, and to a precisian?”

“Married he was, and to as bitter a

precisian as ever eat flesh in Lent; and a cat-and-dog life she led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about."

"And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?" said Tressilian.

"Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mewed up. For my part, I never saw her—you have, I think, Master Goldthred?"

"That I have, old boy," said the mercer. "Look you, I was riding hither from Abingdon—I passed under the east oriel window of the old mansion, where all the old saints and histories and such like are painted—It was not the common path I took, but one through the park; for the postern-door was upon the latch, and I thought I might take the privilege of an old comrade to ride across through the trees, both for shading, as the day was somewhat hot, and for avoiding of dust, because I had on my peach-coloured doublet, pinked out with cloth of gold."

"Which garment," said Michael Lambourne, "thou would'st willingly make twinkle in the eyes of a fair dame. Ah! villain, thou wilt never leave thy old tricks."

"Not so—not so," said the mercer, with a smirking laugh; "not altogether so—but curiosity, thou knowest, and a strain of compassion withal,—for the poor young lady sees nothing from morn to even but Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his bandy legs."

"And thou would'st willingly shew her a dapper body, in a silken jerkin—a limb like a short-legged hen's, in a cordovan boot, and a round, simpering, what d'ye lack, sort of a countenance, set off with a velvet bonnet, a Turkey feather, and a gilded brooch. Ah! jolly mercer, they who have good wares are fond to shew them.—Come, gentles, let not the cup stand—here's to long spurs, short boots, full bonnets, and empty skulls!"

"Nay, now, you are jealous of me, Mike," said Goldthred; "and yet my luck was but what might have happened to thee, or any man."

"Marry confound thine impudence," retorted Lambourne; "thou would'st not compare thy pudding face, and sarsenet manners, to a gentleman and a soldier!"

"Nay, my good sir," said Tressilian, "let me beseech you will not interrupt the gallant citizen; methinks he tells his tale so well, I could hearken to him till midnight."

"It's more of your favour than of my

desert," answered Master Goldthred; "but since I give you pleasure, worthy Master Tressilian, I shall proceed, maugre all the jibes and quips of this valiant soldier, who, peradventure, hath had more cuffs than crowns in the Low Countries.—And so, sir, as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose on my ambling palfrey's neck, partly for mine ease and partly that I might have the more leisure to peer about, I hears me the lattice open; and never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes, and I think I have looked on as many pretty wenches, and with as much judgment, as other folks."

"May I ask her appearance, sir?" said Tressilian.

"O sir," replied Master Goldthred, "I promise you, she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves, of ginger-coloured satin, which, in my judgment, must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best-fashioned thing that I have seen in these parts, being of tawney taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe;—I promise you, sir, an absolute and all surpassing device. Touching her skirts, they were in the old pass-devant fashion."

"I did not ask you of her attire, sir," said Tressilian, who had shewn some impatience during this conversation, "but of her complexion—the colour of her hair, her features."

"Touching her complexion," answered the mercer, "I am not so special certain; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid;—and then again, as to the colour of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold."

"A most mercer-like memory," said Lambourne; "the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes!"

"I tell thee," said the mercer, somewhat disconcerted, "I had little time to look at her; for just as I was about to give her the good time of day, and for that purpose had puckered my features with a smile"—

"Like those of a jackanape, simpering at a chesnut," said Michael Lambourne.

"—Upstart of a sudden," continued Goldthred, without heeding the interruption, "Tony Foster himself, with a cudgel in his hand"—

"And broke thy head across, I hope,

for thine impertinence," said his entertainer.

"That were more easily said than done," answered Goldthred indignantly; "no, no—there was no breaking of heads—it's true, he advanced his cudgel, and spoke of laying on, and asked why I did not keep the public road, and such like; and I would have knocked him over the pate handsomely for his pains, only for the lady's presence, who might have swooned, for what I know."

"Now, out upon thee for a faint-spirited slave!" said Lambourne; "what adventurous knight ever thought of the lady's terror, when he went to thwack giant, dragon, or magician, in her presence, and for her deliverance? But why talk to thee of dragons, who would be driven back by a dragon-fly. There thou hast missed the rarest opportunity!"

"Take it thyself, then, bully Mike," answered Goldthred—"Yonder is the enchanted manor, and the dragon and the lady all at thy service, if thou darest venture on them."

"Why, so I would for a quartern of sack," said the soldier—"Or stay—I am foully out of linen—wilt thou bet a piece of Hollands against these five angels, that I go not up to the Hall to-morrow, and force Tony Foster to introduce me to his fair guest?"

"I accept your wager," said the mercer; "and I think, though thou hadst even the impudence of the devil, I shall gain on thee this bout. Our landlord here shall hold stakes, and I will stake down gold till I send thee linen."

We have given this passage, as affording the reader an insight into the circumstances of the lady's imprisonment, but still more, because of its liveliness, as a specimen of our author's representations of the familiar life of the period. Mike Lambourne, who takes so principal a share in the above dialogue, is an admirably delineated bully and bravo,—whose military habits have engendered a reckless courage, to give deadly effect to the vile and mercenary dispositions of the natural scoundrel. All that relates to this man in the romance is done in our author's best manner.

Tressilian, a gentleman, formerly the suitor of the unfortunate Countess of Leicester, destined for her by her father, and accepted by the lady herself, but forsaken by her for the sake of Leicester, is brought into company with Mike Lambourne, and accompanies him, when the latter sets out

to adventure a visit to Cumnor-Place. Amy Robsart had secretly left her father's house, and her marriage with Leicester was unknown to all her friends, as well as her place of concealment. Their supposition was, that she had fallen a victim to Varney's arts of seduction;—no one supposing her the wife of Leicester, then closely engaged in paying gallant court to Elizabeth, and spoken of openly in the nation, as not unlikely to receive the hand of the maiden queen.

Varney is the evil genius of the story. He is a personification of the worst qualities of Leicester's character, as history records them, of which our author has, with great skill, constructed a separate individual, for the purpose of leaving the hero of his work in a situation to excite the sympathy of the reader. The crimes that resulted from Leicester's fickleness, falsehood, and greediness, are thus, in the romance, traced to Varney's evil counsels, against which Leicester's amiable resolutions struggle in vain.—Varney's motive is a mixed one, composed of the hatred which the disappointment of a licentious passion has engendered, and the mercenary feeling which led him to endeavour to secure Leicester's favour with Elizabeth.

Tressilian, by accompanying Mike Lambourne to old Anthony Foster's abode, gains a sight of Amy Robsart; and, ignorant of her situation as Countess of Leicester, conjures her to return to her father's house. The lady, stung by pride, in consequence of being unable to explain the secret in which she exulted—vexed and ashamed to see her old and ill-used lover, and grieved to hear of her father's illness, treats Tressilian with severity; and he appears to have gained nothing by his interview, but a knowledge of her abode.

Amy Robsart is introduced to us, taking a girlish delight in the new and superb fitting-up of four apartments, in which her lord was about to pay her one of his few and stolen visits. In her seclusion he had ordered her to be surrounded with the most costly magnificence.

The sleeping chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments, was decorated in a taste less showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two

silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odour and a trembling twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick, that the heaviest step could not have been heard, and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold, and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver fillagree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish to contain the night-draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger, mounted with gold, were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honoured guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony, than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were disposed two hassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the Abbot, but the crucifix was removed, and instead, there were placed on the desk two Books of Common Prayer, richly bound, and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound save that of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park, that Morpheus might have coveted it for his own proper repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added, that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the great and wealthy nobleman, for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

Leicester's visit to his wife; the progress of the conspiracy against her, between Varney and Foster; and the admission of Mike Lambourne into the hateful compact,—are traced by the author, so as to keep the reader's anxiety perpetually on the increase. Tressilian, in his efforts to have justice done to the daughter of his friend, and one whom he has never ceased to regard with the tenderest and purest love, leads the course of the romance amongst new and most interesting characters. We are thus introduced into Lord Sus-

sex's mansion at Say's Court, where that nobleman lies dangerously ill, in consequence of a poison administered to him by an alchemist and potion-brewer, the creature of Varney, whom he employs to destroy his own and his master's enemies, and also to hold Leicester himself in subjugation to the designs of his tempter, by appeals to his horoscope, and making it a witness to the propriety of the conduct, into which the pusillanimous victim was to be betrayed. The whole apparatus and jargon of alchemy and astrology are displayed; and their strength on one side is met by the counteraction of specific drugs, formed of rare and costly ingredients, sought for mysteriously amongst hidden Jew venders,—pale and trembling old men, shaking under the weight of nature's mightiest secrets.—Our author has made as much, and as good, use of these *cabala* of the particular period, as he did, in a former novel, of the state of the Jewish part of the population. Such things constitute his *bye-play*,—and it is always excellent.

In Sussex's mansion we find young Raleigh—already looking upwards, like a young eagle from the eirie—*dallying with the wind, and fixing the sun!* His first adventure with Queen Elizabeth is admirably got up; we live the scene, amongst the high foreheads, ruffs, and stateliness of the Elizabethan court. The description of the meeting, and forced reconciliation of the two great rivals—Sussex and Leicester—in the royal presence chamber,—and much more of similar description to be found in these volumes, stand perfectly alone, and unequalled in our literature,—as specimens of a style which belongs only to our author, and of a mode of composition which is altogether of his founding, and sufficient of itself to ensure him immortality. The following is a dialogue preceding this scene,—it being too long for us to think of extracting it.

"I am ordered to attend court to-morrow," said Leicester, speaking to Varney, "to meet, as they surmise, my Lord of Sussex. The Queen intends to take up matters betwixt us. This comes of her visit to Say's Court, of which you must needs speak so lightly."

"I maintain it was nothing," said Varney; "nay, I know from a sure intelli-

ganceer, who was within ear-shot of much that was said, that Sussex has lost rather than gained by that visit. The Queen said, when she stepped into the boat, that Say's Court looked like a guard-house, and smelt like an hospital. 'Like a cook's shop in Ram's Alley rather,' said the Countess of Rutland, who is ever your lordship's good friend. And then my Lord of Lincoln must needs put in his holy oar, and say, that my Lord of Sussex must be excused for his rude and old-world house-keeping, since he had as yet no wife."

"And what said the Queen?" said Leicester, hastily.

"She took him up roundly," said Varney, "and asked what my Lord Sussex had to do with a wife, or my Lord Bishop to speak on such a subject. If marriage is permitted, she said, I no where read that it is enjoined."

"She likes not marriages, or speech of marriage, among churchmen," said Leicester.

"Not among courtiers neither," said Varney; but, observing that Leicester changed countenance, he instantly added, that all the ladies who were present had joined in ridiculing Lord Sussex's house-keeping, and in contrasting it with the reception her Grace would have assuredly received at my Lord of Leicester's.

"You have gathered much tidings," said Leicester, "but you have forgotten or omitted the most important of all. She hath added another to those dangling satellites, whom it is her pleasure to keep revolving around her."

"Your lordship meaneth that Raleigh, the Devonshire youth," said Varney, "the Knight of the Cloak, as they call him at the court?"

"He may be Knight of the Garter one day, for aught I know," said Leicester, "for he advances rapidly—She hath cap'd verses with him, and such fooleries. I would gladly abandon, of my own free will, the part I have in her fickle favour, but I will not be elbowed out of it by the clown Sussex, or this new upstart. I hear Tresillian is with Sussex also, and high in his favour—I would spare him for considerations, but he will thrust himself on his fate—Sussex, too, is almost as well as ever in his health."

"My lord," replied Varney, "there will be rubs in the smoothest road, specially when it leads up hill. Sussex's illness was to us a god-send, from which I hoped much. He has recovered indeed, but he is not now more formidable than ere he fell ill, when he received more than one foil in wrestling with your lordship. Let not your heart fail you, my lord, and all shall be well."

"My heart never failed me, Sir," replied Leicester.

"No, my lord," said Varney; "but it has betrayed you right often. He that would climb a tree, my lord, must grasp by the branches, not by the blossom."

"Well, well, well!" said Leicester, impatiently; "I understand thy meaning—My heart shall nether fail me nor seduce me. Have my retinue in order—see that their array be so splendid as to put down not only the rude companions of Ratcliffe, but the retainers of every other nobleman and courtier. Let them be well armed withal, but without any outward display of their weapons, wearing them as if more for fashion's sake than for use. Do thou thyself keep close to me, I may have business for you."——

The result of the meeting of the two rivals, in the royal presence, was supposed to be favourable to Leicester.

The whole court considered the issue of this day's audience, expected with so much doubt and anxiety, as a decisive triumph on the part of Leicester, and felt assured that the orb of his rival satellite, if not altogether obscured by his lustre, must revolve hereafter in a dimmer and more distant sphere. So thought the court and courtiers, from high to low; and they acted accordingly.

On the other hand, never did Leicester return the general greeting with such ready and condescending courtesy, or endeavour more successfully to gather (in the words of one, who at that moment stood at no great distance from him) "golden opinions from all sorts of men."

For all the favourite Earl had a bow, a smile at least, and often a kind word. Most of these were addressed to courtiers, whose names have long gone down the tide of oblivion; but some, to such as sound strangely in our ears, when connected with the ordinary matters of human life, above which the gratitude of posterity has long elevated them. A few of Leicester's interlocutory sentences ran as follows:

"Poynings, good morrow, and how does your wife and fair daughter? Why come they not to court?—Adams, your suit is naught—the Queen will grant no more monopolies—but I may serve you in another matter.—My good Alderman Aylford, the suit of the City, affecting Queenhithe, shall be forwarded as far as my poor interest can serve.—Master Edmund Spencer, touching your Irish petition, I would willingly aid you, from my love to the Muses; but thou hast nettled the Lord Treasurer."

"My lord," said the poet, "were I permitted to explain."——

"Come to my lodging, Edmund," answered the Earl—"not to-morrow, or next day, but soon.—Ha, Will Shakespeare—

wild Will!—thou hast given my nephew, Philip Sidney, love-powder—he cannot sleep without thy Venus and Adonis under his pillow! We will have thee hanged for the veriest wizard in Europe. Heark thee, mad wag, I have not forgotten thy matter of the patent, and of the bears.”

The *player* bowed, and the Earl nodded and passed on—so that age would have told the tale—in ours, perhaps, we might say the immortal had done homage to the mortal. The next whom the favourite accosted, was one of his own zealous dependants.

The descriptions of the entertainments given by Leicester to his sovereign, at Kenilworth, many will regard as the most interesting part of the novel: we can only refer to them as imbued with life and vigour—being much limited in our space for extracts.—Here the unfortunate Amy Robsart, driven, by the evidently fatal designs of her keepers, to flight from Cumnor place, arrives, after a series of most interesting adventures, unknown to her husband, at the instant he is entertaining his royal mistress. A string of accidents and embarrassments ensue, all calculated to increase the peril and misery of the doomed victim. Restrained by her love for Leicester, and dread of disobeying him, from making an open appeal to the Queen, she encounters her Majesty alone, by hazard, in a grotto of the grounds: the suspicions of Elizabeth are excited,—and a public examination takes place—the result of which is, that the detested Varney claims his master's Countess, as his own wife; in which piece of effrontery the sordid irresolution of Leicester sustains him. The victim is consigned to her assassin as insane, and is forcibly consigned back to Cumnor place, where death awaits her.

Soon after her departure, accident discovers the truth to Elizabeth—discovers how she has been imposed upon by Leicester, and how her woman's feelings, as well as her royal pride, have been trifled with and abused. The scene of resentment and exposure that follows, though long, we must give in our pages, as an imperishable record of our author's powers.

Meantime Tressilian traversed the full length of the great hall, in which the astonished courtiers formed various groupes, and were whispering mysteriously together, while all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which led from the upper end of the hall

into the Queen's withdrawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—Tressilian knocked, and was instantly admitted. Many a neck was stretched to gain a view into the interior of the apartment; but the tapestry, which covered the door on the inside, was dropped too suddenly to admit the slightest gratification of curiosity.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself, not without a strong palpitation of heart, in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but seemed to delay speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office—the Earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

“Ho, sir!” said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; “you knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised on us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice?” Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his good sense shewing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. “Art dumb, sirrah!” she continued; “thou know'st of this *af* fair—dost thou not?”

“Not, gracious Madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester.”

“Nor shall any one know her for such,” said Elizabeth. “Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley.”

“Madam,” said Leicester, “do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it.”

“And will he be the better for thy intercession,” said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling,—“the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—I could tear out mine own eyes for their blindness!”

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

“Madam,” he said, “remember that you are a Queen—Queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion.”

Elizabeth turned round to him, while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou dost not, thou canst not, comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that man has poured on me."

With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.

"Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness—I pray you to be composed."

"Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest"—here her tears fell over her cheeks in despite of her.

"I do—I do know, my honoured Sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!"

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right—thou art right—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of weakness—any thing rather than seem the cheated—slighted—scathed! to think on it is distraction!"

"Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."

"What weakness, my lord?" said Elizabeth, haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favour in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught?"—But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant!"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and—rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his Sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion would betray to the public the affront and the disappointment, which, alike as a woman and a Queen, she was so anxious to conceal. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly paced the hall till her features had recovered their usual dignity, and her mien its wonted stateliness of regular motion.

"Our Sovereign is her noble self once more," whispered Burleigh to Walsingham; "mark what she does, and take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, with calmness, "My Lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you of your prisoner.—My Lord of Leicester, rise and take up your sword.—A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practised upon us. We will now hear the progress of this affair."—She then seated herself in her chair, and said, "You, Tressilian, step forward, and say what you know."

Tressilian told his story generously, suppressing as much as he could what affected Leicester, and saying nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that in doing so, he did the Earl good service; for had the Queen at that instant found any thing on account of which she could vent her wrath upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale.

"We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our own service, and place the boy in our Secretary-office for instruction, that he may in future use discretion towards letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet, having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it; and on the whole, we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter.—My Lord of Leicester, it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

Accordingly, she extorted by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart—their marriage—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was extorted from him piecemeal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his Countess. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out for Cammer-Place in person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But, barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false

justice torture by these inquiries, and dwell on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, Madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."

The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions, which were yester morning accounted but a light offence."

The Queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King: His Lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride.—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, Madam," said the

Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my Lord?" said the Queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom"—

"For your own sake—for mine, madam," said the Earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me"—

"Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"

"Permission," said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."

"To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that is but right—for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person—we have counted upon passing certain days in this Castle of Kenilworth, and it were alight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favour, we cannot think to incur such disgrace in the eyes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival.—Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?"

Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

"Why, ay," said the Queen; "so God ha' me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure.—Cumnor-Place is little better than a prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies. Besides, there are certain faitours there whom we would willingly have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the lady here in all honour—lose no time, and God be with you."

But, alas! the lady was not to be brought from Cumnor-Place. By the contrivance of the villains, to whose hands her husband had committed her, she had perished before her deliverers arrived!

Such is the story of Kenilworth. The author of Waverley and Ivanhoe, may fairly be proud of this work;

and the public will regard it as a proof of his inexhaustible powers of supplying them with amusement. In the mine of nature, no one can work with so much success as himself; and there are endless treasures to be explored in its deep bosom. There is a difference, which is not perhaps a decline, between this work and what we have regarded as the best of its predecessors. Its interest is more indebted to history and to celebrated names;—we do prefer some of the others, as a matter of taste; but, we can safely say, that the present one has (if that were possible) still advanced our admiration of the author's amazing talent—which it would seem "custom cannot stale." The two works from his pen, imme-

diately preceding Kenilworth, we thought evinced symptoms of failing; but he has now manfully recovered himself, and shines out as before, the brightest object in the living galaxy of British genius.

We have omitted, in the course of our observations, to give due praise to the masterly way in which Elizabeth is handled by our author—if we may use so irreverent an expression. Her character, in this romance, is an exquisite historical portrait. He has been much more happy in this than in that of Queen Mary, on former occasions—and his work, in consequence, ought to be regarded by the English division of our island, with the veneration paid to a monument of national fame.

Miller Redivivus.

No. II.

*Most courteous Editor, permit the Fool
To doff his cap and bells for your politeness,
In sparing him a niche released from rule,
And all pedantic ligature and tightness;
Where he may freely, in his motley papers,
Cut reverend jokes, and well-establish'd capers.—
He has a curly tale, which, when unroll'd,
Requires some scores of pages to uphold—
(One Mister Muggs is hero of the poem;)
And as no hero of the stage struts on,
Without a flourish for his Chaperon,
Mine shall be usher'd by a pompous poem.
So, for your readers' solace and instruction,
Take this grave sample of an*

INTRODUCTION.

No sweet Arcadian pipe is mine—
Such as of old the tuneful Nine,
On rosy banks of Helicon,
Committed to some favour'd son;
Whose wild and magic melodies,
From banks of flowers,
And myrtle bowers,
Bade nymphs and sylvan boys arise,
To form, with laughing loves, an earthly Paradise.—
I may not, with the classic few,
Snatch inspiration from the Muses' hill;
Nor, raptured, quaff poetic dew
From Aganippe's rill.—
Vales and mountains,
Grotts and fountains,
The haunt of heroes, and the poet's theme—
Sense inviting, soul delighting,
Burst on my vision like a glorious dream.—

But ah! as soon to fade away,
For Christian knights demand my lay.

Not steel-clad crusaders, with lances and shields,
The sparkling invaders of Palestine's fields;
Who, marching o'er deserts, or vineyards and balm,
In the blaze of the sun, or the shade of the palm,
Planted the cross amid havoc and death,
On the sands of Damascus and Nazareth.—
Whose helmeted leaders gave charge through the cedars,
At sound of the trumpets on Lebanon's mount,
And roll'd man and horse of the Saracen force
Down to the waters of Galilee's fount.—
Fearless were they, by night or by day,
Of the infidel legions that barr'd the way;
Who with turban and beard, and scymitars rear'd,
Through whirlwinds of sand on their enemies dash'd;
And gloried to fall on the breach of the wall,
Where the crescented flag o'er the battlements flash'd.—

Nor sing I of the knights whose fame
Minstrels and troubadours proclaim;
Who, pricking o'er enchanted ground,
By forest dark, or moated mound,
Where captive beauty sigh'd,
Spite of the guardian dragon's yell,
Smote the black giant grim and fell,
Rescued the nymph from wizard spell,
And claim'd the blushing bride.—
Alas! no fancy-woven wreaths
Their perfume o'er my pathway shed,
And no melodious spirit breathes
Wild inspiration o'er my head.—

Here we must close our poem (what a pity!)
And tumble from Parnassus to the city.—

NEHEMIAH MUGGS.

Bright broke the morning in the blaze
Of London's own romantic traits.—
Pendent on dyer's pole afloat,
Breeches and dangling petticoat
Seem on each other's charms to doat,
Like lovers fond and bland;
Now swelling as the breezes rise,
They flout each other in the skies,
As if, conjoin'd by marriage ties,
They fought for th' upper hand.—
Timing his footsteps to his bell,
The dustman saunters slowly,
Bawling "Dust-O!" with might and main
Or humming in a lower strain,
"Hi-ho, says Rowley."
Now at shop windows near and far,
The prentice boys alert,
Fold gently back the jointed bar,
Then sink the shutter, with a jar,
Upon the ground unhurt:—
While some, from perforated tin,
Sprinkle the pavement with a grin
Of indolent delight,

As, poising on extended toe,
 Their circling arm around they throw,
 And, on the stony page below,
 Their frolic fancies write.—
 And now (so great Hippona pleas'd)
 Two coaches rattled past;
 Their bugle horns the guardmen seized,
 And from their pigmy throttles squeezed
 An angry giant's blast.—
 Now let the reader take a view
 Of Norton Falgate, and pursue
 Each peak-topp'd tenement to where
 A squat snug man, with sable hair,
 And dirty night-cap, he may see,
 Brought to the window by the roar,
 Which might have split the scull he bore,
 Unless indeed 'twas crack'd before,
 As sculls like his are apt to be.—

O. reader, fix your eyes where I have said;
 For from that window peeps my hero's head!—
 Yes, yes, 'tis Nehemiah Muggs,
 A name that would inspire slugs!
 With poet-frensy make a mite
 Leap from his cheese of Stilton,
 And every native oyster write
 As if he were a Milton!
 But see, he quits the attic story,
 So I'll prepare to do the same,
 And in plain English lay before ye
 The business, origin, and glory,
 Of him who own'd this classic name.—
 Now listen, reader, listen as our text
 Proceeds——(*To be continued in our next*).

LETTERS OF GARRICK, FOOTE, &c. *

(concluded.)

THERE is no class of persons to whom so little justice is done as to actors. They are either made Cæsars of, or nothing. The scales in which they are weighed by society seem eternally varying, or else the weights are false that are opposed to them. In one year a favourite actor is lauded to the skies, and in another a rival of equal talents has the scantiest approbation coldly awarded him. This is mere fashion, we suppose; for it certainly does not depend on the manners or merit of the performer himself.—When Garrick was ill for five or six weeks, the nation was in alarm. The same interest, we are told, was publicly evinced, as when a prince of the blood lies dangerously ill, and his door was crowded

"every day, and all day long," with liveried servants, whom the anxiety of the fashionable world had dispatched thither for tidings concerning him.

No man was, perhaps, ever caressed like Garrick. The actors, his predecessors, (always excepting those who were authors also, and those who, like Kynaston, were admired for personal appearance,) met with but little notice; and the performers of the present day, however respected and valued in their own particular circles, have seldom met with that general demonstration of regard, which was at all times lavished on Garrick. Perhaps we might almost except Kean, who at one period was much sought after, but of this even

* See page 647, Vol. II.

we are not certain. Garrick was certainly a man of good manners, and of some accomplishments; but so, we believe, is the later tragedian. Macready also—even when he has laid aside the garb and sorrows of the Roman Virginius, whom he depicts so well, and is no more the father of that sad and dove-eyed girl,) is admired, we hear, as well as liked by his friends, who know the irresistible claims, which a man of gentlemanlike manners and classical knowledge has to be placed on a level with any person—commoner or lord. Yet, compare his situation with Garrick's!—Again, Charles Kemble (whom nature has made noble, and reading learned,—who is a gentleman by natural charter, and wears his letters of high nobility on his brow,) has power only over a private circle.

We do not wish to say less of Garrick than he merits. He was, undoubtedly, raised too high in his life-time, and the epitaph which writes him down on the same pedestal with Shakspeare, (with Shakspeare!) who was

as universal as the light,

Free as the earth-surrounding air,

is an insult to our most mighty poet, and an injury to the person who is thus lifted to such an infinite distance above the humbler level which he deserved to tread. Perhaps this it was which first moved our spleen. Let us, however, in our zeal for the greater spirit, not neglect to do justice to the less.

Garrick was a vain and a weak man; but there is, undoubtedly, great excuse for the follies of actors, when they have any. They “annihilate space and time,” as it were, and have their immortality bestowed on them while living. An author, generally speaking, must wait his time, and receive his laurel from posterity; but an actor obtains his chaplet at once. He need not, like a writer, (in fact, he cannot) send out a specimen of his talents in quarto, octavo, or humble and congenial foolscap; but the daily papers blow forth the trumpet of his fame, and he goes abroad in the pleasant summer season, like a swallow gliding through various climates, to meet a ready prepared crowd of admirers and friends. The *ipse dixit* of a reviewer is not always

believed, without copious extracts from the author; but the daily critic is as indisputable as the voice which sounded at Delphos.

The vanity of actors has often been a theme for abuse. Every deviation from what the critic considers to be right, is set down at once to the score of the performer's vanity,—unless, indeed, he be “too tame,” and then he is passed over without any notice whatever. This is scarcely fair. No actor will be ostentatious, at least, of his vanity; because he must know that any very violent display of this foible would subject him to an instantaneous admonition from his auditory, as well as to various tirades on the following morning from his “curates” the critics. It is really edifying to see the terms on which advice is disposed of in this excellent age. It may be had gratis, especially if unpleasant. The only drawback from the advantage of all this is, that the remedy or conduct presented must be adopted: and where there is a variety of presumptions, the most intelligent patient may be at times perplexed. He cannot attend to all; and the result generally is, that he follows his own opinion at last.—There is, however, great excuse for the vanity of actors: the clamours which follow the delivery of any striking speech by an actor, who is in favour with the town, is enough to drown the “still small voice” of modesty in any one's breast. There must of necessity be an intoxication of the spirit;—a self-satisfaction which will, in time, spread out and encroach upon the better and more humble feelings. Indeed, without a spice of vanity we are inclined to suspect, that no man would adopt the stage as his profession; and we are decidedly of opinion, that no actor would rise to eminence without it. It is his stay and support in distress: his incentive to emulation: and the gratification of it is but too frequently his principal reward.—We can endure, therefore, to hear that Foote had some vanity, and Garrick a great deal; the one, of the bold and sanguine sort, tolerably soon satisfied,—the other, of the anxious, craving, and apprehensive kind, which it required large draughts of applause to allay. Betterton, the Roscius of his day, alone, had no

vanity; yet we are told that he was "born for the stage," and he certainly did the stage "some service." The French actors have, we believe, a favourable opinion of their own merits, and the vanity of the Italians may be calculated by the amount of their salaries.

It is said of Barron, the French actor, that he admitted the possibility of a Cæsar appearing once in a century; but that he insisted, that "it required 2000 years to produce a Barron." There is an air of confidence in this assertion, which almost challenges our belief. The same personage, when acting in the play of the *Gid*, struck his foot against the point of a sword: the wound grew bad, and apprehensions were felt that mortification would take place: Barron, nevertheless, declined submitting to amputation. He said, that the representative of heroes and princes should never be seen on a wooden leg, and persisting in this resolution for some time—he died. This seems to us the sublime of mock-heroic, and we wonder that the French did not erect a statue to his memory. The finest instance on record, however, of—we can scarcely call it vanity, it seems to assume a higher claim—was in the celebrated *Mrs. Oldfield*; who, when she was in danger of being drowned in a Gravesend boat, bade her fellow passengers (who were lamenting their fates,) be calm, for that their deaths could be

of no importance; but, said she, "I AM A PUBLIC CONCERN."!!!

We will now return to David Garrick, Esq. We have spoken of him already so much, (in comparison with Foote,) that we have left ourselves but little more to say. He was, according to every account, a very surprising actor, and a man of great versatility of talent in his profession. It is not an easy thing for one man to play Lear, and Abel Druggier, and Ranger; and yet Garrick overcame all those characters excellently well. He was unable to play Othello, however; and this, with us, speaks somewhat against his reputation as a tragedian. We should be inclined to make that character the test of an actor's powers. There is a mixture of love and honest confidence—of dignity, of cordiality, of fluctuating passion, and of despair in it, that requires certainly great talent to develop. Kean's Othello is assuredly his best character. Macready's performance of it also is, we are told, (for we have not seen it) one of his best efforts. These circumstances speak at once to us in behalf of those high tragedians. With respect to the letters which a kind friend has put into our hands, we shall select only one written by our English Roscius: it is as follows, and is addressed to "James Clutterbuck, Esq. Bath."—It is short, but very characteristic. The lines given in italics would satisfy us without the signature.

Adelphi, January 18, 1776.

My dear Clut,—You shall be the first person to whom I shall make known that I have at last slipt my theatrical shell, and shall be as fine and free a gentleman as you would wish to see upon the south or north parade at Bath. I have sold my moiety of patent, &c. &c. for 35,000*l.* to Messrs. Dr. Ford, Ewart, Shendon, and Linley. We have signed to forfeit 10,000*l.* if the conditions of our present articles are not fulfilled, the 24th of June next.—*In short, I grow somewhat older, though I never played better in all my life, and am resolved not to remain upon the stage to be pitied instead of applauded.* The deed is done, and the bell is ringing, so I can say no more, but that I hope I shall receive a letter of felicitation from you.

Love to your better half, and to the Sharpes and all friends.

Ever, and most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK.

Amongst other curiosities, we have some letters of the elder Colman; but as our readers may not possibly think them amusing enough for our Magazine, we shall forbear giving them a specimen of that clever dramatist's epistolary style. All the letters are addressed to the aforesaid "James Clutterbuck, Esq." and

commence, as usual, in brief familiarity, with "My dear Clut." There are some, also, by a worthy of the name of Berenger: one, which seems to overflow with love and affright, we are tempted to extract. It will show the present generation how warm was the friendship of the past.

My ever dear Sir, and most worthy friend,—I have been shingled so cruelly, that I am still confined, and obliged to submit to the mortification of making Mr. Hatsell my proxy, as I am yours. The young Ruspini was numbered among the Christians of this island, this day. They say he was born with teeth!

It is now past ten o'clock. I stay'd so late on purpose to be able to send you news, I send you very bad—time and tide, and the post, will stay for no man.—Brief then let me be. The mob, then, with respect be it spoken, have proceeded so far, as to beset the King's Bench prison, and endeavoured, it is said, to rescue Mr. Wilkes, (who will not be rescued). The guards, horse and foot, attended, and blows ensued. They have fired several times—some half dozen are killed, fresh mob and fresh troops pour into St. George's Fields continually. The King is this moment come from Richmond. Every thing is in great confusion and tumult. God knows how the storm will end, and who may sink in it. I know no more, and must write no more, for the postman is impatient. I love you, I honour you, and that good woman who is yours: I will write again, and again, and again, and give you every mark of that affection, with which my heart is full, and live and die your obliged and affectionate

Half an hour after Ten, a star light night,
May 10, 1768.

R. BERNHGER.

We had intended to have transcribed entire, the pay-list of Drury-lane theatre, in 1768, but perhaps it will be better to extract a few items only.—The present expenses of Covent Garden theatre, are estimated, we believe, at 200*l.* a night. On the 9th of February, 1765, the expenses of Old Drury were 69*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* per night. The company consisted of about one hundred and sixty performers, among whom were names of high celebrity. Garrick was at the head of the company, with a salary per night of 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

	Per Night:
	£. s. d.
Mr. Yates (the famous Othello)	3 6 8
and his wife, received	2 0 0
Palmer and wife	1 6 8
King (the celebrated Sir Peter Teazle)	0 6 8
Parsons (a great name, too, in theatrical annals) only	2 10 0
Mrs. Gibber	2 6 8
Mrs. Pritchard	1 15 0
Mrs. Clive	0 13 4
Miss Pope (first of confidants and chambermaids,—the Miss Kelly of the last generation) the small sum of	1 3 4
Signior Guistinelli (chief singer)	1 0 0
Signior Grimaldi and wife (chief dancers,—the Signior, we believe, was uncle of our present matchless clown)	0 10 0
Mr. Slingsby (immortal for his <i>allemende</i>)	

Let us not omit to add, that Mr. Pope (the barber) had 4*s.* a night—that the *S. Fund* (we presume the

Sinking Fund) drew 1*l.* 15*s.* per night; and the pensioners of the establishment—how much, gentle reader, dost thou think? Why, verily, of the 69*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* expended nightly, the sum of 3*s.* 8*d.* was devoted to charity! This reminds us of Falstaff's bill, owing to the widow Quickly. It is the halfpenny worth of bread to the quarts of sack. It bears the same relation that the meat does to the soup of a Frenchman, which gives scarcely a weak relish to the water.

But, let us say no more.—We love the theatre. Many and many a night have we gone thither, with heavy hearts, and come away with light ones. A wink from Munden, or a smile from Liston, is always worth the money we pay to see it, and the giggle of Grimaldi is a thing not to be estimated. Passing by Kean and Macready, and John and Charles Kemble, all of whom we have seen again and again, who would not lay down his 3*s.* 6*d.* readily to be permitted to gaze away hours, unmolested, in the beautiful presence of Miss Foote,—or to hear the stream of sweet sound which perpetually flows over Miss Stephens's lips!—Either the one or the other is surely, at all times sufficient, to introduce us to pleasant images, or delightful thoughts, and even to out-charm the malice of our stars, unless their aspect be more than ordinarily perverse.

X.

Town Conversation.

No. II.

ANOTHER NEW TRAGEDY.

It is as we predicted: the stage has at length fairly roused the attention of powerful writers,—and we trust that booksellers' and managers' attention to their own interests,—and a public, enlightened enough to appreciate genius, and liberal enough to reward it, will still continue to afford sufficient encouragement for the success of literature, in all its departments of independent and honourable exertion, without calling in suspicious allies. It is not long since we saw "a fine old Roman story," admirably dramatized, and welcomed with a quick and true feeling, that did great credit to the judgment of our audiences.—Our Dramatic Report for this month records another instance of victory, equally creditable to him by whom it has been won, and those by whom it has been awarded. The advantage of these honourable events, will soon be more fully experienced, in their effect on our dramatic literature. A poet, who possesses an unusual command over nervous and energetic diction, combining this power with a rapid and glowing imagination, that rushes amongst the various rich elements of moral and external beauty,—seizing and combining them into fair and noble creations,—has, we hear, just finished a tragedy, on a subject, which, in such hands, excites our expectations in no common degree. *Catiline* is the name of this piece; and it suggests the idea of gigantic grandeur. Mr. Croly,—for he it is who has adventured on this arduous task,—has, we trust, well felt of how much such a theme is capable, and how much it demands. Ben Jonson has treated it—but not successfully; though there are splendid passages in his piece. Its opening with the appearance of *Sylla's ghost*, uttering words of dreadful portent, and pointing to Catiline in his study, is very striking. In this play we find a passage, which must have suggested, to Addison, the well-known com-

mencing lines of his *Cato*,—"The dawn is overcast, &c." Ben Jonson makes Lentulus say,

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen care
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung
at it!
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with
clouds,
As if she threatened night e'er noon of day!

We think the original morsel the best of the two. The following, also, is a noble passage in this play:—Catiline is recommending secrecy and silence to the conspirators, till the moment comes for action.

—————Meanwhile, all rest
Seal'd up and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forced
wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the wood,
Clowns to their houses, and the country
sleeps:
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may
break
Upon 'em like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us,—and invade the rest
With cries and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead,—and make their ashes
fear.

Jonson's play, however, is in general heavy in its harangues, and often ranting, and absurd in style.—Mr. Croly, we hear from the persons who have necessarily seen his piece, may be at least said to treat Catiline well. He takes him as a Colossus, under whose mighty stride the majesty of Rome is made to pass. His character is that of a lofty and stern mind,—with sudden ebullitions of softness gushing out, like springs in the great desert. He is exhibited in that situation of dreadful interest—fluctuating for a time, with conspiracy before him:—then he plunges into the gulph, and perishes.—It must be admitted, that this is the way to set about the subject; and we long to see what the poet has been able to execute.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Res Literariæ: Bibliographical and Critical, for October 1820. Naples.

Sir Egerton Brydges is a gentleman well known to be devoted to literature,—and now a traveller, who may emphatically be said to *drag at each remove a lengthening chain*. It has also happened to us lately to be travellers, and wherever we went we found vestiges of Sir Egerton,—remnants of his mind, in the shape of English books, printed in foreign parts, for the benefit, we presume, of the natives. At Geneva, early last year, we encountered Sir Egerton's volume on *political economy*, with Packhous's imprint—drawn from our countryman, no doubt, by his breathing the same air with Sismondi. At Florence, he had dropped a volume of tales and poetry. In the autumn, we were at Rome, and heard from our valet de place, as his first piece of news, that *Sir Brydges* had established a printing press in the eternal city, under the protection of a cardinal. At Naples, almost the first book we met with was the work, the title of which stands at the head of this notice, and which is the commencing number of a *series*, which the Chevalier *Du Pont* (as Sir Egerton Brydges was called at Paris) intends perseveringly to continue, unless he should be stopped by an invasion, or an eruption. Every man has his hobby, says Sterne; a printing press seems to be Sir Egerton's:—but that he should go abroad to print and publish English books, is surely strange! His ambition once was to “witch the world,” with smart volumes, “*from the private press at Lee Priory*,” but, as if a private press in his own country was not sufficiently secluded from the interference of the impertinent curiosity of readers, he has now allowed his love of obscurity as an author, to carry him away to strangers altogether,—amongst whom he may reasonably hope to be able to print and publish once a month, or oftener, without running any very imminent hazard of having his modest pages rumbled or fluttered by the eagerness of perusal.

Res Literariæ is a sort of retrospective review, published in English, in face of the island of Caprea! The author's preface is succinct.

The plan of the following work is at present so much in use, that it requires no explanation.

Reviews and journals of modern books are numerous. There is, at least, as much necessity for bringing into notice what has been thrown aside into oblivion, by the operation of time, as what is new. There never was a period when it was more desirable to retrace our steps, and to come back again to the period of more sound and sober times.

Only *seventy-five* copies have been taken of this work.

Naples, Dec. 6, 1820.

The first article is on the life and writings of Petrarch; of whom our worthy Baronet, much to his honour, is a passionate admirer: his reasons for choosing this subject may be deduced—from his first paragraph.

Notwithstanding all that has been written about Petrarch, in the last three hundred years, a good life of him, and an adequate criticism upon him, are yet wanting. This does not arise from the paucity, but from the abundance of the materials for them. Nor are they materials such as mere industry and labour will master. They require a taste cultivated, enlarged, tender, refined, exalted: they require an intimate knowledge of the cotemporary history of the principal nations of Europe: they require a profound and philosophic insight into the movements of cabinets: but, what they most of all require, (next to taste) is an erudition, familiar with all the details of the revival of learning, which, at this time, was in the full vigour of the new expense of its wings.

Of all these required qualities, the Baronet well knows (and the world ought to know) that he is possessed! Our admiration of Petrarch is almost as warm as his; we think with him that “in finished grace, tenderness, and sweetness of expression, Petrarch has no rival;” but when he seems unwillingly to give the palm of preference to Dante, and asserts that, in some respects, the merits of Petrarch's genius are more extraordinary, our brows drop, and our hearts refuse conviction, for we have been accustomed to consider Dante, as we consider Shakspeare, a holy star, with whose pure rays, the rays of no other planet can assimilate, and with whom to affect rivalry, or comparison, is to be guilty of sacrilege.

The following eulogiums we think just.

To dwell for ever on the same subject ; to give endless variety to that which appears to common eyes always the same ; to find language for the most transient and hidden movements of the heart ; to reflect these images with a clearness, in which not a speck disturbs the transparency ; seems to be a proof, (if any proof of this can be admitted) that poetry is really inspiration !

This will appear, to the taste of many, extravagant praise ! But it is not said without long and leisurely consideration. The French have no sympathy for these simple effusions of what is properly called pure poetry ; and they, and their followers, will more especially deny it the merit of purity, on account of the occasional conceits with which some of the least excellent of the poems are defamed. (Page 4.)

We are pleased to see our author support the reality of Laura, and the reality and purity of Petrarch's passion : we have always been inclined to *savoir mauvais gré* to that cold earth-levelling spirit, which has attempted to throw doubt and ridicule on these subjects : they have a favourite romantic corner in our hearts, from which we should with sorrow see them expelled. To divide the name of Laura from Petrarch, would be like dividing the names of Hero and Leander, of Abelard and Eloise,—names which, from our infancy, we have been accustomed to hear together, and which are rendered sacred, in their union, by long and delightful association. To disclose to us that Petrarch's love had no higher character than a common amour, would be to destroy one of our most cherished romantic feelings—of which, alas ! at present not many remain.*

We were the worthy Baronet had, in his black letter researches, found more supporting arguments, for we would defend these subjects with a triple wall of brass : what he says, however, has its value. Our Baronet, though not Hercules, triumphs, on these points, over Mr. Hobhouse, whose notions are always grovelling.

* We have talked with many French people about Petrarch and Laura, and Petrarch's poetry ; and we cannot call to mind a single instance in which the poetry was not ridiculed, and the passion disbelieved. The fair sex we have found particularly sceptical on the latter subject. We remember talking with a lady about Petrarch's passion, shortly after the appearance of Mad. de Genlis' *Petrarque et Laure* ; she finished the conversation with this declaration : "*Oui-oui ! c'est beau, c'est très beau ! mais il y a une chose de certaine, qu'une telle passion n'aît jamais existée, et n'existera jamais !—c'est tout-a-fait hors de nature.*"

"Mr. Hobhouse next attacks, in harsh terms, De Sade's interpretation of the word "*ptubs* into *partubus*, instead of *perturbationibus*, as the printed copies have it. But Baldelli has since found an ancient MS. in the Laurentian Library, which decides this question in De Sade's favour : for the MS. writes the word "*patubs*:" which must be taken to be "*partubus*," and not "*perturbationibus*." The passage is in the third dialogue between St. Augustine and Petrarch, *De Contemptu Mundi*, written in 1343."

Sir Egerton gives ample extracts to gratify the curious reader : we must, however, content ourselves with the single one, so often given—

"A. Non hoc queritur, quantum tibi lachrymarum mors illius fornidata, quantumve doloris invexerit ; sed hoc agitur, ut, intelligas, quæ semel concussit, posse formidinem reverti, eoque facilius quod et omnis dies ad mortem propius accedit, et corpus illud egregium, morbis ac crebris *patubus* exhaustum, nullum pristini vigoris amisit."

"It seems to me (continues the Baronet, after giving the extracts) most strange, that the account given by the poet, of his passion for Laura, should leave any reader in doubt of its existence ; or of its purity, as well as of its force. The birth of two natural children, of whom the name of the mother has not been preserved—and one of them (—a daughter,—) apparently, a few months prior to the date of these *Dialogues*, is opposed by some critics to the sincerity of this attachment. But Petrarch insists on the unblemished and impregnable virtue of Laura : he admits that he has not been himself blameless. "*Cum lorifragum et præcipitem*" (we Laura) "*viderit, desecrere maluit, quam sequi.*"—"Incautus in laqueum offendi :—*amor, atque coegerunt. Firmavi jam tandem animum labentem,*" etc.

"Others represent this love to have been Platonic, because, in their

opinion, such a passion is a ridiculous chimera. Without admitting this presumption, a reader of fancy and sensibility will find both in these extracts, and in numerous passages of the poetry of Petrarch, signs of a temperament sufficiently earthly. Yet a mind gifted by nature, like Petrarch's, and trained as his faculties were, could easily give itself up to that visionary enthusiasm, which appears so improbable to vulgar opinion," &c. (P. 78.)

On the works of Petrarch our author has advanced nothing new. To account for the inferiority of his Latin works, he extracts the following well known passage from "L'Elogio del Petrarca," by Bettinelli.

"Che se dimandassi come fosse il Petrarca sì elegante in volgare, e sì poco in latino, altro dir non saprei, se non che nel primo fu creator del suo stile da Cino* soltanto delineato; ma nel secondo fu educato dal suo secolo, e dall'esempio de' rozzi suoi costumi, che non distinguevano ne' latini l'oro dalli altri metalli."

The objects of this article, the Baronet tells us, are to give the English reader some knowledge of Petrarch, "because (says he) I cannot refrain from thinking, that in the present day, he knows but very little of this great poet: and that little, upon very superficial and tasteless authorities."—He would recall the literary world to the study of that great author, and conduct them to the original sources by which his character may be judged of. The biographers and critics of Petrarch he treats rather harshly; the Memoir of Lord Wodehouselee (he says) does the author little honour: Tiraboschi, he says, is dry; Ginguenè retains a French taste; and Sismondi "judges like a Frenchman of Petrarch's Sonnets." Mrs. Dobson's work, he styles, "a bungling, gossiping, uneducated abridgement of De Sade,

that does not deserve notice." De Sade's Memoirs he esteems highly, and regrets that the book is become scarce. The best modern work concerning Petrarch, he affirms to be a life of the poet, by Baldelli† (a Florentine nobleman still living) a book little known in England.

This long, curious, and unconnected article, after insisting on the necessity of recalling the public taste to good old established models, concludes thus:

It is astonishing that living popularity should be taken as a conclusive, or even as a strong proof of merit. In my own time, in the forty years that I have been old enough to make observations, I have seen the poetical taste and fashion change, in England, at least eight times.‡ The two living poets, who held the sway when I first became capable of judging, were Mason and Beattie. Soon after, the reign of Hayley commenced. Then came Cowper, and Burns. Even the Della Crusca school glittered for its little day. Then came Darwin, whose dominion was as short as it was brilliant. The rest I leave the reader to fill up, lest I should offend those whom I name, or those whom I omit. Of all things I hate literary warfare the most. I resort to literature as a balm to the mind; as a peaceful refuge from the troubles of the world. To introduce angry and contentious passions here, would be to pour poison into the cup of gentleness, harmony, and delight.

We admire and respect the sentiment contained in the last lines; and we hope Sir Egerton may long continue to enjoy that "balm," and "peaceful refuge," on which he places so great and so just a value.

The article contains literal prose translations of twenty-seven of the most admired Sonnets of Petrarch, and of two of his fine *Canzoni*, made (as we are informed in a note) by a young lady, the daughter of the writer: they certainly prove all that they were intended to prove, viz. "translate his Sonnets in plain prose, and a high degree of the poetical

* Cino was a celebrated lawyer, of Pistoia, of a noble family. His *Rime* were published by Nicolo Ricci, at Rome, 1559; and again by Faustino Tasso, at Venice, 1589. Orsacimbini pronounces him the most sweet and graceful poet before Petrarch. The Italians consider him the first who gave a grace to Lyric Poetry. His style is now a little antiquated, but his thoughts are just. He died at Bologna in 1336, with the reputation of a learned man.

† We coincide with Sir Egerton in this opinion, and recommend the work in question to the lovers of Italian literature.

‡ Mr. Hazlitt makes a similar assertion—we forget, however, the number he mentions.

character remains: which" (continues the Baronet,) "is the most powerful of all signs, that, in him, the primary ingredient of the poetry is in the *matter*. It is in the sentiment or the image, not in the metaphorical

dress." There are also three poetical translations by the author; we are, however, quite of his opinion, "that they are far more delicious even in the simplest prose."

TIME'S TELESCOPE.

OUR attention has been attracted by a little work, which, though not of sufficient importance to call for a regular article, is still far from being unworthy of notice and attention. The title of it introduces this notice, and is, by the bye, the only part of the book that we do not like, for it does not at all explain the nature of the work to which it is affixed. We shall do this office for it. Time's Telescope, is an annual publication, blending something of the character which belongs to the Literary Pocket-book, (noticed in our last) with that of a general Almanack; but at the same time possessing features different from either of these, and peculiar to itself; and being altogether much more useful and compendious than both.—Each annual Volume contains, first, an Introduction, consisting of a clear, and popular exposition of the elements of some one of the useful and interesting sciences. That which occupies the first part of this year's volume, just published, is British Ornithology. To the class of persons for whom this work is intended, nothing can be more attractive than the study of the natural history of English birds. The subject is treated in a popular manner; yet, without wholly neglecting the scientific part of it: and it is rendered doubly agreeable by the introduction of short and well-selected extracts from English Poetry, in illustration of the various matter as it comes forward. The treatise is closed, as in the preceding volumes, by a select list of books which treat of the subject at large.

The second, and chief part of this little work, has twelve divisions, dedicated to anticipatory notices of the twelve coming months, with indications of all the remarkable days of each month,—the origin of the different holidays, and saints' days, and a notice of the birth days of celebrated persons of all ages and nations. These latter are occasionally accompanied by short biographical *hints*, for they profess to be nothing more. As a specimen of this part of the work, we give the first that occurs.

"Jan. 17. 1756.—MOZART BORN.

"When only three years old, his great amusement was finding concords on the piano; and nothing could equal his delight when he had discovered a harmonious interval. At the age of four, his father began to teach him little pieces of music, which he always learnt to play in a very short time; and, before he was six, he had in-

vented several small pieces himself, and even attempted compositions of some extent and intricacy.

"The sensibility of his organs appears to have been excessive. The slightest false note or harsh tone was quite a torture to him; and, in the early part of his childhood, he could not hear the sound of a trumpet without growing pale, and almost falling into convulsions. His father, for many years, carried him and his sister about to different cities for the purpose of exhibiting their talents. In 1764 they came to London, and played before the late King. Mozart also played the organ at the Chapel Royal; and with this the King was more pleased than with his performance on the harpsichord. During this visit he composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen. He was then only eight years old. A few years after this, he went to Milan; and, at that place, was performed in 1770 the opera of *Mithridates*, composed by Mozart, at the age of fourteen, and performed twenty nights in succession. From that time till he was nineteen, he continued to be the musical wonder of Europe, as much from the astonishing extent of his abilities, as from the extreme youth of their possessor.

"Entirely absorbed in music, this great man was a child in every other respect. His hands were so wedded to the piano, that he could use them for nothing else: at table, his wife carved for him; and, in every thing relating to money, or the management of his domestic affairs, or even the choice and arrangement of his amusements, he was entirely under her guidance. His health was very delicate; and during the latter part of his too short life, it declined rapidly. Like all weak-minded people, he was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favourite study, that he prevented his spirits sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times, he laboured under a profound melancholy, which unquestionably tended to accelerate the period of his existence. In this melancholy state of spirits, he composed the *Zauber Flöte*, the *Cle-menza di Tito*, and his celebrated mass in D minor, commonly known by the name of his *Requiem*. The circumstances which attended the composition of the last of these works are so remarkable, from the effect they produced upon his mind, that

we shall detail them; and, with the account, close the life of Mozart.

"One day, when his spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger of a tall, dignified appearance, was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive. He told Mozart, that he came from a person who did not wish to be known, to request he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend whom he recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work, and immediately paid him one hundred ducats, and departed. The mystery of this visit seemed to have a very strong effect upon the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for some time; and then suddenly calling for writing materials, began to compose with extraordinary ardour. This application, however, was more than his strength could support; it brought on fainting fits; and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. 'I am writing this Requiem for myself!' said he abruptly to his wife one day; 'it will serve for my own funeral service;' and this impression never afterwards left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger appeared, and demanded the Requiem. 'I have found it impossible,' said Mozart, 'to keep my word; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it.' The stranger made no objection; but observing, that for this additional trouble it was but just to increase

the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at his whole proceedings, Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was: the man, however, lost sight of him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart, now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the Requiem; and, in spite of the exhausted state both of his mind and body, completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day, the stranger returned;—but Mozart was no more!"

These kinds of notices, alight as they may be, are far from being without utility, if they awaken the young reader's curiosity, and induce him to search for more copious details.

The part allotted to each month, includes an account of the astronomical phenomena of the month, and an explanation of them; and is closed, by what is called the Naturalist's Diary, which points out the usual state of the season, rural scenery, &c. at the particular period to which it refers; notices the habits of the animal world at that season; and also the particular pursuits and amusements to which the season gives rise, either in the fields, the garden, or within doors. This part of the book, as well as the rest, is lightened and illustrated by neat and apt quotations, and occasionally by original communications, both in prose and verse. Time's Telescope is, altogether, a very pleasant and useful little work.

THE DRAMA.

No. XIII.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mirandola.—The appearance of this tragedy has well sustained the interest excited by its announcement. Nothing possibly could be more complete than its success,—and, what is better, the success, in this case, is as merited as it has been complete. *Mirandola* is a drama essentially of passion: the heart is in every phrase; there is a race between feelings and words all the way through, and the former keep always first. The author has been evidently at work in a noble, and now too rare, spirit of sincerity: he does not trifle with emotion; his agonies do not stand upon ceremony; he does not formally summon us to surrender our souls, but takes them by surprise, and we

are won before we knew we were attacked. He offers passages of particular beauty for our admiration; but we like him better for leading us on, through the "nice conduct" of the scene, amidst woe and anger, and doubt, and love, and despair,—subdued altogether to an humble obedience to the course of the history,—agitated, trembling, sympathising with the agents,—breathlessly regarding the situations,—impelled by every change of interest, and at length echoing with an involuntary groan the fatal knell of the catastrophe. To effect this, shows the wizard power of genius,—which is to be estimated far above the herculean strength of talent.

The real force of intellect, we ap-

prehend, is shown in the conception of natural results; and to these the author of *Mirandola* advances at once, in the simplest, most direct, and most certain manner. One of his broken exclamations—a parenthesis—a repetition of words varying their accent—will often give evidence of more absolute power of thought, and more penetrating feeling, than a thousand nervous tirades of sentiment, or florid exhibitions of what is called imagination, would do. The reason is, that by these he marks his knowledge of the operation of human passion, and the display of human emotion; shows what fine and complicated sympathy with the varieties of human nature and accident, exists in his mind; and imparts to the spectator a sudden and vivacious consciousness of the weight and extent of the interest. Words may act like touches of Ithuriel's spear; revealing things in their real properties by a start. We know of no author that conveys to them more of this awakening faculty than Mr. Cornwall.

The perplexity of the piece, as most of our readers, probably, by this time, know, turns on an event, which may at first strike many as scarcely fitted for public exhibition. A father has married the lady who loves, and is beloved by, his son: but, though we are no friends to violent attacks on the instincts of morality and social order, made for the purpose of producing effect on the principle of convulsion,—there is not, we think, a word to be said fairly against the author of *Mirandola*, either as having fashioned his plot to excite interest by undue violence in deficiency of skill,—or as having improperly violated the reserve to which every man of honour and judgment will be inclined to adhere, in regard to these crimes and misfortunes which excite horror rather than indignation or pity.—Mr. Cornwall does not seem to us to have transgressed against any sound rule, either of taste, or moral principle. The embarrassment in his play, is one that has a terrible cause, but not an unnatural one. It does not even involve licentious feeling, far less any disgusting passion. The parties have been placed unawares in a fearful situation towards each other; but the springs of nature run pure and

clear in their hearts, through the stream of their current is lashed to foam.—It is a proof of our author's great dexterity, as well as of his poetical amenity, that he has wrought out his catastrophe, in the very fullness of agony, despair, and death, without making any of the principal agents *guilty*. There is, indeed, a guilty person in a subordinate condition, whose contrivances have caused the sad mistake; but accident might have done as much. Neither tyranny, nor selfishness, nor duplicity, animate either father or son.—The unhappy lady has not been treacherous to her virgin love,—nor does she prove false to her marriage vow. The misery comes attended by innocence; and the author has his reward for the purity of such a conception, in the increased pathos which this circumstance brings to bear on the sensibility of the spectator.

For dramatic construction, we would praise this piece in almost unqualified terms. With the exception of the first scenes, where the author introduces his serious action in a strain of light elegance, for which neither the audience nor the actors seemed perfectly prepared, the anxious expectation is carried on progressively increasing; though, at every instant, it would seem to have reached its climax. In the third act we are led to say—surely no more can be done to prolong, far less to add to the interest?—yet still it gradually rises to the catastrophe, when the agony drops headlong into that dark oblivious gulph, where suffering is for ever quieted, and “the weary are at rest.” The author has effected this desirable progression by excellent management, though by the simplest means. There is no second plot,—which would be peculiarly inappropriate in such a piece as this, where the principal interest is so engrossing. The father and son sustain our attention all the way through; the glow of our feelings for them is not suffered to cool by diversion: but a masterly revolution is made to take place in the relative position of the two chief characters, which infuses fresh vigour into the march of the play, and renews the suspense, and the anxiety. The son at first thinks himself injured by his father; and addresses reproaches

to him, which the pride of parental and marital authority cannot well brook. The duke of Mirandola, the parent, in conscious that he acted fairly and openly in suing for Isidora's hand: his son was supposed dead, nor when alive had he ever observed his attachment to the lady. Guido, on the other hand, has reason to do more than suspect his father of treachery: he had written letters announcing his recovery, which the machinations of Isabella had caused to miscarry; and as, just before his return, the duke learns, for the first time, that Guido had cherished a passion for Isidora, now the duchess, this startling intelligence throws embarrassment into the manner of the young soldier's reception, which seems to confirm his unfavorable opinions. The grief and resentment of the son, therefore, are the active agents in the first part of the piece, and they are met by the dignified patience, covering the princely displeasure, and natural chivalrous haughtiness, of the duke his father. But in the third act the tide of passion turns: the husband is stung by jealousy; the habits of power assist the violence of the frenzy, —and his moral being, and physical frame, are shaken to pieces in the terrible agitation. He threatens deadly vengeance, and is himself the chief victim. There is the quick sensibility of a noble nature in the duke's bosom: his age may be supposed not to pass the prime of manhood; he loves his wife to distraction; and the majesty of his soul stoops with pain to the unseemliness of suspicion and anger. He is hurt for his son, and hurt for himself: until at length he thinks he is wronged and deceived, and then he allows the rankling mortification, which he had repressed, to burst forth and swell into rage and a desire of revenge. The elevation of his imagination, however, is perpetually throwing his despair back from indignation into pathos and melancholy. "Your son asks to see you," one says to him:—he replies,

We will meet—hereafter:

In the world, never. In the grave perhaps—

In the dark common chamber of the dead
We'll visit, where upon his shadowy steed
(Pale as a corpse) the speechless phantom rides,

Our king and enemy: there, friends and foes
Meet without passions, and the sickly light
That glimmers thro' the populous homes of death

Will be enough to find us. We shall know
Each other there, perhaps.

In the last fatal scene, where the mistaken notion of his son's guilt drives him to the fatal resolution of condemnation:—nothing can be more fearful than the manner of delivering the awful mandate.

Duke. Come hither, slave!

You, sirrah! what's your name?—no matter: Take

You man into the palace-court, and there—
Come nearer—nearer. [*Whispers officer.*
Remember!

Isid. (*Shrieks.*) Ha!—What's that?

Oh! mercy, mercy. Spare him—spare us both,

My Lord!—O husband!

Guido is removed—

Duke. [*Sinks down.*] He's gone!

Isid. A moment stop!—My lord! my lord!

Spare him! I'll kneel to you, and wet the dust

With tears. Oh! husband: my dear husband! speak!

I,—Isidora—Isidora, whom

You loved so once, am here—here on my knees,

Before the world,—in the broad light. My lord!

Give him but time,—a word—do you hear that?

A word will clear him. Will you not listen? Oh!—

Cruel, oh! cruel! Mercy, yet;—oh, God!

[*Isidora falls before him.*

Piero. [*after a pause.*] Shall we not help the Duchess?

Curio. Stay, stay: he begins to move.

Piero. He looks like marble with those fixed eyes.

Curio. Ha! those are heavy tears.

Officer. Hark!

Duke. Mercy!—

No more of that. I am a desolate man: Much injured; almost mad. I want—I'll have

Vengeance—tremendous vengeance! Ha! pale thing;

I will not tread upon her. Tears? what, tears?

Take her away. [*Isidora is taken out.*

What remains but to add that proof of his son's innocence is almost immediately afforded him.

Duke. My son! where is my son? Is no one gone

To stop my orders? Go—some more. I'll sit

Here, while the Heavens are trembling.
(A distant report of Musquetry is heard.)

Ha! [Sinks down.

(After a short pause, Casti re-enters.)

Casti. My lord!

Duke. Ha! my good messenger, a word, a word;

But one: I'll give my Dukedom to you, —all.

Tell me he lives. Swear it. 'Tis my command.

Casti. Alas! it was too late. We can but pray.

Duke. Rain down your blights upon us!

Casti. Sir, be calm.

Duke. Sulphur and blistering fire. I want to die:

Unloose me here, here: I'm too tight.—
Some one

Has tied my heart up; no, no; here, Sir, here.

All round my heart, and round my brain,
—quick, quick—

I'm burning.—Hush! a drug—a—

Casti. Hold him up.

Duke. Some dull—some potent drink.
I'll give—I'll give

The world away for peace. Oh! round my heart,

And—Ah! unloose this cord about my throat.

Has no one mercy here? I am the Duke,—
The Duke. Ha!—I am—nothing.

Casti. Raise his head.

Now, my dear lord.—

Duke. O my poor son! my son!

Young victims—both so young—so innocent.

But they are gone. I feel as I could sleep—

Sleep—hush! for ever. My poor son!—
[Dies.

Some faults have been found with the mechanical contrivances of the plot, and, perhaps, justly: the circumstance of the ring, which leads the duke to believe his wife and son false,—and that of losing the letters, which leads to the discovery of their innocence, are too hackneyed and clumsy. Half an hour's thinking would have furnished better expedients—but we are ourselves very much inclined to deem such things trifles. It is not so with many, however:—there are numbers who are knowing and severe on these points, and, therefore, our author should have been more on his guard. Isabella's final escape from punishment too, has been objected to; but not justly, we think. Vice has rendered her abject: who thinks of her?

she is unworthy of a thought from any one above a hangman.

A word now of the actors:—the writer of this notice is not in the frequent habit of going to the theatre—his department in the Magazine being that of the essays and fracas; and it may, perhaps, be in part owing to this circumstance, that he was so much struck by Macready's elegant and spirited representation of Mirandola. Yet he cannot but think, that, although novelty might give him a peculiarly high relish for the excellencies of this actor's performance, it did not, and could not, deceive him into the belief of beauties which did not exist. Macready both looked, and acted, the high-spirited sensitive Prince, as if he had been a reflection from the clear pages of Boccacio, or one of Titian's portraits re-animated. To his dress we can apply no term short of exquisite: it was more picturesque than magnificent,—yet rich enough to coincide with the high state of the wearer, at a period when the divisions between the classes of society were marked by external indications of the most striking kind. The powerful were then grander objects of sight than the common people; they emulated the distinctions of nature herself, between the glorious and the mean objects of the earth. The prince towered above the slave and peasant as the oak towers above the bramble. The general character of Macready's performance we would describe as *delicately discriminative*—with the exception of some forced and false transitions of voice, which, without hesitation, we set down as bad and inexcusable imitations of Kean:—Charles Kemble's, on the other hand, was sometimes incorrect in the subtle parts, and of a more common order in the strong. Yet the author owes much to the latter gentleman, as well as to the former: nothing can be conceived more splendid and effective than Mr. Kemble's declamation; nothing more impressive than the manner in which Mr. Macready conveyed the swellings of passion, the alternations of tenderness and violence, and the deep agony of final despair. His tone of exclamation, at those heart-smiting words—"I WANT TO DIE"—which are alone sufficient to establish the author's claim to genius in the highest

acceptation of the term,—was worthy of the conception which inspired them. It came upon our ears as the voice of a suffering beyond that of death-pangs—beyond torture—beyond patience, or endurance.

Miss Foote, as the ill-fated Duchess, had a dangerous competitor with her sorrow in her beauty: we should have sympathised more entirely with the former, but for the dazzling effect of the latter. To be as pretty as she is, is surely to be shielded against every mental suffering, more serious than a morning's pet, or an evening's fit of the sullen. Yet, if this lady were less fascinating as a woman, we suspect we should have a good deal to say in her praise, on the present occasion, as an actress. We are much mistaken if we did not frequently discover, when her eyes happened to be turned to the other side of the house from that where we sat, signs of a quick and delicate perception of the true interest of her scenic situation:—she seemed to bend, like a graceful willow, under the rude gust,—pliable to the impulse, yet elegant and elastic in prostration.

Mr. Abbot, as the friend of Guido, completely filled his part, and added much to the general vigour and truth of this most successful and captivating performance. The house was crowded to overflow on the first night; and the piece still runs with the same effect.

As You Like It, which has been lately brought forward at Covent Garden, is the finest of all pastorals. The Amyntas—the Pastor Fido—the Gentle Shepherd—what are they in comparison with this? Even Comus, and Ben Jonson's, and Fletcher's, beautiful Dramas, must give way before it. It is like one of Boccaccio's hundred evergreens—fashioned into a garland by the hand of a poet. It has something of every thing that is good: there is philosophy, and poetry, and love, and humour, and wit, and music, and melancholy that has no canker,—not preying upon the mind till the bloom of the cheek is destroyed,—but itself the food of a humourist; there is everything which a reasonable man can hope to find in a pastoral Drama, and far more.

We are at first introduced at court, and are made acquainted with the usurping Duke, and with Celia, and Rosalind, in their richer dresses; but we are glad to escape with the fair cousins, from the pomp and heartless presence of royalty, to the streams and the meadows; and we feel that we are indeed free, and about to enjoy ourselves, when we are let loose upon the pleasant glades that run through the Forest of Arden.

Rosalind, and Jaques, and Touchstone, are the great people of the play. Rosalind has, perhaps, (may we venture to say so?) too much wit for a woman; and yet we do not wish that she had less. She is a delightful combination of gentleness and smart gaiety: she is just what we should desire our sister to be, but her tongue runs almost too fast for a wife. We love to hear her prattle and joke, but we at the same time think that Orlando is a bold man to venture on such a match; and begin to wish, when we have arrived at the end of the play, that she had not gone quite so directly against established decorum. Yet, after all, we love her, and wish her happy, and quit her with a full determination to resume our acquaintance at a future day. Touchstone is the fit servant of such a mistress. He seems to have collected all the wit of the court, and to let it run out upon every occasion, to the astonishment of every body less well-bred than himself: even he has a sylvan turn, and adopts the maiden Audrey, in order to show his unsophisticated taste. But Jaques is (to us) the great charm of this drama; he appears to have been born for no other purpose than to moralize

Under the shade of melancholy boughs—

and to waste his goodnatured spleen upon his fellow foresters. He is a man fit to enjoy a lazy noon in summer; or to be companion with the robin and the field-fare, when the skirts of the woods are white with snow. He is overflowing with a sad and pleasant humour; and he has a vein of satire withal, which would run to bitter, were it not neutralized by the indolence of his nature. What a picture (we have often thought) he would make, lying at his length,

Beside the brook that brawls along the wood,—

and stopping with his hunting spear the weeds, and floating straws, which the current carried onwards in its flow! We have heard some slight objections made to Macready's Jaques; but, to us, it appeared a most delightful portrait, and we sometimes wondered how this high and spirited tragedian could tame down his buoyancy, and become so listless and idle as he seemed. There is a something in this which we do not quite understand: there is a mastery of the muscle, and a power over the eye, and the voice, which we would fain ourselves acquire.

Charles Kemble's Orlando is excellent; it is one of his very best performances. Mrs. Davison played Rosalind very cleverly, though she is not so young as she was; yet has she a pleasant wit, and we will not be the persons to object to her, because years have matured her acting, or because we remember her more lightsome and less judicious than she now is. Fawcett is, and always was, a capital Touchstone; and Mrs. Gibbs looks like the sun-flower, in the Chinese hat which she wears, when she so unwittingly entraps the affections of the courtly clown. Mr. Duruset is a very delicate and touching singer. We could hear him sing *Under a greenwood tree*, twenty times a day, and rise up at last without fatigue.

DRURY LANE.

Montalto.—This theatre has also produced a tragedy, but its fate was unfortunate. We will not on that account, however, condemn it again. On the contrary, we think that it contained much clever and pleasant writing, and the style of it was decidedly better than that of some tragedies which have met with more success. The title of this play was *Montalto*, and it has been ascribed to a gentleman of the name of Lindsay.

Miss Wilson, who has made her debut at Drury Lane, has not shamed the prologue which announced her. We were sadly afraid, we confess, that Mr. Elliston's red letters would amount to little or nothing, but we have been agreeably disappointed. The lady is a powerful singer:—al-

though not so sweet (by no means so sweet) as Miss Stephens, and without that rich and almost cloying melody that surrounds the lower tones of Miss Tree, she has a voice of greater compass than either. The manner in which she sings *Monster away*, in Arne's Opera of *Artaxerxes*, shows at once, how completely she can sustain her full and powerful notes. There is no relapse, and no evasion,—no trilling or cadencing to hide a weakness of voice; but the stream of sound is finely and unremittently kept up, till the period arrives for its change. Independently of this, she has good execution, and a confidence in herself. Her lower notes seem thick, and her voice sometimes degenerates into harshness, but she is a great acquisition to the musical world—and to Mr. Elliston everything. Yet,—if comparisons were not odious—we would say that, although she astonishes us, we do not hang upon her tones as we do on those of Miss Stephens: they do not so remain with us after she is gone: nor is there that strange luxury of sound in her voice, which Miss Tree showers forth, like notes from a stringed instrument;—but we have ample evidence, nevertheless, that she is a powerful singer. Why is it then that we play the critic's part? Because we must: and, perhaps, because she seems to have so complete a confidence in herself. Is it because she sings the air, (a mere bravura) of *The Soldier tired*, better than the earlier songs, where there is sentiment as well as sound? We believe there is something in this. She will have better opportunities of showing whether or not she can appreciate the higher qualities of music; and we shall wait for her appearance in the *Beggar's Opera* before carrying our remarks further.

The Covent Garden Pantomime of "*Friar Bacon*," continues to be acted. It is excellent; for the tricks are good, and Grimaldi is in full health and humour. It is a fine medicine for the mind, and may be advantageously administered to children of all ages, from ten to twenty. We recommend it with confidence to our readers. A.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XII.

THE season, like the spirit of Anacreon, in the famous song composed for the meeting held under his name, now bids

Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute.

The whole circle of singers, players, publishers, and teachers, whose town-trade is but for half a year, are reviving from the torpidity of summer; when, as a contrast to the "music of the groves," nature hath ordained the metropolitan choir to be silent.

Concerning the Opera little is yet certainly known; but it is generally understood that the direction will reside in a committee of noblemen and gentlemen; and the management be delegated to Mr. Ayrton—a gentleman whose science, accomplishments, and urbanity, peculiarly fit him for the difficult and dangerous office.

The City Amateur Concerts have commenced, with great satisfaction to the subscribers. Those yet to come will take place on the 8th and 22d of February, and 15th of March.

The Philharmonic Society will hold their first concert on the 26th of February, at the Argyle Rooms, and continue their meetings fortnightly till June 11.

A new series of Concerts is announced to take place, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Salisbury, and other ladies of quality, at a new room in St. Martin's Lane, under the title of THE MUSAEUM. Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, and other performers of celebrity, are announced as having been engaged.

On the 18th of January Miss Wilson, the long anticipated pupil of Mr. Welsh, concerning whose abilities we spoke some months ago, made her debut as *Mandane*, in Arne's *Artaxerxes*, at Drury Lane. The house was crowded, and her success was complete. The young candidate, at first, laboured under the embarrassments naturally incident to a situation of such trial; but, gradually recovering her self-possession, she was at length able to give a full display of her fine natural talents and scientific acquirements. Her voice, though

powerful, is sweet rather than rich; more resembling that of Billington, than of Catalani,—a circumstance which probably arises as much from the difference between English and Italian methods of instruction, in the early formation of this grand requisite, as from organization: its upper notes appear to be the best; and Miss Wilson evinces, by her power of attenuating the tone to the least possible audible sound, its entire ductility, and the perfection of her practice at once. Neither her articulation, nor her shake, are as perfect as they will probably become; nor, indeed, can any parts of her execution have yet, by numberless degrees, attained their mature beauty and finish. Her promise is certainly abundant; and if her style be not injured by the coarseness which singing on the stage, and the incessant demand the public are apt to make for novelty, are but too liable to produce—combined with the relaxation both of attention and physical strength, but too generally incident to first success, and incessant fatigue,—Miss Wilson will rise much higher, even than she stands at present, in vocal art. She also enjoys other dramatic requisites in a good figure, and graceful action and demeanour. This new addition to the ability of Drury Lane, has determined the manager to give Operas three nights in the week: and, indeed, possessing Mr. Braham, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Horn, it may be said that the vocal power of an English Theatre has seldom before been at so high a pitch.

Hopes are still entertained that Mr. Bartleman will recover sufficient health to resume his professional labours. No man is so much missed from the orchestra. It is said Mr. Cutler, who has graduated in music at Oxford, and is known by his compositions, is about to appear as a bass singer.

We mentioned some time since, a charge of plagiarism from Mr. Clementi, brought against Mr. John Cramer, in the Quarterly Musical Review. That composer has appended to a publication of some of Abel's works, a sketch of his early

musical studies; with a view, as it should seem, to abate the impression of his being under as much obligation to Mr. Clementi's instructions, as it has been generally understood he is. Towards the end of his letter, he alludes to the charge made in the Quarterly Musical Review; but it is something singular that, instead of contradicting or refuting it, he turns off to insinuate, by a quotation from Bach, describing in what spirit criticism ought to be conducted, that the charge in question was malicious and unfounded. Such an evasion will, however, hardly serve. The charge was direct, and was supported by a complete analysis and comparison of the two works; and, in point of fact, there can be no doubt that Mr. Cramer's was an absolute and wilful parody of Mr. Clementi's Octave Sonata. Why a composer of such eminence as Mr. Cramer allowed himself to be tempted into such an act of disrespect or hostility, towards one of his earliest friends, remains still therefore to be explained. The case is certainly not mended by Mr. Cramer's mere insinuation, (which he substantiates by no sort of proof,) against the justice or the temper of his reviewer. The same work, by the way, has, in the last number, detected a similar infringement upon the intellectual property of Mr. Bochsa, committed by Mr. Meyer,—in a work, under the title of *Fourteen progressive Lessons, and Preludes, for the Harp*, recently published by the Royal Harmonic Institution. Many of these are shown to be borrowed from Bochsa's Twelve Lessons, originally printed in France, and republished, in England, by Chappell and Co.

Mr. Horsley, in his quality of organist to the Asylum, has liberally prepared, and presented to that charity, a collection of the Hymn and Psalm tunes, sung during the service there. We have rarely met with a publication that manifests such purity of judgment and feeling, both in the compositions and selections, as this book; nor can the devout, who wish to employ music on Sunday evenings, as well as the admirers of sound taste, easily find such simple and truly sublime and beautiful specimens of devotional harmony as are here to be met with. Most of these compo-

sitions are set for two voices; but may be performed by one or both, without detriment to the effect, at pleasure.

Mr. Lanza's *Little lovely Rose de Meaux*, is a song of much variety and beauty. The melody is light, airy, and pleasing; and the accompaniment happy. This song affords a curious proof that vocal music may be rendered agreeable, and even interesting, without any particular sentiment, by exciting a train of emotions, which we are tempted to call pleasurable perceptions.

Rondo pour le Pianoforte, par F. Kalkbrenner, is an elegant composition, simple in its construction, but has, perhaps, rather too much sameness. It is less elaborate than many of Mr. K.'s productions, and consequently presents fewer difficulties of execution.

A *Waltz and March*, arranged as duets for the pianoforte, by the same composer, are easy little pieces; evidently intended for beginners. The waltz is very superior to the early lessons we are accustomed to see.

The 8th, 9th, and 10th numbers of the *Caledonian Airs*, by Mr. Burrowes, have lately appeared, leaving but two to complete the set. The subjects "*Oh, saw ye my Father; Tweed Side; and Moggy Lauder*;" are treated with full as much ability as has been evinced in the foregoing numbers,—which is high praise.

The first number of a set of *Quadrille Rondos*,—advertised to be carried on by the most eminent masters, is from the same hand. The introduction is very sweet, and the subject agreeably handled. The piece promises well for the succeeding parts.

The Songs, Duets, and Glee's, introduced into Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, selected and composed by H. R. Bishop. The interspersions of music with the scenes of our bard is one of the circumstances which may be taken as symptomatic of the necessity of some change in the preparation of our musical dramas. Last year we had the Comedy of Errors thus dished up, and now a second instance occurs. Storace selected from the Italian Operas. Mr. Bishop has written upwards of forty works for the stage, and now he appears to fly to selection, while entire Operas have yield-

ed to these musical plays. Mr. B. has in both taken a very judicious part, and one not less ingenious than judgmental. His own compositions are particularly original, at the same time the music has a quaintness that assorts well with the age of the poetry. With a like regard to chronology, he has adapted the part songs to music of our old composers, and in this compilation, we find *From the fair Lavinian Shore, When first I saw your face*, and other such, well arranged to Shakspeare's words. His own compositions are entitled to great praise, particularly the duet, *Orpheus with his Lute*, which, except that it partakes of the manner of his former production, *As it fell upon a day*, bears no resemblance to any thing we know; it is also fanciful and expressive. The songs, too, range well with the rest, and we have seldom seen of late so beautiful an adaptation, (which we suppose it to be) as *Bid me discourse*, a truly elegant and beautiful song. Upon the whole this publication has far more to recommend it than the generality of works for the stage.

The Bird Catcher, arranged by T. H. Little, from *Il flauto magico*, forms an easy and pretty lesson for beginners.

Hilton House, an air with variations, for the harp, by Weippert, combines some difficulties of execution with lightness and variety.

Come chace that starting tear away, with variations, by W. Eavestaff. The air is well sustained through six brilliant, and somewhat difficult variations.

Sweet Richard, performed at the

congress of Welch Bards at Wrexham, with variations, by John Parry. The air is light, and its effect much increased by the additional diversity it receives throughout the several variations.

L'amour perdu, a divertimento by Mr. Wright, is an elegant little piece. It has more variety and spirit than usually attend lessons for young performers.

Fantasia, in which is introduced an Air Russe, with Variations, by J. B. Cramer. These variations, founded on a very simple air, are novel and singular. Their construction is extremely complicated, and generally require great stretch of hand. The variations on Mozart's *Deh Prendi un Dolce Amplesso*, by the same composer, partake of the usual elegance of Mr. Cramer's pieces. The introduction is particularly graceful. The latter is the most simple, and on the whole more agreeable, which probably arises from the decided superiority of the theme.

No. 5 of the Operatic Airs by Cipriani Potter. The theme, *the Carpet Weaver*, is well wrought up into several somewhat curious variations. Much art is displayed in the construction of many of them, and the last, under the form of a Bolero, makes a spirited conclusion. The eighth variation is extremely elegant.

Duet for the Pianoforte, by Latour, on a very elegant little French air *Oui Clair de la lune*. This duet possesses the several attributes of Mr. Latour's style, elegance, lightness, brilliancy, and agreeable melody.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Architectural Antiquities.—That this branch of archaeology is cultivated in Germany, as sedulously as among ourselves, is evident from the numerous embellished works on the subject which have, of late, appeared in that country. Among the more recent ones is Hundeshagen's *Historical and Graphic Account of the Palace of the Emperor Frederic—1st Barbarossa, at Gelnhausen*. This interesting work is illustrated by thirteen plates, of views, plans, elevations, sections, and details. The volume (consisting of eighty folio pages) is divided into two sections, the former of which is historical, the latter, descriptive.

One of the most beautiful and most perfect features of this edifice, is the portal of the great hall, the author indeed extols it in the most unqualified manner: "it will not be easy," says he, "to meet with another monument so indicative of the excellence which the plastic arts had obtained in the middle ages, and with which we are yet but imperfectly acquainted,—or comparable to this portal for propriety of form, solidity, beauty, and proportion of its details; in all these respects, it is far superior to that of the Alhambra." The work concludes with some observations on the character of the edifices built under the Saa-

man emperors; on the origin, and the gradual progress, of the architecture then employed, and on its merits as far as concerns beauty of form; together with some considerations as to its practical application at the present day.—Another work of considerable graphic beauty is, *Pictureque Views of the Abbey of Klosterneuburg*, delineated and engraved by the brothers Philip and Henry Reinhold, with an historical explanation by W. Gmka, Vienna, 1820. These plates possess great beauty of execution, yet are more calculated to delight the eye of the painter, than to satisfy the curiosity, or add to the information of the architect. The literary part of the volume gives a concise but interesting history of the building, and the principal events connected with it.

Architectural Lectures.—Mr. Elmes lately concluded his valuable Series of Lectures at the Russell Institution, by a review of the state of Architecture from the conclusion of the reign of George II. to the present time, in which, though he paid some compliments to the taste of the late Mr. Wyatt, &c. and pointed out some beauties in some of the structures erected during that period, he gave us but an indifferent opinion of the talents of the Architects, and of the beauty and constructive excellence of the edifices. At the present time the dawning relish for the pure Greek has given way to the worst manner of the debased styles of the Romans, and the Surveyor-General of George IV. has largely contributed to the degradation. The details of the new street in Westminster are teeming with defect. The Lecturer considered the low state of Architecture in this country to be occasioned by the want of an effective Institution for its promotion, for it was absurd to call the Royal Academy an Academy of Architecture, and the Dilettanti Society is rather a collector of drawings from ancient works, than an originator and effective promoter of Architectural talent. Here he contrasted the numerous and immense facilities supplied to the students in Paris, compared to the very restricted means of study afforded to the Architectural students in the Royal Academy, which excited but did not satisfy an appetite for the art. He praised the iron bridges of the metropolis, and the stone ones of Westminster and Blackfriars, but severely censured as pseudo architectural the decorations of Waterloo-bridge. He considered our bridges to be our noblest modern works, and gave to our countrymen the praise of being the exclusive inventors of iron ones. The eye is most astonished by the appearance of modern bridges, but the mind is most satisfied with the ancient. He concluded by a comprehensive summary of his Lectures. We were enlightened and much gratified with

this Series. Mr. Elmes's enunciation is distinct, but there is a monotony of voice that gives to every sentence nearly the same elevation at their commencement, and the same cadences at the end. The full effect was therefore diminished of the impression arising from his just appreciation of pure Architecture, and his sarcastic hits at defective plans and details of building. He appears to be master of its theory and to possess a correct taste, and we are glad that of such a Lecturer we are able to announce his being engaged to discourse in the spring on the philosophy of his art at the Surrey Institution.

Mr. Kean at New York.—We have been favoured with letters and newspapers from New York to the 10th ult. The critiques of the American writers on his debut in Richard, resemble those of London in variance of opinion. The *National Advocate* applauds him to the echo, and ascribes the hoarseness of his voice to the cold current of American air which rushes on the stage. The *Evening Post* is also his enthusiastic admirer. But the *American* takes the opposite side, O. P. versus P. S. and accuses him of drawling in the dialogue as if he were weighing it in his study for public delivery, rather than delivering it to the public. They all agree, however, that though the evening was wet the theatre was crammed. The *Othello*, (his second part, which we think is best), is not so well spoken of. The private communications are more particular. One says that the only editor adverse to Kean is Johnson Oerplank, of the *American*, who is a relation of Cooper's; and thus revenges some harsh criticisms upon Cooper written by a man named Agg (a friend of Maywood's, who plays with Kean). Another states, that the audiences have been much divided in opinion—some admire Kean's excellency, while others revolt at his extraordinary manner and voice. Yet he improves so generally on acquaintance, that he has even moved the New York houses to shout bravo! (a rare innovation on their heretofore sober critical fashion) though they have not got the length of hurraing and hat-waving, practised by the enlightened frequenters of Drury Lane. A third letter mentions, that persons have come all the way from Philadelphia, (90 miles) to see him perform: it is therefore no wonder that the temporary theatre should draw, as it has done, 1000 dollars per night, which it hardly did before in a week. Kean has renewed his engagement till January, and was on the 10th to act Lear for his own benefit. After closing at New York he goes to Philadelphia; and we rejoice to hear that his habits are temperate and respectable.—*Literary Gazette.*

Mr. Haydon's Picture in Edinburgh.—As Mr. Haydon's aim is to raise the

character of British art, by fixing public attention most regardfully upon the loftiest of its objects, we feel no common pleasure in announcing the success of his grand picture in Edinburgh, where it was enthusiastically welcomed by all classes, on the private day being as crowdedly attended as in London, and on the first public day greater in proportion to the population than in London. As an evidence that his talents have a weight of genius, that, however it may have been in a degree recommended by the admiration of the Literary, lifts itself up into fame, the popularity of this fine work has already established itself in a city where he is not understood to have had at any time a single son of the Muses to bespeak him a passport to public notice. Among particular reasons may be adduced a greater simplicity of taste in the greater part of the visitors, who judge more from a feeling unsophisticated by impressions derived from third rate painters, who, till the higher feeling for art has taken a deep root, give a false tone to taste, except in the more refined few who have had frequent opportunities of cultivating their relish for the higher beauties of the Italian painters.

The Royal Mint.—The Mint is coming into full activity: and we are informed, that preparations have been made for coining ten millions of guineas within the year 1821. By the time the process is in complete operation, the issues will amount to 200,000 per week.

Singular Character.—A. M. Azais has just published at Paris a work called "On the Lot of Man in all Ranks of Life: on the Lot of Nations in all Ages: and more especially on the present Lot of the French People." In the preface is the following singular invitation:—

"I live in the heart of Paris; in a solitary house, surrounded by a fine garden. Every day for two hours I shall be at the disposal of any person who may wish to procure one of my books, and to discuss the principles of it with me, from two to four in winter, and in summer from six until dusk. It will be very agreeable to me to form by this means an acquaintance with the lovers of science and philosophy; to stroll with them in my little domain, to reply to their questions and observations; and to profit by the information which they may give me, or which they may excite me to seek for myself. If I could venture to invent a word which should describe the nature of our confidential intercourse, I would say that we will 'platonize' together, under the constant guidance of nature and philosophy."—*Literary Gazette.*

Newly constructed Cart.—A cart, worked by two men instead of horses, the invention of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, of mechanical celebrity, made its appearance a fortnight since, at Covent Garden Market. The

cart and its contents weighed 16 cwt., and was worked a distance of about 30 miles.

Philological Travels.—Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, the author of a Treatise on the Origin of the Northern Languages, is now employed in travelling through Asiatic Russia, for the purpose of collecting information, with regard to the various idioms and languages of that extensive country, and of ascertaining what relationship exists between them and the Slavonian and northern European dialects.

New Life of Cervantes.—The Madrid academy have published a new edition of Don Quixote, with an entire new series of embellishments; and, instead of the biographical memoir prefixed to the other editions, they have given a fifth or supplementary volume, containing a life of the Author, written by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete. This is far superior to any of the preceding biographies of Cervantes; containing a number of well authenticated facts hitherto unnoticed; and it is rendered still more interesting by the information it gives respecting the contemporaneous history and literature of Spain, as well as by the sound critical taste which it exhibits. M. Navarrete has composed several other excellent historical and economical works, which are greatly esteemed by his countrymen; one of the latest of these is a dissertation on the part which the Spaniards took in the Crusades, and on the influence which their maritime expeditions at this period had upon commerce. This production displays great erudition, and a perfect acquaintance with the points of history which it undertakes to illustrate.

Lady of the Lake.—Two German Translations of this beautiful production of Sir Walter Scott, appeared in the course of the year 1819; one at Leipzig, the other at Essen. The former of these is by Mad. Schubart, who has likewise translated the Ballads of the same poet—the latter version is from the pen of Dr. Adam Storck, professor at Bremen. Both possess considerable merit: that by the professor, conveys a more exact idea of the style and peculiar manner of the original, as it adheres to the measure and verification; while Mad. Schubart has, not very judiciously, adopted the regular octave stanza of the Italian school; which, whatever be its beauties, or its merits, does not accord with the wild and lyric cast of the original. In the number of the Isis, for last August, parallel extracts, of considerable length, are given from the opening of the poem, and are printed in opposite columns.

Italian Literature.—From a recent coup-d'œil of the literary productions of Italy, for 1819, it appears, that during that period, the press was fully employed, if not on any modern work of particular merit, at

least in, ushering into the world many hitherto inedited pieces, and likewise new editions of the most popular authors, both the earlier classic ones, and those of later date, such as Parini, Denina, Gorzi, Alfieri, &c. &c. There are also two extensive collections of the best modern Italian writers, which deserve to be noticed here—that by Silvestri now extended to 79 vols. in 16mo., (this, however, contains some of the early authors),—and another collection by Fusi, which is confined to the writers of the 18th century, has now reached its 19th volume. Many also are the editions published of the Greek and Latin classics during that year—nor was there any want of translations. Among those most deserving of being specified, are Mancini's Version of the *Iliad* into octave rhyme; Manzoni's Translation of Lucian; and Nibby's of Pausanias. But it is their Translations from Modern Languages which will tend to excite the emulation of the Italians; at the same time that they present to them new models of composition. Sismondi's History of the Republics, by Ticcozzi, is, by this time, completed in 16 vols. 8vo. Rassi has translated two historical works from the French; viz. Michaud's History of the Crusades, and Segur's Universal History. A new edition of Rollin, in Italian, appeared at Venice, besides many other translations from the French Language; among the rest of some of *Madame Genlis' Novels*; not to mention many medical, botanical, and other scientific works. England has contributed some of its most popular writers of the present day: of these, Byron and Moore are the most conspicuous. Leoni, who is known by his numerous translations from the best English Poets, has given his countrymen a Version of the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold*, under the title of *l'Italia*. The Corsair of the same noble author has also been translated, as has Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, (written *Lala Rook*) the latter by Gatti, of Turin. The celebrated English historian, Hume, has received two different Italian garbs, the first from the pen of Antonioti, a second from that of the indefatigable Leoni. Among the other translations from the English, we meet with the names of Locke, Goldsmith, and Accum, besides some poems from Pope, and Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. The German language is every day more cultivated in Italy, and a number of elementary works are produced, for the purpose of facilitating its study and acquisition, in addition to new editions of former ones. Nor is the number of the works translated from this idiom, by any means inconsiderable, while the names of Lichtenstern, Hormayr, Engel, Schiller, Meiners, &c. &c. are a pledge for the importance of the works themselves. Italy

itself has produced no very eminent poetry, with the exception of the *Satires* of Pindemonti, and *De Luca*. The dramatic muse, however, has been rather unusually prolific, yet many of these productions are little more than servile imitations of Alfieri; exact, indeed, as far as regards diction, and sententiousness, but destitute of the genius, the energy, and the interest of that truly great writer; among the exceptions to this poverty of intellectual merit may be placed Manzoni's Tragedy of *Carnagnola*. No comedies of particular merit appeared during 1819: neither can it be said that Italy possesses at present many good actors, or a company capable of any tolerable delineation of character, and in addition to this want of talent, there is such a gross want of industry, or even decency prevailing among performers, that they rely almost entirely on the prompter; even the Comedies of *Nota* which charm so much in the perusal by their fidelity to nature, their delineation of manner, the force of their satire, and the purity of their style—even these lose considerably of their effect in representation, owing to the wretched manner in which they are performed.

Northern Expedition.—The Gazette has announced the division of the parliamentary reward of 5000*l.*, viz. 1000*l.* to the commander, Captain Parry; 500*l.* to the commander of the *Griper*, Lieut. Liddon; 200*l.* to the other officers of the rank of lieutenants, including Captain Sabine of the artillery; about 55*l.* to the officers classed with midshipmen; and 10*l.* each to the seamen. Some promotions have also taken place. The new expedition, consisting of the *Hecla*, and (instead of the miserable little *Griper*) the *Fury* bomb, of nearly the same tonnage, will sail about the end of May. Its immediate object is not Lancaster's Sound, but Hudson's Bay, which it is appointed to explore to the north and north-west; to ascertain if any channel leads to Prince Regent's Inlet, or other part of the seas traversed last year. Should nothing of this kind be discovered, we presume that the first season will be spent; and the vessels will, in the second, again attempt to reach the Pacific Ocean by the northwest passage. That this passage exists from the longitude attained by Captain Parry, we have no doubt. The flowing of tides from the west, is a sufficient evidence that there is a passage to the Ocean in that direction. Whether or not the ice renders it eternally un navigable, remains to be investigated. The *Hecla* is to be again commanded by Captain Parry; the *Fury*, by Lieut. Lyon, the African companion of Ritchie, who has recently returned from that quarter of the globe, and announced his journal for publication.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

The king of Naples, it appears, has accepted the invitation of the Allied Powers, to meet them at the Congress of Laybach.

German Papers contain the following declaration, addressed to the different governments of Europe by the Allied Sovereigns at Troppau, relatively to the affairs of Naples. It was delivered to the Senate at Hamburgh, by the Austrian Resident Minister Baron HADEL:—

“The overthrow of the order of things in Spain, Portugal, and Naples, has necessarily excited the cares and the uneasiness of the powers who combated the Revolution, and convinced them of the necessity of putting a check on the new calamities with which Europe is threatened. The same principles, which united the great Powers of the Continent to deliver the world from the military despotism of an individual issuing from the Revolution, ought to set against the revolutionary power which has just developed itself.

“The Sovereigns assembled at Troppau with this intention, venture to hope that they shall attain this object. They will take for their guides, in this great enterprise, the treaties which restored peace to Europe, and have united its nations together.

“Without doubt, the powers have the right to take, in common, general measures of precaution against those States, whose Reforms, engendered by rebellion, are openly opposed to legitimate government, as example has already demonstrated; and, especially, when this spirit of rebellion is propagated, in the neighbouring States, by secret agents. In consequence, the Monarchs assembled at Troppau have concerted together the measures required by circumstances, and have communicated to the Courts of London and Paris their intention of attaining the end desired, either by mediation or by force. With this view they have invited the King of the Two Sicilies to repair to Laybach, to appear there as Conciliator between his misguided people and the States whose tranquillity is endangered by this state of things; and as they have resolved not to recognise any authority established by the seditious, it is only with the king that they can confer.

“As the system to be followed has no other foundation than treaties already existing, they have no doubt of the assent of the Courts of Paris and London. The only object of this system is to consolidate the alliance between the Sovereigns; it has no view to conquest, or to violations of the

independence of other Powers. Voluntary ameliorations in the government will not be impeded. They desire only to maintain tranquillity, and protect Europe from the scourge of new revolutions, and to prevent them as far as possible.”

The Prince Vicar-General, now Regent of the kingdom of Naples, issued a proclamation to the people, dated the 15th of December, on assuming his new functions, of which we transcribe the concluding passages: after some remarks on the departure and the mission of his father, he proceeds thus:—

“I remain among you Regent of the kingdom; and be assured I will do every thing in my power to return the new mark of confidence reposed in me by the nation and the king. I shall redouble my anxiety and my labours for your welfare, always pursuing exactly the career pointed out by the Constitution to which we have sworn.

“I feel secure, however, that you will always listen to my voice when in concord with that Constitution. This is the more necessary, since it is by the prudence of your conduct, at once firm and moderate, you will give force to the arguments which the king, my august parent, will offer to the Congress at Laybach in support of our national independence, and enable him to prove, by an appeal to facts, that the liberty established by the generous free-will of the Sovereign, is not a dangerous predicament, but that our true social contract has consolidated the throne by founding it on the love of the people.

“Let all, then, be of one accord, not less to sustain the rights of the nation, than to obey the appointed Constitutional Authorities, and to banish from among you all spirit of discord, which can only tend to weaken us. Let us, finally, form a solid and respected body, which may place us in the most imposing rank of nations.

Prince Cimitelli, Ambassador from the Constitutional Government of Naples at the British Court, but who has not had an audience of his Majesty, received a letter from the King of Naples, written by his own hand, requiring his immediate attendance at Laybach, to assist him in the conferences he has to endure with the Sovereigns there assembled.

An Academy for the teaching of Shorthand has been opened in Lisbon for the purpose of training up reporters of public

debates, &c. A literary and political society has also been established, and orders sent to this country for a regular supply of journals, pamphlets, &c. The nomination of Deputies has already had the influence in Lisbon of raising the value of

the Government Paper. The public receipts and expenditure are now regularly published, a thing totally unknown under the *ancien regime*, and exhibit a great improvement in the finances.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

On Tuesday the 23d. His Majesty proceeded in state to open both Houses of Parliament, which he did by the following speech:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

"It will be a matter of deep regret to me, if the occurrences which have lately taken place in Italy should eventually lead to any interruption of tranquillity in that quarter; but it will, in such case, be my great object to secure to my people the continuance of peace.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The measures by which, in the last Session of Parliament, you made provision for the expences of my Civil Government, and for the honour and dignity of the Crown, demand my warmest acknowledgments.

"I have directed that the Estimates for the current year shall be laid before you, and it is a satisfaction to me to have been enabled to make some reduction in our Military Establishments.

"You will observe from the Accounts of the Public Revenue, that notwithstanding the Receipts in Ireland have proved materially deficient, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which have affected the Commercial Credit of that part of the United Kingdom, and although our Foreign Trade, during the early part of this time, was in a state of depression, the total Revenue has nevertheless exceeded that of the preceding year.

"A considerable part of this increase must be ascribed to the new Taxes; but in some of those branches which are the surest indications of internal wealth, the augmentation has fully realized any expectation which could have been reasonably formed of it.

"The separate provision which was made for the Queen, as Princess of Wales, in the year 1814, terminated with the demise of his late Majesty.

"I have, in the mean time, directed advances, as authorised by Law; and it will, under present circumstances, be for you to consider what new arrangements should be made on this subject.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have great pleasure in being able to acquaint you, that a considerable im-

provement has taken place within the last half year in several of the most important branches of our commerce and manufactures; and that in many of the manufacturing districts the distresses which prevailed at the commencement of the last Session of Parliament have greatly abated.

"It will be my most anxious desire to concur in every measure which may be considered as calculated to advance our internal prosperity.

"I well know that, notwithstanding the agitations produced by temporary circumstances, and amidst the distress which still presses upon a large portion of my subjects, the firmest reliance may be placed on that affectionate and loyal attachment to my Person and Government, of which I have recently received so many testimonies from all parts of my kingdom; and which, whilst it is most grateful to the strongest feelings of my heart, I shall ever consider as the best and surest safeguard of my Throne.

"In the discharge of the important duties imposed upon you, you will, I am confident, be sensible of the indispensable necessity of promoting and maintaining, to the utmost of your power, a due obedience to the laws, and of instilling into all classes of my subjects, a respect for lawful authority, and for those established Institutions, under which the country has been enabled to overcome so many difficulties, and to which, under Providence, may be ascribed our happiness and renown as a nation."

His Majesty quitted the House with the same state as on entering it, and the Commons retired from the Bar.

The addresses in reply to this moderate speech, passed unanimously in both Houses; ministers stating that they contemplated no further proceedings against the Queen, and the opposition intimating that they would soon regularly bring forward the question in regard to the exclusion of her Majesty's name from the Liturgy.

An Inquest has been held on the body of Elizabeth Thomas, an interesting female, twenty years of age. It appeared from the evidence, that the deceased was on a visit at her mother's residence in the New-road for some time past, during which she became acquainted with a young gentleman, who paid his addresses to the deceased, and an intimacy subsisted between them, but, in consequence of a frivolous

dispute, the young man quarrelled with the deceased, and ultimately quitted her in a passion, vowing that he never more would notice her. The deceased, up to this time, was observed to be very cheerful, but a sudden change took place in her, and she became very dejected shortly after the quarrel. She purchased some deadly poison, and took a large dose. The deceased's mother was not at home at the time, but on her coming home the fatal medicine began to operate. The deceased became very ill, and her mother immediately sent for medical aid; but the deceased had taken a sufficiency of the poison to have destroyed the lives of ten people. She became delirious, and as she lay in the bed she frequently repeated the words "Oh, Robert! Dear Robert!" the Christian name of the young man who had forsaken her; and with these expressions she died a few hours afterwards in great agony.—The Jury returned a verdict "That the deceased died in consequence of taking a quantity of poison, being at the time in a state of temporary derangement."

State of his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate up to the 4th Jan. 1821.

	Males.	Fem.
Convicts under sentence of death	28	3
— upon whom the judgment of the Court has been respited	7	0
— under sentence of transportation for life	33	19
— for 14 years	12	29
— for 7 years	63	31
Prisoners under sentence of imprisonment for felony and misdemeanors	21	13
Committed by Commissioners of Bankrupt	3	0
For trial at the present Sessions	88	17
Admiralty Sessions	3	0
For the Assizes	1	0
	258	112
Total	370	

A dreadful catastrophe has taken place at the house of Doctor Uwin, of No. 13, Bedford-row:—Mrs. Leese, an elderly lady, in consequence of indisposition, was lately sent up to London from the country, and placed in the house of Dr. Uwin, where she occupied apartments, together with her daughter, Miss Leese, in order that she might be under the immediate attention of the Doctor. Whilst Mrs. Leese was lying sick in bed, and her daughter reading by the bedside, the female servant entered the apartment with some medicine, and having placed the candle in an awkward situation, the bed curtains caught

fire, which was not perceived till the blaze spread over the apartment. Miss Leese was so much alarmed, that she immediately rose, and in great agitation opening the back window, she precipitated herself to the pavement of the area, and pitching upon her head, fractured her skull in a dreadful manner. The servant followed the example of her mistress by throwing herself from the same window which belongs to the second floor back room apartment; she broke both her legs and her back in the fall. By this time the flames in the apartment were increasing, which, together with the groans of the unfortunate females in the yard, attracted the attention of the persons adjacent to the spot, and assistance was immediately procured. Mrs. Leese did not meet with any injury save the excessive fright she underwent, and the effect produced by the melancholy catastrophe of her daughter. Both the young women died in consequence of their hurts.

Loss of the Abeona Transport.—The Abeona transport, of 328 tons, under the charge of Lieut. Mudge, of the Royal Navy, sailed from Greenock, in October last, with settlers for the Cape of Good Hope. On the 25th November, about noon, in lat. 4 deg. North, and long. 25 deg. West, the vessel caught fire, and was burnt. Out of a crew of 21 persons, and 140 emigrants, men, women, and children, making a total of 161 persons, only 49 are saved. These are all safely landed at Lisbon, and have subsequently sailed for Greenock. The fire broke out in the after store-room, whilst the chief-mate was occupied in some necessary business there; and such was the progress of the flames, that only three small boats could be got overboard, before the flames consumed the tackle, &c. necessary for hoisting out the long-boat. In these three small boats 49 persons were received on board, with so scanty a supply of provisions, that the consequences must have been almost equally dreadful with the fate of those left on board, had not a Portuguese ship fallen in with them at day-light next morning.

London Workhouse.—This asylum for the wretched was opened for their reception on New Year's day. The committee had met early in the day for the purpose of superintending some necessary alterations in the Workhouse for the accommodation of the houseless. The object the committee profess is the saving from starvation, or the fatal effects of exposure to the cold, those who have no cognizable claim upon parish relief. Members are to be appointed from the Committee to go through the markets and search the penthouses of the metropolis nightly in search of fit objects for the notice of the Committee. During the period when shelter was afforded last winter to the poor in Mr. Hick's warehouse, 1522 persons were relieved.

A very singular and affecting case has occurred, which deserves to be recorded. The dead body of Charles Taylor was found in Hoxton-fields, and an investigation was instituted into the causes of his death. It was found out that he had lived at the Rose and Crown public house, Bunhill-row, with a young woman who was supposed to be his wife. On the morning of the fatal day Taylor left the house soon after ten o'clock in the morning, with the view of looking for work. It was his custom to return at an early hour after a disappointment. Mrs. Taylor was not alarmed at his absence until that absence far exceeded the usual hours of labour.—Her distress at his stay then became very great; and all the efforts of the landlady, who humanely represented the various circumstances which, at Christmas, were likely to keep a man from home, were ineffectual in giving consolation. The night

passed over, but the terrors of the unfortunate young woman increased with the appearance of day. On the next morning she was discovered to have committed suicide! It turned out that she was the niece of the man, and had eloped with him when he left his wife and family. The Coroner's Inquest having assembled on Taylor's body, Mr. Stirling said, he had received an anonymous letter, which was without a signature; at the same time stating, that it could not be received as evidence.—The purport of the letter was, that its author had killed Taylor in self-defence, having been attacked by him with a view to robbery.—The Jury returned the following verdict:—That Charles Taylor was killed by a pistol shot on the 22d instant; but by whom, or under what circumstances, the said pistol was fired, there was no evidence adduced to the Jury.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, January 23.)

There has been so little to call for any general observation since the date of our last month's report, that we shall not detain our readers by any preliminary observations, but refer them to the details, requesting, however, their attention to some points of comparison which we shall have occasion to notice, in the state of the commerce in certain articles of colonial produce in the last and some preceding years.

Coffee.—For a considerable time after our last report the market remained languid; and so little, in fact, doing, that the prices were almost considered as nominal till about the 11th, when there was a public sale of 282 casks, and 49 bags, the whole of which went off freely, fully supporting the previous prices by private contract, and in some instances rather higher prices were obtained. The holders by private contract were very firm; for St. Domingo 118s. were refused. In the ensuing week the demand gradually became more general, and the prices improved, 121s. being paid by private contract for St. Domingo. Public sales on the 16th, 18th, and 19th, went off with spirit; on the latter day good and fine ordinary Jamaica sold at 118s. 6d. to 122s. middling 123s. 6d. middling Demerara 132s. to 133s. The markets looked firm, with appearance of a further advance.

The high rate at which coffee has continued for several years, in comparison with any other article of colonial produce, has occasioned, as might have been anticipated, an increased importation in 1820. Yet the supply still seems inadequate to the increased consumption, as the stock in hand is now smaller than in any preceding year. The quantity in Great Britain has partially decreased for a series of years.

Stock in the West India Warehouse.

	Casks.	Bags.
Dec. 31. 1814.....	37,508.....	155,494
1820.....	7,283.....	10,171

Total importation of coffee (including East India and Brazil) into Great Britain in the following years—

	Casks.	Bags.
1818.....	52,600.....	101,900
1819.....	39,490.....	127,240
1820.....	49,400.....	117,110

Stock on hand.

	Casks.	Bags.
1818.....	16,850.....	74,700
1819.....	10,940.....	47,200
1820.....	9,220.....	39,760

Sugar.—During the Christmas week there was of course very little doing, but in the first week of the present month the demand for Moscovades was brisk and extensive, the purchases exceeding 7,000 bds. and the prices 2s. higher. The immediate cause of the improvement appeared to be a great increase in the demand, and consequent advance in the prices of refined. Some reports had been spread of the probability of a favourable alteration in the Russian Tariff, but it afterwards appeared that the proposal to admit refined sugar on more favourable terms had been rejected by the Russian government; yet, though this expected change certainly had caused the rise in the prices, the buyers have still remained confident that there will be little if any depression, as the prices have been lately very low, and they look to a general revival of trade. There has been nothing doing in foreign and East India sugars. 500 chests Havannah put up to sale on the 12th were all taken in, as were 372 boxes Havannah on the 19th. Some East India of inferior

quality went at 2s. or 3s. lower than in any previous sale. We regret to observe, that the trade of refining has been decreasing for several years. The quantity refined in 1818 was estimated at 150,000 hogheads, in 1820, only 100,000. The cause of the great diminution in the exportation is owing to the increased number of establishments for manufacture abroad, especially at St. Petersburg and the Hanse towns; and as the supplies go direct from the place of their growth to foreign ports, it is evident that a very valuable branch of trade is leaving the country. From official accounts, the value of refined sugars exported up to Jan. 5 each year was—

1818.....2,403,981*l*.

1819.....2,461,706*l*.

1820.....1,446,323*l*.

The official details for the year 1820 are not yet made, but there is little doubt they will show a farther decline of the export trade.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette.

Dec. 30.34s. 11*d*.

Jan. 9.No return

13.36s. 2*d*.

20.35s. 4*d*.

Cotton.—The cotton market has continued in a very depressed state, and the business done altogether inconsiderable, but there is no reduction in the prices. A sale of 1000 bags at the India House drew little attention; only a few lots sold at 5*d*, the rest being all taken in. Towards the middle of the month there was an increased demand for export. At Liverpool also the market was heavy; the buyers expecting that the first fair wind would bring large arrivals from America, and the holders being for the same reason desirous to sell.

Indigo. On the 16th there was a sale, but, as we mentioned in our last, a very small one. The prices were consequently from 9*d*. to 1*l*. 3*d*. per lb. higher, for the middling and good qualities for home consumption, and from 8*d*. to 1*l*. higher on middling and good shipping descriptions.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The rum market has continued in the same depressed state. Brandy is held at rather higher prices, but no sales are reported. According to letters received from Ham-burgh, dated 12th Jan. advices had been there received from St. Petersburg that it was in contemplation to raise the import duty on rum from 9 silver roubles to 20, and that on coffee from 2 to 3 roubles.

Oils.—The prices improved during the severe weather, but have since declined again. The total produce of last year's fishery is 18,500 tons: the present stock in Great Britain is about 9000 tons.

Rice.—The imports of rice from the East Indies have been one third less in 1820 than in 1819, yet the excessive supply of the preceding year, and the low prices of corn in Europe, have occasioned a com-

plete stagnation in the demand. The prices are so very low that no further supply can be anticipated. Should the harvest of 1821 be unfavourable, a great rise may be expected; and this seems the only cause likely to affect the immense stock on hand, viz. 238,000 bags. That of Carolina is about 2500 casks.

Spices.—The quantity of East India spices shipped direct to the Continent has been very considerable; the consequences has been a gradual decrease in the prices, and generally a heavy market.

Saltpectre.—The imports during 1820 have been uncommonly large, the greater proportion privilege. The demand for home consumption, and for export, has also been very extensive; the stock in hand, Dec. 1820, was 10,500 tons.

Dycwoods.—The stocks in the warehouses at the close of 1820 are very deficient, compared with preceding years; yet they attract but little attention; the chief demand is for exportation.

Corn.—Though the arrivals of grain were for some days hindered by the ice in the river, the prices of the finest wheat only were temporarily affected, and the fluctuations in other grain have not been considerable. New red clover has been in great demand, and English being scarce, has advanced from 5*s*. to 6*s*. per cwt. White was also much in demand at an advance of 4*s*. the cwt. At a time when the complaints of the farmers are so general, it may not be uninteresting to take a view of the average prices of wheat for the last 9 years.

Aggregate averages of Wheat per quart, in England and Wales.

1812—13 <i>s</i> . 10 <i>d</i> .	1817—9 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> .
1813—11 <i>s</i> . 0	1818—8 <i>s</i> . 9 <i>d</i> .
1814—7 <i>s</i> . 0	1819—7 <i>s</i> . 0
1815—6 <i>s</i> . 0	1820—6 <i>s</i> . 10
1816—5 <i>s</i> . 0	

The average of the week ending 12th Jan. was 5*s*. 7*d*.; yet still the average of the 9 years is above 8*s*.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

St. Petersburg, 29th Dec.—The importation of foreign goods is uncommonly great. Many hundred sledges have been employed in bringing over wine from Cronstadt, the cargoes of the ships that arrived last.

Riga, 29th December, 1820.—Flax on the spot meets with a ready sale, at the following prices: viz. Druiania and Thiesenhausen Raschitz at 42*r*.; cut Badstuh, 38*r*.; Risten Threband, 30*r*.; Tow 16*r*.

—Corn without demand.—Hemp; for clean Ukraine, 103*r*. all the money down, are asked.—The following prices, with 10 per cent. earnest, have been acceded to; viz. 111*r*. for end of May, 112 for end of June, and 113*r*. for end of July; 80*r*. all paid, are asked for Ukraine Outahet, and

50 t. for ditto Fust.—*Hemp Oil* is held at 166 r. all paid, and might probably be purchased for 110 r. with 10 per cent. down.—*Seeds* are rather more in demand. *Drumsticks* weighing 112 to 114 lbs. has been bought at $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ r. all down, to be delivered according to sample by the end of May, 15 to 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ r. banco, according to quality, and all the money down has been given for crushing linseed.—*Tallow*; yellow crown lying here, and for delivery at the end of May, is held at 160 r.; 155 r. have been offered on the last condition, and refused.

The value of Russian produce, exported from Riga to England, to the end of November, this year, is 22,055,846 r., which is equal to the exportation to all other parts of Europe together.

Odesa, 8th Dec.—The English Consulate has just given notice, that in future all vessels touching at Malta, whether on account of contrary winds, or to take in water, or to communicate with their agents, (provided they only enter the quarantine harbour) shall enjoy this permission for 48 hours, without any other charge than the usual anchorage duty, and without being obliged to deliver their papers. On the other hand, a regular Tariff has been established, instead of the former general duty of 1 per cent. on imports, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on exports.—The accounts of the late harvest in the governments of Podolia and Wolknya are unfavourable, but the prices are notwithstanding low.

Hamburg, 6th Jan.—*Sugar.* The steadiness of the prices of our refined goods at the end of last year has increased the demand at the beginning of this year, and a good deal of business has accordingly been done, with a small rise in the prices. This has also had a favorable effect upon lumps, and crushed sugars. Raw, on the contrary, are purchased only for the immediate supply of our manufactories, and almost exclusively—white and brown Brazils, at 10 to 11, and 8 to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; white and yellow Havannah are held at prices too high for this place, in expectation of a favorable opportunity to export them. The very reduced prices of treacle lessen the demand for common brown sugar.

As our stock is sufficient for the regular supply of our manufactories during the winter, no general rise in the price is probable; though, if the navigation should be long interrupted, a temporary and partial advance may take place; the holders are therefore not disinclined to sell at the present prices. But it seems to be beyond doubt that our refined goods will experience a considerable advance, as soon as shipments can be made to the Baltic.

Amsterdam, 6th Jan.—The number of ships arrived here last year was about 2640, which is considerably more than in the year before; probably in consequence

of the productive harvest, and the increased importation of corn.—*Cotton.* The changes which will be required in consequence of the introduction of the new weights and measures, are not yet determined, but most of those who are interested in this article, seem to wish that it shall be weighed in future without turn of the scale, but the other usual conditions retained, and the prices fixed in half Netherland pounds.—*Coffee.* Some of the conditions for the sale of coffee are; casks and bales, must be weighed in Netherland pounds, without turn of the scale, and the weight stated in even or odd lbs. The casks shall be emptied, and tared, the weight noted with the addition of a Netherland lb., but in the account, 1 per cent. be deducted for good weight. The price is to be fixed in stivers, per half Netherland lbs., without allowing any deduction, besides 1 per cent. on the sale for prompt payment. The brokerage is fixed at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the amount.

The estimated importation of last year is 20 millions of lbs. by far the greatest part from our own Colonies, especially in the East Indies. Our present stock is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ million lbs. On the whole, there was a great deal of business done last year, and though it was less in the last three or four months, the prices have remained extremely firm. The stock here, as well as at London, is less than the year preceding.

Corn.—Not changed by the new system of weights and measures.

Hair and Wool.—To be sold in future by the 100 Netherland lbs. except Danish, which is sold by the Netherland lb.

Tea.—The only change is, that this article is now sold by $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The prices have fallen considerably since the beginning of last year, and as the stock in hand is large, and great supplies are expected, an advance is hardly probable.

Sugar.—The changes to be made respecting this article, since the introduction of the new system, are not yet agreed upon; a good deal of business was done last year, and our present stock of raw goods is small, only 1800 hogsheads West India.

Naples, 2d Jan.—Business is again at a stand, except some exportations of cotton for France. This article seems to tempt speculation at this moment. Colonial produce without being much in demand, maintains its price; this is owing entirely to the consumers. Wool, and our other national productions, are without demand.

Genoa, 6th Jan.—We hoped that business would resume its usual activity after the holidays, but the very bad weather has prevented it; so that nothing has been done in goods, or in grain, except a few trifling sales for immediate consumption. No corn has been sold this fortnight, and, as supplies still arrive, a fall in price is to be apprehended.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society took place on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of December. The proceedings were very interesting. The Most Noble the Marquis Lonsdown was re-elected president, with the most glowing expression of universal esteem. The premiums were awarded for live stock,—for implements,—to successful ploughmen in the matches,—and to claimants on the score of long and faithful servitude, and for bringing up large families without parish aid. The latter are classes of well-doers, whom it is both humane and politic in every sense to reward;—and, if we may apply such a word, to honor—for such comforts and distinctions as may be thus conferred, cannot fail to act as powerful antidotes to that growing indifference to industry and character, which, it is now universally agreed, attend the daily demoralizing operation of the poor laws.—We regret to perceive that decreased funds have compelled the society to economize their future distribution of premiums, as well as to decline prosecuting its former recommendations of offering new encouragements. The following communications were deemed the most important.

A paper from Mr. Bailward, reciting the success of *spade husbandry*, in raising crops of mangel wurzel, Guernsey parsnips, and long and short carrots. The experiments were made on a field of three acres,—after a cabbage crop, which had been dunged with eighty cart loads per acre; part of the plot being a second time manured, and a second time dug. The crops were set at wide intervals, except the carrots, which were sown broadcast. The produce was great. Some of the mangel wurzel roots were immensely large, which is attributed to their enjoying greater room, in consequence of the neighbouring roots being destroyed by the grub. This shows the efficacy of wide planting.

Admiral Coffin communicated to the society the result of an experiment made by his directions on a bed of this valuable root. From one third of the crop he caused the leaves to be plucked gradually, leaving a little green in the centre of the plant. The leaves thus obtained served as food for pigs and rabbits; but the most remarkable fact is, that this third exceeded in weight the other two thirds of the bed, of which the leaves were suffered to take their natural course.

The Society had received from the London Society of Arts some specimens of rice, and other grains, of East Indian growth, with a request that the possibility of their cultivation in England might be ascertained.

A paper on the use of pyroligneous acid, (an acid procured by the distillation of wood in close vessels,) in manufactures, and particularly in the curing of fish and meat, by Dr. Wilkinson, was read, and excited much attention. The antiseptic properties of this acid effectually preserve animal substances from putrefaction.

A motion for a petition to parliament praying an inquiry into the causes of the depression of agriculture was negatived, as not being within the province of the Society.

The premiums for stock were adjudged to Sir B. Hobhouse; Mr. R. Hughes, of Salter's; Mr. Nicholl, of Harnhill; Mr. John White, of Uplendon; Mr. W. Beaver, of Whaddon; Mr. J. Pries, of Malvern; Mr. T. Evans, of Dearhurst; Mr. W. Smith, of Ruthford; Mr. J. M. Buckland, of Abbot's Leigh; Mr. R. Harding, and Mr. J. Redman, of Seend. The report concluded with expressing the decided good effects derived from the encouragements offered by the Society, visible in the increasing competition between the breeders, and in the manifest improvement of the stock exhibited, compared with former annual meetings.

The Trodregar exhibition at Court-y-Billa Farm, was very numerously attended on the 19th of December; and the stock shown of high excellence. Nor was the show confined to the customary animals: there was an extraordinary display of poultry, in beauty and size not to be equalled. A Muscovy duck was exhibited, weighing no less than nine pounds. Sir Charles Morgan presided, and distributed the prizes, twenty-two in number. Cups were liberally promised at the next year's show—for the best Glamorgan ox, from any county; for the best Scotch yearling bull; for the best two-year old Scotch heifer, from any county; for the best Hereford ox; for the best five acres of turnips.

Mr. Webbe Hall, the persevering advocate of the claims of the agriculturist to legislative protection, has addressed a very long letter to Mr. Robinson, the President of the Board of Trade, enforcing the right of the petitioners to such protection, by means of the imposition of heavy duties on foreign grain imported; and showing the inefficiency of the present corn bill to its declared object. We can but guard our readers against the plausible doctrines of this zealous and certainly able advocate, because, however apparently luminous his illustrations may seem, we cannot entertain a moment's doubt that the agriculturist will find little of the hoped relief from the expedients he proposes. With similar views Mr. H. has answered the letter addressed by Lord Nugent to Mr. Baker, in

which his Lordship discourages the formation of associations to petition the legislature.

The agricultural reports, published in the various country papers, contain scarcely any thing beyond a reiteration of complaints, which have but too much foundation in the incipient calamities of farmers and their labourers. We say incipient, for the full effects of the fall are only beginning to be felt. Distresses for rents and tithes, or lenient remissions, are but too general, however, already. This is not a state of things to continue; for the one class will never be long content to bestow, or the other to receive, as alms, sums which they ought to give and claim in the nature of rights, either on the score of property or as the earnings of industry. The substitution of any other expedient, however benevolent on the one side, and however

gratefully acknowledged on the other, tends to lower the noble and necessary feeling of independence, and to produce intellectual and moral degradation. The business of agriculture at this season is not very urgent, or very actively pursued, and has of course suffered interruption from the late severe frosts, which have injured the turnips, but not materially, and cut down the flourishing appearance of the wheats. The season has now relented, and the plough is again at work where it is needed. The prices of agricultural produce, of every sort, are stagnant or receding, except beef, in which there is some expectation of a rise. The growers of short wool complain, like the growers of corn, that they are losers by their labour. The subject of the distress will probably be warmly discussed in Parliament.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Good is preparing for publication, *The Study of Medicine*, comprising its Physiology, Pathology, and Practice. These Volumes, in addition to that lately published on Nosology, and dedicated by permission to the College of Physicians, will complete the Author's Design: and constitute an entire Body of Medical Science, equally adapted to the Use of Lecturers, Practitioners, and Students.

Mr. Edwin Atherstone has in the Press, Poems entitled, *The Last Days of Hercules*, and *Abradates and Panthea*.

In a few days will appear, from the pen of Mr. Southey, *The Vision of Judgment*.

Miss Baillie's *Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters*, a Poem, in 4to. is nearly ready.

The Poems of Caius Valerius Catullus, translated, with Preface and Notes, by the Hon. George Lamb, will shortly appear.

Memoirs of James Earl Waldegrave, KG. one of his Majesty's Privy Council in the Reign of George II, are in the Press.

An Itinerary of the Rhone, including part of the Southern Coast of France, by John Hughes, A.M. will be shortly published.

Madame Adèle du Thon is about to publish, in the French language, a History of the Sect of Friends, with a Notice of Mrs. Fry and Newgate Prison, in one Volume, 12mo.

Mr. Hazlitt has in the Press, a Volume entitled, *Essays on Character*.

The Union of the Roses, a Tale of the Fifteenth Century, in Six Cantos, is in the Press.

Henry Schultze, a Tale; *The Savoyard*, a French Republican's Story, with other Poems, are preparing for Publication.

Memoirs of the last Nine Years of the Reign of George II, by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, from the Original MSS. as left by his Lordship's Will, will soon appear in 2 Vols. 4to.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Bishop Tomline, are in the Press.

Travels in Syria and Mount Sinai, by the late J. L. Burckhardt, are in the Press.

A Work entitled *Practical Economy, or Hints for the Application of Modern Discoveries to the Purposes of Domestic Life*, is preparing for publication.

Captain Betty has in the Press, a Narrative of the Campaign of the left wing of the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington, from the passage of the Bedasso in 1813, to the end of 1814, with Plates.

Letters from the Havanna, by an official British Resident; containing a Statistical Account of the Island of Cuba, &c. present state of the Slave Trade, and the Progress made in its abolition, are in the Press.

The Rev. J. Hodgson is preparing for publication, the second Volume of his History of Northumberland, which will contain the History of the Parishes in Castle Ward.

Mr. Haden, of Sloane-street, is about to publish a Monthly Journal of Medicine, addressed principally to unprofessional persons.—The Work will teach the prevention, rather than the cure, of disorders; at the same time that it will point out how the friends of the sick may, in the best way, assist their medical men in his treatment, and otherwise show how health may be preserved and disease warded off.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities.

A History of Northumberland, in three Parts. By the Rev. John Hodgson, Sec. to the Newcastle A.S. Vol. V. being the First Volume of Part III; and containing an exact Record and Historical Papers. 4to. demy, 2*l.* 2*s.* Royal Paper 3*l.* 3*s.*

Biography.

The Life of the late George Hill, DD. By George Cook, DD. 8vo. With a Portrait. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Annual Biography and Obituary of celebrated Men, for 1821. 8vo. 15*s.*

The Life of Voltaire, with interesting Particulars respecting his Death. By F. H. Standish, Esq. 8vo. 12*s.*

Drama, Novels, &c.

Society and Solitude; a Novel. By Imnes Hoole, Esq. 3 vols. 15*s.*
Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes; a Novel. 3 vols. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Kenilworth. By the Author of "Waverley," &c. &c. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Misandrola; a Tragedy. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Traits and Trials; a Novel. 2 vols. 14*s.*
Such is the World; a Novel. 3 vols. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Scheming; a Novel. 3 vols. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Education.

A Clue for Young Latinists, and Non-Latinists, to trace the Origin, &c. of Nouns and Verbs. By John Carey, LLD. 12mo. 2*s.* bound.

A Grammar of Universal Geography, and of Elementary Astronomy. By Alex. Jamieson. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bound.

The Mother's Book; exemplifying Pestalozzi's Plan of awakening the Understanding of Children. By P. H. Pullen. 12mo. 6*s.* boards.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Opera. Ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti sedula recensione accurata Johannis Carey, LLD. Correctly printed, in 12 Pocket Volumes. 3*l.* 12*s.* boards.

Law.

A Report of the Case of Bills of Exchange, made payable at Bankers, as decided in the House of Lords; with an Appendix. By Richard Bligh, Esq. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Howell's State Trials. Vol. XXIX; or, 8th of the Continuation. Royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* boards.

The Exclusion of the Queen from the Liturgy, historically and legally considered. By a Barrister. 8vo. 2*s.*

The Prerogatives of the Queen Consort of England. 2*s.*

Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Gravel, Calculus, and other Diseases connected with a deranged Operation of the Urinary Organs. By William Prout, MD. FRS. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* boards.

An Essay on Sea Bathing; in preserving Health; and as a Remedy in Disease; especially Nervous, Scrophulous, &c. By J. W. Williams, Member of the College of Surgeons, London. 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Cases illustrating the improved Treatment of Stricture in the Urethra and Rectum. By James Arnott. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

A Dictionary of Chemistry, on the Basis of Mr. Nicholson's; in which the Principles of the Science are investigated anew. By Andrew Ure, MD. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.

Practical Observations in Midwifery; with a Selection of Cases. By John Ramsbotham, MD. 8vo. Part I. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Practical Observations on Chronic Affections of the Digestive Organs, and on Bilious and Nervous Disorders. By John Thomas, MD. 8vo. 6*s.*

Illustrations of the great Operations of Surgery. By Charles Bell. Part I. Plates coloured. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Miscellaneous.

History of the several Italian Schools of Painting; with Observations. By J. T. James, MA. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*

A few plain Directions for Persons intending to proceed as Settlers to his Majesty's Province of Upper Canada, in North America; containing also a short Sketch of the Author's Voyage across the Atlantic, in June, 1819. By an English Farmer, settled in Upper Canada. 12mo. With a Map. 3*s.* 6*d.* boards.

Italy, and the Italians in the 19th Century. With an Appendix. By a foreign Officer in the British Service. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on Chess; founded on a Plan of progressive Improvement. By the late J. H. Sarratt, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

Miraculous Prophecies and Predictions of eminent Men, particularly in England and France. 18mo. 5*s.* boards.

Universal Science; or the Cabinet of Nature and Art: comprising various Selections from useful Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences. By Alex. Jamieson. 2 vols. 12mo. 16*s.*

Constantine and Eugene; or, an Evening at Mount Vernon. 8vo. 3*s.*

Poetry.

Picturesque Piety, illustrated by 48 Engravings, and an Original Poem to each. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor. 2 vols. 6*s.*

Æsop, in Rhyme, with some Originals.

By Jefferys Taylor; embellished by 72 Plates. 12mo. 4s. neatly half-bound.

What is Life? and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Select Works of the British Poets; with Prefaces by Dr. Aikin. 10 vols. royal 18mo. 3l. Post 18mo. 2l.

Politics, and Political Economy.

The Declaration of the People of England to their Sovereign Lord the King. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Selections from the Queen's Answers to various Addresses presented to her. With an Introduction. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Substance of the Speech of J. G. Lambton, Esq. MP. at the Durham County Meeting, Dec. 13. 8vo. 1s.

An Address to the Queen. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Letter to the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, on the Subject of the Queen. By Paul Hartford, Esq. 8vo. 3s.

Theology.

Hulsean Lectures for 1830. Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in 1820, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Hulse. By the Rev. C. Benson, MA. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Tracts on the Divinity of Christ, and on the Repeal of the Statute against Blasphemy. By the Bishop of St. David's. 8vo. 12s. boards.

The Scripture Testimonies to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, collected and illustrated. By the Rev. G. Holden, MA. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

NEW PATENTS.

James Ransome, of Ipswich, iron-founder, and Robert Ransome, of Colchester, iron-founder, for an improvement upon an invention by James Ransome, for which he now hath a patent, June 1, 1816, for certain improvements on ploughs.—Nov. 28th.

William Kendrick, of Birmingham, chemist; for a combination of apparatus for extracting a tanning matter from bark and other substances containing such tanning matter.—Dec. 5th.

Thomas Dobbs, of Smallbrook-street, Birmingham, for a mode of uniting together, or plating, tin upon lead.—Dec. 9th.

John Moore, Jun. of Castle-street, Bristol; for a certain machine or machinery, which may be worked by steam, by water, or by gas, as a moving power.—Dec. 9th.

William Mallet, of Marlborough-street, Dublin, for improvements on locks, applicable to doors, and to other purposes.—Dec. 14th.

George Vaughan, of Sheffield; for a blowing machine, on a new construction, for the fusing and heating of metals, smelting of ores, and supplying blast for various other purposes.—Dec. 14th.

Andrew Timbrell, of the Old South Sea House, London, for an improvement of the rudder and steerage of a ship or vessel.—Dec. 22d.

Sir William Congreve, Bart. of Cecil-street, Strand, for improvements in printing in one, two, or more colours.—Dec. 22d.

William Pritchard, of Leeds, for improvements in an apparatus to save fuel, and for the more economical consumption of smoke in shutting fire-doors and air-flues in steam-engine boilers, drying-pans, and brewing pans, other fire-doors and air-flues.—Dec. 22d.

Marc Isambard Brunel, of Chelsea, for a pocket copying-press, and also improvements on copying-presses.—Dec. 22d.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Hon. C. G. Percival, instituted to the rectory of Calverton, Bucks, on the presentation of his father Lord Arden.—The Hon. and Rev. W. Leonard Addington, son of Lord Sidmouth, instituted to the rectory of Poole, Wilts.—The Rev. J. Saville Ogle, to the new prebend of Durham cathedral, in the room of the Hon. Anchtel Grey, resigned.—The Rev. J. H. St. John of Balliol College, to the rectory of Mourtou, in Dorsetshire.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Norrisian Prize adjudged to Mr. Keneim Digby, BA. of Trinity College, for an Essay, showing from the civil, moral, and religious state of mankind at the time of Christ's appearance, how far the reception this religion met with, is a proof of its Divine origin.—The Hulsean Prize, adjudged to the Rev. R. Brough, BA. of Bennett College, for a dissertation on the Importance of Natural Religion.

Sir William Browne's Medals.—Subjects for the present year.

For the Greek Ode:
Ἕκαστος ὁ Τριπλόπος.

For the Latin Ode:
Mælis Scotorum Regina.

For the Epigrams:
Ἐραυλὸν ἀπὸ σκωδίστου.

Forson Prize.—The passage fixed upon for the present year is,

Shakspeare, Othello. Act I. Scene III. Othello's Apology.

Beginning with

"And till she comes, as truly as to Heaven."

And ending with

"Here comes the Lady, let her witness it."

The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimeterum Acatalecticum.

OXFORD, Dec. 30.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes, for the ensuing year, viz.—

Four Latin Verses.—Elegias.

For an English Essay.—The study of Modern History.

For a Latin Essay.—De Auguriis et Auspiciis apud Antiquos.

The first of the above subjects is intended for those Gentlemen of the University who have not exceeded four years from the time of their Matriculation; and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—For the best composition in English Verse, not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines, by an Under Graduate, who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—Pæstum.

The Rev. J. Johnson, B.D. Fellow of Magdalen College, admitted Doctor in Divinity, Grand Compounder.—The Rev. J. Griffiths, M.A. of Queen's College, admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, Grand Compounder.—T. J. Morris of Queen's College, admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette.—Dec. 23.

Barton, Henry, Paul's-Cray, Kent, miller. Atts. Clarke and Faulkner, Saddlers-hall, Cheapside, London. T.

Bryce, Wm. Hammersmith, Middlesex, brandy-merchant. Att. Brown, Commercial-sale-rooms, Mincing-lane, London. T.

Bulkeley, George Wilford, Queen-street, Hanover-square, wine-importer. Att. Dyne, 59, Lincoln's-lan-fields, London. T.

Burton, George, Jerusalem coffee-house, Cornhill, London, master-mariner. Att. Latimer, 13, Gray's-lan-square. T.

Chapman, Charles William, Addington-place, Camberwell, Surrey, stock-broker. Att. Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, London. T.

Chapman, Thompson, Junior, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, master-mariner. Att. Bowman, Broad-street-buildings, London. T.

Graddon, Edward, Nassau-street, Middlesex-hospital, Middlesex, piano-forte-maker. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.

Hall, Henry Bonham, Thames Ditton, Surrey, maltster. Att. Gude, 44, Bedford-row, London. T.

Harris, Henry, Chipperfield-wood Mill, Hertford, grocer. Att. Martindale, Gray's-lan, London. T.

Jackson, George, Birmingham, Warwick, grocer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-lan, London. C.

Marsh, Edmund, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, grocer. Att. Batty, 20, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Miller, James Campbell, and Andrew Miller, Bishopsgate-street, London, merchants. Att. Van Sanden, 26, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street. T.

Molineux, Michael, Birmingham, Warwickshire, grocer. Atts. Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-lan, London. C.

Ockley, Vincent, Terrington, Norfolk, general-shopkeeper. Att. Nelson, 7, Barnard's-lan, Holborn, London. C.

Richardson, James, Manchester, joiner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.

Roeke, Thomas, Liverpool, optician. Att. James, Ely-place, London. C.

Ross, Alexander, and James Murray, Leadenhall-buildings, Gracechurch-street, London, merchants. Atts. Tomlinson, Thomson, Baker, and Smith, 13, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.

Singleton, Joseph, Lay Moor, in Golcar, Huddersfield, York, clothier. Attorneys Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Spurrier, James, and John Barker, Bellbroughton, Worcester, scythe-manufacturers. Atts. Jennings and Bolton, 4, Elm-court, Temple, London. C.

Tweed, Thomas Littell, Boreham, Essex, potato-merchant. Atts. Druce and Son, Billiter-square, London. T.

Wren, Ann, and Edward Wren, Reading, Berks, butchers. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.

Wright, John, Bloomfield-cottage, Vauxhall-turnpike, Surrey, wine-merchant. Att. Martindale, Gray's-lan-square, London. T.

Wrighton, William, Leeds, York, druggist. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-lan, London. C.

Gazette.—Dec. 26.

Courtney, Thomas, Oxford coffee-house, Strand, Middlesex, coffee-house-keeper. Atts. Bennett, Graves, Baxendale, and Tatham, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street, London. T.

Edwards, Thomas, Alton, Southampton, iron-monger. Att. Dyne, 59, Lincoln's-lan-fields, London. C.

Fell, Henry, Walbrook, London, merchant. Atts. Clarke, Clarke, and Collington, 8, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.

Harrison, Wade Henry, Farnsfield, Nottingham, victualler. Att. Stevenson, 8, Lincoln's-lan, London. C.

Holt, Matthew, Stoke, Coventry, watchmaker. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer office of Pleas, Lincoln's-lan, London. C.

Kidd, William, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-drafter. Atts. Bell and Brodick, Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, London. C.

Offer, Robert, Bathwick, Somerset, plasterer. Atts. Nethersole and Baron, 15, Essex-street, Strand, London. C.

Gazette.—Dec. 30.

Barehead, Thomas, New Malton, Yorkshire, corn-factor. Att. Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.

Bellis, Joseph, Chester, grocer. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.

Boyn, John, Cratched-Hills, London, merchant. Att. Le Blanc, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. T.

Farrar, George, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane, London, merchant. Atts. Nind and Cotteril, 32, Throgmorton-street. T.

Knight, Thomas, Chipping-Sodbury, Gloucester, dealer in wine. Att. Buriot, 2, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Marshall, William, Regent-street, St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, statuary. Att. Addis, Park-street, Westminster. T.

Mayer, Elijah, and James Keeling, Shelton, Stafford, factors. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-lan, London. C.

Mitchell, Edward, and Samuel Mitchell, Norwich, wine-merchants. Att. Holtaway, Tooke's-court, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Reddell, Joseph Hadley, Balsal-heath, Moseley, sword-cutler. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. C.

Reed, Hayter, Mill-street, Bermondsey, Surrey, corn-dealer. Atts. Sudlow, Francis, and Urquhart, 4, Monument-yard, London. T.

Rollinson, Robert, Great Whelnehall, Suffolk, miller. Att. Wayman, Bury St. Edmund's, London. C.

Stibbs, Joseph, Cully Hall, Bliton, Gloucestershire, yeoman. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.

Wylie, William, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Patten, Hatton-garden, London. T.

Gazette—Jan. 2.

Badley, Joseph, Birmingham, grocer. Atts. Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Bruggenkate, Gerardus Albertus Ten, 47, Little East Cheap, London, merchant. Att. Wilson, Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street. T.

Egrie, William, Ruswarp, York, merchant. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.

Hardman, Edmund, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.

Hewitt, Robert, North Shields, Northumberland, linen-draper. Atts. Bell and Brodbrick, Bow churchyard, Cheapside, London. C.

Landles, John, and James Landles, Berwick-upon-Tweed, merchants. Atts. Raine, North, and Smart, 11, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Parsons, Richard, senior, Richard Parsons, junior, and Thomas Parsons, Lyncombe and Wildcombe, Somerset, corn-factors. Att. Potts, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet street, London. C.

Reynolds, Richard, Shobrooke, Devonshire, tanner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, 7, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Shillito, William, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, York, dealer in cattle. Att. Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.

Swan, William, Shiffnall, Salop, tailor. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

Webb, George, Cornhill, London, dealer. Atts. Reynal and Ogile, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange. T.

Gazette—Jan. 6.

Butler, Sarah, Sheraton Magna, Wilts, innholder. Atts. Dax, Son, and Meredith, 29, Guildford-street, London. C.

Carter, Richard, Hertford, farmer. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.

Dellin, Thomas, Birmingham, dealer and chapman. Att. Taylor, Walbrook, London. C.

Ellis, Samuel, and George Glover, Aldersgate-street, London, dyers. Att. Morris, 1, Cobourg-terrace, Horseferry-road, Westminster. T.

Facey, Isaac, Bishopsgate-street-within, London, pastry-cook. Att. Gray, 186, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.

Glasscott, Parachias, Cheapside, London, Jeweller. Att. Lawdrie, Gray's-inn-lane. T.

Hatton, John, Oferton, Chester, miller. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.

Landles, George, Lower Thames-street, London, fish-factor. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.

Parkinson, George, Fallsworth, Lancashire, tanner. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warfords-court, Throgmorton-street, London. C.

Plaskett, John, Dockhead, Southwark, Surrey, stove-merchant. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street, London. T.

Shuffrey, Thomas, Broadway, Worcester, grocer. Atts. Bousfield and Williams, Bouverie-street, London. C.

Vipond, George, Ludgate-hill, London, linen-draper. Att. Harman, Wine-office-court, Fleet-street. T.

Gazette—Jan. 9.

Abithol, Moses, Bond-street, St. James, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Evitt and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories, London. T.

Allen, Campbell, Shad Thames, Surrey, lighter-man. Att. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange, London. T.

Coombs, William, Norton St. Philip, Somerset, butcher. Atts. Perkins and Frampton, 2, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Douglas, Thomas, London, merchant. Att. Maugham, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street. C.

Dumont, James Lewis, Austin-friars, London, merchant. Atts. Kaye, Freshfield, and Kaye, New Bank-buildings, London. T.

Jeanings, John, Sittingborne, Kent, innkeeper. Atts. Brace and Monins, Essex-court, Temple, London. C.

Kerby, William, Margate, Kent, coach-maker. Atts. Hall and Willett, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.

Melhuish, George, Crediton, Devonshire, tanner. Att. Brutton, 46, Old Broad-street, London. C.

Pearson, Thomas, Hipperholme-cum-Brighstone, Halifax, Yorkshire, butcher. Att. Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Senior, John Hanson, Wakefield, Yorkshire, oil-crusher. Atts. Hosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.

Shand, Francis, Liverpool, iron-merchant. Att. Batty, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Gazette—Jan. 13.

Carter, Solomon, Fetter-lane, London, tavern-keeper. Att. Parton, Bow-church-yard, London. T.

Coates, Charles, Stanton Drew, Somerset, dealer. Atts. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside, London. C.

Forster, Thomas, William-street, Newington, Surrey, builder. Atts. Smith, Gell, and Roberts, New Basinghall-street, London. T.

Judd, James, Derby, innkeeper. Att. Lever, Gray's-inn. C.

Macaulin, David Cohen, Cornhill, London, merchant. Atts. Clare and Dickinson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. T.

Malcolm, William, Great St. Helen's, London, merchant. Att. Bowman, Broad-street-buildings, London. T.

Ryder, Thomas, and James Nasmyth, Fenchurch-street, London, merchant. Atts. Wadson and Son, Austin Friars.

Shingles, Samuel, 41, Basinghall-street, London, factor. Att. Williams, Red Lion-square, London. T.

Simmons, Edward, Starway, and Thomas Simmons, Winchcomb, dealers in timber. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red Lion-square, London. C.

Taylor, John, Sheffield, York, merchant. Att. Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Thatcher, Thomas Mellish, Hungerford-wharf, Hungerford-street, Strand, coal-merchant. Att. Carpenter, 3, Fumival's-inn, Holborn. T.

Turner, Robert, Liverpool, dealer. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.

Wall, Richard, St. Thomas the Apostle, Devon, innkeeper. Atts. Collett, Wimburn, and Collett, Chancery-lane, London. C.

White, John, Southampton-row, Russell-square, Middlesex, dyer. Att. Parton, Bow-church-yard, London. T.

Gazette—Jan. 16.

Baggott, James, Bromyard, Hereford, skinner. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn Old-square, London. C.

Billing, John Humphries, junior, Southampton-row, Paddington, Middlesex, flour-factor. Atts. Druce and Son, Billiter-square, London. T.

Charlesworth, John, Carr-green, York, clothier. Atts. Clark, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Christy, John, Old Gravel-lane, Middlesex, master-mariner. Att. Sheffield, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. T.

Duffield, William, Darlaston, Stafford, nail-manufacturer. Atts. Swain and Co. Old Jewry, London. C.

Durkin, William, and James Durkin, Southampton, ship-builders. Att. Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street, London. C.

Forrest, Thomas, Liverpool, wine-merchant. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.

Gilbert, William Ralph, Leicester, woolstapler. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.

Hennell, David, Kettering, Northampton, draper. Att. Nelson, Barnard's-inn, London. C.

Holland, Benedict, High-street, Shadwell, Middlesex, corn-chandler. Att. Dimes, 18, Friday-street, London. T.

Hope, Thomas, Sandwich, Kent, hoyman. Att. Starr, Canterbury. C.

Lister, John, and Benjamin Lister, Leeds, York, woolstapler. Atts. Jacob and Beatie's, Basinghall-street, London. C.

Macdonald, Hector, junior, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Webb, Thomas, Warwick horse-dealer. Att. Wortham, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
 Parsey, Samuel, Ironmonger-row, City-road, Middlesex, oilman. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. T.
 Reynolds, Henry, Ormakirk, Lancaster, liquor-merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Sanders, John, Ivybridge, Devon, tanner. Att. Bowden, 66, Aldermanbury, London. C.
 Smith, William, Naburn Grange, York, corn-factor. Atts. Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, 6, Basinghall-street, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Dec. 23 to Jan. 16.

Galloway, Robert, merchant, Dundee.
 Smellie, William, merchant, Hamilton.
 Watson, John, plumber and tin-plate-manufacturer, Dundee.
 Patterson, Richard, merchant, Edinburgh.
 Anderson, John, and co. and David Anderson, as an individual, merchants, Glasgow.
 Crawford, James, and Andrew Crawford, as a company, and as individuals, merchants, Glasgow.
 Milligan, James, cattle-dealer, Boghouse, Crawfordjohn, Lanarkshire.
 Arnold, Thomas, Stockbridge, near Edinburgh.
 Lamb, Robert, Henry Kerr, and William Row, dealers, Glasgow.
 Kincaid, Thomas, corn-merchant, Leith.
 McCowan, James, coal and lime-merchant, Lanark.
 Buchanan, William, merchant, Glasgow.
 Gill, John, ship-builder, Aberdeen.
 Stclair, Daniel, farmer, Glasgow.
 Taylor, Joseph, merchant, Glasgow.
 Blair, James, ship-master, Dumbarton.
 Fleming, John, sen. and James Fleming, merchants, Langloan.
 Hume, Walter, merchant, Kelso.
 Hyde, David, merchant, Dunoon.
 Oddy, George, grocer, Tradestown, Glasgow.
 Smith, David, grocer, Paisley.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 31. At Bristolington, Somersetshire, John Gordon, Esq. eldest son of the very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln, to Miss Matthews, late of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.
 28. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. Gordon, Esq. of Hatfield, in the county of Hereford, to Mary, eldest daughter of W. Wingfield, Esq. and niece to the Earl of Digby.
 27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. Fullerton Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Spynie and Bonyass, county of Angus, to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Christian Carnegie, fourth daughter of the Earl of Northesk.
 28. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. E. Chaplin, Edward Holroyd, Esq. third son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Holroyd, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Pugsley, Esq. of Ilfracombe, Devon.
 1821. Jan. 2. At Liverpool, T. Rodick, Esq. to Judith, youngest daughter of Robert Preston, Esq. of Bevington-lodge, Lancashire.
 — At Leeds, the Rev. G. Walker, M.A. rector of Papworth, Everard, Cambridgeshire, and head master of the Leeds Grammar School, to Ellen, eldest daughter of F. Brown, Esq. of Park-place, Leeds.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Dr. Stanley Clarke, Chaplain of the Household to his Majesty, C. Millar, Esq. of H. M. S. Severa, to Juliana Freeman, only child of the late Peter Atkins, Esq. of the Royal Navy.
 3. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. Fred. Sullivan, third son of the late Sir R. J. Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, Bart. to Arabella Jane Wilmot, only daughter of the late V. H. Wilmot, of Farnborough, Hants, Esq. and of the Right Hon. Lady Dece.
 — The Rev. E. H. Owen, rector of Coumd, to Miss Hinchcliffe, granddaughter of the late Bishop of Peterborough, and niece to Lord Crewe.

3. Sir Robert Steele, to Emily, daughter of the late W. Clarke, Esq. of Beemister, Dorsetshire.
 4. Thomas Blake, Esq. of Doctors' Commons, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late W. Palmer, Esq. of Great Yarmouth.
 9. At Wolverhampton, the Hon. Capt. Joceline Percy, R. N. son of the Earl of Beverley, and cousin to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, to Sophia Elizabeth, third daughter of Moreton Walhouse, Esq. of Hatherton, Staffordshire.
 — Major-Gen. Robt. Douglas, to Mary, eldest daughter of W. Packer, Esq. formerly of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. Cockayne, Esq. of Ickleford-house, in the county of Hertford, to Mary Ann Amelia, widow of George Edwards, Esq. late of Lynn, and of Wimpole-street.
 — Capt. Charles Cunliffe Owen, RN. to Miss Mary Peckwell, daughter of Mr. Sergeant Bosset, Deputy Recorder of Cambridge.
 11. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Reid, MD. of Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, to Elizabeth, second daughter of W. Sturch, Esq. of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Dr. Bond, of Lambeth, Surry, and of the city of Bristol, to Mary Ann, relict of the late John Olney Berkeley, Esq. of Wickham, Kent.
 — By the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, at Marylebone church, Capt. the Hon. E. Cust, MP. Esqu. to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, to Mary Ann, only daughter of the late L. W. Boode, Esq.
 — James Bennett, Esq. of Cadbury-house, to Annabella, daughter of the Rev. W. F. Wickham, of Charlton-house, both in Somersetshire.
 18. At Rosehill-house, Hants, by Special Licence, by the Bishop of Winchester, J. Cruickshank, Esq. eldest son of J. Cruickshank, Esq. of Langley Park, in the county of Angus, to the Right Hon. Lady Anne Letitia Carnegie, second daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Melledean, Chas. Abraham Leslie, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Leslie, Bart. of Warder and Findrairie, to Anne, third daughter of Adam Walker, Esq. of Mairhouselaw, Roxburghshire.
 At Ayr, Lieut.-Col. J. Shaw, late of the 43d regt. to Mary Primrose, second daughter of David Kennedy, of Kirkmichael.
 At Inveresk-house, the residence of the Right Hon. Lady Seaforth, Joshua Henry Mackenzie, Esq. Advocate to the Hon. Helen Anne Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Seaforth.
 At Edinburgh, Robt. Harris, Jun. Esq. of Dublin, to Eliza, daughter of George Chalmers, Esq. formerly of Madras, and lately of Westcombe-house, Somersetshire.

ABROAD.

At Madras, Capt. Duncan Ogilvie, 21st regt. N. I. to Jane, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Ratho.
 At Vervey, in France, M. Antoine, S. Polegieux de Falconnet, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late W. Faerholme, of Chapel, Esq.
 At Madeira, on board his Majesty's ship Eak, John Telling, Esq. to Lady Donna Juliana Leonora da Cunha Tello.
 At Chambery, Comte Emilio de Grimaldi, nephew to his Excellency the Governor of Savoy, to Marie Polixene, daughter of the late Marquis de la Pierre.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 23. In Grosvenor-place, Countess Munster, the lady of the Hanoverian Minister, a son.
 24. At Hewish-house, Dorset, the lady of J. G. Middleton, Esq. a son.
 — At Cambridge, the lady of Sir John Mortlake, a son.
 29. At Maxwell-hall, Yorkshire, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Cote, a son.
 1821. Jan. 1. In Gloucester-place, the lady of G. H. Cherry, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
 2. At Llynnon, in the county of Anglesea, the lady of H. H. Jones, Esq. of Llynnon, a daughter.
 5. At Birmingham, the lady of N. H. Malins, Esq. 6th dragoon guards, a son.

8. In St. James's-place, the lady of Woodbine Parish, Jun. Esq. a son.
10. Viscountess Curson, a son-and-heir.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, lady Pringle, of Stithell, a daughter.
The lady of W. Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, a son.
At Edinburgh, the lady of Major James Hervey, a son.

IN IRELAND.

- In Merriem-square, Dublin, the lady of the Count de Salis, a son.

ABROAD.

- At Ghent, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Muller, 1st Royal Scots, a son.

DIED.

- Dec. 20. Lately at Egham, in her 17th year, Barbara Mailland, daughter of the late Hon. Thos. Wm. Coventry, of North Cray, Kent, and niece to the Earl of Coventry.

- Lately at Belvoir Castle, aged 62, the Rev. Sir John Thornton, Rector of Bottisford, and domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

- Lately at Frome, Captain Hassall, formerly of the 19th Dragoons.

- Lately, after a short illness, Joseph Hopkins, M.D. a celebrated Accoucheur.

- Lately, Thos. Jones, Esq. of Llandysilio-hall, near Llangollen, Denbighshire. This gentleman was a great admirer of the arts, and a liberal entertainer of those artists who visited the romantic vale of Llangollen.

- Lately at Bath, Lady Christina Eliz. Keith.

22. At Bishopstrow, Wilts, in his 24th year, the Rev. Edward Montague, youngest son of Admiral Sir George Montague, GCB.

23. In his 71st year, the Rev. John Thos. Jordan, B.D. Rector of Hickling, in Nottinghamshire, and of Bircholt, in Kent, and many years senior tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge.

- In his 76th year, Robert Herring, Esq. one of the Common Council and Deputy of the Ward of Farringdon-without.

26. At her house, in Baker-street, Miss Booth, eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Booth, Esq. and sister to Lady Ford.

- Lately, Anne, widow of Thos. Graham, Esq. of Kinross and Burleigh, late M. P. for the county of Kinross.

31. At Ludlow, Chas. Rogers, Esq. of Stanage-park, Radnorshire.

- 1821.—Jan. 3. At Bath, after a long and severe indisposition, Lieut.-Gen. Monro, of Ensham-house, Dorsetshire.

6. At Bath, aged 80, the Hon. Agnesa Yorke, second wife and widow of the Lord Chancellor Chas. Yorke, and mother to the Rt. Hon. Chas. Philip Yorke; to Vice Admiral Sir Jos. Yorke, KCB.; and to Caroline, late Countess of St. Germain's.

- In Duke-street, Westminster, John Lillingston Pownell, Esq. of East Wykeham, in the county of Lincoln, and Provost Marshal-Gen. of the Leeward Islands; as he died without issue, his estates devolve to Sir Geo. Pownall, at Brighton, as does likewise his office. Sir George being the next in succession to the patent.

7. At Hengrave-hall, Suffolk, after a short illness, Lady Throckmorton, relict of the late Sir John Throckmorton, Bart. of Buckland, Berks, and Coughton, Warwickshire, in her 56th year.

8. Suddenly, at his house in West-square, Lambeth, Lieut.-Col. Handfield, of the Royal Engineers, in his 43d year.

- At Bath, Capt. Robert Cuthbert, of the R. N.

- At Norton-house, Devonshire, Lady Jodrell, relict of the late Sir Paul Jodrell.

9. At T. W. Money's, Esq. M. P. Mrs. Cunningham, wife of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow.

- At his house, Park-place, Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Frederick Thurston, M.A. son of the late Framingham Thurston, Esq. of Weston Hall, Suffolk.

10. Francis Drake, Esq. of Wells, in the county of Somerset, Recorder of that Borough, one of

his Majesty's deputy Lieutenants for that county, and formerly British Minister at the Court of Bavaria.

12. Henry Chickley Plowden, Esq. of Newtown-park, near Lymington, Hants.

- At his house at Brompton Grove, at an advanced age, Sir John Macpherson, Bart. many years a Member of the Supreme Council of Bengal, and afterwards Governor General of India.

- Jas. Topping, Esq. of Whatcroft-hall, Cheshire, one of his Majesty's Counsel, a Benchers of the Inner Temple, and late Attorney General of the county Palatine of Lancaster, and of the county Palatine of Durham.

13. General Gwyn, Colonel of the King's Dragoon Guards, and Governor of Sherrness.

- The lady of George Vaughan, Esq. late First Major in the Second Troop of Life Guards.

- Aged 23, Mr. J. Blanchard, Jun. Portrait Engraver, son of Mr. Blanchard, of Covent Garden Theatre.

14. At Roundhay Park, in his 57th year, Thomas Nicholson, Esq.

- Lately at Normanton Hall, Lady Dixie, wife of Sir Willoughby Dixie, Bart.

- At the Green, Richmond, Yorkshire, Lady Gerard, widow of Sir Robert Gerard, of Garswood, Lancashire, Bart.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Pitfour, Aberdeenshire, in his 72d year, George Ferguson, Esq. of Pitfour, only surviving brother of the late James Ferguson, Esq. M. P. for that county.

- At Hutton-hall, Mrs. Catherine Hume, wife of Robert Johnston, Esq. of Hutton-hall, daughter of the late John Hume, Esq. of Ninewells, and niece of the celebrated philosopher and historian of England.

- At Holyrood-house, the Rt. Hon. Lady Ellis Murray, in her 78th year.

- At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. John Grant.

- At Fountain-hall, Sir Andrew Lander Dick, Bart. of Fountain-hall, and Grange.

IN IRELAND.

- At Lisson, aged 67, the Rt. Hon. John Staples, one of his Majesty's most hon. Privy Council.

- At his house, Dominick-street, Dublin, Wm. Walker, Esq. Recorder of that city.

ABROAD.

- At Nassau, New Providence, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Tomkins, who survived her but three days.

- At Nice, Rich. John Gulston, Esq. late of the 3d (or King's Own) Light Dragoons, only son of Frederick Gulston, Esq. of West Clendon, in the county of Surrey, and of Stretton, in Yorkshire; his death was owing to a rupture of a blood vessel on his lungs, occasioned by excessive exertion, while on duty with his regiment in Dublin, July last.

- At Bombay, Col. John Griffith, commandant of the 2d Battalion of Artillery at that Presidency.

- At George Town, in Berbice, his Excellency H. W. Bentinck, Lieut. Governor of that colony.

- Suddenly, in the 59th year of her age, Princess Maria Anne, sister of the Duke of Saxony.

- At Bangalore, East Indies, Major Doherty, of the 13th Light Dragoons, eldest son of Colonel Doherty, CB.

- At Surat, Capt. Robt. Campbell, of the Bombay Army. He distinguished himself particularly in the late India war, and was brother to Capt. Collin Campbell, of the Navy, and Major John Campbell, late of the 55th Regiment, the only two surviving brothers of seven, brought up in the service of their country.

- Dec. 18. In the 43d year of his age, his Highness Duke Augustus of Brunswick, last son of the celebrated Duke Charles William Ferdinand, and uncle of the reigning Duke, General of Cavalry in the service of Hanover, and Great Cross of the Guelphic Order. Also brother to the Queen of England.

- At Rome, Sir Thomas Gage, Bart. of Hengrave-hall, Suffolk.

- At Mooradabad, Major Henry Bellingham, 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, commanding officer at the above station, and nephew to Sir Wm. Bellingham, Bart.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Dec.											
1	M. 35	29.676	78	WNW	Cloudy	17	M. 34	29.127	83	Calm	Fog
	A. 41	29.649	70	W	Cloudy		A. 38	29.194	78	N by W	Fog
2	M. 37	29.449	80	W by S	Cloudy	18	M. —	29.600	87	SE by E	Fog
	A. 40	29.440	69	W	Cloudy		A. —	29.634	83	SE	Fog
3	M. —	29.603	82	SSW	Fog, rain	19	M. —	29.751	88	S	Fog, rain
	A. 43	29.579	75	SW by W	Rain		A. —	29.788	85	SW	Fog, rain
4	M. 49	29.479	78	W by N	Cloudy	20	M. —	29.900	84	SSE	Wet, fog
	A. 52	29.483	72	W by S	Fine		A. 43	25.855	88	S	Fog, rain
5	M. 49	29.440	71	W	Cloudy	21	M. 47	29.618	73	W	Cloudy
	A. 50	29.382	70	E	Rain		A. 46	29.638	68	W	Cloudy
6	M. 45	29.341	84	W	Fog	22	M. 37	29.688	78	W by N	Very fine
	A. 46	29.574	79	SE	Rain, fog		A. 42	29.643	72	W	Rain
7	M. 49	29.563	79	W	Fine	23	M. 39	29.510	75	NE	Cloudy
	A. 52	29.589	73	W by S	Cloudy		A. 41	29.458	68	NE	Cloudy
8	M. —	29.682	74	W by S	Cloudy	24	M. 32	29.400	73	E by N	Cloudy
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 32	29.390	70	ENE	Cloudy
9	M. 47	29.703	69	W by S	Cloudy	25	M. 29	29.349	70	ENE	Cloudy
	A. 48	29.660	68	W by S	Cloudy		A. 29	29.335	71	ENE	Cloudy
10	M. 48	29.543	74	SW by W	Cloudy	26	M. 28	29.263	72	E	Rain
	A. 49	29.515	78	SW by W	Rain		A. 25	25.263	70	E	Cloudy
11	M. 49	29.375	82	WSW	Rain	27	M. 28	29.394	69	E by N	Cloudy
	A. 51	29.412	72	W	Mizzle		A. 29	29.402	69	E	Cloudy
12	M. —	29.131	87	SSW	Fog, rain	28	M. 27	29.404	69	NE by E	Clear
	A. 50	29.100	76	WSW	Cloudy		A. 29	29.434	63	NE by E	Cloudy
13	M. 46	28.932	82	NNE	Fog, rain	29	M. 24	29.479	66	NE by E	Cloudy
	A. 36	28.990	82	NE	Rain		A. 24	29.433	66	NE by E	Cloudy
14	M. 31	29.396	70	N by E	Clear	30	M. 24	29.410	68	NE	Cloudy
	A. 36	29.429	67	NNE	Clear		A. 25	29.429	65	NE	Fine
15	M. 32	29.464	65	ESE	Cloudy	31	M. 21	29.432	70	NE	Cloudy
	A. —	—	—	—	—		A. 27	29.391	65	NE	Very fine
16	M. 28	29.193	74	ESE	Cloudy						
	A. 31	29.693	71	ES	Cloudy						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of November, and noon the 1st of December, 1.223 inch. The quantity that fell upon the roof of my observatory during the same period, 1.808 inch. Evaporation, between noon the 1st of Nov. and noon the 1st of Dec. 0.863 inch.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 Jan.	Hamburg. 26 Jan.	Amsterdam 19 Jan.	Vienna. 8 Jan.	Genoa. 6 Jan.	Berlin. 9 Jan.	Naples. 31 Dec.	Leipsig. 4 Jan.	Bremen. 8 Jan.
London.....	25.60	37.6	40.9	9.56	30½	7.1½	599	6.17½	621
Paris.....	—	26½	56½	117½	95½	82½	25.40	78½	17½
Hamburg...	132½	—	34½	143½	44	151½	44	145½	135½
Amsterdam.	57½	104½	—	137½	91½	144½	48.90	138½	127½
Vienna.....	254	144½	14½	—	61½	41½	59	100½	—
Frankfort..	2½	145½	55½	99½	—	104½	—	100½	109½
Augsburg...	254	144½	—	99½	61	104	58.65	100½	109½
Genoa.....	476	83½	89½	—	—	—	19.40	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	145	—	—	—	104½	—	—	109½
Leghorn....	506	88½	95	57½	122½	—	118.56	—	—
Lisbon.....	563	37½	41	—	887	—	50.35	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.35	92	—	—	625	—	118	—	—
Naples.....	420	—	79½	—	102	—	—	—	—
Bilboa.....	15.30	—	99	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.60	94	101	—	618	—	117	—	—
Porto.....	563	37½	41	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 11 Jan.	Nuremberg 14 Jan.	Christiana. 21 Dec.	Petersburg. 25 Dec.	Riga. 25 Dec.	Stock- holm. 2 Jan.	Madrid. 9 Jan.	Lisbon. 26 Dec.
London.....	161½	fl. 10.4	6 Sp. 116	9½	9½	12.20	37.5	38½
Paris.....	78½	fr. 117½	—	105½	—	24	16.6	16.8
Hamburg....	144½	144½	146	9½	9½	126	92½	93
Amsterdam.	138½	138½	—	10½	10½	122	102½	103
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2960	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Dec. 23 to Jan. 23.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-8.	12-9
Ditto at sight	12-5.	12-6
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-9.	12-10
Antwerp	12-9.	12-10
Hamburg, 2½ U	37-10.	38-2
Altona, 2½ U	37-11.	38-3
Paris, 3 days' sight	26-75	
Ditto, 2 U	26-5	
Bordeaux	26-5	
Frankfort on the Main	155½.	156
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us.	9½	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-16.	10-25
Trieste ditto	10-16.	10-25
Madrid, effective	36.	35½
Cadiz, effective	35½.	35
Bilboa	35½.	35
Barcelona	34½.	34½
Seville	35½.	35½
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	46½	
Genoa	43½	
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	38½	
Palermo, per. oz.	115	
Lisbon	48½	
Oporto	48½	
Rio Janeiro	52.	50
Bahia	59	
Dublin.	7½.	8
Cork		8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	9	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	11	0	4	10½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	10½	0	4	11½

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 4½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10d. the quarter loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	2	10	0	to	3	10	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Jan. 1 to Jan. 22.

	Jan. 1.	Jan. 8.	Jan. 15.	Jan. 22.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	38 0	to 45 0	41 0	to 43 9
	42 6	to 44 0	34 6	to 41 6

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

(IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS. By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Dec. 23.	Dec. 30.	Jan. 6.	Jan. 13.
Wheat	53 11 54	0 54	0 54	7
Rye	34 0 34	7 34	2 35	0
Barley	26 2 25	8 25	1 25	6
Oats	19 7 19	2 18	11 18	9
Beans	35 1 35	6 33	7 32	11
Peas	41 0 40	11 37	0 34	0

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Dec. 20 to Jan. 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	20,286	13,850	550	34,686
Barley	20,716	170	86	20,890
Oats	33,035	3,350	250	36,635
Rye	127	—	—	127
Beans	7,824	—	130	7,254
Pease	11,423	—	—	11,423
Malt	16,293	Qrs.	Flour 34,943	Sacks
Foreign Flour	1,358	barrels.		

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 65s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 75s.
Farnham, ditto	112s. to 126s.
Yearling Pockets	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s. £. s. £. s. £. s. £. s.		
3 0 to 4	4. 4. 0 to 5	0. 1 6 to 1 10
	Smithfield.	
3 5 to 4	0. 3 10 to 5	0. 1 4 to 1 12
	Whitechapel.	
3 0 to 4	10. 4 0 to 5	0. 1 4 to 1 14
	St. James's.	

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—

Beef	3s.	2d.	to 4s. 2d.
Mutton	3s.	0d.	to 4s. 0d.
Veal	5s.	8d.	to 7s. 8d.
Pork	3s.	8d.	to 5s. 8d.
Lamb	0s.	0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	3s.	0d.	to 4s. 4d.
Mutton	3s.	0d.	to 3s. 8d.
Veal	5s.	0d.	to 7s. 4d.
Pork	4s.	4d.	to 6s. 2d.
Lamb	0s.	0d.	to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Dec. 22 to Jan. 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
10,780	1,060	82,670	1,300

**COUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.**

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Jan. 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£. s.		Canals.	£. s.	£.	£. s.		Bridges.	£. s.
250	100	—	Andover.....	5	2912	100	—	Southwark.....	17
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	11 10	4443	40	—	Do. new.....	16
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham.....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall.....	18 5
1200	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes.....	92
5,000.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo.....	5 5
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided).....	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.....	27 10
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.....	22 10
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	75	60,000.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90				Roads.	
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35
500	100	44	Coventry.....	970	300	100	—	Commercial.....	103
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3	1000	100	5	— East-India	
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch.....	100
2000	100	3	Dudley.....	62				Great Dover Street.....	31
5575	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester.....	63	492	100	1 15	Highgate Railway.....	6
231	100	58	Erewash.....	1000	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde.....	500	1000	—	1	Surrey Do.....	10
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	20	1000	—	—	Severn and Wye.....	30
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1	Water Works.	
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction.....	210				East London.....	—
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey.....	57 10	3800	100	—	Grand Junction.....	47
8,800.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	95	4500	50	2 10	Kent.....	33
2849	100	—	Grand Union.....	28 10	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50
19,327.	100	—	Do. Loan.....	93	1500	—	2 10	South London.....	21
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex.....	49
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	18
6312	100	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1300	100	—		
25,328	100	18	Kennet and Avon.....	18 15				Insurances.	
11,699	100	1	Lancaster.....	27				Albion.....	40
2879	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	2000	500	2 10	Atlas.....	5
545	—	14	Leicester.....	295	25,000	50	6	Bath.....	575
1825	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	300	1000	25	Birmingham.....	350
70	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	—	250	3	British.....	50
550	100	11	Melton Mowbray.....	—	4000	100	2 10	County.....	39
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell.....	650	20,000	50	5	Eagle.....	2 12 6
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire.....	150	50,000	20	1	European.....	20
43,526.	100	5	Do. Debentures.....	92	1,000,000.	100	6	Globe.....	118
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire.....	70	40,000	50	5	Hope.....	3 5
247	—	25	Neath.....	400	2400	500	4 10	Imperial.....	80
1770	25	—	North Wilts.....	—	3900	25	1 4	London Fire.....	23
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	31,000	25	1	London Ship.....	19
1720	100	32	Oxford.....	625	2500	100	18	Provident.....	17
2400	100	3 10	Peak Forest.....	68	100,000	20	2	Rock.....	1 18
2320	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	23	745,100.	—	10	Royal Exchange.....	230
12,204	—	—	Regent's.....	25	—	—	8 10	Sun Fire.....	—
5631	100	2	Rochdale.....	40	4000	100	10	Sun Life.....	23
500	125	9	Shrewsbury.....	160	1500	200	1 4	Union.....	33
500	100	7 10	Shropshire.....	140				Gas Lights.	
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—				Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	62
700	100	40	Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares.....	41
300	145	10	Stourbridge.....	210				City Gas Light Company.....	98
3647	—	22	Stratford on Avon.....	10	4000	50	2 8	Do. New.....	47
—	—	—	Stroudwater.....	435	1000	100	7 10	Bath Gas.....	19
538	100	12	Swansons.....	190	1000	100	3 10	Brighton Gas.....	15 5
350	100	—	Tavistock.....	90	2500	20	16	Bristol.....	28
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	24 10	1500	20	—	Literary Institutions.	
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1875	1000	20	2	London.....	37
1000	100	12	Warwick and Birmingham.....	215	700	75gs	—	Russel.....	11 11
1000	50	—	Warwick and Napton.....	210	700	25gs	—	Surrey.....	7
880	100	11	Wilts and Berks.....	6	700	30gs	—	Miscellaneous.	
14,288	105	5	Wisbeach.....	60				Auction Mart.....	20
128	—	1	Worcester and Birmingham.....	25				British Copper Company.....	50
0000	—	—	Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery.....	10
2200	146	—	Bristol.....	—	1080	50	1 5	Do.....	6 10
—	100	5	Do. Notes.....	—	2290	80	—	London-Commercial Sale	
3132	100	3	Commercial.....	60	3447	50	—	Rooms.....	19
450,000.	100	10	East-India.....	162	2000	150	1	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	71
1038	100	—	East Country.....	18 10				Do..... 2d. Class.....	61 10
3,114,000.	100	4	London.....	35				City Bonds.....	101
1,300,000.	100	10	West-India.....	123					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th December to 25th January.

1820 Dec.	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long An- nuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for A. co.
26	Hol.														
27	—	69½	70	shut	—	87½	—	—	—	—	26	—	—	1p	7½
28	Hol.														
29	—	69½	70	—	—	87½	107	18½	68½	1½	27	—	—	1p	7½
30	—	69½	70½	—	—	87½	107	18½	—	—	27	—	—	1p	7½
1821 Jan.															
1	Hol.														
2	223	70½	½	—	79½	88	107½	18½	—	1½	—	27	—	2p	7½
3	222½	70½	70	—	79½	88	107½	18½	—	—	27	—	—	1p	7½
4	—	70½	¼	—	79½	87½	—	18½	—	2	27	—	—	3p	7½
5	222½	70½	—	—	79½	87½	—	18½	68½	—	—	—	—	2p	7½
6	Hol.														
8	223	70½	69½	—	79½	87½	104½	18½	—	225½	30	—	—	5p	7½
9	—	70½	1	69½	79½	87½	104½	18½	—	225½	35	—	—	5p	7½
10	223	70½	70	69½	79½	87½	104½	18½	—	225½	34	—	—	6p	7½
11	223½	70½	69½	69½	79½	87½	104½	18½	—	225½	34	—	—	6p	7½
12	223½	70½	69½	69½	79½	87½	104½	18½	68½	1½	34	76½	—	6p	7½
13	—	69½	70	69½	—	87½	104½	18½	—	—	33	—	—	6p	7½
15	—	70½	69½	69½	78½	87½	104½	18½	—	—	—	—	—	5p	7½
16	223	69½	69½	69½	78½	87½	103½	18½	—	—	—	68½	—	5p	7½
17	—	69½	68½	69	78½	87½	103½	18½	68½	1½	33	68½	—	5p	7½
18	223	69½	69	69	78½	87½	103½	18½	—	221½	33	—	—	5p	7½
19	—	69½	69	69	79	87½	104½	18½	—	222	34	—	—	6p	69½
20	222½	69½	70	69½	79	87½	104½	18½	—	223	34	—	—	6p	69½
22	223½	70	¼	69½	79½	88	104½	18½	—	223½	36	76½	—	6p	69½
23	223	70½	69½	—	79½	88	104½	18½	—	224½	38	—	—	6p	70½
24	225	70½	69½	70½	80	88½	105	18½	69½	2½	—	78½	—	6p	70½
25	—	71½	72	70½	—	90	106	18½	—	4½	—	—	—	6p	72

IRISH FUNDS.

													FRENCH FUNDS.					
													From Dec. 22, to Jan. 19.					
		Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.	Wide Street De- bentures.	1820	5 per Cent.		Bank Actions.		
1820	Dec.												Dec.	fr.	c.	fr.	c.	
16	—	—	75½	75			103½	103					22	78	50	1430	—	
18	—	—	75½	75			103½	103					30	79	15	1425	—	
20	—	—	75½	75½			104	103½					1821					
21	—	—	75½	75½			103½	103½					Jan.					
22	—	—	75½	75½			103	103½						6 80	20	1455	—	
														8 80	20	1445	—	
														13 80	20	1452	—	
														15 80	75	1454	—	
														19 81	85	1470	—	

AMERICAN FUNDS.

[illegible]

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XV.

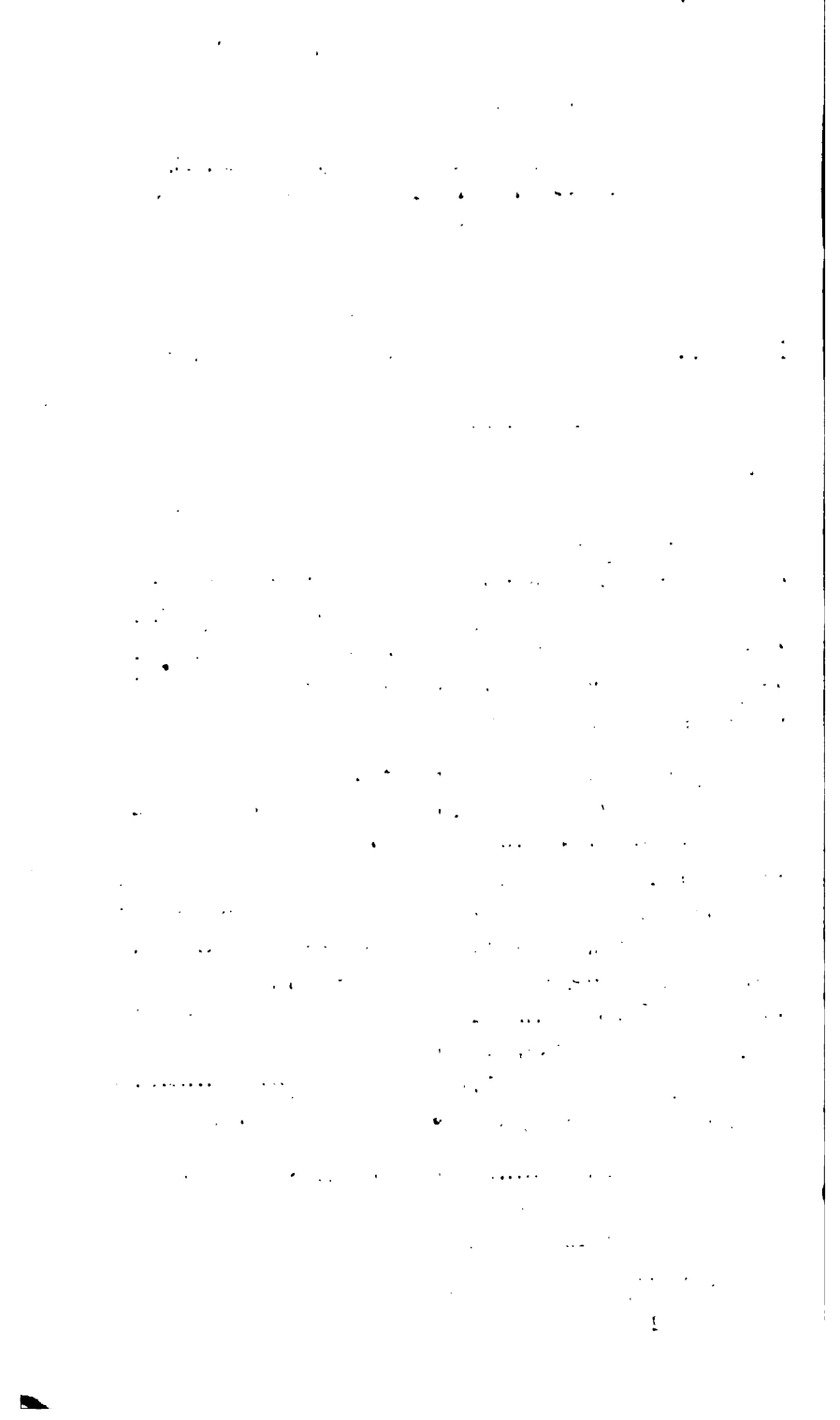
MARCH, 1821.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:
BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.



THE LION'S HEAD.

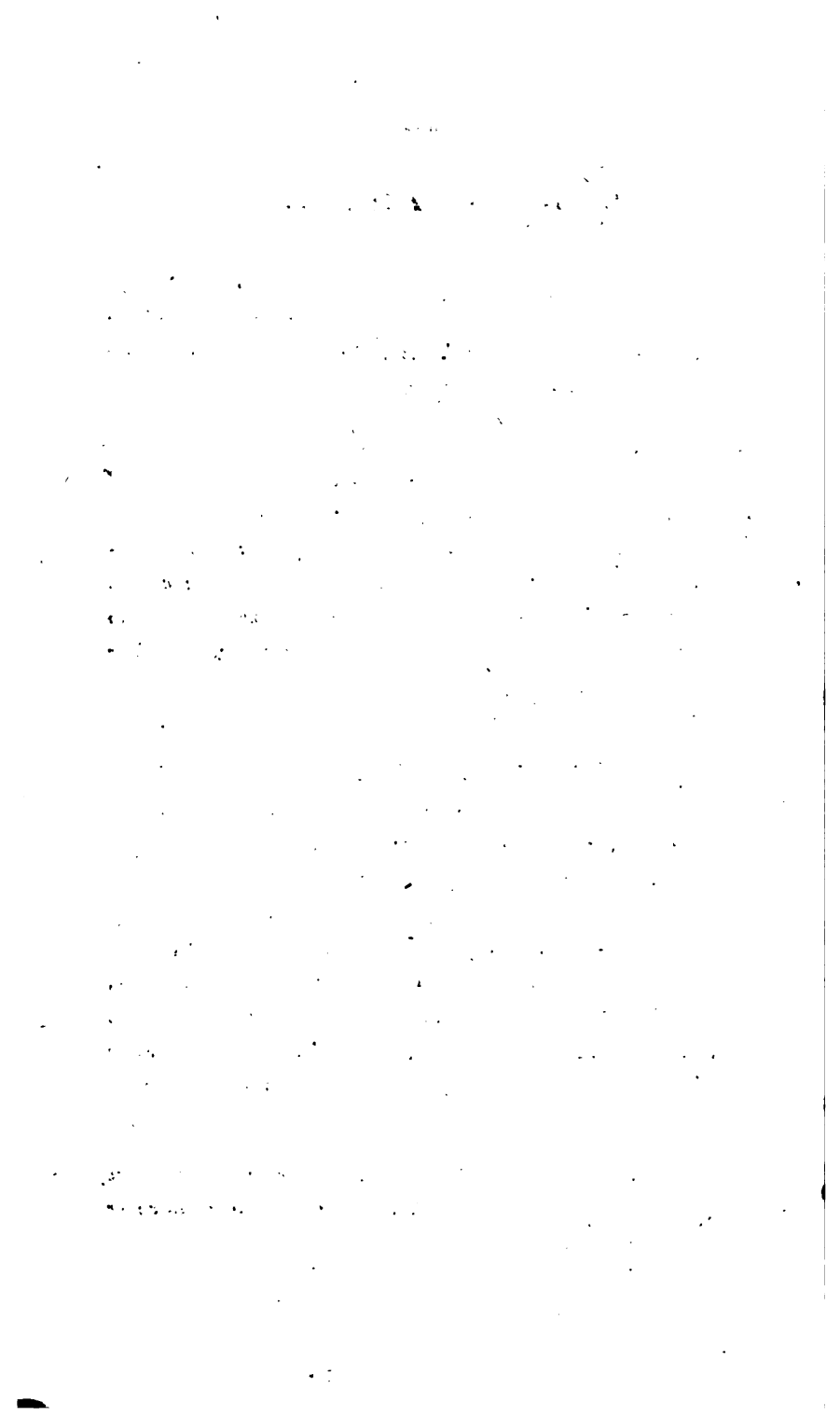
THE spirit which animates the Lion's Head being necessarily absent this month, its mouth must be closed. But the tidings will be received with as much satisfaction as they are announced,—that the danger which was at first apprehended is considerably diminished.

The occurrence alluded to above will account to the Correspondents of this Work for the non-notice of their favours; and to the readers, if they should observe any deficiency in the following pages:—for the circumstances, which led to the event, occurred quite unexpectedly; and at that particular period of the month, when it was the most difficult to obviate the consequences arising from them—not to mention, that those parties who could obviate them, were too much interested about the final result, to think of any thing else.

Lest any of the readers of this work should be unacquainted with the circumstances here alluded to, it may be proper to state, that on Friday, February the 16th, a meeting took place between Mr. Scott and the friend of Mr. Lockhart; the result of which was, that Mr. Scott received a dangerous wound, under the effects of which he is still lying, in a very precarious state—though it is hoped that the imminent danger, which attended the wound during the first few days, has now, in some degree, subsided. This meeting took place in consequence of some expressions publicly used by Mr. Lockhart's friend, which Mr. Scott considered as intentionally offensive to his feelings; and he called for a disavowal of such intention.—This was refused, and the parties met the same day.

Copies of Mr. Scott's Second Statement, relative to his difference with Mr. Lockhart, had been prepared, with the intention of stitching them up with the Magazine this Month; but the above circumstances seem to render this unnecessary.

Feb. 26, 1821.



Produced by the National Archives and Records Administration

I

TO THE

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THE

London Magazine.

Nº XV.

MARCH, 1821.

VOL. III.

THE STATUE OF THESEUS, AND THE SCULPTURE ROOM OF PHIDIAS.

MUTILATED and disfigured as it is, I never approach this majestic statue without feeling an indescribable awe, leading me, almost unconsciously, to take off my hat, and look up to it with silent reverence, as if I stood in the presence of some superior being.—This impression is probably compounded of the thrilling delight with which minds of any susceptibility usually contemplate the beauty of exquisite proportion—the vague apprehension inspired by gigantic bulk—and of that lingering homage still attaching itself to whatever has been once associated with the noblest and most solemn affections of the human heart, and contemplated as the figure of a divinity by the most civilized nations of the world.—Whatever be the elements of the sensation, never did I feel it so intensely as yesterday, when I pored upon every limb and muscle of this masterpiece of antiquity, until I fell into a reverie, or waking dream; wherein, with all the inconsistency of those mental delusions, I imagined myself to be sometimes at Athens, under the administration of the celebrated Pericles, and again at London, under the enlightened guidance of Lord Castlereagh.—In vain did I endeavour to account for that contemporaneous burst of human genius, under the patronage of the former, which enabled Athens to leap suddenly to the very pinnacle of renown, producing those miracles of art and science, to which, whe-

ther emerging from barbarism, or attempting improvement in the most refined state of civilization; the world has been invariably compelled to turn back, as to the sole, immutable, and eternal standards of purity and perfection. Fancy transported me to the period when the Parthenon was not yet completed; and methought that a ticket presented to me by Panæus, the kinsman of Phidias, gave me admittance to the sculpture room of that immortal artist, where all the glorious statues, for the two pediments of the building, were to be exhibited to some of the most distinguished citizens, previously to the indiscriminate admission of the people.

Never did so awful, so majestic a vision overwhelm my faculties. My spirit felt rebuked—my heart sank within me—I seemed endeavouring to shrink into myself, as if I had intruded upon Olympus, and sacrilegiously thrust myself into the presence of the immortal gods. Some time elapsed before I was sufficiently recovered to lift up my eyes, and fix them on the prodigies by which I was surrounded, when I observed that all the figures were arranged in the exact positions which they were to occupy in the respective pediments. Those intended for the front, which faces the Propylæa, and the long walls to the Piræus, represented the presentation of Minerva, by Jupiter, to the goddesses of Olympus. The sublime countenances, and stu-

pendous symmetry of the thunderer, who occupied the centre of the groupe, which remain indelibly impressed upon my heart, contrasted admirably with the milder majesty of the virgin Minerva; who, seated in her car, appeared to be slowly ascending Olympus. The figures for the posterior pediment, exhibited the dispute between Neptune and Minerva, to determine which of them should give a name to Attica; but before I could distinctly examine the blaze and glory of art which they displayed, I heard footsteps approaching; and, retracing to the extremity of the groupe, I seated myself in speechless admiration, behind the recumbent statue of Theseus.

Phidias, the superintendant of the works under Pericles, and author of the wonders with which I was surrounded, slowly advanced to the front of the principal groupe, and kneeling down with an expression of deep reverence, I heard him return thanks to the Gods that life and health had been granted him for the completion of his work; while he implored their forgiveness, if the imperfect conception of his mind, or inadequate execution of his hand, had disabled him from doing full justice to the divine originals.—Ah, said I to myself, here is the true secret of the inimitable sublimity of the Greek sculptors! That holy enthusiasm—that utter concentration of all the faculties necessary for the production of such masterpieces, can only be elicited by combining the stimulants of both worlds;—by believing that heaven as well as earth are waiting to shower down rewards upon the successful artist;—that the gods, as well as men, are to sit in judgment upon every effort of his chisel. Religious feelings only can create such prodigies of art, and religion only by dedicating them to the sacred edifices and public buildings, can adequately reward their creators. Hence the eminence of painting in Catholic countries, where every church is a perpetual stimulus, combining in the mind of the artist the excitement of devotion with the certainty of worldly remuneration; a conjunction of motives to which England must have recourse, if she ever hopes, in this respect, to equal her continental rivals.

From these reflections I was a-

roused by the opening of a door, and the entrance of a mixed party, ushered in by Alcamenes and Coletas, pupils of Phidias; among whom I distinguished a short thick-set man, remarkable for his slovenly dress, bald head, high forehead, and turned up nose.—That is Socrates, said I, in a whisper;—I know him by his ugliness.—What sort of mental hallucination possessed me I know not, but certainly I expressed neither surprise nor alarm at the miracle, when the statue of Theseus, in another whisper, thus replied to my observation:—"That which indicates intellect, is always admired among the Greeks. It is a maxim with them, that the lower the eyes are placed, the more does the human recede from the animal character:—those of Socrates, (a solitary instance), occupy nearly the middle of his head; to this they attribute his superior wisdom; and by the wisdom of his head they measure their admiration of its form."—The statue was silent, and I felt somewhat surprised at the minute and technical manner in which Socrates proceeded to criticise and examine the sculptures, until I recollected that he himself had been educated as a statuary, and attained such proficiency that the Three Graces, executed by his chisel, were long preserved in the citadel.

But I was soon to contemplate the most perfect union of intellectual and personal beauty, that the world perhaps ever produced; for a female stood before me, whose dignified, yet bewitching demeanour entirely rivetted my attention.—Though no longer in the first bloom of youth, and with a complexion enriched by the fervour of an Ionian sun, her countenance, when its features were not called into action, exhibited the majesty, beauty, and intelligence of the virgin Minerva; but no sooner did she smile, or even speak, than her dark hazel eyes shot forth a thousand fascinations; a voluptuous air diffused itself around her; and more Cupids seemed to lurk in her numerous dimples, than were ever summoned to the aid of Aphrodite, when she put forth all her allurements to win the prize from the Trojan shepherd.—Her face, deportment, and figure seemed compounded of the meads, the graces, and the loves; while

her dress, splendid, yet exquisitely tasteful—provocative, yet perfectly decorous, assimilated most happily with the characteristics of the wearer. Who is that lovely creature? I exclaimed—"Aspasia," replied the statue.—

Aspasia!—what a world of recollections does the name involve! Aspasia, the riddle and paradox of antiquity;—the courtesan, and the female philosopher;—the keeper of a brothel, and the most accomplished politician in Athens;—the mistress of Lysicles, the grazer, and the instructor of Socrates;—the cause of the Samian war, and the writer of the celebrated funeral oration pronounced by Pericles in honour of its victims—of which the eloquence was so touching, that the very mothers who had been rendered childless, followed him home with blessings, and showered garlands upon his head. Such was the celebrity of Aspasia, that Cyrus, the rival of Artaxerxes, bestowed her name upon his favourite mistress:—such was the ridicule and disrespect with which she was treated at Athens, that, in the comedies, she was publicly denominated "the new Omphale,"—"Delaira," and "Juno;" nay, "the Prostitute!" Such was the infatuation of Pericles for this woman, that he was never known to depart upon business, or return, without saluting her, until at last he married her:—but, above all, notwithstanding the infamy of her vocation, such was the decorum of her public conduct, and the overpowering splendour of her various talents, that the matrons of Athens did not hesitate to take their daughters to her house, that they might hear her discourse, and profit by her instructions.

And who is that grave personage, said I, upon whose arm she is leaning; whose dress, without any appearance of undue attention, is yet arranged with such scrupulous propriety; and whose head appears as much too long as that of Socrates is too round?—

"That is Pericles, whose head, on account of its disproportionate length, is generally represented covered with a helmet, and who, for the same reason, has received from the comic poets the name of the onion-headed. The youth beside him is his eldest

son Xanthippus;—Pericles, the second of his sons, is led behind him, by Euryptolemus, his nephew;—and yonder grey headed old man is his tutor, Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian, from his superior wisdom, surnamed "Nous,"—or the intelligence.—In the multiplicity of his public duties, Pericles forgot to make the necessary provision for his tutor's support; the philosopher had covered up his head, and was going to starve himself; when his pupil, hearing of his situation, ran instantly to his relief, expostulated, entreated forgiveness for his neglect, and implored him not to deprive his administration of so valuable a counsellor.—Uncovering his face, Anaxagoras exclaimed—"Ah Pericles! those that have need of a lamp, take care to supply it with oil."

At this moment, Aspasia approaching the spot where I sat, disengaged her arm from that of Pericles.—"Go"—said she playfully, "and examine those glorious works; why do you bestow all your attentions upon me, and none upon those goddesses?"—"Because," replied Pericles, "you are my only goddess." "Which of them?" resumed Aspasia, with an arch look.—"Take care, take care," said Socrates smiling;—"every one of those deities has been enamoured of more than one mortal, and if Pericles talks of exclusive devotion, even to a daughter of earth, he may have cause to rue their jealousy."—An obsequious smile, and ready laugh followed each of these observations from a listener behind, who instantly turned round to two companions, prepared with tablets to note down what he communicated in a whisper.

"That," said my marble colloquist, "is Cleon the factious demagogue, repeating what he has heard to Anytus and Melitus, and begging them to write it down, that it may be added to the materials of their intended prosecution against Socrates for impiety."—Those, then, are the scoundrels, said I to myself, who succeeded at last in procuring the death of that great philosopher, spite of his pretended Agathodæmon, and his real virtues.—Phidias, too, owed his death to pestilent and unprincipled informers of the same stamp—being accused of sacrilege in having introduced his

own effigy, as a bald old man, in the battle of the Amazons, represented upon Minerva's shield; as well as a portrait of Pericles, fighting with an Amazon, although the arm lifting up the spear, was artfully contrived, so as partly to conceal the face.—Nor did Aspasia escape an impeachment for impiety by Hermippus, the comic poet, from which she escaped only by the exertions of Pericles, who is reported to have shed more tears in her defence, than fell from him when so many of his friends and children perished in the great plague.—And had these men, said I, turning to the statue, so deep and sensitive a reverence for religion, as to feel the horror which they profess at such trifling peccadilloes?

"Treacherous knaves!" exclaimed the figure; "in their private orgies, and symposia, they make a mockery of every thing holy, and would trample on all the gods of Olympus, if it would advance them so many steps in their career of selfishness and ambition."

A loud and angry babbling of tongues in one corner of the room, attracted my attention, and casting my eyes in that direction, I perceived a knot of sophists wrangling fiercely about some new refutation of the well-known syllogistic puzzle—Epimenides said all Cretans were liars;—but Epimenides was himself a Cretan—therefore Epimenides was a liar—therefore the Cretans were not liars—therefore Epimenides was not a liar. Not one of them cast a glance at the surpassing marbles, or the distinguished living characters, by whom they were surrounded, and I soon found that all the realities of existence were hidden from their eyes, by a dense cloud of pedantry. To them the glories of nature and art were absolutely extinct; they lived in an atmosphere of quibbles; and while, in their perpetual and childish warfare, they were chopping at each other's heads with logic, and pelting one another with words, they would have been simply contemptible and ridiculous, had they not at the same time endeavoured, with a peevish subtlety, to jumble right and wrong, virtue and vice, and thus confound all the elements of the moral world, in one indistinguishable chaos.

What a volume of wit sparkles in the countenance of that young man, who is listening to their jargon with a sneering smile. Jibes and jeers, jokes, ridicule and burlesque seem to be flickering in every corner of his mouth; angry sarcasm, and indignant rebuke, glimmer through the flashes of his eyes, tempered only by those gentler emanations from the muse within, which would have made him the brightest poet of his age, had not the follies and vices of Athens compelled him to become its severest comic satirist.—I learnt from my communicative statue, that this was Aristophanes, watching both Socrates and the sophists, that he might burlesque them in his comedy of the Clouds; and that his two companions were Eupolis and Cratinus, the comic poets; who, in their calumnious wantonness, scrupled not to affirm that Phidias received female visitors in his house, under pretext of exhibiting his sculptures, but with the real intention of affording a cover for intrigues, and acting as a pandar to Pericles.—Pyrilampes was also pointed out to me; who, because he had a collection of curious birds, particularly peacocks, was reported, upon the same scandalous authority, to purchase them, merely that they might be bestowed as presents upon those women who granted their favours to Pericles.

And who is that handsome youth, said I, whose splendid armour, sparkling with steel and gold, is fashioned with such exquisite taste, and so happily adapted to display the symmetry of his fine figure?—"That is Alcibiades," was the reply; "he has visited the *Palæstra* this morning, merely as an excuse for appearing here in all the graces of his military costume; but the perfumes with which he is scented, and the affected lip which affords him an excuse for disclosing his white teeth, show that he has been contemplating other conquests than those which are to be achieved by arms.—And yet in war, no one more dauntless and hardy, as he fully proved at the battle of *Deium*, where he saved the life of Socrates, as Socrates had saved his at the fight of *Potidea*.

At some distance from this Athenian *Esquisse*, stood Critias, and a party of rival sculptors and statu-

afics, endeavouring not to see the most obvious merits in the works before them, and shrugging up their shoulders at the infatuation of Pericles, in patronizing an artist guilty of such gross blunders, as they had already detected. In fact, they had discovered that the wheel of Minerva's car wanted a linch-pin, while there were no marks for nails in one of the horse's shoes!

Three figures now approached me, whom I found to be Agatharchus, Parrhasius, and Zeuxis, the painters, the former of whom was vaunting the celerity and ease with which he finished his pieces. "If I boast," replied Zeuxis, "it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine,"—a speech which, apparently, has not been thrown away upon the first of our modern artists; who, though he may be as deliberate as his Athenian predecessor, bids fair, at least, to rival him in celebrity.—Discovering from their conversation that they were all employed in decorating the walls of the Parthenon, I could not help reflecting upon the nobler destiny of the sculptor, whose immortal productions can be sent down unimpaired to the lowest posterity; while the most exquisite painters cannot hope to leave any evidence of their skill, after the lapse of a very few centuries, and must content themselves, like the artists before me, with the shadowy perpetuation of a name.

Seated upon a stool, in front of the principal groupe, I observed two venerable looking men, each resting his chin upon a staff, while his hands were concealed by an ample beard. These were Sophocles and Euripides, the tragic writers, who agreed in pronouncing the composition before them defective, because it did not contain the fates or the furies, whose presence they had been accustomed to consider indispensable in their own productions. — "Look attentively," said my marble communicant, "at that broad shouldered figure, in the philosopher's robes, conversing with two young men.—It is Plato; and his companions are Xenophon and Thucydides, the historians; names which require no illustration, as they are assuredly destined to immortality."

Apart from the rest of the visi-

tants, I distinguished a sign of peculiarly sly expression, surveying the whole scene from the corners of his eyes; yet apparently wishing to assume an appearance of unconcern and indifference. This I found to be Damon, the deepest politician of Athens, the bosom friend and counsellor of Pericles; who, in order to avoid the jealousy of the turbulent democracy, concealed his interference in state affairs, under the cloak of a professor of music. In this capacity, he had procured the Odeum to be built; where prizes were annually distributed to the best musical performers. He was conversing with Ictinus and Callicrates, the builders of the Parthenon, the latter of whom had just declared that it had already cost a thousand talents, and that he hoped the gold mines of Laurium would hold out until it was completed—when a dislocation occurred in my ideas, which, without dissipating my reverie altogether, transferred it to modern times, and to the mutilated Theseus of the British Museum. As I gazed with intense admiration upon its back—that back, the sight of which Canova declared to be well worth a journey from Rome—I could not help exclaiming "with what delight must the ancients, with their exquisite relish for sculpture, have pored upon this *chef d'œuvre* of Phidias?"—

"Alas!" replied the figure, "you forget that, although now the noblest fragment left, I then occupied, as a deified hero, but a very subordinate station among the deities of his majestic groupe. My recumbent posture was destined to fill up the angle of one pediment, as the Illusus did of the other; and there was nothing but the celebrated horse's head between my figure, and the extremity of the building. This back, over which sculptors and anatomists now hang enraptured, might as well have been an unchiselled block; it was turned to the wall of the building, never meant to be seen; and in fact, no human eyes rested upon it for more than twenty-two centuries, when violence tore it from its position, and exhibited it to the applauses of the world. It was thus elaborately wrought, because it would have been held sacrilege, to dedicate any thing

imperfect to the gods; and because in the exuberant opulence of his art, Phidias could afford to be extravagant, and throw away a masterpiece upon a blind wall.—Judge hence of the superior majesty, of the more celestial grace and sublimity by which the central figures were made glorious to the eyes; but judge not, even from them, of the pinnacle to which Phidias could exalt his art. All these were fashioned for exposure to the injuries of the weather, and from the great height at which they were to be viewed, were meant to excite admiration by the grandeur of general effect, rather than the exquisiteness of minute detail. Imagine the awful beauty of the statues *within* the temple, where both were to be combined!—Conceive the stupendous symmetry of the Minerva, thirty-nine feet high—the still more majestic proportions of the Olympian Jupiter, executed for the Eleans!

How long this enumeration might have continued, it is impossible to say, but it was rudely broken, and the whole fabric of my reverie demolished by the voice of the museum porter.—“Sir, you’re the only gentleman left, and we always locks the doors at six.”—Once more I surveyed the marble upon which the living eyes of all the illustrious persons I have mentioned had been formerly fixed—as well as those of Cicero, Pliny, Pausanias, and Phutarch, who have recorded their visits to the Parthenon; and then, with slow steps, I quitted the building. On reaching the street, I still doubted whether I was in the Acropolis, the Agora, or before the theatre of Bacchus—when a lamplighter, scampering by me, skipped up his ladder, and, by the light of his lamp, I discovered, printed on a black board—“GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, BLOOMSBURY!”

H.

DEATH—POSTHUMOUS MEMORIALS—CHILDREN.

How I could expatiate upon the quaint lugubrious pleasantry, the social yet deep philosophy of your friend ELIA, as particularly illustrated in his delightful paper upon New Year’s Eve!—but the bandying of praises among Correspondents has too *Magazinish* a look:—I have learnt his essay by heart. Is it possible, said I to myself, when I first devoured it, that such a man can really feel such horrors at the thought of death, which he describes with so much humorous solemnity? But when I came to his conclusion, wherein he talks of the fears, “just now expressed, or *affected*,” I had presently a clue to his design.—Ha! I exclaimed, thou art the very Janus who hast always delighted in antithetical presentments; who lovest to exhibit thy tragic face in its most doleful gloom, that thou mayest incontinently turn upon us the sunshine of thy comic smile.—Thou wouldst not paint the miseries endured by a friendless boy at Christ’s, without a companion piece, portraying the enjoyments of a more fortunate youngster. Thou wouldst not pour forth the phials of thy wrath

upon the plant tobacco, without the redemption of an eulogy upon its virtues, more eloquent than Sir Walter Raleigh’s: nor hast thou now, as I trust, pronounced thy anathema against the “foul ugly phantom,” without being prepared, in the same happy strain, to chant a *palinode*. No, no. Death hath not any such grisly concomitants, considered either as a “thin, melancholy *privation*, or more confounding *positive*.” He is the sleeping partner of life, and we give ourselves up to him every night, without any compunctious visitings:—we know not, when we enter them, that the sheets of our bed shall not prove our winding sheets, yet our hearts quake not. We walk arm in arm with him almost every hour, and when his gentle hand draws the curtains around us, and covers us up in our narrow bed, what is it but to fall asleep, and to have a little longer to wait for the day-light.—As I return to my sequestered quiet cottage, after the bustle of a day in London, and a glimpse at the pageantry of the theatre; so after the great drama of life, shall we return to the tranquil non-existence from which we started:

—we have had our turn, and must make room for others.—

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice!—

Shakspeare, with his usual insight into human nature, has put the cowardly speech, of which this is the commencement, with all its monstrous notions of the Deity, and its abject and grovelling conclusion, into the mouth of *Clodio*, a dastard, who would purchase a pittance of life with his sister's dishonour—Well might she exclaim—

— O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Yet there is some force in the earnestness with which he urges the uncertain nature of death. "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."—And yet, after all, it is the love of what we are going from, more than the fear of what we are going to, that makes us draw back our foot when the grave opens beneath it. Three-fourths of mankind, in their last moments, seem more anxious to be recorded in this world than favoured in the next; and many masses ostensibly ordered for the repose of the soul, have really proceeded from a desire for perpetuating some remembrance of the body. No one likes to drop into the earth, like a pebble into the ocean, and let the waves of eternity close over him, without some record or memorial. We wish to keep up some connection with mortality, however slight; and we stretch back our shadowy arms from the tomb, to snatch at a phantom. Hence all our posthumous vanity, and monumental earth-clinging, — from the dateless pyramids, down to the recent will of Mrs. Mary Hoggins of St. Olave, Southwark, who bequeaths to the parish ringers "a leg of mutton and trimmings, *non avas*, for ringing a peal of triple-bob-majors on the anniversary of her birth." In commemorating its donor, the leg of mutton cannot fail more egregiously than the pyramids, which have entombed the names, as well as the bodies of their builders:—"they've been so long remembered they're forgot";—or, if Cheops and Ceph-

renes be indeed their founders, what have they perpetuated? An empty word, a sound, which we cannot incorporate in flesh and blood; no, nor even in bones and dust, for Cambyses and Belzoni were both forestalled. —The monarch's sarcophagus was found empty, while the bones of the sacred bull were still whole and recognizable. What a satire on human ambition!—Of *the Mausoleum*, one of the seven wonders of the world, not an atom remains:—we know nothing of him, who for so many centuries was its solitary tenant, while the name of the Queen who built it is familiar in our mouths, and will travel securely down to futurity from her having imparted it to a humble flower. What a triumph for nature!—I always keep some of these historical plants by me:—their hoar leaves tell a more affecting tale, than that inscribed by Apollo on the petals of the hyacinth.

Ingenuity has been exhausted in varying contrivances to defraud oblivion. Doggett has clothed his memory in a waterman's coat and badge; while another actor serves up the embalmed mummy of his name in a twelfth cake, to be annually devoured in the green-room. But the substance is soon lost in the shadow, the symbol recalls no recollection of the original; nothing remains but the name of a nonentity; and what is this worth?—Bucephalus perpetuated his name, as well as Alexander; the incendiary of Diana's temple eternised his, though it was forbidden to be uttered, while that of its first builder is lost. Vice, indeed, and folly have better chances of immortality, than virtue and wisdom; for the former only are registered in our Courts and Calends; and as blood and misery are the materials with which history builds, one destroyer of mankind shall outlast fifty benefactors. The Chinese have no annals, for they have had no wars. Poor-spirited wretch that I am!—no circumstances could have made me a hero, for, with shame I confess it, I would rather be a forgotten philosopher, than a remembered tyrant.

Poets have a much more substantial existence after death. The "*non omnia moriuntur*," is not altogether a vain boast; their minds actually survive; we are conversant

with these thoughts, words, and actions; we see a whole and sentiment character, disembodied indeed, but still sufficiently vital to become companionable, and to participate in a species of communion between the living and the dead. But alas! how quickly "comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears," and cuts off, for us moderns at least, even this precarious tenure. Only 498 years have elapsed since the death of Chaucer, and his dialect has become obsolete, even before his monument has quite decayed,—though that, too, is in a forlorn plight, and I would cheerfully subscribe towards its restoration, were it only for his having beaten a Franciscan Friar in Fleet-street. Gower, his contemporary, sleeps in St. Saviour's, Southwark, with his three great works under his head, where, and where only, their titles are still read: nor will that be practicable much longer; for, though his tomb was repaired only thirty years ago, it is again, from the dampness of its situation, hurrying to oblivion. The most popular of the moderns must soon become antiquated;—it is the dead languages only that live. But if the sons of Paradise cannot secure life for themselves, they may help to banish the fear of death in us; and I agree with Elia, that those pulling apprehensions may be "clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon,"—but not that this recipe is "your only-sps for these hypochondriacs."

Elia declares himself to be a bachelor;—I mention it not in disparagement; for it appears to have been his misfortune, rather than his fault. Had it been otherwise, he might, perhaps, have had children, and would have discovered that they alone can perform the seemingly inconsistent office of sweetening both life and death; throwing a charm over existence, and making "the foul ugly phantom" approach, like the destroyer of Hipparchus, with triumphant garlands around his weapon. Children are the best living possession and posthumous existence; and how delightful, as well as beneficial! What a beautiful mystery is a child! How awful in its incomprehensibility;—how enchanting an essence of human nature, with all its virtues full-blown, and

its flaws and imperfections undeveloped. They come to us fresh from the Creator's hand, and still retain the full savour of their Divine origin; they are the offspring of heaven, and resemble their parent.—How intensely characteristic of the boldest Jews was his exclamation, "*Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven*," and can we conceive a happier heaven than the mind of a child, into whose paradise regret for the past, and dread for the future, those demons by which manhood is haunted, have not yet intruded; where every thing is an exquisite enjoyment of presentness; and the rolling panorama of the world is beheld with all the keen relish that faculties, in their highest state of susceptibility for delightful impressions, can derive from the raciness of perpetual novelty. Christianity has adopted one cordial and endearing emblem, which gracefully succeeds to the winged *Aurelia* of the ancients; I mean the cherubs' heads, engraved upon our tombs. I love to see them flitting about, as if they were appointed to keep up the communication, and were ready to convey intelligence from one world to the other. As to the monumental scull, it is an offensive hieroglyphic of man; and the sculptured bones are but an unnecessary type of the cross. Away with them!

Ah! Elia! hadst thou possessed "offspring of thine own to dally with," thou wouldst never have made the melancholy avowal that thou hast "almost ceased to hope!" Thou wouldst have found rejuvenescence without *Medea's* cauldron, or *Saint Leon's* forbidden compact, or the pregnant elixir of the alchemists. There is a blossoming of spring in the autumn of man's life, a genuine second childhood, not feeble and fatuous, but vigorous and buoyant, when all the green associations of youth break out upon us in full bloom from sympathy with our offspring. There is it that we realise the delightful anticipation of the song,

And when with envy Time transported,

Shall think to rob us of our joys,

You'll in your Girls again be caught.

While I go wooing in my Boys.

Children afford an excuse for but

ness, as well as a plan for pleasure. When old Chantry, of Fenchurch-street, had realised a hundred thousand pounds, he was advised to retire from business, that he might enjoy himself—and be miserable. "I must take care of my children," was his reply; so he continued to do the only thing for which he was fitted, and, after many more laborious and prosperous seasons, died covered with years and plums. At Vauxhall, last summer, I met my grave and substantial neighbour, Frampton, who, with an air of some confusion at being detected in an enjoyment, assured me he had not been there before for many years, and only came then to give his children a treat. Mine, I am sure, give me a treat when they enable me to shake my sides at Grimaldi's jokes, and laugh the wrinkles out of my heart. Cares come with them too; it must be admitted; but it is better to have something to fear than nothing to hope. A father has no *sedes vita*; and he loves his children the better, when he considers them as the depositaries and concentrations of past anxieties. They exhilarate his life, smooth his pillow of death, and give even a domestic attraction to the grave, wherein he joins those that have gone before him, and waits for those that are to follow. In fact, he hardly dies; the living transcripts of his face and figure are still moving upon the earth; his name survives, embodied in another self; his blood is still flowing through human veins, and may continue its crimson current till the great wheel shall stand still. What posthumous memorial so vital as this?

But children are often wayward and mischievous, and it is not less painful than necessary to correct them.—I cannot deny it; for unfortunately the proof is now before me; and as Elia has given us a glimpse of a bachelor's study, with its huge folios, I will present to him a little scene from a parent's parlour.—There stands my daughter Rosalind in disgrace! Relying upon the almost intuitive quickness of her mind, she has contented herself with casting one hasty glance upon her lesson, and, in school language, has been *turned back*; not without a smart reprimand for her *idleness* and *precipitation*.—She listens in tingling silence; and as

she hangs down her head, her limbs, falling forward, enable me to discover every articulation of the blue veins in her fair temple. A deep blush suffuses her face, while, with a mixed emotion of shame, and of a proud consciousness that she does not deserve the epithet "*dunce*," which has been applied to her, she is pressing her lips together to prevent her crying.—But it is in vain; beneath the long lashes of her downcast eyes the tears are coming out—they roll slowly over her crimsoned cheek, and fall upon the neglected book, one of whose leaves she is perseveringly twiddling with her finger and thumb.—In a farther corner of the room, upon the stool of repentance, sits my noble, warm-hearted boy, Alfred, whose interdicted ball has for the second time broken me a large pane of glass; for which I have not only villipended him with angry looks and scolding voice, but have forbidden the intended visit to-morrow to his uncle. He is sobbing aloud; and through the tears, which refusing to be mopped up by the backs of both his hands, have made a wet patch in his pinafore, he steals at me now and then an inquiring glance; but, on observing the severity of my countenance, instantly recalls his eyes. His is not the artifice of a cunning or cowardly child, exaggerating its distress to excite compassion; nor the hateful anger of a revengeful one; nor the passion of an irascible one; but it is the boiling over of an affectionate heart, ready to break, because it is no longer in communion with mine, and because he cannot give vent to his love to-morrow, by pouting up his lips to kiss his cousins.

All this presents a painful picture to a father.—But is it nothing to anticipate the hour of reconciliation, when, with sparkling eyes, my children shall leap to my bosom? Is it nothing to know from experience that the tide of affection will gush more abundantly from this temporary interruption, and that I shall again be able to exclaim with old Dornton in the play—"who would not be a father?"—Is it nothing that—but I have described this happy moment till I can wait for its arrival no longer. God bless ye, my darlings; come to my arms at once!

While I have been wiping my children's eyes and my own, one of those involuntary thoughts which shoot across the brain like meteors, led me to ask what might be the future fate and fortune of those whom I was embracing. Affecting speculation!—Is it possible that these vivacious beings, bounding about in an intoxication of delight from the mere luxury of existence, can become old, and querulous, and paralytic, and crawl along upon crutches?—Stale morality, to rake in the grave for dusty mementos of our evanescency: to hold up a dead man's skull before our eyes, as if we drank our wine out of it, and wished to hob-a-nob,—or beat the devil's tattoo upon our memories with a skeleton's drumsticks! If we wish to stamp this moral upon our hearts, let us compare man with himself; let us contemplate the death of the living; of those who have survived themselves, and become their own tombs. Never did I feel so acutely the vanity of life, as when, in a palsied and superannuated old woman, I was told I beheld the celebrated beauty, upon whom Lord Chesterfield had written the well known song—

Fair Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colts untamed—

But there is one pang; and an agonizing one it is, from which bachelors are happily exempt. Heaven sometimes reclaims the most beautiful of our angels for itself. When our children have just fastened themselves to our hearts by a thousand ties, death, then, indeed, “a foul ugly phantom,” will stretch forth his bony hand to wrench them from us, and almost tear up our hearts by the

roots in the struggle! This excruciating disruption I have lately undergone, and I still shudder when I think of it. Farewell, my poor little —!—I knew I could not pronounce her name; but I find I cannot even write it; and (yet such is the different construction of minds!) her mother, whose distress was much more pungent than my own, found a solace in cherishing and nursing her memory, and could even bear to arrange her sorrows in verse. I enclose you the lines: it is needless to say, that they were never meant for publication, and affect no merit beyond the simple expression of the feelings they were intended to alleviate.

And now, Mr. Editor, I feel, that for all this nursery nonsense, some apology is due to your bachelor readers, always, however, excepting Elia, whose heart, whatever may be his real state, is assuredly cordial and parental. Assume an object, if you have it not. Let your Benedictine perusers, therefore, and all the Herods of the LONDON MAGAZINE, laud me for my moderation and brevity, when they learn that I have been merely writing to illustrate this position—Paternity is as garrulous as old age. God help me! I shall soon have *both* pleas to offer; and yet; “I bate no jot of heart or hope.”—I have run three fourths of my race without any diminution of happiness, and I will not anticipate it for the future; nothing shall destroy my confidence in the benignant provisions of nature.—To yourself, Sir, I offer no extenuation of my prolixity: your own heart will justify the overflowings of mine; for you are, I believe, like myself,

A FATHER.

Lines on the Death of an Infant.

'Tis hard, dear babe, to think that for ever we must part,
That thou again wilt never be press'd unto my heart,
For tho' thou wert but young, thou wert made to us most dear,
By a little age of sickness, anxiety, and fear.—

How often with thy father have I sat beside thy bed,
How we look'd at one another when thy colour came and fled;
For death we both forboded, though we dared not tell our fears;
And we turn'd aside our faces to hide the coming tears.

How sweet it was to listen to each newly prattled word,
And to see thy dark eyes glisten with the look of health restor'd;
But alas! thy beauty's blossom could scarce unfold its charms;
When the cruel hand of death came to pluck thee from our arms.

No stranger without shrinking could have seen thine eyes; still bright,
 Fix'd open without winking, when thy spirit took its flight,
 Then what must we have suffer'd who so watch'd them when awake,
 And mightily on their sleep stole a silent kiss to take.

In every thing there lingers some thought of thee behind,
 I feel thy little fingers still round my own entwined;
 Not a night but in my dreams I hear thy little cries;
 I start awake—and think—and the tears suffuse my eyes.

Thy trinkets, toys, and dresses, we are forced to hide them all;
 They waken new distresses by the scenes that they recall;
 And every lovely child whom we happen to accost,
 Brings thrilling recollections of the beauty we have lost.—

But if so many objects our sorrows can excite,
 From others we may borrow a solace and delight;
 And when we mourn the blessing of which we are bereft,
 Let us think with grateful hearts of the many that are left.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. IV.

TALE OF RICHARD FAULDER, MARINER.

An ancient curse still clings to their name. *Old Ballad.*

It was, I think, in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-three, that, one fine summer evening, I sat on the summit of Rosefoster-cliff, gazing on the multitudes of waves which, swelled by the breeze, and whitened by the moonlight, undulated as far as the eye could reach. The many lights, gleaming from Allanbay, were extinguished one by one; the twinklings of remote Saint Bees glimmered fainter and fainter on the Solway; while the villages and mansions on the Scottish coast, from Annand to Kirkcudbright, were perfectly silent and dark, as beseemed that devout and frugal people. As I sat and thought on the perils I had encountered and braved on the great deep, I observed a low dark mist arise from the middle of the Solway; which, swelling out, suddenly came rolling huge and sable towards the Cumberland shore. Nor was fear or fancy long in supplying this exhalation with sails, and penons, and the busy hum and murmur of mariners. As it approached the cliff on which I had seated myself, it was not without dismay, that I observed it become more dark, and assume more distinctly the shape of a barge with a shroud for a sail. It left the sea, and settled on the beach within sea-

mark, maintaining still its form, and still sending forth the merry din of mariners. In a moment the voices were changed from mirth to sorrow; and I heard a sound and outcry like the shriek of a ship's company whom the sea is swallowing. The cloud dissolved away, and in its place I beheld, as it were, the forms of seven men, shaped from the cloud, and stretched black on the beach—even as corpses are prepared for the coffin. I was then young, and not conversant with the ways in which He above reveals and shadows out approaching sorrow to man. I went down to the beach, and though the moon, nigh the full, and in mid-heaven, threw down an unbroken light,—rendering visible mountain, and headland, and sea, so that I might count the pebbles and shells on the shore,—the seven black shadows of men had not departed, and there appeared a space in the middle, like room measured out for an eighth. A strange terror came upon me; and I began to dread that this vision was sent for my warning—for be assured, heaven hath many and singular revelations for the welfare and instruction of man. I prayed, and, while I prayed, the seven shadows began to move—filling up the space

prepared for another:—then they waxed dimmer, and dimmer,—and then wholly vanished!

I was much moved; and, deeming it the revelation of approaching sorrow, in which I was to be a sharer, it was past midnight before I could fall asleep. The sun had been sometime risen when I was awakened by Simon Forester, who, coming to my bed-side, said—“*Richard Faulder arise, for young Lord William of Helvellyn-Hall has launched his new barge on the Solway, and seven of the best and boldest mariners of Allanbay must bear him company to bring his fair bride from Preston-Hall—even at the foot of the mountain Criffell; hasten and come, for he sails not, be sure, without Richard Faulder!*”

It was a gallant sight to see a shallop, with her halsers and sails of silk, covered with streamers, and damasked with gold, pushing gayly from the bay. It was gallant, too, to behold the lordly bridegroom, as he stood on the prow, looking towards his true-love's land,—not heeding the shout, and the song, and the music-swell, with which his departure was hailed. It was gallant to see the maids and the matrons of Cumberland, standing in crowds, on headland and cliff, waving their white hands seaward, as we spread our sails to the wind, and shot away into the Solway, with our streamers dancing and fluttering, like the mane

of a steed as he gallops against the wind. Proud of our charge, and glorying in our skill, we made the good ship go through the surge as we willed; and every turn we made, and every time we wetted her silken sails, there came shout and trumpet-sound from the shore, applauding the seven merry mariners of Allanbay.

Helvellyn-Hall, of which there is now no stone standing,—save an old sun-dial, around which herdsmen gather at noon-day, to hear of old marvels of the Foresters,—was an extensive mansion, built in the times when perils from the pirate and the foot were dreaded,—and stood on a swelling knoll, encompassed with wood, visible from afar to mariners. In the centre was a tower, and on the summit of the tower was a seat, and in that seat tradition will yet tell you, that the good Lord Walter Forester sat for a certain time, in every day of the year, looking on the sea. The swallows and other birds which made their nests and their roosts on the castle-top, became so accustomed to his presence, that they built, and sang, and brought forth their young beside him; and old men, as they beheld him, shook their heads, and muttered over the ancient prophecy, which a saint, who suffered from persecution, had uttered against the house of Helvellyn.

Let the Lord of Helvellyn look long on the sea—
For a sound shall he hear, and a sight shall he see;
The sight he shall see is a bonnie ship sailing,
The sound he shall hear is of weeping and wailing;
A sight shall he see on the green Solway shore,
And no lord of Helvellyn shall ever see more.

As we scudded swiftly through the water, I looked towards the shore of Cumberland, stretching far and near, with all its winding outline, interrupted with woody promontories; and there I beheld the old Lord Walter of Helvellyn, seated on the topmost tower of his castle, looking towards the Scottish shore. I thought on the dying man's rhyme; and thought on the vision of last night; and I counted the mariners, and looked again on the castle and Lord Walter; and I saw that the fulfilling of the prophecy and the vision was approaching. Though

deeply affected, I managed the barge with my customary skill, and she flew across the bay, leaving a long furrow of foam from behind. Michael Hammer, an old mariner of Allanbay, afterwards told me, he never beheld a fairer sight than the barge that day breasting the billows,—and he stood, warding off the sun with his hands from his fading eyes, till we reached the middle of the bay. At that time, he said, he beheld something like a ship formed of a black cloud, sailing beside us, which moved as we moved, and tacked as we tacked,—had the semblance of

the same number of weariness, and, in every way, appeared like the bridegroom's barge! He trembled with dismay, for he knew the spectre shallop of Solway, which always sails by the side of the ship which the sea is about to swallow. It was not my fortune to behold fully this fearful vision; but, while I gazed towards Helvellyn-Hall, I felt a dread, and although I saw nothing on which my fears could fix, I remember that a kind of haze or exhalation, resembling the thin shooting of a distant light, floated through the air at our side; which I could not long endure to look upon. The old Lord still preserved his position on the tower, and sat gazing towards us, as still and motionless as a marble statue, and with an intensity of gaze like one who is watching the coming of destiny.

The acclamations which greeted our departure from Cumberland, were exceeded by those which welcomed us to the Scottish shore. The romantic and mountainous coast of Colvend and Siddick was crowded with shepherd, and matron, and maid, who stood as motionless as their native rocks, and as silent too, till we approached within reach of their voices, and then such a shout arose, as startled the gulls and cormorants from rock and cavern for a full mile. The Scotch are a demure, a careful, and a singular people; and, amid much homeliness of manner, have something of a poetical way of displaying their affections, — which they treasure too for great occasions, or, as they say, "*deimen times*." There are certain of their rustics much given to the composition of song and of ballad, in which a natural elegance occasionally glimmers among their antique and liquid dialect. I have been told the Lowland language of Scotland is more soft and persuasive than even that of

England; and assuredly, there was Martin Robison, a mariner of mine, in the Mermaid, whose wily Scotch tongue made the hearts of half the daisies of Cumberland dance to their lips. But many of their ballads are of a barbarous jingle, and can only be admired because the names of those whom their authors love and hate, and the names of hill, and dale, and coast, and stream, are interwoven with a ready ease unknown among the rustic rhymes of any other people.

Preston-Hall—the plough has long since passed over its foundation stones!—was long the residence of a branch of the powerful and ancient name of Maxwell; and such was its fame for generosity, that the beggar or pilgrim who went in at the eastern gate empty, always came out at the western gate full, and blessing the bounty of the proprietor. It stood at the bottom of a deep and beautiful bay, at the entrance of which two knolls, slow in their swell from the land, and abrupt in their rise from the sea, — seemed, almost, to shut out all approach. In former times, they had been crowned with slight towers of defence. It was a fairy nook for beauty; and tradition, which loves to embellish the scenes on which nature has been lavish of her bounty, asserted that the twin hilllocks of Preston bay were formerly one green hill, till a wizard, whose name has not yet echoed to work marvels, cleft the knoll asunder with his wand, and poured the sea into the aperture, — laying, at the same time, the foundation-stone of Preston-Hall with his own hand.* On the sides and summits of these small hills, stood two crowds of peasants who welcomed the coming of Lord William with the sounding of instruments of no remarkable harmony. As this clamorous hail ceased, the melody of maidens'

* Scotland is rife with the labours of wizard and witch. The beautiful green mountain of Criffel, and its lesser and immediate companions, were created by a singular disaster which befel Dame Ailie Gunson. This noted and malignant witch had sustained an insult from the sea of Solway, as she crossed it in her wizzard shallop, formed from a cast off slipper; she, therefore, gathered a huge crewful of earth and moat, and, stride after stride, was advancing to close up for ever the entrance of that beautiful bay! An old and devout mariner who witnessed her approach, thrice blessed himself, and at each time a small mountain fell out of the witch's creel; the last was the largest, and formed the mountain Criffel, which certain rustic antiquarians say is softened from "creel fell," for the witch dropt earth and creel in despair.

songues made ample amends for the instrumental discord. They greeted us as we passed with this poetical welcome after the manner of their country.

THE MAIDENS' SONG.

Maids of Colvend.

Ye maidens of Allanbay sore may ye mourn,
For your lover is gone—and will wedded return;
Her white sail is fill'd, and the barge cannot stay,
Wide flashes the water—she shoots through the bay.
Weep maidens of Cumberland, shower your tears satter,—
The priest is prepared, and the bride's at the altar!

Maids of Siddick.

The bride she is gone to the altar—and far,
And in wrath flies gay Gordon of green Lochinvar;
Young Maxwell of Munsties, thy gold spur is dyed
In thy steed, and thy heart leaps in anguish and pride—
The bold men of Annand and proud Niddisdale
Have lost her they loved, and may join in the wail.

Maids of Colvend.

Lord William is come; and the bird on the pine,
The leaf on the tree, and the ship on the brine,
The blue heaven above, and below the green earth,
Seem proud of his presence, and burst into mirth.
Then come, thou proud fair one, in meek modest mood—
The bridal-bed's ready—unloosen thy snood!

Maids of Siddick.

The bridal-bed's ready;—but hearken, high lord!
Though strong be thy right arm, and sharp be thy sword,—
Mock not Beatrice Maxwell!—else there shall be sorrow
Through Helvellyn's vallies, ere sun-rise to-morrow:
Away, haste away! can a gallant groom falter,
When the bridal-wine's pour'd, and the bride's at the altar!

During this minstrel salutation, the barge floated into the bosom of Preston-bay; and, through all its woody links, and greenwood nooks, the song sounded mellow and more mellow, as it was flung from point to point over the sunny water. The barge soon approached the green sward, which, sloping downwards from the hall, bordering with its liveller hue the dull deep green of the ocean, presented a ready landing place. When we were within a lance's length of the shore, there appeared, coming towards us from a deep grove of holly, a female figure, attired in the manner of the farmer matrons of Scotland,—with a small plaid, or mantle, fastened over her grey lint-and-wollen gown, and a white cap, or mutch, surmounting, rather than covering, a profusion of lyart locks which came over her brow and neck, like remains of

winter snow. She aided her steps with a staff, and descending to the prow of the barge, till the sea touched her feet, stretched her staff seaward, and said with a deep voice and an unembarrassed tone—"What wouldst thou, William Forster, the doomed son of a doomed house, with Beatrice Maxwell, the blessed child of a house whose name shall live, and whose children shall breathe, while green woods grow, and clear streams run? Return as thou camest, nor touch a shore hostile to thee and thine. If thy foot displaces but one blade of grass—thy life will be as brief as the endurance of thy name, which that giddy boy is even now writing on the sand within sea-mark:—the next tide will pass over thee—and blot it out for ever and for ever! Thy father, even now watching thy course from his castle top, shall soon cease to be the warder of his house's destiny; and

the Cumberland boor, as he gazes into the bosom of the Solway, shall sigh for the ancient and valiant name of Forster."

While this singular speech was uttering, I gazed on the person of the speaker—from whom no one, who once looked, could well withdraw his eyes. She seemed some seventy years old, but unbowed or unbroken by age,—and had that kind of commanding look, which common spirits dread. Lord William listened to her words with a look of kindness and respect:—"Margery Forsythe," he said, "thou couldst have prophesied more fortunately and wisely hadst thou wished it—but thou art a faithful friend and servant to my Beatrice—accept this broad piece of gold, and imagine a more pleasant tale, when, with the evening tide, I return with my love to Helvellyn." The gold fell at the old woman's feet, but it lay glittering, and untouched among the grass, for her mind and eye seemed intent on matters connected with the glory of her master's house. "Friend am I to Beatrice Maxwell, but no servant," said Margery, in a haughty tone, "though it's sweet to serve a face so beautiful.—Touch not this shore, I say again, William Forster—but it's vain to forbid—the thing that must be must—we are fore-ordained to run our course—and this is the last course of the gallant house of Forster." She then stepped aside, opposing Lord William no longer, who, impatient at her opposition, was preparing to leap ashore. Dipping her staff in the water as a fisher dips his rod, she held it dripping towards the Solway, to which she now addressed herself:—"False and fathomless sea—slumbering now in the sweet summer sun, like a new lulled babe, I have lived by thy side for years of sin that I shall not sum; and every year hast thou craved and yearned for thy morsel, and made the maids and matrons wail in green Galloway and Nithdale. When shalt thou be satisfied, thou hungry sea?—even now, sunny and sweet as thou seemest, dost thou crave for the mouthful ordained to thee by ancient prophecy, and the fair and the dainty morsel is at hand."

Her eyes, dim and spiritless at first, became filled, while she uttered

this apostrophe to the sea, with a wild and agitated light—her stature seemed to augment, and her face to dilate with more of grief than joy, and her locks, snowy and sapless with age, writhed on her forehead and temples, as if possessed with a distinct life of their own. Throwing her staff into the sea, she then went into the grove of holly, and disappeared. "May I be buried beyond the plummet sound," said Sam Selby of Skiddawbeck, "if I fail to prove if that dame's tartan kirtle will flatten swan-shot,—I never listened to such unblest language," and he presented his carbine after her—while William Macgowan, a Galloway sailor, laid his hand on the muzzle and said—"I'll tell thee what, Margery Forsythe, has mair forecast in the concerns o' the great deep than a wise mariner ought to despise. Swan-shot, man!—she would shake it off her charmed callimanco kirtle, as a swan shakes snow from its wings. I see ye're scanty acquainted with the uncannie pranks of our Colvend Carline. But gang up to the Boran point and down to Barnhourie bank, and if the crews of two bonnie ships, buried under fifteen fathom of quicksand and running water, winna waken and tell ye whose uncannie skill sunk them there; the simplest hind will whisper ye that Margery Forsythe kens mair about it than a God-fearing woman should. So ye see, Lord William Forster, I would even counsel ye to make yere presenoe scarce on this kittle coast—just wyse yersel warily owre the salt water again. And true-love's no like a new-killed kid in summer—it will keep, ye see; it will keep. This cross Cumber will grow kindly, and we shall come snoring back in our barge, some bonnie moonlight summer night, and carry away my young lady with a sweeping oar and a wetted sail. For if we persist when Carline resists, we shall have wet sarks and droukit hair. Sae ye laugh and listen not? Aweel, aweel, them that will, to Couper will to Couper!—a doomed man's easily drowned!—the thing that maun be maun be!—and sic things shall be if we sell ale!"

These predestinating exclamations were occasioned by a long train of bridal guests hurrying from the hall

to receive the bridegroom, who, disregarding all admonition, leaped gaily ashore, and was welcomed with trumpet flourish and the continued sound of the lowland pipe. He was followed by six of his seven mariners, I alone remained—overawed by the vision I had beheld on the preceding night—by the prophetic words of the sorceress of Sidsick—and by that boding forecast of disaster, which the wise would do well to regard.

On all sides people were seated on the rising grounds: the tree tops, the immemorial resting places of ravens and rooks, were filled with young men, anxious to see the procession to the chapel of Preston, and hearken the bridal joy; and even the rough and dizzy cliff of Barnhourie Burn, which over-looks the Solway for many miles, had the possession of its summit disputed with its native cormorants and eagles, by some venturesome school-boys, who thus showed that love of adventure which belongs to the children of the sea-coast. The sun was in noon when we landed in Preston-bay, and its edge was touching the grassy tops of the western hills of Galloway, when shout above shout, from wood and eminence,—the waving of white hands from field and knoll, and the sudden awakening of all manner of clamorous and mirthful melody, announced the coming of the bridal crowd. The gates of Preston-Hall burst suddenly open; out upon the level lawn gushed an inundation of youths and maidens clad in their richest dresses, and the living stream flowed down to the Solway side. As they approached, a shallop, covered from the mast-head to the water with streamers, and pennons, and garlands, came suddenly from a small anchorage scooped out of the bosom of the garden, making the coming tide gleam to a distance, with the gold and silver lavished in its decoration. But my admiration of this beautiful shallop was soon interrupted by the appearance of a lady, who, standing on the ground by the prow of the bride's barge, looked earnestly seaward, and trembled so much, that the white satin dress which covered her from bosom to heel—studded, and sewn, and

flowered with the most costly stones and metals—shook as if touched by an ungentle wind. Her long tresses of raven black hair—and which, in the boast of maidenhood of my early days, descended till she could sit upon them—partook of her agitation. Her eyes, alone, large and bright, and fringed with long lashes of a black still deeper than that of her hair, were calm and contemplative, and seemed with her mind meditating on some perilous thing. While she stood thus, a maiden came to her side, and casting a long white veil—a present from the bridegroom—over her head, shrouded her to the feet; but the elegance of her form, and the deep dark glance of her expressive eyes triumphed over the costly gift;—though the fringe was of diamonds, and the disastrous tale of the youth who perished swimming over the Solway to his love, was wrought, or rather damasked, in the middle. I could have gazed from that hour till this on this beautiful vision; but, while I looked, there came slowly from the wood a figure of a woman, bent with age or distress to the ground, and entirely covered in a black mantle: she approached the bride unperceived, and lay down at her feet—as a foot-stool on which she must tread before she could enter the shallop. This was unheeded of many, or of all; for the blessings showered by all ranks on the departing pair,—the bustle of the mariners preparing to sail with the tide, which now filled Preston-bay,—the sounding of bugle and pipe,—and the unremitting rivalry in song and ballad, between the mariners in the barges of the bridegroom and bride, successively filled every mind—save mine, overclouded then, and as it has ever since been, before some coming calamity. Ballad and song passed over my memory without leaving a verse behind; one song alone, sung by a mariner of Allan-bay, and which has long been popular on the coast, interested me much,—more, I confess, from the dark and mysterious manner in which it figured or shadowed forth our catastrophe, than from its poetical merit, the last verse alone approaching to the true tone of the lyric.

MICHAEL MALMER'S SONG.

1.

Upon the bonnie mountain side, upon the leafy trees;
 Upon the rich and golden fields, upon the deep green seas,
 The wind comes breathing freshly forth—ho! pluck up from the sand
 Our anchor, and go shooting as a wing'd shaft from the land!
 The sheep love Skiddaw's lonesome top—the shepherd loves his hill—
 The throstle loves the budding bush—sweet woman loves her will—
 The lark loves heaven for visiting, but green earth for her home;
 And I love the good ship, singing through the billows in their foam.

2.

My son, a gray-hair'd peasant said, leap on the grassy land,
 And deeper than five fathom sink thine anchor in the sand;
 And meek and humble make thy heart for ere yon bright'ning moon
 Lifts her wondrous lamp above the wave amid night's lonely noon,
 There shall be shriekings heard at sea—lamentings heard ashore—
 My son, go pluck thy main-sail down, and tempt the heaven no more,
 Come forth and weep, come forth and pray, grey dame and hoary swain—
 All ye who have got sons to-night upon the faithless main.

3.

And wherefore, old man, should I turn? dost hear the merry pipe,
 The harvest bugle winding among Scotland's corn-fields ripe,
 And see her dark-eyed maidens dance, whose willing arms alway
 Are open for the merry lads of bonnie Allanbay?
 Full sore the old man sigh'd—and said, go bid the mountain wind
 Breathe softer, and the deep waves hear the prayers of frail mankind,
 And mar the whirlwind in his might—his hoary head he shook,
 Gazed on the youth, and on the sea, and sadder wax'd his look.

4.

Lo! look! here comes our lovely bride—breathes there a wind so rude
 As chafe the billows when she goes in beauty o'er the flood;
 The raven fleece that dances on her round and swan-white neck;
 The white foot that wakes music on the smooth and shaven deck;
 The white hand that goes waving thus, as if it told the brine—
 Be gentle in your ministry, o'er you I rule and reign;
 The eye that looks so lovely, yet so lofty in its sway—
 Old man, the sea adores them—so adieu sweet Allanbay.

During the continuance of this song, an old gentleman of the house of Maxwell, advancing through the press to the barges, said aloud—"A challenge, ye gallants, a challenge!—let the bridegroom take his merry mariners of England—let the bride take her mariners of old Galloway—push the barges from Preston-bay, as the signal-pipe sounds; and a ton of blood-red wine to a cup-fail of cold water, that we reach Allanbay first." As the old man finished his challenge, hundreds of hats, and bonnets too, were thrown into the air, and the bridegroom, with a smile, took his offered hand and said,—“What? Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, wilt thou brave us too?—A ton of the richest wine to a drink of the saltiest brine in the centre of Solway, that the merry lads of Allanbay exceed thee at least by ten strokes of

the oar.” The English mariners replied, as is their wont—with a shout, threw aside their jackets and caps, and prepared gladly for the coming contest; nor were the mariners of Siddick and Colvend slow in preparing: they made themselves ready with that silent and sedate alacrity peculiar to that singular people. “May I never see Skiddaw again,” said Walter Selby of Derwent, “nor taste Nancy Grogson's grog, or her pretty daughter's lips, if the freshwater lads of Barnhourie surpass the saltwater lads of Allanbay.”—“And for my part,” said Charles Carson, “in answer to my comrade's vow, may I be turned into a sheldrake, and doomed to swim to doomsday in the lang black lake of Loughmaben, if the powk-puds of Skiddaw surpass the cannie lads of green Galloway.” And both

parties, matched in numbers, in strength—of equal years, and of similar ability, stood with looks askance on each other, ready to start and willing to win the bridal boast, and the bride or bridegroom's favour. "And now my sweet bride," said Lord William, "shall I help thee into thy barge?—Loth am I that thy kinsman's vaunt causes a brief separation:—now guide thy barge wisely and warily," said he to her helmsman, "I would liefer pay the wine for thy mistress ten thousand fold than one lock of her raven hair should be put in jeopardy.—If thou bringest her harmless into Allanbay I shall give an hundred pieces of gold to thee and thy mates.—Shouldest thou peril her in thy folly, come before my face no more." "Peril Beatrice Maxwell, Lord William," said the Scottish helmsman, with a look of proud scorn, "My fathers have fought to the saddle laps in English blood for

the man of the house of Maxwell—and I would rather see all who own the surname o' Forster sinking in the Solway without one to help them, than be the cause of the fair maiden of Preston soiling slipper or snood.—I see ye dinna ken ought of the Howatsons of Glenhowan." "I know nought of the Howatsons of Glenhowan," said the bridegroom, "but what I am proud and pleased with—therefore ply the oar and manage the sail, for I have men with me who will put you to your might in both." To this conciliating speech the maritime representative of the ancient Howatsons of Glenhowan returned no answer, but busying himself in his vocation, chaunted, as was his wont on going upon any important mission, some fragments of an old ballad—made by one of the minstrels of the house of Maxwell, when its glory was at the fullest.

1.

"Give the sail to the south-wind, thou mariner bold,
Keep the vessel all stately and steady,
And sever the green grassy sward with her prow,
Where yon lances gleam level and ready."
"An ominous star sits above the bright moon,
And the vessel goes faster and faster;
And see the changed planet so lovely even now
Glow like blood, and betokens disaster."

2.

"The moon, thou coward churl—lo! see the swift shafts
All as fleet as the winter snow flying,
And hearken the war steed—he neighs in his strength,
And tramples the dead and the dying."
And the bark smote the ground and ashore they all leapt
With war-shout, and pipe-note, and clangor
Of two handed claymore and hauberk—and soon
Their foes they consumed in their anger.

3.

All on yon fair shore where the cowslips bloom thick,
And the sea-waves so brightly are leaping,
The sun saw in gladness—the moon saw in death
Three hundred proud Foresters sleeping:
And long shall the Cumberland damosels weep
Where the sweet Ellenwater is flowan,
The hour the gay lads of Helvellyn were slain
By Lord Maxwell and gallant Glenhowan.

Ere the song had ceased the bride proceeded to enter the barge, when she perceived at her feet a figure in a black mantle, and scarce restrained from shrieking. "Margery, what wouldest thou with me, Margery," she said, visibly affected—"the

cottage thou livest in I have given thee.—" Worlds, wealth, and creature comforts are no cares of mine," said the old domestic of the house of Maxwell. "I laid me down here, that ere Beatrice Maxwell departs with one of a doomed house she should

step over my gray hairs.—Have I not said—have I not prayed?"—"Margery, Margery," said the bride; be silent and be wise."—"Are we to stand here and listen to the idle words of a crazed menial," said one of the house of Maxwell—"aboard, ye gallants, aboard," and placing the bride on deck, the barges, urged by oar and sail, darted out of the bay of Preston, while the shout and song of clamouring multitudes followed us far into the ocean.

The wind of the summer twilight, gentle and dewy, went curling the surface of the water; before us the green mountains of Cumberland rose; behind us we beheld the huge outline of the Scottish hills, while, a full stone-cast asunder the barges pursued their way, and the crews silent and anxious had each their hopes of conquering in the contest. As we went scudding away I looked toward the hall of Helvellyn, and there I beheld on its summit the old lord, with his gray hair—his hands clasped, and his eyes turned intent on the barge which contained his son. I thought on the prophecy, and on the vision of the preceding evening, and looked towards the hills of Scotland, now fast diminishing in the distance. At first I thought I saw the waters agitated in the track we had pursued, and continuing to gaze, I observed the sea farrowed into a tremendous hollow following the sinuous course of the barge. I now knew this to be a whirlwind, and dreading that it would fasten on our sails, I tacked northward—the whirl-

wind followed also.—I tacked southward, and to the south veered the whirlwind, encreasing in violence as it came.—The last sight I beheld was the sea at our stern, whirling round in fearful undulations. The wind at once seizing our sails, turned us thrice about, and down went the barge, headforemost in the centre of Solway. I was stunned—and felt the cold brine bubbling in my ears as emerging from the flood I tried to swim—barge, bridegroom, and mariners were all gone. The bride's barge came in a moment to my side, and saved me, and standing for the coast of Cumberland, spread the tale of sorrow along the shore, where crowds had assembled to welcome us. The old Lord of Helvellyn remained on the castle top, after he had witnessed the loss of his son; and when his favourite servant ventured to approach, he was found seated in his chair, his hands clasped more in resignation than agony, his face turned to the Solway, and his eyes gazing with the deepest intensity—and stiff and dead. The morning tide threw the body of Lord William and those of his six mariners ashore: and when I walked down at day dawn to the beach, I found them stretched in a row on the very spot where the vision had revealed their fate to me so darkly and so surely. Such a tale as this will be often told you among the sea-coast cottages of Cumberland—Young man, be wise, and weigh well the mysterious ways of Providence.

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

I HAVE NO EAR.—

Mistake me not, reader,—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me.—I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mole for

his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done any thing to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel quite unabashed,* and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor,

* Earless on high stood, unabash'd, Defoe.—*Dunciad*.

if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—*for music*.—To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel.—“*Water parted from the sea,*” never fails to move it strangely. So does “*In infancy.*” But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S—once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W—n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising “*God save the King*” all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.’s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlour,—on his return he was pleased to say, “*he thought it could not be the maid!*” On his first surprize at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being,—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,—had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less-cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend’s penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to say I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol, Fa, Mi, Re*, is as conjuring as *Buralipton*.

It is hard to stand alone—in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut)—to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.—Yet rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter’s hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—’spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to so-lace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that

profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion,—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the forms of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the enjoyment; or like that—

—— Party in a parlour,
All silent, and all DAMNED!

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.—*Words are something*; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*; and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos;* or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—*“Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect him*

most, amabilis inania, and mentis gratissimus error. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delight some these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams; and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at the last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habituated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, subrustious puer, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid, they cannot be rid of it, they cannot resist.”†

Something like this “SCENE-TURNING,” I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend, Nov—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.‡

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be that, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or that other, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—

* Rev. chap. x. ver. 10.

† Anatomy of melancholy.

‡ I have been there, and still would go;

'Tis like a little heaven below. Dr. Watts.

a holy calm pervadeth me.—I am for the time

———rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her “earthly” with his “heavenly,”—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant tribes, *Beck*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,—tri-coroneted like himself!—I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Eblon, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess

P. S. A writer, whose real name, it seems, is *Boldero*, but who has been entertaining the town for the last twelve months, with some very pleasant lucubrations, under the assumed signature of *Leigh Hunt*;^{*} in his Indicator, of the 31st January last, has thought fit to insinuate, that I *Elia* do not write the little sketches

which bear my signature, in this Magazine; but that the true author of them is a Mr. L.—b. Observe the critical period at which he has chosen to impute the calumny!—on the very eve of the publication of our last number—affording no scope for explanation for a full month—during which time, I must needs lie writhing and tossing, under the cruel imputation of non-entity.—Good heavens! that a plain man must not be allowed to be—

They call this an age of personality: but surely this spirit of anti-personality (if I may so express it) is something worse.

Take away my moral reputation—I may live to discredit that calumny.

Injure my literary fame,—I may write that up again—

But when a gentleman is robbed of his identity, where is he?

Other murderers stab but at our existence, a frail and perishing trifle at the best. But here is an assassin, who aims at our very essence; who not only forbids us to be any longer, but to have been at all. Let our ancestors look to it.—

Is the parish register nothing? Is the house in Princes-street, Cavendish-square, where we saw the light six and forty years ago, nothing? Were our progenitors from stately Genoa, where we flourished four centuries back, before the barbarous name of Boldero† was known to a European mouth, nothing? Was the goodly scion of our name, transplanted into England, in the reign of the seventh Henry, nothing? Are the archives of the steel yard, in succeeding reigns (if haply they survive the fury of our envious enemies) showing that we flourished in prime repute, as merchants down to the period of the commonwealth, nothing?

Why then the world, and all that's in't is nothing—

The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing.—

I am ashamed that this trifling writer should have power to move me so.

ELIA.

* Clearly a fictitious appellation; for if we admit the latter of these names to be in a manner English, what is *Leigh*? Christian nomenclature knows no such.

† It is clearly of transatlantic origin.

TO HELENE,

On a gift-rings carelessly lost.

A. D. 1672.

I sente a ringe, a little bande
 Of Emeraud and rubie stone;
 Ande bade it, sparklinge omne thy bande,
 Telle thee sweete tales of one,
 Whose constante memorie,
 Was fulle of lovelinesse ande thee.
 A spelle was gravenne in its golde,
 Twas Cupide fixe, without his winges.
 To HELENE once it would have tolde
 More thanne was everre tolde bis ringes,
 But nowe alle's paste ande gone,
 Her love is buried with thatte stone.
 Thou shalte not see the teares thatte starte
 Fromme eyes ble thoughtes like those beguilde,
 Thou shalte not knowe the beatinge hearte,
 Ever a victime ande a childe.
 Yette HELENE love, believe
 The hearte thatte never coule deceive.
 I'll heare thy voice of melodie
 In the sweete whisperres of the aire;
 I'll see the brightnesse of thine eye
 In the blue Eveninge's dewie starre;
 In crystalle streames thy puritie,
 And looke on Heavenne, to look on thee.

GUILLIANE.

LINES

Written in the First Leaf of a Friend's Album.

THE warrior is proud when the battle is won:
 The eagle is proud when he soars tow'rd the sun;
 The beauty is proud of the conquest she gains;
 And the humblest of poets is proud of his strains:—
 Then forgive me, if something like pride should be mine,
 Thus to claim the first leaf in an album of thine.
 The miser is glad when he adds to his hoard;—
 The epicure, placed at the sumptuous board;—
 The courtier, when smiled on;—but happier the lot,
 Of the friend, who though absent, remains forgot;—
 Then believe me that something like gladness is mine,
 Thus to claim the first leaf in an album of thine.
 But my pride and my pleasure are chasten'd by fears,
 As I look down the vista of far distant years;
 And reflect that the progress of time must, ere long,
 Bring oblivion to friendship, and silence to song:—
 Thus thinking, what mingled emotions are mine,
 As I fill the first leaf in this album of thine!
 Yet idle, and thankless it were,—to allow
 Such reflexions to sadden the heart, or the brow:—
 We know that earth's pleasures are mix'd with alloy,
 But, if virtue approve them, 'tis wise to enjoy;
 And this brief enjoyment, at least, shall be mine,
 To inscribe my name first in this album of thine!

BERNARD BARTON.

STANZAS.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

Byron.

It is not alone in the visions of night,
That the heart builds its hopes on ideal delight;
For phantoms more lovely, and brighter than they
In light, and in sunshine, may lead us astray.

The child, who the beautiful rainbow would span,
Is, in this, but the emblem, and symbol of man:
And that emblem, that symbol more faithful appears,
As we gather experience in life's after years.

But when forms rise upon us, like some I have met,
As the bright stars of evening, when day's sun hath set;
When the clouds he hath set in are melting away,
And the twilight is loved for the sake of their ray.

'Tis but gen'rous—but grateful to bless the bright beam,
Though it come like a vision, and pass like a dream!
Who would *not* be deceived—when delusion is sweet?
Who'd repine at enjoyment because it is fleet?

And O! when the loveless and joyless in soul,
Have abjured in this life, love's bewitching controul,
Can we wonder their feelings, though blighted, should own,
Intensely, the pleasures by friendship made known?

Can we wonder that such, while they gaze upon eyes,
Where kindness, a lustre undazzling supplies,—
When they listen to lips too sincere to deceive,—
That such smiles, and such accents—their hearts should believe?

O no! if it be but a dream,—and, as such,
Must be woke from,—and shun, like the rainbow, our touch,
It is something to prize—while its presence is known,
And sweet to recal—when for ever 'tis flown.

The rose, and the jasmine, are loved; though they fade
When the blasts of the winter their beauties invade;
And the friendship of woman, if quickly 'tis fled,
O'er the heart's closing landscapes soft twilight can shed.

Shall we chide it, because in its nature 'tis brief?
As well might we mourn for the fall of the leaf,—
A sunbeam in April,—the wane of the moon;—
Or aught that enchants, and deserts us as soon.

Shall we call it deceitful, and meant to betray?
O cold is the heart which its *truth* would gainay!
'Tis its truth, and its tenderness, beauty, and grace,
Give such zest to its presence, such stealth to its pace.

The fault is in man, after all, who beguiled
By beautiful phantoms, is still but a child:—
Untaught by experience, still building in air,
The boy on the rainbow, and man on the fair!

Let us learn to prize both, as intended to show,
While they last, a true type of all rapture below,
And rainbows, and friendship in woman—shall seem
The delightfulest things of which fancy can dream!—

FROM THE GERMAN.

The sun sinks low, the evening's glow
Is bright upon the sea;
The breezes now on the sickly brow,
Waft life from flower and tree:

Here will I rest: on the mossy breast
Of the cool earth I will lie;
O'erhead the boughs invite repose,
And rustle lullaby.

How still around! no voice—no sound—
How fair the setting sky!
The golden clouds speed by in crowds,
And sail ere the breezes die.

Haste, clouds! for now the night-Queen's brow
Is darken'd at your stay;
She cannot bear, in her subject air,
A rival;—so speed away.

How sweet to sleep, where the roses weep
Their dew-drops on the ground!
Where the fragrance, too, of that gentle dew
The sleeper bath faster bound!—
Till rest, and golden dreams, repair
The long long toil of a day of care.

ON RIDING ON HORSE-BACK.

I had rather be a good horseman, than a good logician.

Montaigne.

No. II.

As I intend to continue these articles occasionally, till time—or, which is the same thing, till this Magazine,—shall be no more—(I say nothing of life and health permitting; for people who write and ride on horseback live for ever,)—I hope and expect that our good-natured and considerate readers will allow me and my steed to keep ourselves in proper travelling condition, by using all our different paces alternately. A man who writes ten pages, or rides ten miles, *right and*, as the phrase is, does not properly know what belongs to his steed or to himself.—For my part, I would be chary of whatever natural or acquired powers we may either of us possess, if it were only from the love I bear to BALDWIN'S MAGAZINE;—and that can only be done effectually, by adapting our paces to the ground we are upon, and by taking a fair and reasonable time to do our work. With these precautions, a common hackney—if he is but sound and young—may be made to carry his rider all over the world,

—as I intend to prove;—and, without them, a descendant of Childers, or of Eclipse, may be ridden out in a season, and come to the dogs.—When we feel our feet upon turf we shall never need the spur to put us into a gallop; and we shall not refuse any leap that comes in our way. When, too, we find ourselves upon a sound, firm, well-laid turnpike-road, we shall not scruple to go along at a hand canter, or even a good spanking trot. But when, by accident, we get into a hard stony lane, our readers must not be impatient if we stay to pick our way a little. And, above all, they must bear with us while we go “gently over the stones.” There cannot be a more certain co-lateral indication of that most anti-equestrian of all animals, a cockney, than the act of riding fast through the streets of London. It evinces an ambition altogether civic; and the man who practises it habitually, will surely, one day or other, end in being a common-councilman. I do not deny that, to canter along Pall-Mall, or

up St. James's-street, produces a stylish effect, provided the steed and rider have a certain air with them. But even this should scarcely be thought of by any one out of the life-guards; nor should the pace be attempted, except in the particular streets I have mentioned.

I propose to begin this second stage of our journey very quietly; in order that, if in the course of it we should be called upon for any extraordinary exertion, we may not be unprepared for the exigency.—With this view,—and moreover, because I am ambitious that the “prose on horse-back,” which I am writing, should resemble, as much as possible, my *ideal* of its elder sister, poetry, in one particular—viz. that its different parts should flow out of, and produce each other, like waves of the sea—the creative power of the writer being exhibited in the first paragraph alone, that being the prolific parent of all the rest—with this view, I say, and not daunted by the hitherto uncontroverted maxim, that *ex nihilo nihil fit*; I shall repeat a story which a friend of mine relates of a cockney. My friend happened to be in an inn-yard in a town about ten miles from London on a fine Sunday, when a person entered, answering to the following description: he wore a blue coat, black silk waistcoat, and white duck trowsers,—which had been riding as well as their master, and had arrived at the top of a pair of short villain-ton boots, to which were buckled a pair of plated spurs. He came into the yard at a jog-trot, on a large lumbering grey mare; with the double bridle gathered altogether in his left hand—a long horse-whip in his right,—his legs and knees nearly hiding the stirrup leathers—and his feet at right angles with the sides of the horse.—When he reached the top of the yard, the following dialogue ensued:

COCKNEY. (*While in the act of descending rather than dismounting.*)
—“Ostler!”

OSTLER. “Yes, sir!”

C. “Put my horse in-doors; and give him a feed of oats.”

O. “A feed of corn, sir?—Yes, sir.—How much would you like him to have, sir?”

C. (*With a ludicrous mixture of ha-*

sitation, and confidence, which nobody but Liston could imitate.)—“O—give him—give him—the usual quantity.”

O. “How much, sir?”

C. “I say, give him the usual quantity.”

O. (*With a wicked smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, and his eye cast up to my friend.*)—“Perhaps you'd like him to have a bushel, sir!”

C. (*Impatiently.*)—“Yes! yes!—to be sure. I tell you, give him the usual quantity.”

A cockney and a highwayman offer, of all contrasts in nature, perhaps, the most violent. It is probably on this very account that the one has suggested to me the other.—And, according to my before-named *ideal* of perfect prose writing, this is just as it should be. I would have my article move on a regular and everlasting principle of progression,—each paragraph being the natural child of that which precedes it, and the natural parent of that which follows it;—to the end that the whole may go on to increase and multiply, from generation to generation, *ad infinitum*: that is, to the infinite emolument and satisfaction of the writer, the infinite amusement and edification of the reader, and the infinite credit and comfort of the editor;—who will thus be sure of a constant supply of crack articles, without being obliged to write them/himself.

In promulgating, for the first time, this novel principle, relative to the art of writing—(for I must insist that, however old it may be in practice, it is perfectly new in theory)—I cannot help expressing a hope that, as the world will receive all the solid benefit of this discovery, it will, at least, give the empty credit of it to me alone. It came to me unsought and unexpected, as I was sitting one evening reading *Montaigne*, and thinking of nothing less; and I feel that it was given to me for the use of authors and booksellers in particular, and of mankind in general. I therefore make it known accordingly; and, having thus eased my conscience, I turn to a more congenial part of my subject.

The story which I have been induced to relate of the cockney, naturally suggests to me the subject of

Highway-robbery, as connected with Riding on horse-back.

And here I at once perceive that my steed begins to feel that his feet have got upon the turf again. I'm afraid I must not give him his head, lest he should bolt, and become unmanageable. If no one but myself were concerned, I should certainly run the risk; for I should not be afraid of losing my seat. But as, in writing for an "interesting miscellany" of this kind, it is prudent, and even necessary, to have the fear of the Editor before one's eyes,—I had, perhaps, better let my steed feel the curb a little. I shall take leave, however, to do it gently; and at the same time pat him on the neck, just to show him that I'm not angry at his letting me know what he would do if he might.

Nice observers may probably have remarked, that there has been a lamentable falling-off, of late years, in the profession of a Highway-robber. It has become a merely vulgar calling; with little to recommend it but the circumstance of its being followed in the open air.—In the days of Turpin, Abershaw, and Duval, it might be regarded as an equestrian exercise performed by moon-light; and, like other liberal professions, requiring, at least, the habits and education of a gentleman, in order to succeed in it with any thing like distinction or effect. But now-a-days the profession of a Highway-robber is one of mere calculation—mere profit and loss,—and, as such, can hardly be worth following at all: for, besides being much more precarious, it is, generally speaking, very little more respectable, than that of a stock-jobber, a pettifogger, or a quack-doctor.—To what can this fatal change be attributed, but to the fact of its professors having left off practising on horse-back?—Here the sympathetic reader will pardon me, if I indulge myself by dwelling, for a moment, on the foregoing subject; and if I confess that the lamentable state of things which I have described, and the causes which have conduced to bring it about, have furnished me with a perpetual source of profound reflections, of sweet and bitter fancies, and of

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—

I feel that I was born an age too late. To have been stopped by Jerry Abershaw on Howmallow-heath, was an event for a man to tell his grandchildren of, when he had forgotten every thing beside. To have been present when Turpin kicked his shoes off at Tyburn, just as he was about to be executed, was something worth living for. To me, the spot is classical ground to this day. To have had the honour of taking a mug of ale with *sixteen-stringed Jack*—(as a relation of mine once did at Mrs. Fletcher's—the Royal Waggon, at Barnet—where he used to go and sit in the open tap-room, and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, like any other gentleman)—entitles a man to hold up his head in the presence of princes for ever after! But I dare not trust myself with this subject any longer at present. I may perhaps return to it at some future period. In the mean time, let the reader bear with me for a moment, while I fancy myself Turpin, and exclaim—

Oh now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil moon, farewell the
health,
Farewell the horse-patrols, and the big
chains
That made high-daring, virtue! oh, fare-
well!
Farewell the panting steed, and the shrill
whistle,
The spirit-stirring chaise, the ear-piercing
shriek,
The royal proclamation, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of high-
way robbery!
And, oh, you Bow-street runners, whose
rude throats
Of clamorous hue-and-cry made counter-
feit,
Farewell!—Dick Turpin's occupation's
gone!

Happily, we have something like an equivalent for this disastrous change, in the fact of another of the liberal professions—that of the soldier—having assisted, by means of Horsemanship, in advancing, instead of retarding, the march of intellectual civilization. It is true, that formerly, a mere red coat was a passport to any society. A pair of colours made the possessor a match for the youngest daughter of a poor lord; a lieutenant in a marching regiment

might take his choice among a host of city helresses; and a captain was as irresistible, as a handsome poet, or a Vampire.* But, thanks to heaven and horsemanship! those days are gone by; and now, a red-coat turned up with white, is looked upon in much the same light as a white one turned up with red: that is to say, one livery is as good as another—I mean in the eyes of well-bred women. And, even elsewhere, an infantry officer and a sheriff's officer are considered as pretty much on a level: and accordingly, they are generally to be found in each other's company.

On the other hand, an entirely new race of beings has sprung up among us during the late war. The CAVALRY OFFICERS of the present day are *worth looking at*—which is more than can or could be said of any other set of men, since the days of the Sidneys, the Surreys, and the Brookes. Notwithstanding their little fopperies, they lead us back to better times; and make us half believe in the religion of the Parthenon, and that the equestrian figures in the Panathenæic procession are *not* covert libels on the “human form divine,” but copies from it.

The women, as they always do, have kept pace with this change; and now—from the highest to the lowest—from the palace to the pot-house—*Anglæscas* are “your only wear.” My Lady's respect for morality forbids her to be frail in favour of any man less military than a Colonel of horse: her pretty daughter would not think of eloping with a less equestrian person than a Lieutenant of lancers; her maid has no notion of being deluded by any body below the trumpeter of the regiment; and even the widow Wadd herself can put up with nothing short of a “bold dragoon!”—This is as it should be—for, heaven knows! the only inducement to “fight the battles of our country” now-a-days, is that of being caressed and gazed at at home. And that this is the only, or at least the strongest inducement, may be gathered from the fact, that in the late war, the officers

of the “*Prince's own*,” (as the tenth light dragoons were then called) behaved better than almost any others in the service; and yet, to look at them, you would have thought them fit for nothing but—

To caper nimbly in my lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

The truth is, they were the handsomest, the most stylish, and the best dressing chaps about town; and these were just so many reasons for concluding that they would do every thing else best that they might set about. Aye—every thing—even to the writing a crack article in Baldwin's—which is, undoubtedly, the very climax of good deeds! The reader may start—but the logic is good, nevertheless; as I shall prove to the entire satisfaction of all whom it may concern, when I come to enrich this work with certain Essays that I have in Embryo, on the subject of Dress, and Personal Appearance; and the reciprocal action between these, and Moral Character: an undertaking to which I have been induced to direct my attention, by having observed that, among my own immediate acquaintance, the greatest scoundrel happens to be the man who wears the shabbiest of coats, and the dirtiest of neck-cloths; while the best fellow I have the happiness to know, is, at the same time, the best dresser and the best looker;—to say nothing of his being one of the best thinkers, the best talkers, and the best riders. This brings me back to my subject; and the good-natured reader will pardon the digression, when he learns that, next to Horsemanship, Dress is my favourite hobby. But, perhaps, I need not have made the apology,—for nobody complains of the man at Astley's for riding two horses at once.

But stay!—as I mean to go at a great rate at our next “spring meeting,” in April or May, I must let my steed get his wind a little.

Rest from your task—so—bravely done,—
Our course hath been right swiftly run.

Byron.
MAZZEPA.

* Vampires are said to possess powers of fascination which no lady of any taste can withstand.

THE AMBROSIAN CODEX OF HOMER, WITH ANCIENT PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated and indefatigable superintendant of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, published about two years since, a work of the utmost interest to the admirers of classical literature and art, entitled, "*Iliadis Fragmenta Antiquissima, cum Picturis, item Scholia Vetera ad Odysseam; edente Angelo Maio, Ambrosiani Collegii Doctore, &c. Mediol. Regiis Typis, MDCCCXIX.*" It forms a thick folio volume, illustrated by fifty-eight outline engravings, and a specimen of the original manuscript; together with a fragment in uncial letters, and short critical observations. In the second division of the work are contained the Scholia on the Odyssey, collected from various Codices in the Ambrosian Library.

It is not our intention in this article to notice the literary part of the volume, but to confine our attention to the embellishments alone: for the sake, however, of its connexion with our present purpose, and on account of its general interest, we shall select, from the Introduction to the work, some remarks relative to the origin, condition, &c. of the Codex itself, and likewise the paintings which it contains.

After some observations of a general nature, the author informs us as to the manner in which the Ambrosian Library became enriched with so many manuscript treasures. Cardinal Frederigo Borromeo, who spared neither pains nor expence in order to form in Milan a permanent seat of the liberal arts and sciences, caused manuscripts to be collected from every part of the world. For not merely Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, France, and Spain were explored to this end by literary men, but Greece was likewise carefully ransacked; so that manuscripts found their way to Milan from Corcyra, Cephalonia, Zacynthus, Crete, Chios, Macedonia, and Epirus. Byzantium, the coasts of Asia, Syria, and Palestine—nay, even Babylon and Africa—were obliged to contribute to this collection; and hence it is that the Ambrosian Library possesses such

an abundant treasure of Oriental manuscripts.

But the greatest accession which it received arose from the stores of the Pinelli Library, formed at Padua by Giovanni Vincenzio Pinelli, between the years 1558 and 1601.

The history of this celebrated collection may be briefly told: immediately after the death of its founder it was plundered of many hundred manuscripts, partly by treacherous individuals, and partly by the anxiety of the Venetian senate, from whose archives Pinelli had amassed considerable stores. The remainder of the collection was sent by sea to Naples, where Pinelli's heirs resided; one of the three vessels aboard which they were freighted, was foundered in the voyage; and out of the thirty-three cases which it contained, only twenty-two were rescued from the waves. Thus reduced in bulk, the collection remained at Naples, until the whole was purchased of Pinelli's heirs by Cardinal Borromeo, and by him removed to Milan.

Among these manuscripts was the Codex of Homer. It is a quarto volume of not quite sixty vellum leaves; on the obverse of each of which is a painting of some subject from the Iliad; and on the reverse, which is lined with a paper manufactured from cotton, are some arguments of the rhapsodies, and Scholia. The editor asserts confidently, that this Codex was originally much larger, and contained the entire Iliad, and many more paintings; but that, in consequence of the unwieldy bulk of the volume, the poem was cut out, and merely the embellishments suffered to remain; so that now no more remains of the former than what happened to be written on the backs of the paintings. These latter, and such parts of the manuscript as are written in the ancient square character, are referred by the editor to the fourth or fifth century; but the more recent portion, namely, that on the paper pasted on the vellum to the thirteenth. Considerable difficulty attended the preparing these

ill-preserved and frail fragments for publication: care and perseverance, however, accomplished this desirable object. It was necessary, first of all, to detach the paper from the vellum, (which was done without injury,) and to collate the Scholia; then the fragments of the poem itself were obliged to be transcribed, and the various readings carefully attended to; lastly, the paintings remained to be copied; which, notwithstanding the difficulties, arising from their mutilated condition, had been done with the greatest exactitude and success, by a very competent artist, named Emanuel Schott: who has executed them in outline, on precisely the same scale as the originals.

Before he proceeds to the description of these illustrations, the editor notices the riches of the Ambrosian Library in larger paintings and drawings of celebrated masters; which, although not relevant to our present purpose, is exceedingly interesting.

The paintings which serve as embellishments to the Codex cannot be extolled very highly, as accurate or beautiful representations; one may perceive in them the decline of the art; at the same time, they bear the evident stamp and impress of high antiquity. Their execution is very simple: the outline is first traced with a pale ink, after which the colours are laid on with a pencil—these are cinnabar, white-lead, red-ochre, ultramarine, purple, green, hyacinth, violet, glass-green, yellow, and dark-brown.* The cinnabar is used very sparingly. In many instances the figures are only partially or incompletely coloured; and the accessories are but very superficially treated. Corrections are occasionally to be detected, for in such places the colours have been laid one above the other. The editor does not inform us very explicitly in what manner the originals are shadowed, whether forcibly or not; but he commends the union and transition of

the colours; as he does likewise the general correctness of the proportions. The artist has delineated gods and heroes in an ample style: but he had not always adhered to consistency, for the same personage appears sometimes with, and sometimes without a beard, and not always in the same costume. It is to be regretted, that we are not more fully informed as to the colouring, and mechanical execution, of the original designs; for as to the drawing, the outlines themselves supply us with all that is necessary on that head. He does not assert that these copies are in every respect similar to the originals; but he advises us to regard these Homeric paintings as equal to those in the Vatican Virgil, which are of about the same date.

After this we are informed minutely of the manner in which the gods, priests, heroes, &c. are represented in these Homeric pictures. This does not admit of abridgement; and were we to enter into the details it would carry us too far; we, therefore, the rather proceed to an examination of the plates themselves.

Both the drawing and the costume remind us of the later Roman era: the Grecian and Trojan heroes are represented in the Roman military dress, except that the latter generally wear the Phrygian bonnet, and the former helmets. Achilles is almost uniformly represented as half naked; Ulysses with a seaman's bonnet and tunic. As to the female figures, they are all dressed. The usual characteristics of ancient art are to be recognized in the divinities, who are distinguished from the other characters by a nimbus round the head. With regard to the drawing, it is to be observed, that the proportions are rather short, and the heads somewhat too large.

There is, however, neither stiffness nor dryness in the figures; but they are certainly very defective, in whatever regards motion and attitude.

* As the meanings of some of the Latin terms employed by the author are rather disputable, and not very precisely ascertained or agreed upon, we subjoin them here as he has given them: Minium, cerussa, rubrica, armenium, purpurissum, apianum, tinctura hyacinthina, violacea, hyalina, crocea, furva. We would refer the reader to Stieglitz' treatise on the Pigments employed by the Greeks and Romans. "Ueber die Malerfarben der Griechen und Römer."

The chief characters, such as deities or heros, are uniformly larger than the rest,—and in the battle scenes, the dead and wounded are delineated of but half the size of those who are fighting: similar proportions too are observed, wherever persons of less rank are placed beside heroes. Gods, when represented as being in the clouds, are either larger or smaller than the other figures, just as the space, in which they are introduced, would permit. In general, no more is seen of them than the bust which projects above an horizontal cloud. In the sacrifice of Achilles, the head of Jupiter is shown within a circle.—Little commendation can in general be bestowed upon the grouping—the figures are at one time too much scattered; at another, too much crowded together and confused; for, in this respect, the artist appears to have resigned himself entirely to his own caprices. Of perspective, there is hardly a single trace; the remoter figures being sometimes larger than those which are in the foreground. In the style and folds of the drapery, on the contrary, we may easily recognize the taste and practice of the Roman artists; it being treated with freedom and lightness, and not unfrequently displaying a knowledge of, and feeling for beauty: it might therefore almost be imagined that the artist copied it from some models of an older and better period. Much however depends upon the manner in which the draperies are shadowed in the originals; for it is not improbable that the arrangement of the folds appears to far greater advantage when beheld in mere outline, than it does in the originals: and this circumstance is an additional reason for our concluding that the painter had purer models before his eyes, although it appears that he did not comprehend them.

In the back grounds, no more is inserted than is absolutely necessary: and even that is but slightly marked

out. Where nothing is introduced to point out the scene, there is only the plane upon which the figures stand, which is indicated by a shadowed line: but no appearance of either fore or back ground.

The Editor concludes his introduction by expressing a wish that some splendid work may be executed, comprising all the Homeric productions, and containing whatever may tend to illustrate these immortal works. For this purpose, the text should be taken from the best and oldest manuscripts, and accompanied by all the various readings, and all the Greek scholia. In addition to which, there ought to be a Greek paraphrase, and every treatise in that language, relating to the subject of Homer: these should also be succeeded by the best modern disquisitions, biographies of the ancient bard, and a complete index to the whole work. By way too of giving integrity and completeness to this immense *cycle* of erudition, all the works of sculpture and painting ought to be delineated, which have been taken from the Homeric compositions.

Such a stupendous and comprehensive undertaking will not, it is probable, ever be completely executed, on the scale and to the extent here proposed; yet it may be gratifying to the admirers of the ancient bard, and to Dilettanti in general, to know that an entire series of Tischbein's Illustrations of Homer are now engraving, and will be accompanied with explanatory and descriptive letter press. This work, which is to be published by Cotta of Tubingen, will doubtless form a very interesting and productive mine to those who admire classical and antiquarian research—for the previous labours of M. Tischbein, an artist who has distinguished himself by the zeal with which he has explored the most recondite stores of mythology and of art, entitle us to indulge in such expectations.

A NEW OPERA, BY ROSSINI;

ENTITLED, MAOMETTO SECONDO.

Naples, Dec. 12, 1820.

A NEW Opera from the prolific pen of Rossini, was lately brought out at the Grand Neapolitan theatre of San Carlo, and met with the singular fate, which has at first attended the greater part of this eminently successful author's works—viz. that of being *very coldly received*. This circumstance excites much surprise among the composer's friends: it certainly seems strange that the same Opera, which, on its first representation, was received with disapprobation or neglect, should after a few nights so rise in estimation as to draw down thunders of applause, and be retailed in arias, duos, trios, &c. by all the dilettanti singers, fiddlers, and other musical workmen throughout the whole city! The fact is quoted by one, as an instance of the bad taste of the Neapolitans; by another, as the effect of envious opposition; while a third, rejecting both those opinions, shrewdly ascribes it to a declining taste for operatic entertainment; and each continues to vent his spleen, according to his humour, until the ultimate success of his favourite appeases his discontent.

But has any one detected the true cause of this unpleasant circumstance? Perhaps not.—Rossini, like many other men of genius, passes his time between lapses of idleness and struggles of exertion: his work is unthought of, or neglected, until he is spurred on by circumstances; then he rouses himself, and labours, as a daily task, on that which he should never touch but in the glowing hour of inspiration. We called upon him on the Friday evening—that is to say, on the first of this month, and found him still engaged on his work, with twenty unfilled scores before him, surrounded by Donnas and Signors, chattering pretty nothings, harassed by interruption, and worn out with fatigue. The copyists had still to make out their duplicates; and what time would then remain for the instruments to practise their difficult and complicated parts—for the singers to study their long recitatives and cla-

borate songs—for choruses—for rehearsal?—What, in short, could be expected, but that the Opera would be presented to the public in an unfinished, imperfect condition? To a public, too, be it remembered, which has long bestowed its main attention upon this subject, and has become one of the most nice, and critical, and expert, to which a composer's ill-luck could consign him: a public, moreover, which knows so well the powers of Rossini, that it will be contented with nothing from him short of first-rate excellence.

To this it may be added, that the composer must sometimes give way to his artists and his material. One singer has, perhaps, astonishing compass,—another, amazing flexibility; singers love to be accommodated, and have been sometimes known to prefer the difficult and the surprising, to the chaste, the grand, or the beautiful. It must be granted, also, that it would be of no use to employ a hundred and fifty performers, if they were not sometimes suffered, “little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart,” to sing together; and further, for we must speak the truth, we do very strongly suspect they have been lately employing themselves here in cleaning out the trumpets and putting new parchment on the drums!—Thus, with the assistance of hints from one, and directions from another, a work is produced, incumbered with monstrous excrescences, and adventitious defects: the caustic of public opinion, however, is applied—the excrescences disappear, the redundant shrinks, and the meagre gains importance;—polish, and general effect, succeed to roughness, and bursts of expression;—the master breaks out from his auxiliaries;—our ears drink in his sublime, or tender, or airy strains,—and they haunt our memory as long as their beauty is new; or rather, in proportion to the vigour of our own musical imagination.

But let us draw a little closer to our friend Maometto. Of the poetry we shall say nothing; of the plot, only enough to render intelligible our

remarks on the music. The Sultan, Mahomet the Second, attacks the city of Negropont, commanded by the Venetian General, Erisso. The besieged are reduced to great straits; but the public distress does not overcome the passion of the gallant Calbo, for Anna, the daughter of his chief. The father, Erisso, approves of Calbo for his son-in-law; but the lady's affections have been engaged by a mysterious lover, of whom we are told nothing but that his name is Uberto, and that she had seen him at Venice. Treachery introduces the Turkish soldiery into the city. A few of the besieged retreat to a rock, where they defend themselves; but Erisso and Calbo are taken prisoners, after the father has given to his daughter a dagger, which he recommends her to use, rather than submit to dishonour. The Sultan offers their lives to these Venetian warriors, on condition of their betraying into his power the few soldiers who still maintain resistance: of course, they condemn the proposal, and are about to be led off to torture, when Anna enters, and Mahomet turns out to be Uberto, who has played the renegade to good purpose! He offers marriage to his old sweetheart,—but she upbraids him with his apostacy from his God. Much bustle and fighting take place; Anna performs a noble part,—but is ultimately reduced to the necessity of stabbing herself at the foot of her mother's tomb.

Such is the story. The dresses were splendid; the scenery indifferent; and the acting contemptible. Let us now examine the music. The overture commences with a few mournful notes, followed by a fine, delicate pianissimo movement; but very soon the louder instruments break in; volumes of sound roll to and fro, and it concludes in a magnificent swell, as the curtain rises. Erisso appears seated on a throne, surrounded by his captains, and glittering with theatrical finery! A grand chorus commences the performance, and a very novel and elegant effect is produced by some little notes, which are distinctly heard to drop from the octave flutes to the clarionets, bassoons, and double-basses. A long recitative follows, and the chorus replies; but the recitative is rather dull, and the chorus

could not overpower the drums. We wished the Orchestra would let us hear a little more of the song,

Quando ogni speme è tolta;

Ciccimarra was almost lost among his instrumental assistants. Cornelli, too youthful and too pretty for a warrior, delighted us with her graceful figure and her grand voice (which few can excel in compass or power) in a bold martial song,

Guerrier che parli?

It contains flights, which are rather too long, and leaps intervals, which are rather too wide; but the air is very beautiful, the singer very expert, and the accompaniment excellent.

The prelude to the second scene is very mournful and tender, and prepared us for a sweet aria, which was sung by the Prima Donna, Madame Colbran; a low and solemn murmur of instruments accompanied it, from which the clarionet alone escaped in melancholy arpeggios. A recitative in dialogue follows, of which we remember nothing; but we shall not soon forget the trio,

*Ohimè! qual salmine
Per me fu questo!*

It is really superb. Colbran, Cornelli, and Nozzari, in turn, take up the subject, which is rather elaborate, and is converted into a fine fugue toward the close. A dialogue follows, which is happily broken off by an awful burst of cannon. In the next scene, a prayer addressed by Anna to heaven, for help, and echoed by a crowd of kneeling women, drew our attention by its simplicity, energy, and devotional character. The whole of this scene is beautiful; but, when shall we stop, if we attempt to point out every thing that is so in this Opera! At the words—

——— *O cara,*

Prendi il pugnale,

such a divine effect was produced by the accompaniment's being "germane to the matter," and by the due subordination of the instruments to the voice, that it made us deeply regret that Rossini should ever sacrifice sense to sound, and seek, by unmeaning violence, to "catch the ears of the groundlings." There is an air here, which savours strongly of the Prima Donna; but let it pass: the chorus

which, concludes the scene, must please every one.

A symphony, the subject of which is included in five or six notes, varied, expanded, sliding from instrument to instrument,—in short, so pretty and so Turkish, that nothing, true to costume, could be better,—introduced the turbaned Ottomites.

We stop one moment to make a digression. A theatre is nothing without magnificence; but silks and muslins, ribbons, tinsel, and glass jewels, are not enough. In England, elephants occasionally tread the stage; at the Real Teatro di San Carlo, horses. The managers are liberal, but they are also discreet; they give us horses, but only give us three—a hundred men and three horses! *Maometto* and two of his officers advance on horseback; the brutes grow restive in the midst of glory; and the riders alight, with unparalleled alacrity, on the right side or the left, as it happens—get off, or fall off, in the most unpremeditated manner possible. We were infinitely amused by this faithful and gratuitous portrait of nature.—But to return to the music; the black bearded Renegade poured out a bass song, which would have been airy as bass could be, if it had not been trusted to such lungs of brass. Galli, though a good singer, and very little inferior to Nozzari, has a voice, whose pianissimo is like a trumpet stop: he should only be employed when force, breadth, and volume are required. He is heard to great advantage in the lower part of a trio, in the fifth scene. Here, when *Erisso* refuses his offers of freedom to be purchased by treachery, Nozzari came out in all his power: his voice seemed to swell with rage, and tremble with feeling; but when that little, audacious, feminine, masculine witch, Cornelli, braved the tyrant to his teeth, and defied him with *Alla rocca andrem!* we were put in terror, lest Mahomet should knock her on the head for her impudence; and our hearts fluttered with fear when he burst out, *Sconigliato è che non taci*. The whole is excellent, unto the end of the scene.

Some fine parts, we believe, followed; but our attention was distracted by the gongs-on in the orchestra; *flûtes* in convulsions on

one side; bells playing bob major on another;—here we listened to the plaintive kettle-drums, and there we were awed by the wrathful trumpets.

In the commencement of the second act, we had again to admire the Oriental character of the music; the exceeding propriety with which it is adapted to the scene. The skeleton of the symphony, and of the chorus that follows, is an exquisite little movement; it is sustained, diversified, embellished, but never overpowered, by its accessories. A crowd of slaves sing the folly of too rigid virtue; the pleasures of youth and love; playing at the same time upon several little bells, the silver notes of which,—falling in among the finest lapses of harmony, and sprinkled over the subject where it would be, otherwise too naked,—finish the charm, and diffuse over the whole an airy and seducing gaiety, that cannot be described. It was enchantment; or, at least, it was illusion carried to its farthest bounds.

Time presses, and we hasten on; passing, without remark, some arias and duos in the second act—a good part of which was left out on the second representation. Music, however charming, satiates at length, by its want of variety. Recitatives, solos, chorusses, are repeated until the ear is glutted, the attention exhausted, and we long to see the curtain drop. No art of the composer can obviate this defect; for it is in the nature of man to nauseate a pleasure too long continued. We shall be excused, therefore, for mentioning at random a solo by Galli; a duet between him and Colbran; a fine prelude to the third scene, and a *coro di donne* in the fifth—

Nums cui l'isol è treno!

all of which deserve approbation.

We have reserved our last remark for the jewel of the piece: in the vaults of a church, and before the tomb of her mother, the father (*Erisso*), breathes suspicions of his absent child; the lover (*Calbo*), defends her, and when his zeal and fondness burst out uncontrollably, in the words,

*Non temer: d'un bene affetto
Non fu mai quel cor capace.*

every ear is taken captive, and the

whole theatre sinks into silence:—not even a "*hist-ist!*"—so common and so disagreeable in Italian audiences as to be once heard. The song flows on undisturbed, serious, energetic, and grand: with just enough art to satisfy our love of difficulty; and with a pathos—an emphatic fullness—that would warm the coldest heart, and wring approbation out of Midas himself. We did not hear an impertinent whisper while it lasted; and at its close, the whole house burst into one grand peal of applause.

Such is the tribute paid to Rossini: a tribute dearer to the man of genius than any pecuniary emolument which he may derive from his art; and outweighing his labour, his anxiety, and the vexations prepared for him by a thousand critics. Such success can be but rarely attained. The composer sets out upon his task; he feels an importunate diffidence; he invents, combines, separates, re-casts, and fails of excellence through excessive care. But as he advances, his work grows up around him; he becomes heated with his subject, his ideas multiply, and he feels the god. In such moments he is freed from his shackles; he breaks out like the eagle from the cloud, and feels the full strength of his wings. In such moments have Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, composed those pieces, which establish their fame; which will spread wherever luxury can purchase pleasures, and last as long as the sense of music in man.*

A few words about Rossini may not be unacceptable, and we shall then have done. Rossini is little above the middle height, very large in his make, and somewhat corpulent; his countenance is open, grave, and intelligent; his head is of extraordinary dimensions; his forehead finely expanded and rising to a majestic height, but sloping a little backwards; his eyes are light brown,

dull, and meditative: his whole appearance is far from common;—yet does not quite declare the composer of *Othello*. A cranio-logist, without knowing him, spent some time one day in examining his head, and, at last, declared there was "nothing particular in the organic construction, but, perhaps, he might have *some inclination for music!*" He is frank and affable in his manners, easy of access to strangers, fond of hearing and relating anecdotes, and best pleased with those associates who will grant him as much talent in other subjects as in music. His health is not good: he says, himself, that in his youth he indulged too freely in pleasures, from which he should have refrained; and he complains of being obliged to work for a livelihood, although his circumstances are generally understood to be easy. The facility with which he composes, is astonishing. In a room half full of people, talking to one, listening to another, he scribbles on with twice the rapidity of an ordinary copyist, and very seldom returns to consider or correct. He frequently changes his sheet as though his ideas crossed one another; after writing ten or fifteen bars, a new vein of fancy opens before him, and he seizes fresh paper to secure the happy moment. What is done fast will sometimes be done ill: it is not surprising that Rossini has sometimes failed; but it is surprising that, before he was thirty years old, he should have written so much, and so beautifully. To this great master, the most opposite, the most contradictory faults are ascribed: his operas, it is said, are too buffa—too seria; too long—not long enough. Such nonsense deserves no reply; but there is one objection, in which many concur, and which we take this opportunity to notice.

Rossini, say they, is a mannerist.

* Musicians are unfortunate in their art; for the musical faculty, and the love of music, have been so largely dispensed, that countless numbers of artists and professors have sprung up, been fostered, and rewarded: but this circumstance is fatal to their fame: every individual must be at length absorbed in the multitude; and those works, which we fondly call immortal, will inevitably vanish amid a throng of contemporaries and successors. The music which, in Milton's time, could "create a soul under the ribs of death," and that which seemed to Shakspeare "like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets," is now forgotten. In a hundred years, probably, the unimpaired will refer to a history of music, for the names of Handel or Bachoven, as we do now for Arvins or Scarpetti.

Manner is almost always the ally of genius. Scarcely any one poet or painter, musician, sculptor, engraver, or artist, of whatever description, who has gained distinction by intellectual toil, is free from this infirmity. In proportion as men stand apart from, or above their fellows, they are liable to become the slaves of their own discoveries. Haydn had his canons, and Rossini hints at something of the same kind. Such persons become infatuated with peculiarities, which are only beautiful while they are new; and from habit infuse them into their style, when their beauty, with their novelty, have disappeared. But let us refrain from inspecting, with too curious an eye, the natural and necessary failings of genius.

Next to the man who can invent, (but far less happy,) is he who can catch the inspiration at second hand; can listen with delight to "linked sweetness long drawn out;"—and feel his heart beat high, when it bursts into unexpected grandeur. There are persons in the world who laugh at the raptures of the musician, and sordidly imagine that music is merely a sensual gratification. Let them cast away such belief. Music is not sensual; it feeds the soul with one of its purest aliments,—and can infuse thoughts and feelings into the mind, which no language but its own can describe.

Miller Redivivus.

No. III.

NEHEMIAH MUGGS—continued.

Our last proposed a short digression
On Muggs's birthright and profession.—
His pedigree was old, no doubt,
Only he could not make it out;
Though surely 'tis self-evident,
That he might boast a great descent.—
Some who are learned heralds can tell
Men's ancestry from shield, or mantle:—
If like Elijah's mantle theirs
Entail'd its virtues on its heirs,
Bidding the wearer still inherit
Its primitive possessor's merit;
Why then some nobles would appear
Just the reverse of what they are.—
But all w.e.'s claims to ancestry
Some genealogists deny,
And prove by treatise erudite,
He was a human aerolite,
Ejected from some moon volcano,
(Though that is more than I or they know)
Where still are kept the wits of Muggs,
In one of Ariosto's jugs.—
If he had chosen to have had 'em,
He might have bought descents from Adam;
And proved his folly and his blood,
By pedigrees from old King Lud,
Such as the college keep by dozens,
With blanks for Norman sires and cousins.—

Birth cannot give our faults redemption;
'Tis an excitement, not exemption.—
Intrinsic honesty and knowledge,
Emblaze themselves without the college;

While herald honours on the base,
Do but degrade their wearers more,
As sweeps, whom May-day trappings grace,
Show ten times blacker than before.

As to his trade our hero held
Chattels and goods by few excell'd ;
Such as brooms, pipkins, treacle, tops,
Tobacco, brickdust, lollipops,
Gilt gingerbread, and penny trumpets,
Red herrings, blacking, snuff, and crumpets,
In short, the catalogue to stop,
He kept a thriving chandler's shop.—
Snuff, treacle, tops, he spurn'd them all,
Fancying he heard a voice beseeching
Him (Muggs!) to listen to a call,
And go, like Hudibras, a preaching.—
'Twas a new light, which might, in fact,
Have enter'd where his head was crack'd.—
Is it that addled brains perchance,
When the scull's dark with ignorance,
Like rotten eggs survey'd at night,
Emit a temporary light?
Or is it that a heated brain,
When it is rubb'd against the grain,
Like a cat's back, though dark as charcoal,
Will in the gloom appear to sparkle?
Whatever was the cause, the fact is,
That Muggs conceived his call was true ;
And so began to read and practise,
To fit him for his grand *debut*.

'Twas his first care his voice to muffle,
And get the genuine nasal snuffle ;
For these low candlestick apostles
Illuminate us from their nozzles ;
And through the nose as surely pray,
As make their congregations pay.—
To aid his whine, an ample dose
Of snuff was thrust into his nose ;
As old Demosthenes put stones
Into his mouth to mend his tones :—
Last he resolved his stile should be
Original and savoury ;
While to prevent the sneers and sniggers
Of those who look for learned theses,
He studied metaphors and figures,
Tropes, similes, and catachreses,
That both Quintilian and Longinus
Should over-reach or undermine us.—
So qualified and recommended,
To Stratford fair, with pompous pace,
And solemn sanctimonious face,
He bent his way—a cart ascended,
And thus, collecting all his powers,
Scatter'd his oratoric flowers.—

“ Viler than vilest of vile sinners !
Ye who at fairs or alehouse dinners
Sup on your reprobate Welsh rabbit ;
Ye who love skittles, bowls, and dice,
And make disorder'd nights of vice
Your regular and daily habit :—

What! will ye still, ye heathen, flee
 From sanctity and grace,
 Until your blind idolatry
 Shall stare ye in the face?
 Will ye throw off the mask, and show
 Thereby the cleaver foot below?
 Do—but remember you must pay
 What's due to you on settling day;
 For Heaven's eye, it stands to sense,
 Can never stomach such transgressions;
 Nor can the hand of Providence
 Wink at your impious expressions.—
 The profligate thinks vengeance dead,
 And in his fancied safety chuckles,
 But Atheism's hydra head
 Shall have a rap upon the knuckles.—
 The never blushing cheek of vice
 Shall kick the bucket in a trice;
 While the deaf ear that never pray'd,
 Shall quickly by the heels be laid."——
 At this display of declamation,
 The unconverted congregation
 Laughter in such loud peals emits,
 That Echo seem'd to be in fits;
 Whereat our Muggs with anger fum'd,
 And thus in louder key resum'd—
 "The finger of uplifted scorn
 In vain exalts its wicked horn,
 Cocks up its nose at what I teach,
 And turns its back upon my speech;—
 You fear my words"—just then, alas!
 They did seem anxious to prevent 'em;
 For some one threw a muddy mass,
 Into his eye with such momentum,
 That by the well directed sally
 'Twas closed and seal'd hermetically.
 (To be continued.)

SKETCHES IN LISBON.

I shall commence my sketches by conducting you first of all to the eminence situated nearly in the middle of the city. Here stands the old castle with its prison and batteries overlooking both the river and the town. This edifice, which was founded by the Moors, commands from its walls one of the richest and most varied prospects that can be conceived. On the declivity of the hill there still exist entire streets of Moorish buildings, narrow and lofty edifices covered with a white stucco. These streets are very crooked, and so exceedingly narrow as hardly to admit a small two wheeled cart drawn by a single mule. Each house has a balcony in front, and is well defended by gratings at every window, even at those of the topmost story: every feature

is eminently characteristic of the times in which these buildings were erected, and the very style of the architecture is indicative of the jealous and suspicious tempers of the first possessors. Emerging from this quarter of the city we meet with marks of ruin and desolation—traces of the fatal earthquake which happened in 1755. Many eye-witnesses of that day of horrors are still living; and a female was pointed out to me, who was buried beneath the ruins for twenty-four hours; and, although perfectly unconscious, all the while, of her dreadful situation, such was the effect of the shock, that she has never grown since that event, when she was only fourteen. Many were buried amid the ruins of churches and convents, whither they had fled for safety: the rubbish lies still

untouched, but flowers have since sprung up in the interstices; the myrtle now blooms in the desolated cloister, and a brilliant and serene sky imparts a cheerfulness to this scene of awe and terror.

A few steps further, and we find ourselves suddenly transported to a spot where the hand of time, equally effective, but less precipitate, has formed ruins more venerable. These are the remains of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, lying commingled with the fragments of Gothic and Saracenic architecture, as if they were the hieroglyphics of history and time. I must nevertheless confess, that ancient as these stones appear, I could not perceive in them any trace of an amphitheatre. My Cicerone assured me that several bas-reliefs, capitals of columns, and other pieces of antiquity, had been discovered here, although but few of them had been examined or preserved. No researches of any importance have ever been made here, and of the ancient *Felicitas Julia* (such was the appellation given by the Romans to this favourite city of Augustus), only a few trifling fragments have been occasionally rescued by the curiosity of individuals.

But yonder rolls the Tagus, the silent witness of all the various revolutions that have here occurred!—let us direct our steps towards it. Here we arrive at the *Praga do Rocio*, the place where the garrison exercises. On every side we perceive shops, and beneath our feet are the prisons of the once formidable Inquisition. Over the entrance to the palace of the clement holy office, is a figure of religion trampling upon a monster, intended to represent Heresy. It is here on the *Rocio*, and the beautiful square called *Terreiro do Paço*, that we find Pombal's Lisbon: so it may well be termed, since had it not been for him who was endowed with an eagle's eye, and a lion's heart, Lisbon had never risen again upon the soil that had been shaken by the earthquake. The new streets are broad, straight, and regular, have pavement for foot passengers, and intersect each other at right angles. The houses are lofty and uniform, exactly like those in the most modern streets of London, so that they are to be distinguished from each other only by the numbers upon the doors. Before the windows of

the upper floors run balconies of elegant iron work that is generally gilded; these are shaded above by silk awnings, beneath which may be seen elegant females reclining upon cushions, while they amuse themselves by playing on the mandoline, or are occupied in reading or needle work; or sometimes engaged in conversation, or in the tacit, yet not less interesting and expressive, language of the eyes. One of the noblest houses in the city is that belonging to the rich merchant Quintella, who is the proprietor of the entire new square called after him *O Largo do Quintella*. The construction of the Lisbon houses is singular enough: the carpenter first of all forms a complete skeleton, or frame work of the building, which is then filled up with clay, pebbles, and chalk. It is said that such erections are less susceptible of injury in cases of earthquakes. The entrances to the houses stand always open, but at the bottom of the staircase there is a door, which, upon your pulling a bell, flies open of itself. Internally the modern houses are not the most convenient in point of arrangement; the rooms too are frequently exceedingly dismal. There is hardly ever more than one chimney to a house, which is carried out of the kitchen window; and chimney sweepers there are none, for the chimneys generally cleanse themselves by catching fire. A good mantle, and occasionally a brazier, form the only substitutes for a fire place, that delightful focus of cheerfulness and conversation, in our more northern clime. As to the furniture of the apartments, it seems to be chiefly of Chinese and Japan manufacture. Even the inhabitants themselves remind us more of India than of Europe.

My fair friends must here forego their own elegant equipages, and be content to pay their visits in a kind of litter drawn by two mules, upon one of which rides the driver with his immense three cocked hat, and a no less tremendous queue hanging at his back. In such a vehicle you are rapidly jolted over the inequalities of the pavement, which is strewn with every kind of litter—nay even burning torches may be seen lying there, having been thrown away without being extinguished.

The hotel at which we lodge is kept by an Englishman of the name

of Campbell: it is not, however, by any means remarkable for its comfort,—being a very inconvenient and badly built house, and having hardly a single good chamber; although it contains many large rooms, most of which are recent additions to the building: a tolerably good proof that the reputation of the house is not on the decline. The doors generally stand open, and none of them have locks: in addition to this convenience must be mentioned the swarms of mosquitoes and rats; the latter of which afford continual nocturnal diversion to our greyhound, as the former do to ourselves. The hunting and chasing is nearly uninterrupted; and after all, such is the abundance of the game, that it needs no Acts of Parliament to protect it. But enough on the subject of this nightly martyrdom; which, however painful and tormenting, is attended with but little glory.

During my stay in Lisbon, I went to witness a solemn service, which was performed in honour of the memory of a martyr of a somewhat different description from ourselves. The little church (*Nossa Senhora dos Martyres*) was completely filled; and among the numerous congregation, I saw many who exhibited signs of the most sincere and affecting devotion. Several threw themselves upon their knees, or stretched out their arms to heaven, with such an apparent intensity and earnestness of feeling as I had never before witnessed. The females were wrapped up in mantles, and sat upon the floor with their legs crossed; so that both their dress and attitude had something very picturesque and oriental. Some were completely, and others but partially veiled; among the latter I perceived many *Madonna* countenances, of which the expression was rather animated than tranquil. The fiery eye and pale cheek did not bespeak resignation so much as emotion. Adjoining to the females were stationed the younger men; yet a low partition separated the two sexes; and the door keepers at the different entrances would not permit any intermixture.

This church is particularly celebrated for the excellence of its music. The performance might in this respect be pronounced unrivalled: the

agony of death, the pangs of separation, the courage inspired by faith, the humility and submission of penitence, the triumph of piety, the hope of a resurrection, the confident expectation of heaven, the rapturous warmth of inspiration—all emanated from the sublime composition of sacred harmony. The singing was exquisitely simple and melodious;—it seemed to be the echo of celestial bliss proceeding from angels. Even the costume of the singers possesses considerable dignity; they are all attired in the old Italian style, in dresses of violet-coloured silk, with black silk mantles that are thrown back and wound round the waist.

The 28th of November was what would be considered by us a fine day in spring; and the delightful balminess of the air conspired with the exquisite music I had been hearing, to lull me in a tender pleasing melancholy. I therefore quitted the bustle of the low and dirty quarter of the town where I lodged, and ascended into the higher; which, from the purity and salubrity of the air, has obtained the appellation of *Buenos Ayres*: a Spanish word, which, heartily as they detest every thing that is Spanish, is yet preferred, by the Portuguese, to the less harmonious sound of *Bons Ares*. This part of the town, which was almost entirely destroyed by the earthquake, has been rebuilt by persons of property and foreign settlers, in a modern and elegant style; and is besides kept exceedingly clean. I now visited the Protestant burying ground, whose tall cypresses are seen even from the *Praça do SS. Corazão de Jesus*; so called from the magnificent church and convent erected there by the late Queen. This superb edifice, which cost upwards of five millions of crusades, deserves to be mentioned as the chef d'œuvre of modern Portuguese architecture.

Quitting the church, we arrive at an open elevated spot, adjacent to which is an elegant modern building,—the English Hospital,—which is distinguished by that air of cheerfulness and neatness so characteristic of our architecture. I visited some of the apartments, but discovered no trace of wretchedness. Every thing seemed rather to remind me of the comfort and simplicity of an English villa. It seemed the abode of some happy fa-

hilly; in every part the greatest neatness and order prevailed. Hope and consolation appeared to pervade an asylum indicative of the most delicate and generous compassion. And certainly if external objects be capable of alleviating the sufferings of disease, the patients must endure less here than elsewhere. The southern breeze which bears balsam to the oppressed breast, the view of the harbour, the prospect of the extended ocean, nay even the cypress grove itself—all is calculated to restore health; to inspire serenity and peace!

The burial ground is situated among gardens and fields, which are pleasantly intermingled with elegant houses; the English having planted and built in every direction around this spot, ever since it was first given to them as a place for burial, so far back as the year 1655. The cemetery itself is not very extensive, being a moderately sized square, enclosed by a wall; which, although disagreeable in itself, is absolutely necessary in order to protect the dead from the outrages of uncharitable zeal. A broad walk, formed by several rows of lofty cypresses, conducts to a simple Doric vestibule. The beautiful Lumbardian cypress, which was originally brought from Goa to Lisbon, has wide and spreading branches, whose extremities are considerably depressed—the image of an elevated grief!—Judas-trees have also been planted here, in order that their red blossoms may afford an agreeable relief to the dark foliage. Beneath the cypresses we behold the tombstones of white Portuguese marble. They principally belong to English families; yet one also discovers many Dutch, Swedish, and German names. How many of those who repose here have died at a distance from their friends and native land! No eye has wept beside their dying couch; no beloved hand has returned the last pressure of their languid fingers! Yet friendship has done for them much, and the latest accents that have struck upon their ear, have been the sounds familiar to their infancy; and the simply pathetic inscriptions upon the tombs are frequently in the same language. Many of these tombstones, however, have no inscription; and such was for a long time the case with Fielding's. The two monuments most conspic-

uous for decoration, are those of *Gilde-meister*, and the *Prince of Walbeck*. The former was a respectable and affluent merchant, residing at Lisbon; where he laid out a most delightful garden. The latter was a brave general of the great Frederic's school, and formed the Portuguese army according to the Prussian system. The garden is still as blooming and lovely as ever; but the army has assumed a very different form.

To day (30th Nov.) the rain descends in torrents, the drops of rain, too in the south, seem, like the grapes, to be much larger than those we are accustomed to meet with at home. This is now the Lisbon winter, yet flowers are still to be seen in bloom. Not being able to stir out in search of objects abroad, let me conduct you into the fruit-room at our hotel. There lie the yet green oranges, each separately packed up in paper: they do not completely ripen till December, and in this climate December is a very delightful and complaisant month! Here are also plenty of fresh juicy apples and pears; yet even the best species of the former, the *Bem Posto*, do not rival in flavour those of the south of England or Normandy. Now, too, for a peep into the larder: what can possibly look more tempting, to a John Bull, than the large joints of beef—which is fine enough, but very dear? Veal, being a contraband article, is exceedingly rare. Here are, however, to make us amends for this deficiency, fine sea-fish, red partridges, rabbits, and turkeys; also Lisbon hams, which are as celebrated in the annals of Gastronomy, as those of Bayonne and Westphalia; young sucking pigs, firkins of Irish butter, bottles of Lisbon oil, and pans of fresh goats' milk. With respect to the latter article, I should inform the reader, that many of the convents keep goats that are regularly driven through the streets every morning, from house to house, and milked upon the spot. Lastly, here are to be found vegetables of every description; among the rest, green peas, which grow in the open air even at this season of the year: there is, too, an equal abundance of fruit; olives, chesnuts, and bunches of grapes as large and as fine as those of Canaan. The contents of such a *magazine* are surely worth any one's inspection. Adjoining to it

is an enclosed place with a cistern of water, where tame turtles are kept.

This has been another day of de-luge, (Dec. 1) sufficient to drive all the loungers to despair: it did not, however, prevent our visiting the new opera, *Il Duca di Foix*, performed at the Royal Theatre of S. Carlo; which is the first in Lisbon, and even in Europe, if we except the Opera Houses at Naples and London. The house itself is a very fine building of the Doric order; erected principally at the expence of Senhor Quintella, the great merchant whom I have before mentioned. The carriages drive up beneath a wide portico. The pit, or the *Plateia dos Nobres*, is so spacious as to be capable of containing 800 persons.

The subject of this magnificent musical drama, of which Giuseppe Caravita is the author, is taken from the well known Tragedy of Voltaire's *Amelie, ou le Duc de Foix*. In this piece the eye is entertained by a continual change of scenery; there are a Christian and a Moorish camp, a perspective view of a city with palaces, a castle with its gothic towers, ruins of magnificent buildings, a spacious field marshal's tent, and a banquetting hall, splendidly decorated with pictures and military trophies. All these various scenes were executed, in the most striking and masterly manner, by Signor Vincenzo Mazzonneschi—a Roman artist, and theatrical painter and architect. All the arts, even not excepting that of gunnery, although the history of the piece belongs to the middle of the eighteenth century—have combined to produce an heroic spectacle most enchanting to both eye and ear. The music is the production, and is reckoned the masterpiece, of the celebrated composer Marco Antonio Portogallo, who first established his reputation by the Opera of *Adrasto Re d'Egitto*, which was brought out in 1801. The machinery of the piece was by *Bianchi*, and the costume by *Francesco das Chagas*; both of whom have attained to eminence in their respective professions. *Mombelli* performed the Duke, and the character of *Amelia* was sustained by *Catalani*: nothing could surpass the ravishing sweetness and beauty of some of the duets between these two admirable singers.

I had the gratification of hearing

the latter sing some Portuguese airs at a private concert; and hardly know whether I do not, for delicate softness, prefer the language of Portugal to that of Italy: that the reader may form some comparison I subjoin a stanza in both idioms:

Italian.

La pena che sento,
Il fiero tormento,
Mia speme, mio bene,
Oh, nasce da te!

Portuguese.

A pena, que sinto
Em barbara lida,
De te, minha vida
So vejo nascer.

I had the good fortune to behold *Catalani* both in *Circe* and *Amelia*, two of her most fascinating characters; and never have I witnessed such powers of voice as she displayed in a bravura air, in the second act of *Circe*. Her enunciation is fluent and easy, while her voice possesses a compass, a force, an intonation, and a softness, that are irresistibly transporting. Yet some cognoscenti affirm, that it is now no longer what it formerly was. To-day was her benefit; and can it be believed that the distinguished, the haughty *Catalani*, came round to the boxes, to thank the audience for their attendance, and—to receive their presents? for it is the custom here to bestow rather substantial compliments upon the first rate performers, in addition to the money paid for tickets. Gold is what is generally given to the amount of three, four, five *moidores*, or even more. The foreign ambassadors usually give ten *moidores*, or about fourteen pounds sterling. *Catalani's* benefit, however, proved to her a diamond harvest; and the presents were made in the less humiliating shape of rings and trinkets. An elegant laurel wreath was flung to her out of one of the boxes; but no present was more costly and elegant than that sent to her by a rich merchant: it consisted of a golden inkstand, of which the part destined to contain the sand was filled with small diamonds: the whole was estimated at 2,000 crusades.

Besides the Italian Opera House, there are three other theatres in Lisbon: *O Salitre*, the national theatre; another called *dos Condes*; and a third, where the Portuguese *Clap-*

ioso exhibits his buffooneries. Each house has three tiers of boxes, a gallery, and a double pit. The boxes are not capable of containing more than four persons each; in some there is room for only three. The Corridors at *O Salitre* are dark, and so low that in some places it is necessary to stoop; the house itself is narrow and awkward, and the bar where refreshments are sold exceedingly dirty. It is not long ago since actresses were first permitted to appear on this stage; the female characters being previously sustained by men. Among the performers are many tradesmen and mechanics, who attend during the day to their several occupations. The Portuguese are certainly a clever people, and possess considerable talent for comic humour.

The national theatre brings out a vast number of new pieces, yet very few of them are original productions; they are chiefly translations from the French, English, and Italian. Many pieces of Goldoni's; several of Shakspeare, Voltaire, Racine, and Arnauld's; likewise no small number from the German of Lessing, Kotzebue, &c. have been transplanted to the Portuguese stage. Among others, *Cabal and Love*, by the "*Famoso Chiller*," has been performed here.

In the last fifteen weeks no fewer than sixty-one new pieces were offered to this Theatre, and nearly all of them accepted: and within the space of two years, 343 dramas of various descriptions have been presented and read. Among the translations, those of *Othello* and *Mahomet* are esteemed the best. Although little is known in England respecting the state of the theatre in Portugal, or the dramatic writers, there is no dearth of talent in this respect. Fifty years ago there were reckoned to be 163 authors who had written for the stage; of whose productions about 190 are still stock pieces.

Among those of the present day may be mentioned, the poor dos Santos e Silva, who is both blind and lame. In his youth he studied at Coimbra, became an engineer, and distinguished himself in his profession. He is now upwards of fifty years old; but neither age nor misfortune

have depressed his mind. He has written a tragedy in *versos soltos* (blank verse) called *el Rey D. Sebastião em África*;—which, notwithstanding its great merit, is not allowed to be either represented or printed, on account of the freedom of certain passages. Those who have read the manuscript say the plot is excellent, the characters finely drawn, and the language beautiful. Another serious drama of the same author is *A Restauração de Pernambuco*; the Delivery of Pernambuco after the Expulsion of the Dutch, who had possessed themselves of this important colony: this piece was received with much applause. *A Restauração de Portugal*, or the Restoration of the Duke of Braganza to the crown of Portugal in 1640, is also a very favourite national drama. I saw it performed at the theatre *dos Condes*, and was struck with the enthusiasm with which it was received, and which certainly was not caused by the excellence of the acting: many of the passages were extremely severe against the Spaniards; and these were always received with the loudest acclamations. —A third national drama *Vasco da Gama*, or the Conquest of India, is equally popular with those I have just mentioned; a proof that the Portuguese still retain some feeling of that patriotism and heroic spirit which animated their ancestors. There is also another drama which I cannot forbear mentioning, although I did not see it performed. This is *Osmia*: its subject is taken from the ancient history of Lusitania, when the people revolted from the Roman power. *Osmia*, the heroine, is distracted between her passion for a noble Roman, and her duty to her country: the latter at length prevails. The author of this tragedy is a noble Portuguese lady, the Countess Vimeira. The Academy of Lisbon had proposed a prize for the best tragedy. It was adjudged to *Osmia*; but, on opening the sealed-up letter sent in with it, instead of the name of the author, there was found merely a request that the money should be paid to the society for the encouragement of olivaceous grounds.*

Wit and satire are dangerous any

* This is noticed by Bouterwick, and by Sismondi in his *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*. *Osmia* is the first regular Tragedy produced in Portugal. The author formed herself

where, but in Portugal more particularly so: a poor author, a Jew, by name *António José*, was burnt by the inquisition for too free an employment of his wit.* He had produced many very successful comic pieces and farces, that were distinguished by a fund of genuine, rich, popular humour and wit. During ten years his dramas filled the theatre. Among many other farces which are exceedingly comic, two in particular exasperated the holy office. In one of them a criminal is introduced, conversing at the gallows with his confessor; and the tone, as may be supposed, was not the most grave and serious. After the terrible end of the author, the theatres did not venture to perform his productions any longer. Among the present writers of comedy may be noticed *Joaquim Manoel*,—who must not, however, be confounded with the translator of *Wieland's Oberon*;—and an opulent merchant named *Botelho*. But none of the pieces of either have as yet been printed. One of the latest comedies that deserves to be mentioned is *O Caffé e o Bilhar*, a piece most truly characteristic of Lisbon manners: the scene is laid in the billiard room of a coffee-house, and the development in the last act is not unworthy of the pen of a *Molière*.

Dec. 4. To-day is the festival of *St. Barbara*, the patron Saint of Artillery; for which reason she is saluted by a tremendous cannonade at the first of the morning. No May day can be more delightful than it now is, although the wind blows from the north, and the Portuguese shake with cold. The beauty of the weather induced me to go upon the *Tagus*. What an animated scene does this river present! It seems quite a forest of masts,—for here are no fewer than 1200 vessels of various descriptions. Among these are a vast number of *Feluccas*, hurrying up and down the stream. These carry from ten to twelve persons. The sailors are a strange boisterous set, eternal chatters, and always jovial and merry, in spite of the hardest labour. The most skillful sea-faring men come from *Algarve*; they are bold and expert pilots; most active climbers and swimmers; but insolent, refractory,

and uncontrollable. These people, who are usually employed on board the royal vessels, have no notion of curbing their tongues, but allow themselves the most extravagant speeches, in their native dialect, against every one, not even sparing the royal family; nor are their sarcasms unfrequently destitute of real wit: they are therefore regarded as a kind of professed railers, whose licentiousness is universally tolerated.

Adjacent to the river, lie the Exchange and Custom-house; and from this spot,—where may be heard almost every European language and dialect,—to the fish market—is more bustle and variety than in any other part of the town. Here the merchant and the petty chapman, the banker and the broker, jostle against each other. In the midst of the confusion caused by creaking carts drawn by oxen, ragged labourers, and a number of masterless dogs, one meets with a *Caza da Gazetta*, where English and French papers are taken in; and with some booksellers' shops. Here a *Fidalgo* is purchasing jewels, or some *Millionair* is buying an entire stock of the most costly productions of both the Indies; while farther on, some ragged beggar is cheapening a pair of shoe-buckles,—for in Portugal even the veriest beggar considers these an indispensable article of dress.

Is this country the kingdom of *Midas*?—gold and rags are to be seen every where! Beggars throng the streets, take their *Siesta* on the marble steps of palaces, and lie upon the ground before the Convents, where they are fed by hundreds. Among these are numbers of discharged soldiers. On enquiring once whether there was in Lisbon any hospital for invalids, a Portuguese answered me with an expressive shrug of shoulder, and a satiric smile, *Si Senhor, a rua!* ("yes, sir—there's the street!") But even the soldiers themselves almost starve, if unable to procure employment in addition to their pay, which is but trifling; and at Lisbon every necessary of life is very dear.

Speaking, on the other hand, of rich merchants, one means *millionairs*, of whom there are no small number: among the first houses are the *Barros*,

* This happened at the last *Auto da Fé*, in 1745.

uintella, and some other. A fortune of 100,000 crusades, is reckoned a very moderate one: the richest *Fidalgos* have yearly incomes to double that amount. Yet amidst all this wealth, beggars, cripples, and tattered figures are seen every where; and his too in a nation which is in possession of the Brazils and the *Minas Geraes*!!

The *Praça da Figueira*, adjacent to the river, is a large open place surrounded by houses, and forming the fish, vegetable, and fruit market. Here may be seen piles of oranges and bunches of grapes elegantly tied up with ribbons; but then it is impossible to approach them without previously wading through heaps of mire and rubbish. Cows are found feeding here; nor is there any lack of dogs who throng here to feed upon the filth. The fishermen drag along fish of almost every description—sturgeons, plaice, soles, lampreys, eels, trout, carp, barbels, &c. &c. without reckoning oysters, muscle-fish, crabs, &c.; in short, this place might afford a very entertaining ramble for the lovers of natural history, were it not so abominably filthy. Then as for uproar—Billingsgate is absolutely a piece of *still-life* in comparison to it! and with regard to neatness, the display of a London fishmonger's is perfect elegance when contrasted with this scene of disgusting impurity: for there the fish is laid upon a cool slab of white marble, over which a stream of water continually flows, so that it looks as clean and as brilliant as in a coloured plate in some magnificent publication on Ichthyology. We now proceeded farther until we reached the quay where the vessels unload; here the bustle and confusion was, if possible, still greater; every one was bawling aloud, or rather bellowing in a tone that seemed like a frightful yell to my ears. Then you are stunned with perpetual bickering and quarrelling, or with equally boisterous and vociferous merriment. In one place—in order that I may present you with the reverse of the medal—a couple of porters are belabouring each other with cudgels, without any body's interfering or noticing them. Farther on, two ass drivers are abusing each other most unmercifully; while some

are thumping and throttling each other; or should the affair become more serious, they do not scruple to have recourse to stabbing: until a police officer comes up, which he generally contrives to do when it is too late: at length the Ave Maria bell puts an end to all this tumult and disorder.

The Portuguese is like straw; apply but a spark to him, and he is instantly in a blaze; but then the blaze soon expires. Whether at work or at leisure, nothing seems to excite or rouse him so suddenly as a quarrel—or a procession. In the latter case, he flings himself down on his knees in the mire; or if too heavily laden, or should his ass not be disposed to stop for him, he must perforce content himself with keeping his head bare until the bell has ceased to ring. At an exhibition of equestrian feats, one of the performers was riding upon two horses, and preparing to fire a gun,—when the bell of some procession was heard tinkling:—in an instant he took off his hat, dropt on his knees, and rode round the circus in that attitude. Another, who was performing the part of a devil, immediately ceased his pranks, and displayed equal signs of devotion and attachment to the Holy Church. All that is required of Protestants is, that they take off their hats. Indeed, the good people of Lisbon are unusually courteous and patient towards us heretics and Englishmen.

The *Passejo publico* forms a striking contrast to the bustling scenes just described. One may meditate here as tranquilly as in the retired walks of a cloister; all seems silent and deserted. In fact the Portuguese do not like walking, as an amusement; although Pombal caused an extensive promenade to be formed in the centre of the town. It is not usual to meet any Portuguese ladies of respectability abroad, except on their way to, or return from church; and then they are entirely enveloped in a white veil, or at least very nearly so. They are in general *petite*; with pale countenances and rather inexpressive features; but with dark eyes full of fire. Their costume is striking enough: jewels, gold, fringe, and embroidery, are by no means spared; and they generally wear a scarf of scarlet, or some

other brilliant colour. The men are not finer figures than the women: their complexions are dark, and their mien wears an appearance of habitual reserve; yet they are very polite and courteous, both towards strangers, and each other; and when they speak every feature is full of animation.

Among the higher and middling classes there is, I think, more information than is to be met with among the Spanish Dons and Caballeros. Indeed there are many very profound thinkers to be found among the Portuguese. They read the best authors of other countries, but they apply themselves to erudition much less than the Spaniards do: poetry, music, and practical philosophy, are better adapted to their lively tempers. The lower orders are greatly addicted to wit and satire; although by the bye, there is no word in the Portuguese language which can be said to express the former.

The Marquis *Araujo d'Azavedo* is a distinguished patron of the arts. This nobleman is one of the most refined and ingenious statesmen, and one of the most elegant men, not only in Portugal, but perhaps in Europe. He was formerly ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg. Politics and state intrigues, however, have not engaged all his attention: he is himself no despicable poet; and has translated from the English many pieces of Dryden, Gray, &c. Nor is this all that he has done for the literature of his country; he has likewise ventured to oppose that taste for monotonous and insipid pastoral poetry, which has so long prevailed in Portugal; much to the disparagement of its literary reputation. *Araujo* has moreover produced a tragedy founded on the history of Osmia: this is said to be a work of no common merit, although it has never yet been either represented on the stage, or published from the press.

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

No. VIII.

THE STORM.

A Night-piece, after Salvator Rosa, from the German.

THE night is dark and lowering—
a black cloud passes through the
hot sky—vapours rise from the heath
—the waning moon, pale and melancholy,
disappears. Suddenly she shines through the parting clouds: a solitary star twinkles beneath the murky veil. Lightnings, flashing mid the sky, reveal its misty shapes. Far off rolls the hollow thunder. Every thing sighs beneath the wrath of the tempest-breeding sky. The bat flutters around. Hark! the tempest bursts!—Fiercely it bends the tops of the trembling trees, blustering among their scattered leaves—great drops of rain fall heavy from the sky. See—the lightning—how it dazzles! Hark! how it rustles!—

Almighty Warder of the clouds!
how great is thy beauty in the tempest!

Loud and hollow rolls the distant ocean—woe to the mariner who sails on its midnight wave! The wind-god will seize him—will sink him, with his wooden refuge—in the abyss of the howling wave.

No kindly star lights him to the shore. In vain his young wife awaits him:—in vain she looks for the morning star: a black cloud conceals it. Yonder it glimmers weak in the east—the first dim presage of the dawn! Delay not, welcome messenger! Haste and dispel the dark phantoms of the night.

TABLE TALK.

No. VIII.

ON PERSONAL CHARACTER.

Men palliate and conceal their original qualities, but do not extirpate them.

Montaigne's Essays.

No one ever changes his character from the time he is two years old; nay, I might say, from the time he is two hours old. We may, with instruction and opportunity, mend our manners, or else alter for the worse,—“as the flesh and fortune shall serve;” but the character, the internal, original bias, remains always the same, and true to itself to the very last—

And feels the ruling passion strong in death!

A very grave and dispassionate philosopher (the late celebrated chemist, Mr. Nicholson) was so impressed with the conviction of the instantaneous commencement and development of the character with the birth, that he published a long and amusing article in the Monthly Magazine, giving a detailed account of the progress, history, education, and tempers of two twins up to the period of their being *eleven days old*. This is, perhaps, considering the matter too curiously, and would amount to a species of horoscopy, if we were to build on such premature indications; but the germ no doubt is there, though we must wait a little longer to see what form it takes. We need not in general wait long. The devil soon betrays the cloven foot, or a milder and better spirit appears in its stead. A temper sullen or active, shy or bold, grave or lively, selfish or romantic (to say nothing of quickness or dulness of apprehension) is manifest very early; and imperceptibly, but irresistibly moulds our inclinations, habits, and pursuits through life. The greater or less degree of animal spirits,—of nervous irritability,—the complexion of the blood,—the proportion of “hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce that strive for mastery,”—the Saturnine or the Mercurial,—the disposition to be affected by objects near, or at a distance, or not at all,—to be struck with novelty, or to brood over deep-rooted impressions,—to in-

dulge in laughter or in tears,—the leaven of passion or of prudence that tempers this frail clay, is born with us, and never quits us. “It is not in our stars,” in planetary influence, but neither is it “in ourselves, that we are thus or thus.” The accession of knowledge, the pressure of circumstances, favourable or unfavourable, does little more than minister occasion to this first predisposing bias—than assist, like the dews of heaven, or retard, like the nipping north, the growth of the seed originally sown in our constitution—than give a more or less decided expression to that personal character, the outlines of which nothing can alter. What I mean is, that Blifil and Tom Jones, for instance, by changing places, would never have changed characters. The one might, from circumstances, and from the notions instilled into him, have become a little less selfish, and the other a little less extravagant; but, with a trifling allowance of this sort, taking the proposition *cum grano salis*, they would have been just where they set out. Blifil would have been Blifil still, and Jones what nature intended him to be. I have made use of this example without any apology for its being a fictitious one, because I think good novels are the most authentic as well as most accessible repositories of the natural history and philosophy of the species.

I shall not borrow assistance or illustration from the organic system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, which reduces this question to a small compass, and very distinct limits, because I do not understand or believe in it: but I think, those who put faith in physiognomy at all, or imagine that the mind is stamped upon the countenance, must believe that there is such a thing as an essential difference of character in different individuals. We do not change our features with our situations: neither do we change the capacities or inclinations which lurk beneath them. A flat face does

not become an oval one, nor a pug nose a Roman one, with the acquisition of an office, or the addition of a title. So neither is the pert, hard, unfeeling outline of character turned from selfishness and cunning to openness and generosity, by any softening of circumstances. If the face puts on an habitual smile in the sunshine of fortune, or if it suddenly lowers in the storms of adversity, do not trust too implicitly to appearances: the men are the same at bottom. The designing knave may sometimes wear a vizor, or, "to beguile the time, look like the time:" but watch him narrowly, and you will detect him behind his mask!—We recognise, after a length of years, the same well-known face that we were formerly acquainted with, changed by time, but the same in itself; and can trace the features of the boy in the full-grown man. Can we doubt that the character and thoughts have remained as much the same all that time; have borne the same image and superscription; have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength? In this sense, and in Mr. Wordsworth's phrase, "the child's the father of the man" surely enough. The same tendencies may not always be equally visible, but they are still in existence, and break out, whenever they dare and can, the more for being checked. Again, we often distinctly notice the same features, the same bodily peculiarities, the same look and gestures, in different persons of the same family; and find this resemblance extending to collateral branches and through several generations, showing how strongly nature must have been warped and biased in that particular direction at first. This pre-determination in the blood has its caprices too, and wayward as well as obstinate fits. The family likeness sometimes skips over the next of kin or the nearest branch, and re-appears in all its singularity in a second or third cousin, or passes over the son to the grand-child. Where the pictures of the heirs and successors to a title or estate have been preserved for any length of time in Gothic halls and old-fashioned mansions, the prevailing outline and

character does not wear out, but may be traced through its numerous inflections and descents, like the winding of a river through an expanse of country, for centuries. The ancestor of many a noble house has sat for the portraits of his youthful descendants; and still the soul of "Fairfax and the starry Vere," consecrated in Marvel's verse, may be seen mantling in the suffused features of some young court-beauty of the present day. The portrait of Judge Jeffries, which was exhibited lately in the Gallery in Pall Mall—young, handsome, spirited, good-humoured, and totally unlike, at first view, what you would expect from the character, was an exact likeness of two young men whom I knew some years ago, the living representatives of that family. It is curious that, consistently enough with the delineation in the portrait, old Evelyn should have recorded in his Memoirs, that "he saw the Chief Justice Jeffries in a large company the night before, and that he thought he laughed, drank, and danced too much for a man who had that day condemned Algernon Sidney to the block." It is not always possible to foresee the tyger's spring, till we are in his grasp: the fawning, cruel eye dooms its prey, while it glitters!—Features alone do not run in the blood; vices and virtues, genius and folly, are transmitted through the same sure, but unseen channel. There is an involuntary, unaccountable family character, as well as a family-face; and we see it manifesting itself in the same way, with unbroken continuity, or by fits and starts. There shall be a regular breed of misers, of incorrigible old *kunkses* in a family, time out of mind; or the shame of the thing, and the hardships and restraint imposed upon him while young, shall urge some desperate spendthrift to wipe out the reproach upon his name by a course of extravagance and debauchery; and his immediate successors shall make his example an excuse for relapsing into the old, jog-trot incurable infirmity, the grasping and pinching disease, of the family again.* A person may be indebted for a nose or an eye, for a graceful

* "I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great-grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived,

carriage or a voluble discourse, to a great-aunt or uncle, whose existence he has scarcely heard of; and both may be surprised, on being introduced for the first time in their lives, to find each an *alter idem*. Country cousins, who meet after they are grown up for the first time in London, often start at the likeness,—it is like looking at themselves in the glass—nay, they shall see, almost before they exchange a word, their own thoughts as it were staring them in the face, the same ideas, feelings, opinions, passions, prejudices, likings and antipathies; the same turn of mind and sentiment, the same foibles, peculiarities, faults, follies, misfortunes, consolations, the same self, the same every thing! And farther, this coincidence shall take place and be most remarkable, where not only no intercourse has previously been kept up, not even by letter or by common friends, but where the different branches of a family have been estranged for long years, and where the younger part in each have been brought up in totally different situations, with different studies, pursuits, expectations and opportunities. To assure me that this is owing to circumstances, is to assure me of a gratuitous absurdity—which you cannot know, and which I shall not believe. It is owing, not to circumstances, but to the force of kind, to the stuff of which our blood and humours are compounded being the same. Why should I and an old hair-brained uncle of mine fasten upon the same picture in a collection, and talk of it for years after, though one of no particular “note or likelihood” in itself, but for something congenial in the look to our own humour and way of seeing nature? Why should my cousin L—— and I fix upon the same book, *Tristram Shandy*,—without comparing notes, have it “doubled down and dog-eared” in the same places, and live upon it as a sort of food that assimilated with our natural dispositions?—“Instinct, Hal, instinct!” They are fools who say otherwise, and have never studied nature or mankind, but in

books and systems of philosophy. But, indeed, the colour of our lives is woven into the fatal thread at our births: our original sins, and our redeeming graces are infused into us; nor is the bond, that confirms our destiny, ever cancelled.

Beneath the hills, amid the flowery groves,
The generations are prepar'd; the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread
 strife

Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.

The “winged wounds” that rankle in our breasts to our latest day were planted there long since, ticketed and labelled on the outside in small but indelible characters, written in our blood, “like that ensanguined flower inscribed with woe:” we are in the toils from the very first, hemmed in by the hunters; and these are our own passions, bred of our brain and humours, and that never leave us, but consume and gnaw the heart in our short life-time, as worms wait for us in the grave!

Critics and authors who congregate in large cities, and see nothing of the world but a sort of phantasmagoria, to whom the numberless characters they meet in the course of a few hours are fugitive “as the flies of a summer,” evanescent as the figures in a *camera obscura*, may talk very learnedly, and attribute the motions of the puppets to circumstances of which they are confessedly in total ignorance. They see character only in the bust, and have not room (for the crowd) to study it as a whole-length, that is, as it exists in reality. But those who trace things to their source, and proceed from individuals to generals, know better. School-boys, for example, who are early let into the secret, and see the seeds growing, are not only sound judges, but true prophets of character; so that the nicknames they give their play-fellows usually stick by them ever after. The gossips in country-towns, also, who study human nature, not merely in the history of the individual, but in the genealogy of the race,

He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.”—See this subject delightfully treated in the 75th Number of the *Tatler*, in an account of Mr. Wickerstaff's pedigree, on occasion of his sister's marriage.

know the comparative anatomy of the minds of a whole neighbourhood to a tittle, where to look for marks and defects,—explain a vulgarity by a cross in the breed, or a foppish air in a young tradesman by his grandmother's marriage with a dancing-master,—and are the only practical conjurers and expert decyphers of the determinate lines of true or supposititious character.

The character of women (I should think it will at this time of day be granted) differs essentially from that of men, not less so than their shape or the texture of their skin. It has been said indeed, "most women have no character at all,"—and on the other hand, the fair and eloquent authoress of the Rights of Women was for establishing the masculine pretensions and privileges of her sex on a perfect equality with ours. I shall leave Pope and Mary Wolstonecraft to settle that point between them. I should laugh at any one who told me, that the European, the Asiatic, and the African character were the same. I no more believe it than I do that black is the same colour as white, or that a straight line is a curved one. We see in whole nations and large classes the physiognomies, and I should suppose ("not to speak it profanely") the general characters of different animals with which we are acquainted, as of the fox, the wolf, the hog, the goat, the dog, the monkey: and I suspect this analogy, whether perceived or not, has as prevailing an influence on their habits and actions, as any theory of moral sentiments taught in the schools. Rules and precautions may, no doubt, be applied to counteract the excesses and overt demonstrations of any such characteristic infirmity; but still, the disease will be in the mind, an impediment, not a help to virtue.—An exception is usually taken to all national or general reflections, as unjust and illiberal, because they cannot be true of every individual. It is not meant that they are; and besides, the same captious objection is not made to the handsome things that are

said of whole bodies and classes of men. A lofty panegyric, a boasted virtue will fit the inhabitants of an entire district to a hair: the want of strict universality, of philosophical and abstract truth, is no difficulty here: but if you hint at an obvious vice or defect, this is instantly construed into a most unfair and partial view of the case, and each individual throws the imputation from himself and his country with scorn. Thus you may praise the generosity of the English, the prudence of the Scotch, the hospitality of the Irish, as long as you please, and not a syllable is whispered against these sweeping expressions of admiration: but reverse the picture, hold up to censure, or only glance at the unfavourable side of each character (and they themselves admit that they have a distinguishing and generic character as a people)—and you are assailed by the most violent clamours, and a confused Babel of noises, as a disseminator of unfounded prejudices, and a libeller of human nature. I am sure there is nothing reasonable in this. Harsh and disagreeable qualities wear out in nations, as in individuals, with time and intercourse with the world; but it is at the expense of their intrinsic excellences. The vices of softness and effeminacy sink deeper with age, like thorns in the flesh. Single acts or events often determine the fate of mortals, yet may have nothing to do with their general deserts or failings. He who is said to be cured of any glaring infirmity may be suspected never to have had it; and lastly, it may be laid down as a general rule, that mankind improve, by means of luxury and civilization, in social manners, and become worse in what relates to personal habits and character. There are few nations, as well as few men (with the exception of tyrants) that are cruel and voluptuous, immersed in pleasure, and bent on inflicting pain on others, at the same time. Ferociousness is the characteristic of barbarous ages, licentiousness of more refined periods.*

* *Fideliter didicisse ingenuas artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

* The same maxim does not establish the purity of morals that infers their mildness.

I shall not undertake to decide exactly how far the original character may be modified by the general progress of society, or by particular circumstances happening to the individual: but I think the alteration (be it what it may) is more apparent than real, more in conduct than in feeling. I will not deny, that an extreme and violent difference of circumstances (as that between the savage and civilized state) will supersede the common distinctions of character, and prevent certain dispositions and sentiments from ever developing themselves. Yet with reference to this, I would observe, in the first place, that in the most opposite ranks and conditions of life, we find qualities showing themselves, which we should have least expected,—grace in a cottage, humanity in the bandit, sincerity in courts; and secondly, in ordinary cases, and in the mixed mass of human affairs, the mind contrives to lay hold of those circumstances and motives, which suit its own bias and confirm its natural disposition, whatever it may be, gentle or rough, vulgar or refined, spirited or cowardly, open-hearted or cunning. The will is not blindly impelled by outward accidents, but selects the impressions by which it chuses to be governed, with great dexterity and perseverance. Or the machine may be at the disposal of fortune: the man is still his own master. The soul, under the pressure of circumstances, does not lose its original spring, but as soon as the pressure is removed, recoils with double violence to its first position. That which any one has been long learning unwillingly, he unlearns with proportionable eagerness and haste. Kings have been said to be incorrigible to experience. The maxim might be extended, without injury, to the benefit of their subjects; for every man is a king (with all the pride and obstinacy of one) in his own little world. It is only lucky that the rest of the world are not answerable for his caprices!—We laugh at the warnings and advice of others: we resent the lessons of adversity, and lose no time in letting it appear, that we have escaped from its importunate power. I do not think, with every assist-

ance from reason and circumstances, that the slothful ever becomes active, the coward brave, the headstrong prudent, the fickle steady, the mean generous, the coarse delicate, the ill-tempered amiable, or the knave honest; but that, the restraint of necessity and appearances once taken away, they would relapse into their former and real character again:—*Cucullus non facit monachum*. Manners, situation, example, fashion, have a prodigious influence on exterior deportment. But do they penetrate much deeper? The thief will not steal by day: but his having this command over himself does not do away his character or calling. The priest cannot indulge in certain irregularities: but unless his pulse beats temperately from the first, he will only be playing a part through life. Again, the soldier cannot shrink from his duty in a dastardly manner: but if he has not naturally steady nerves and strong resolution,—except in the field of battle, he may be fearful as a woman, though covered with scars and honour. The judge must be disinterested and above suspicion: yet should he have from nature an itching palm, an eye servile and greedy of office, he will somehow contrive to indemnify his private conscience out of his public principle, and husband a reputation for legal integrity, as a stake to play the game of his political profligacy with more advantage. There is often a contradiction in character, which is composed of various and unequal parts; and hence there will arise an appearance of fickleness and inconsistency. A man may be sluggish by the father's side, and of a restless and uneasy temper by the mother's; and he may favour either of these inherent dispositions according to circumstances. But he will not have changed his character, any more than a man, who sometimes lives in one apartment of a house, and then takes possession of another, according to whim or convenience, changes his habitation. The simply phlegmatic never turns to the truly "fiery quality." So, the really gay or trifling never becomes thoughtful and serious. The light-hearted wretch takes nothing to heart. He, on whom (from natural carelessness

of disposition) "the shot of accident and dart of chance" fall like drops of water on oil, so that he brushes them aside with heedless hand and smiling face, will never be roused from his volatile indifference to meet inevitable calamities. He may try to laugh them off, but will not put himself to any inconvenience to prevent them. I know a man that, if a tyger were to jump into his room, would only play off some joke, some "quip, or crank, or wanton wile" upon him. Mortifications and disappointments may break such a person's heart, but they will be the death of him, ere they will make him provident of the future, or willing to forego one idle gratification of the passing hour for any consideration whatever. The dilatory man never becomes punctual. Resolution is of no avail; for the very essence of the character consists in this, that the present impression is of more efficacy than any previous resolution. I have heard it said of a celebrated writer, that if he had to get a reprieve from the gallows for himself or a friend, (with leave be it spoken) and was to be at a certain place by a given time, he would be a quarter of an hour behind-hand. What is to be done in this case? Can you talk or argue a man out of his humour? You might as well attempt to talk or argue him out of a lethargy, or a fever. The disease is in the blood: you may see it (if you are a curious observer) meandering in his veins, and reposing on his eye-lids! Some of our foibles are laid in the constitution of our bodies; others, in the structure of our minds, and both are irremediable. The vain man, who is full of himself, is never cured of his vanity, but looks for admiration to the last, with a restless, suppliant eye, in the midst of contumely and contempt: the modest man never grows vain from flattery, or unexpected applause, for he sees himself in the diminished scale of other things. He will not "have his nothings monstered." He knows how much he himself wants, how much others have; and till you can alter this conviction in him, or make

him drunk by infusing some new poison, some celestial *ichor*, into his veins, you cannot make a exorcism of him. He is too well aware of the truth of what has been said, that "the wisest amongst us is a fool in some things, as the lowest amongst men has some just notions, and therein is as wise as Socrates; so that every man resembles a statue made to stand against a wall, or in a niche; on one side it is a Plato, an Apollo, a Demosthenes; on the other, it is a rough, unformed piece of stone."* Some persons of my acquaintance, who think themselves *terres et rotundus*, and armed at all points with perfections, would not be much inclined to give into this sentiment, the modesty of which is only equalled by its sense and ingenuity. The man of sanguine temperament is seldom weaned from his castles in the air: nor can you, by virtue of any theory, convert the cold, careful calculator into a wild enthusiast. A self-tormentor is never satisfied, come what will. He always apprehends the worst, and is indefatigable in conjuring up the apparition of danger. He is uneasy at his own good fortune, as it takes from him his favourite topic of repining and complaint. Let him succeed to his heart's content in all that is reasonable or important, yet if there is any one thing (and that he is sure to find out) in which he does not get on, this embitters all the rest. I know an instance. Perhaps, it is myself. Again, a surly man, in spite of warning, neglects his own interest, and will do so, because he has more pleasure in disobliging you than in serving himself. "A friendly man will show himself friendly," to the last: for those who are said to have been spoiled by prosperity, were never really good for any thing. A good-natured man never loses his native happiness of disposition: good temper is an estate for life: and a man born with common sense rarely turns out a very egregious fool. It is more common to see a fool become wise, that is, set up for wisdom, and be taken at his word by fools. We frequently judge of a man's intellectual pretensions

* Richardson's Works, on the Science of a Connoisseur, p. 212.

by the number of books he writes ; of his eloquence, by the number of speeches he makes ; of his capacity or business, by the number of offices he holds. These are not true tests. Many a celebrated author is a known blockhead (between friends) ; and many a minister of state, whose gravity and self-importance pass with the world for depth of thought and weight of public care, is a laughing-stock to his very servants and dependants.* The talents of some men, indeed, which might not otherwise have had a field to display themselves, are called out by extraordinary situations, and rise with the occasion : but for all the routine and mechanical preparation, the pomp and parade, and big looks of great statesmen, or what is called, merely *filling office*, a very shallow capacity with a certain immovableness of countenance, is, I should suppose, sufficient, from what I have seen. Such political machines are not so good as the Mock-Duke in the Honey-Moon.—As to genius and capacity for works of art and science, all that a man really excels in, is his own and incommunicable : what he borrows from others, he has in an inferior degree, and it is never what his fame rests on. Sir Joshua observes, that Raphael, in his latter pictures, showed that he had learnt to some measure the colour of Titian. If he had learn it quite, the merit would still have been Titian's ; but he did not learn it and never would. But his expression, his glory and his excellence, was what he had within himself, first and last ; and this it was that seated him on the pinnacle of fame, a pre-eminence, that no artist, without an equal warrant from nature and genius, will ever deprive him of. With respect to indications of early genius for particular things, I will just mention, that I myself

know an instance of a little boy, who could catch the hardest tunes, when between two and three years old, without any assistance but hearing them played on a hand-organ in the street, and who followed the exquisite pieces of Mozart played to him for the first time, so as to fall in like an echo at the close. Was this accident, or education, or natural aptitude ? I think the last. All the presumptions are for it, and there are none against it.

In fine, do we not see how hard certain early impressions, or prejudices acquired later, are to overcome ? Do we not say, habit is a second nature ? And shall we not allow the force of nature itself ? If the real disposition is concealed for a time and tampered with, how readily it breaks out with the first excuse or opportunity ! How soon does the drunkard forget his resolution and constrained sobriety, at sight of the foaming tankard and blazing hearth ! Does not the passion for gaming, in which there had been an involuntary pause, return like a madness all at once ? It would be needless to offer instances of so obvious a truth. But if this superinduced nature is not to be got the better of by reason or prudence, who shall pretend to set aside the original one by prescription and management ? Thus, if we turn to the characters of women, we find that the shrew, the jilt, the coquette, the wanton, the intriguer, the liar, continue all their lives the same. Meet them after the lapse of a quarter or half a century, and they are still infallibly at their old work. No rebuke from experience, no lessons of misfortune, make the least impression on them. On they go ; and, in fact, they can go on in no other way. They try other things, but it will not do. They are like fish out of water, except in the element of their favourite

* The reputation is not the man. Those who know ——— know this pretty well. Let all true reputation begin and end in the opinion of a man's intimate friends. He is what they think him, and in the last result will be thought so by others. Where there is no solid merit to bear the pressure of personal contact, fame is but a vapour raised by accident or prejudice, and will soon vanish like a vapour or a noisome stench. But he who appears to those about him what he would have the world think him, from whom every one that approaches him in whatever circumstances brings something away to confirm the loud rumour of the popular voice, is alone great in spite of fortune. The magic of friendship, the littleness of curiosity, is as severe a test as the impartiality and enlarged views of history.

vices. They might as well not be, as cease to be what they are by nature and custom. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Neither do these wretched persons find any satisfaction or consciousness of their power, but in being a plague and a torment to themselves and every one else, as long as they can. A good sort of woman is a character more rare than any of these, but it is equally durable.—Look at the head of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice in the boat, holding up his fingers as horns at Cuckold's Point, and ask what penitentiary, what prison-discipline, would change the form of his forehead, "villainous low," or the conceptions lurking within it? Nothing:—no mother's fearful warnings,—nor the formidable precautions of his wiser and more loving mother, his country! That fellow is still to be met with somewhere in our time. Is he a spy, a jack-ketch, or an underling of office? In truth, almost all the characters in Hogarth are of the class of incorrigibles; so that I often wonder what has become of some of them. Have the worst of them been cleared out, like the breed of noxious animals? Or have they been swept away, like locusts, in the whirlwind of the French Revolution? Or has Mr. Bentham put them into his Panopticon; from which they have come out, so that nobody knows them, like the chimney-sweeper boy at Sadler's Wells, that was thrown into a cauldron, and came out a little dapper volunteer? I will not deny that some of them may, like Chaucer's characters, have been modernised a little; but I think I could re-translate a few of them into their mother-tongue, the original honest *black-letter*. We may refine, we may disguise, we may equivocate, we may compound for our vices, without getting rid of them; as we change our liquors, but do not leave off drinking. We may, in this respect, look forward to a decent and moderate, rather than a thorough and radical reform. Or (without going deep into the political question) I conceive we may improve the mechanism, if

not the texture of society; that is, we may improve the physical circumstances of individuals and their general relations to the state, though the internal character, like the grain in wood, or the sap in trees, that still rises, bend them how you will, may remain nearly the same. The clay that the potter uses may be of the same quality, coarse or fine in itself, though he may mould it into vessels of very different shape or beauty. Who shall alter the stamina of national character by any systematic process? Who shall make the French respectable, or the English amiable? Yet the author of *THE YEAR 2500* has done it! Suppose public spirit to become the general principle of action in the community—how would it show itself? Would it not then become the fashion, like loyalty, and have its apes and parrots, like loyalty? The man of principle would no longer be distinguished from the crowd, the *servum pecus imitatorum*. There is a cant of democracy as well as of aristocracy; and we have seen both triumphant in our day. The Jacobin of 1794 was the Anti-Jacobin of 1814. The loudest chaunters of the Pæans of liberty were the loudest applauders of the restored doctrine of divine right. They drifted with the stream, they sailed before the breeze in either case. The politician was changed: the man was the same, the very same!—But enough of this.

I do not know any moral to be deduced from this view of the subject but one, namely, that we should mind our own business, cultivate our good qualities, if we have any, and irritate ourselves less about the absurdities of other people, which neither we nor they can help. I grant there is something in what I have said, which might be made to glance towards the doctrines of original sin, grace, election, reprobation, or the Gnostic principle that acts did not determine the virtue or vice of the character; and in those doctrines, so far as they are deducible from what I have said, I agree—but always with a salvo. T.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF RELIGIOUS PARTIES IN GERMANY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the corrupting influence of a number of small courts, the Germans have been generally considered, and, we believe justly, as a remarkably *honest people*; and, —though there are, no doubt, exceptions to the general rule,—we may safely affirm, that this character of honesty belongs to their writers in a *greater degree* than to those of any other distinguished people in our own day.—The English writers were once generally characterized by great sincerity; but they are now, we think, much less entitled to that praise than the Germans.

The courts have had but little influence on the literature of Germany.—This circumstance is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the superior influence of the Universities; which were thoroughly reformed by Luther, and placed on a very effective footing; and in which the ablest men of the country have, at various periods, found an asylum.—Another circumstance, which has contributed not a little to maintain a spirit of sincerity and candour in the literature of Germany, is the state of the Protestant Church in that country. But a late traveller has taken a very different view of the influence of the church in question. Though in biblical learning it has long been by far the most distinguished in Europe, and though it was observed by one of the most learned and ingenious men of this country, the late Dr. Geddes, that, in theological matters, “German liberality of sentiment is yet almost a stranger to England,” Mr. Jacob,* the traveller to whom we allude, hesitates not to express his strong dislike both of its practice and principles.

“The chief evil (in the ecclesiastical establishments of Germany,)” says Mr. Jacob, “appears to me to arise from the great equality of ranks among them.—It is not that the whole revenue of the church is too

small, so much as from there being no great inducements to aim at distinction in their own profession.†—A pastor can never rise much higher, and the prospect of rising at all is very slight; hence, instead of adhering to the faith of his church, *which he must do, if he hopes to rise in it*, he indulges in speculations, which lead him to wild opinions, and bewilder his auditors in the same perplexing maze.”

Mr. Jacob here is very plain in his explanation of what he deems the usual cause of adherence to established opinions. He *must* adhere, if he hopes to *rise*! He also views with great abhorrence whatever is calculated to exercise the rational faculties of the people.—It has always been a leading maxim with the school to which he belongs, that the people can only be kept obedient by being retained in ignorance.—A late celebrated English prelate openly affirmed, “that the people have nought to do with the laws but to obey them,” and it is not much above a year since a member of parliament, who has considerable weight with a powerful party in the country, did not hesitate to maintain, that a general diffusion of knowledge produced more evil than good, and that the higher ranks ought to discourage the education of the lower. But let us listen to Mr. Jacob:—“The want of a liturgy, as well as the difficulty of composing and introducing one that would be generally approved, is felt by the clergy.—They complain, that the devotional services are criticised, rather than joined in with due reverence.—The exhortations delivered at baptisms, funerals, and marriages, are the composition of the individual who officiates; and after such services, the conversation of even the peasants is rather turned to the skill or to the want of it in the pastor, than to that improvement of them, which such

* A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society in Germany, &c., by William Jacob, Esq. FRS.

† Remark, reader, that the clergy of Germany, as has been already observed, are the most learned in Europe, and by inducements to aim at distinction, cannot be meant inducements to distinguish themselves by biblical and theological knowledge, that makes them wander into extravagances.

services ought to produce.—With us the constant use of the same service may tend to beget formality and inattention, but is seldom or ever the subject of rural criticism.—The tendency to exercise an incompetent (*why incompetent?*) judgment on the talents of the pastor, is directly opposite to that teachable disposition, from which the peasantry of a country are likely to be benefited.”

By *teachable disposition* Mr. Jacob here means, of course, the disposition to obey blindly and without inquiry.—But is such a disposition really beneficial, either to the peasantry themselves, or to those connected with them? No doubt where such a disposition exists, a people may be more easily deceived; and where deception is assumed to be necessary, whatever tends to sharpen the faculties of the people must be inadmissible.—But why deception? Why must men be over-reached? Are not men guided most surely by their interests? Are obedience and the interest of the obeyer incompatible with each other? And does not knowledge aid men in discovering their true interest? What people are so docile as the Scots, where they perceive it their interest to be so? What a contrast, in this respect, do the peasantry of Scotland present to the same class of people in England! When a new or difficult operation is resorted to; when a colony is first settled, and men are placed amidst discouraging embarrassments—which are the most tractable or teachable,—Scots or English peasants? Yet Mr. Jacob's description shows that the relations between the German clergy and the peasantry are precisely the relations which exist, or did exist till lately, in Scotland. And the same effects too are produced in Germany as in Scotland; for the German peasantry, from their *docility*, their careful habits, and their orderly behaviour, are preferred as settlers in America, and every other country, which receives colonists.—The habit of examination, or *criticism*—if Mr. Jacob prefers that word,—is one of the most valuable habits which a peasantry can have.—Without it there can be no improvement.—Stubbornness will always be found where it does not exist.—It is the possession

of this habit, which constitutes the difference between the sensible Scots peasant and the stupid Hindoo.—The facts of the case are insurmountable in argument, except we assume, with the late Mr. Windham, that the docility of the Scots is unconnected with intelligence, and a quality inseparably connected with *raw bones and red hair*.

Men of Mr. Jacob's way of thinking seldom trouble themselves much with the examination of religious questions; what is established is always the best with them; and we dare say he knows nothing, or next to nothing, of the peculiar opinions of the different religious parties in Germany; and of the arguments by which they are defended.—It is not necessary to a disciple of his school to know any thing of biblical learning, to be able to pronounce Eichhorn or Paulus wild or worthless commentators.

We may not be much more profound in theology than Mr. Jacob; but at all events we shall be more sincere; and having never made the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the tenets of the different German doctors the subject of our investigation, we shall avoid pronouncing, like Mr. Jacob, which of them are “*the doctrines of reasonable faith*.”—We hope we may be allowed, however, to give a slight sketch of the tenets of the different religious parties in Germany, without venturing to give any opinion of our own on the subject. It will be chiefly taken from an article “*on the relations of the state to the church*,” in the last number of the *Hermes*,—a distinguished German Review.

The religionists in Germany are divided into two classes, or parties,—the *Rationalists* and *Supernaturalists*.—The Rationalists, who have long been by far the most numerous and able, in the Universities and in the church, acknowledge no other test than human reason.—They appeal to history, and endeavour to show that the divine truths of Christianity have, in every age, been exhibited in a different form, and this, they contend, is a proof that the beneficial efficacy of Christianity depends on the degree of cultivation of the reason of those by whom its doctrines have been re-

served and practised.—The Reformation was itself the result of the progress of knowledge; and the basis to which the Christian religion was brought back by Protestantism consisted in this, “*that the supposed chair of St. Peter rests on a groundless tradition; that the pretended continual inspiration is a mere tyrannical assumption; that neither councils nor popes, nor any other potentates, possess a right of controul over the conscience; and that the holy Scriptures are the only rule of belief.*”

As, however, no one can take it upon him to say, that in the interpretation of the Scriptures he had attained the highest pitch of perfection; as every Protestant is bound, as an honest man, to strive to obtain more and more proficiency in the knowledge of the sense of the holy Scriptures and the divine revelation; and as remaining stationary is a certain sign of blamable indifference towards truth,—of contemptible sloth,—and pitiful narrow mindedness,—there is in the very essence of Protestantism a necessity for freedom from all obstacles to the exercise of reason.—The first reformers acted in this spirit; as did also the authors of the symbolical books of the Lutheran church,—who expressly declared, that their object was by no means the introduction of human authority, or limitation of mental freedom, and the investigation of the holy Scriptures. It happened, however, quite contrary to the wishes of the reformers, and their immediate successors, that the symbolical books soon succeeded to the authority of the Pope in the Lutheran church; and that all Christianity was transformed into blind and implicit belief, and fixed Lutheranism.—This mental slavery, like every thing unnatural and unjust, could not last for ever; and about the middle of the last century, when a new light began to be thrown on the arts and sciences in Germany, its influence was felt in theology, in which the struggle then commenced that has continued to our times. The Rationalists endeavour to apply the results of the improved state of science, and the cultivation of reason to theology.—They chiefly rest their proofs of the divinity of Christianity, on its internal worth, and the coincidence of the Christian

doctrine with the undoubted truths of reason.—Their endeavours are directed to excite in their hearers a spirit of thinking and investigation, which they conceive they are expressly called on to do, by the commands of Christ and his apostles.—They contend that the exercise of reason, instead of giving rise to doubt and scepticism, is the best preservative against them; while an obstinate adherence to the letter of antiquated dogmas, and lifeless formulæ, and articles of belief, leads necessarily to contempt for all religion.—History has sufficiently proved, that when new ideas have once found a reception among great masses of men, they cannot again be completely extirpated, and that the reactions to which they give rise only serve to establish them more firmly; as was, for instance, undeniably the case in the diffusion of Christianity and of Protestantism.

The Supernaturalists again cling with peculiar tenacity to all the tenets of their fore-fathers, and admit of no enquiry into their conformity or non-conformity to right or reason.—Reason, say they, must never assert a supremacy over the revelation of the Creator.—It must act under the guidance of a positive divine revelation, and we must assume that the necessity of a positive revelation for mankind was foreseen and duly provided for.—As reason cannot give us any certainty, but merely conjectures respecting divine things, if we allow a God, we must also allow that he would make his religion known to us by extraordinary ways.—A genuine and efficacious religion must be a positive and *revealed* one; and the belief which it produces will then, by its divine power, be a *positive* conviction.—Hence we find in all positive believers, both in their opinions and in their life and death, a confidence, a firmness, a determination which no natural religion could produce, the most certain proofs of the divinity of revelation.—For the life and martyrdom of a believer from reason, like Socrates, the history of Saints and of the Church affords us a thousand examples of the noblest triumph of positive belief.

The Rationalists contend that the arguments of the Supernaturalists may be equally brought to the support

of every established religion.—They contend too, that their antagonists have always manifested a peculiar degree of intolerance and uncharitableness, applying illiberally all manner of reproachful names to those who differed from them, and endeavouring to stir up the people against them.

So much for the religious parties of the country in which the Protestant religion originated, and which has always been its principal seat.

Mr. Jacob is forced to admit that “the Lutheran clergy, at least, in the villages of Germany, are very attentive to the comforts and the instruction of the poorer classes.”—Speaking of those of Hanover he says, “they are generally well educated; after acquiring classical knowledge at a grammar school, they must pass three years at a University, two of which must be at Göttingen.—Most of the livings are effectively in the gift of the crown, but are usually disposed of by the consistory according to seniority of application; but this rule is dispensed with in favour of those who have distinguished themselves in the University examinations.—Any young man, who has thus displayed talent, is sure to get an early living, either from the consistory, or sometimes from a private patron.—When a clergyman is appointed to a living he must remain in it seven years before he can prefer a request to the consistory for removal to a better.—If he then applies, he must undergo an examination of a rigid kind, to ascertain if he has advanced or declined in knowledge since his former induction.—If he is found to have retrograded he has no chance of promotion.”—Speaking generally of the Protestant church he says, “it would be unjust not to add, that whatever may be the errors and heresies of the clergy, the great body of them, especially the rural pastors, are men of good morals, have a sympathy with the distresses of their poorer parishioners, console them in their sufferings, advise them in their difficulties, and as far as their narrow means extend, relieve them when in want.—As this was a subject to which, in almost every village, I directed my attention, and as my informants were generally the farmers, I give the result of my enquiries

with more confidence than if I had derived it from the higher orders only.”

“If the whole revenues of the English church (he elsewhere observes,) were equally divided among all its ministers, the remuneration to each would be less, considering the relative value of money, than is received by the Lutheran clergy in Germany.”—But then, he observes, the stipends of the clergy are so nearly equal, and all so small, that young men of the best families are never destined to the sacred profession; hence the whole body have not that estimation in the scale of society which can give them weight with the higher classes.—Were there gradations in the body, so that some of them could be considered equal to the highest subjects, even the lowest of the profession would become elevated by feeling, and having it felt by others that the road was open for them to the most exalted stations: the whole mass of clergy would be as they are in England, a body more respected by the community in general; would associate more than the Hanoverian clergy do with the nobility and gentry, and not, like them, be obliged to mix almost exclusively with the middle or lower ranks.—The effect of this want of dignity in the clerical body is visible in the churches, which, though crowded with the lower classes of the people, are not visited very regularly by the higher ranks.—The appearance of the congregations is very different from that of those in England, especially in London, where they seem to be composed, perhaps, too exclusively of the superior ranks.”

To men like Mr. Jacob, who are anxious to have the members of the church moving in the superior ranks of life, we would recommend the perusal of what has been said on this subject by one of the greatest philosophers, and most virtuous men that ever lived,—the immortal author of the Wealth of Nations.—“Where the church benefices,” he says, “are all nearly equal, none of them can be very great, and this mediocrity of benefice, though it may, no doubt, be carried too far, has however some very agreeable effects.—Nothing but the most exemplary morals can give dignity to a man of small fortune.—The vices of levity and vanity neces-

early render him ridiculous, and are, besides, almost as ruinous to him as they are to the common people.—In his own conduct, therefore, he is obliged to follow that system of morals which the common people respect the most.—He gains their esteem and affection, by that plan of life which his own interest and situation would lead him to follow.—The common people look upon him with that kindness, with which we naturally regard one who approaches somewhat to our own condition, but who, we think, ought to be in a higher.—Their kindness naturally provokes his kindness.—He becomes careful to instruct them, and attentive to assist and relieve them.—He does not even despise the prejudices of people who are disposed to be so favourable to him; and never treats them with those contemptuous and arrogant airs, which we so often meet with in the proud dignitaries of opulent and well endowed churches.

Let us look at the effects of the two systems, as described by Mr. Jacob himself. In England the churches are said to be deserted nearly *by the people*, but much frequented by the higher ranks.—In Germany to be crowded by the people, and nearly deserted by the higher ranks.—Now whether is it most important that the many or the few should receive religious instructions?—And what are we to think of the system which is adapted to the few and leaves out the many?

—which gives instruction to those who have leisure and means to obtain it in books, and neglects those who have hardly any other means of obtaining it?

We shall conclude with an anecdote illustrative of the difference of spirit in England and in Germany on certain subjects.—Professor Gesenius of the University of Halle, one of the most distinguished Orientalists now living, lately visited this country for the purpose of copying for publication an apocryphal Hebrew writer, of which a perfect MS. exists only at Oxford.—It so happens that the apocryphal work in question appears to have been thought genuine by the Apostle Paul.—The purpose of the Professor having come to the ears of a certain society, he was solicited by them to renounce it, as it might tend to unsettle the belief of the multitude.—He replied, that he had made truth his object through life, and hoped he should continue to do so to the last.—Money was then offered to him.—“Gentlemen,” said the Professor, “you have mistaken your man—if money had been my object, I should not have given myself all this trouble to publish a work by which I know, from the limited sale it will have, that I must be a loser.” And he indignantly quitted an assembly so little scrupulous in its morality, and capable of offering such an insult to a man of character.

SONNET

TO BERNARD BARTON,

On the favourable Notice of his Poems in the Edinburgh Review.

THE Critic's praise is just.—His liberal hand
For thee a lovely wreath has fitly twined ;
While round thy brow its modest flowers expand,
Be hopes of brighter guerdon all resign'd.
Ah ! where couldst thou more dear encomium find,
Than thus with COWPER's ever honour'd name
To hear thine own compared ?—May spotless fame,
Like *his*, be to thy future lays assign'd !—
See Youth and Innocence confess thy sway,
With pleased attention round the minstrel bending ;
While the mild glories of th' *Autumnal Day*
Are to his song their sweet attraction lending :—
And now—Devotion prompts sublimer lays,
That blend with Nature's charms their great Creator's praise !

DERWENT-WATER AND SKIDDAW.

DEEP stillness lies on all this lovely lake.
 The air is calm: the forest trees are still:
 The river windeth without noise, and here
 The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
 Of the white cataract Lodore: The voice—
 The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.
 Only, far distant and scarce heard, the dash
 Of waters, broken by some boatman's oar,
 Disturbs the golden calm monotony.
 —The earth seems quiet, like some docile thing
 Obeying the blue beauty of the skies;
 And the soft air, through which the tempest ran
 So lately in its speed, rebels no more:
 The clouds are gone which but this morning gloom'd
 Round the great Skiddaw; and he, wide reveal'd,
 Outdurer of the storms, now sleeps secure
 Beneath the watching of the holy moon.

But a few hours ago and sounds were heard
 Through all the region: Rain and the white hail sang
 Amongst the branches, and this placid lake
 Teased into mutiny: its waves (these waves
 That lie like shining silver motionless)
 Then shamed their gentle natures, and rose up
 Lashing their guardian banks, and, with wild cries
 Complaining, call'd to all the echoes round,
 And answer'd rudely the rude winds, which then
 Cast discord in the waters, until they
 Amongst themselves waged wild and glittering war.

Oh! could imagination now assume
 The powers it lavish'd in the by-gone days
 On Fauns and Naiads, or in later times
 Village religion or wild fable sung
 O'er sylphs and gnomes and fairies, fancies strange,
 Here would I now compel to re-appear
 Before me,—here, upon the moon-lit grass,
 Titania, blue-eyed queen, brightest and first
 Of all the shapes which trod the emerald rings
 At midnight, or beneath the stars drank merrily
 The wild-rose dews, or framed their potent charms:
 And here should princely Oberon, sad no more,
 Be seen low whispering in his beauty's ear,
 While round about their throne the fays should dance;
 Others the while, tending that peerless pair,
 Should fill with odorous juices cups of flowers.—
 Here—yet not so: from out thy watery home,
 Deep sunk beneath all storms and billows, thou
 Shouldst not be torn:—Sleep in thy coral cave,
 Lonely and unalarm'd, for ever sleep,
 White Galatea!—for thou wast indeed
 The fairest among all the forms which left
 Their haunts,—the gentle air, or ocean wide,
 River, or fount, or forest, to bestow
 High love on man;—but, rather, let me now
 From these so witching fancies turn away,
 Lest I, beguiled too far, forget the scene
 Before me, bright as aught in fairy land.

Skiddaw ! Eternal mountain, hast thou been
 Rock'd to thy slumber by the howling winds,
 Or has the thunder or the lightnings blue
 Scared thee to quiet ?—to the sounding blast
 Thou gavest answer, and when thou didst dash
 The white hail in its puny rage aside,
 Thou wast not dumb, nor to the rains when they
 Ran trembling from thee :—me thou answer'st not.

Art thou indignant then, or hear I not ?
 Or, like the double-visaged god who sate
 Within the Roman temples, dost thou keep
 High watch above the northern floods to warn
 Lone ships from erring, while thy southern front
 Is seal'd in sleep ?—thy lofty head has long
 Stood up an everlasting mark to all
 Who wander : haply now some wretch, whose barque
 Has drifted from its path since set of sun,
 Beholds thee shine, and kneeling pours his soul
 In thanks to Heaven, or towards his cottage home
 Shouts amidst tears, or laughter sad as tears.

—And shall I, while these things may be, complain ?
 Never : in silence as in sound thou art
 A thing of grandeur ; and throughout the year
 Thy high protecting presence (let not this
 Be forgot ever) turns aside the winds
 Which else might kill the flowers of this sweet vale.

B.

STANZAS,

Written, after viewing one evening, from Yarmouth Jetty, the Sea in a luminous state.

Behold, on the bosom of Ocean, how fire
 With flame lights the foam of each kindling wave ;
 And let us this magic of nature admire,
 Which bids fiery water the strand thus to lave !

Dark, dark is the surface, like Julia's eye :
 Yet where the oars dash, golden lustre appears ;
 As in that deep azure we oft may descry
 All the flash of the lightning as seen through her tears.

Though silence and gloom all encircle around,
 These rays vivid lustre to night can impart ;
 Like that eye, which in sadness, however profound,
 Can irradiate my hopes, while its beams cheer my heart.

Yes ! such were the fires that, the main erst illuming,
 Burst forth when fair Venus arose from the waters ;—
 And now, all the charm of that moment resuming,
 They sport on the waves where still bathe her fair daughters.

These flames are the traces which beauty hath left
 Behind in the flood to enchant and delight ;
 For when earth is of sun and its radiance bereft,
 Still, like beauty, they glow in the darkness of night.

PULPIT ORATORY.

No. II.

THE REV. JOHN LEIFCHILD.

THE individual whom we have chosen as the subject of this notice has scarcely yet attained that eminence among his fellows which his talents deserve. He is, perhaps, usually esteemed by them, merely as an able and faithful minister, and considered as more remarkable for his zeal than for extraordinary powers. To us he appears to possess some of the mightiest elements of oratory—not finely tempered or harmoniously blended—but still having potency over the heart, exceeded by that of no living preacher. Of all professors of Calvinism whom we ever have heard, he seems to us its most fitting champion. He alone has displayed strength to cut the knots of its mysterious difficulties—to exhibit its doctrines in all their austere grandeur—and to wield its terrible artillery. There are few things more surprising, or better worthy of analysis, than the listless indifference with which many of its preachers descant on its most thrilling themes. They tell their hearers, that on a few short moments their eternal fates are suspended—that each hour is big with imperishable joy, or with undying despair—in accents more drowsy and unimpassioned than they would speak of any subject of present interest to their own worldly possessions. Or they strive to show how gracefully they can touch on these awful subjects—how delicately they may hint damnation—or what pretty fantastic desires they can intersperse among the tremendous threatenings and promises which they declare. In listening to them we are almost tempted to think that, without absolute insincerity, their belief is worth but little—that the certainty of a future state of retribution cannot be vivid in their minds—and that they are rather repeating certain cant phrases, to which they attach no very definite meaning, than that they are fully impressed with the reality of “things not seen as yet” by mortal eyes. Mr. Leifchild is not one of these. He feels “the future in the instant.” He has

almost as intense a consciousness of the world to come as he has of the visible objects around him. He speaks, not only as believing, but as “seeing that which is invisible.” The torments of the hell which he discloses are as palpable to his mind as the sufferings of a convict stretched on a rack by a human torturer. He speaks as if he and his hearers stood visibly on this “end and shoal of time,” with the glories of heaven above him, and the eternal abyss beneath, and on the reception of his living words the doom of all who heard them were, on the moment, to be fixed for ever. He makes audible to the heart the silent flight of time, as that the wings of the hours seem to rustle as they pass by with fearful sound.

There are, however, two circumstances which we regard as impairing the effect even of Mr. Leifchild's noblest effusions—and as these are matters rather of feeling and taste than of doctrine, we shall dwell a little upon them. The first is the too perpetual endeavour to awaken hope and terror, in his representations of the future world; and the second consists in the frequency of his appeals to sensibilities which are merely physical. He confines himself too exclusively to the truth, that godliness is great gain. He constantly sets before his hearers the blessedness of heaven, and the agonies of hell; and, with intense anxiety, implores them to fly from the wrath to come, and lay up treasures that will never perish. And for this he has, no doubt, the warrant of Scripture, and the sanction of experience, which proves that a large portion of men can be affected only thus. But *this* after all—tremendous as the excitements are—is only an appeal to very low and ignoble motives. The passion of fear, the basest in the human heart, is a miserable foundation of piety. He who serves God for reward, is but a poor menial, though the reward he seeks be paradise! In short, the appeal of the preacher is only made to self-love; and this

is neither the purest, nor the strongest incitement to penitence or to virtue. This may, at first, sound like a paradox, but we think it may be established as a truth, even without referring to the noble subtleties of Mr. Hazlitt's eloquent and ingenious "Essay on the Principles of Human Action." It is not true, that men do good or evil according to the rectitude, or the fallacy of their calculations of happiness. How often do they not only prefer the present to that which is to come, but relish joy the more because it is fleeting; and snatch a desperate delight on the verge of ruin! How false is it that men are only excited to action by the hope of something which they may personally taste! The desire of posthumous fame cannot be accounted for on selfish principles, but is part of the very nature and essence of an immortal spirit. Its anticipation, indeed, forces men to realize more intensely the chillness of that grave which will cover them, while the shadows cast from their deeds shall endure. Were they incited only by self-love, they would desire to be forgotten when consciousness ceased, as jealous of their own memories. It is a mere assumption, and we think a false one, that man is prompted by his nature to seek his own good in preference to that of all others. On the contrary, we contend that there is in the human heart a constant desire to go out of itself—a principle of diffusion—a tendency to impart life to other objects which may survive its final beatings. Hence the exquisite delight with which a father anticipates the prosperity of his children, when he shall be resting from his labours. Hence the consolation of the philanthropist, who casts the seeds of good into the earth for a brighter day which he must never look on. Hence those rare moments in which the mind seems to overleap the boundaries of its mortal tenement, lives in the light of holier days, and almost loses its individuality among the anticipated harmonies of the universe.

Mr. Hall, whose fine talents we imperfectly characterized in our last Essay, has a striking passage in opposition to our views of this subject in one of his sermons. "It may," he contends, "be assumed as a

maxim, that no person can be required to act contrary to his greatest good, or his highest interest, comprehensively viewed in relation to the whole duration of his being. It is often our duty to forego our own interest *partially*, to sacrifice a smaller pleasure for the sake of a greater; to incur a present evil in pursuit of a distant good of more consequence. In a word, to arbitrate amongst interfering claims of inclination, is the moral arithmetic of human life. But to risk the happiness of the whole duration of our being in any case whatever, admitting it to be possible, *would be foolish*; because the sacrifice must, by the nature of it, be so great as to preclude the *possibility of compensation*."—It is difficult, notwithstanding our respect for the individual who has put forth this reasoning, to refrain from expressing the strong sentiments of indignation which it awakens. What! has goodness no other basis than expediency, no higher aim than reward? Is the holiest of men only the best of calculators? Does heaven pour nothing higher than a subtle arithmetic into the hearts of those whom it selects for its divinest purposes? If so, there can be no intrinsic beauty in virtue, or, at least, none which is capable of affecting the motives of those creatures for whose preference it is offered. If so, there can be no well-founded abhorrence of crime, whatever pity or contempt may be felt for those who have so far neglected their true interest as to choose it. But the theory is contradicted by all the principles of imagination, and the noblest incidents in human history. Would not suffering virtue affect us, even though it were doomed to be afflicted for ever? Is it only in the presence or the assurance of happiness, that we can feel the dignity of our being? Is it necessary that a golden wreath should be seen quivering over the head of the heroic sufferer, that we may gaze with admiration on the picture of his sorrows? Were there no heaven to reward a Clarissa, should we love or admire her the less? Assuredly not;—nor is there more ground for the assertion that the pleasure derived from virtue itself is the motive which instigates the best to practise it. They have not thought at all, or

but little of themselves, when they devoted all their energies to its service. While Howard was wearing away his life in abstinence, travel, and solitude—chequered only by visits to the inmost recesses of loathsome dungeons—did he purpose to himself no higher aim than the gratification of his own sensibilities, or the approval of his own conscience? Or did he only think that he was treading an arduous road to imperishable rewards? Was the amelioration of the state of man his end, or only his means? In those hours of awful joy in which Clarkson formed his high purpose of devoting his existence to the abolition of the Slave Trade, did he think of Africa, or of himself? Could we conceive him left abandoned to his own resolve—feeling that his holy labours should, on their success, be blotted from the remembrance of man, of heaven, and of himself, would he have relaxed in his agony of toil? He would still see—all he then saw—an incalculable load of misery, and guilt, and feel a burning desire to remove it. And we earnestly believe, in spite of Mr. Hall's hypothesis, that there are minds capable of choosing even annihilation, could they, by resigning immortality itself, confer some great blessing on their species. It is, indeed, only so far as this spirit of such a resolve prevails, that man can be regarded as virtuous.

We do not mean to dispute that a scheme of rewards and punishments, as such, is proposed in the Bible; or that it may not fitly be referred to as supplying motives to human action. But we deny that it was the chief engine to which Christ and his Apostles appealed in their recorded discourses. They delighted to establish the true foundations of goodness—to expose the hollow pretensions of hypocrites and formal worshippers—to show spiritual pride in its own littleness—and to set before men's hearts a purer system of morals than had ever been combined by the philosopher. To arrogance they

opposed the gentlest humility, to the law of retaliation forgiveness, to passion meekness, forbearance, and long suffering; and, for the most part, they left their system to consume itself to the soul by its own beauty, without other incitements to its reception. And this, we are persuaded, was and yet is the surest way profoundly to touch the noblest natures. There are souls which may more easily be moved by a touch of love, than by the most terrific threatenings, or the brightest promises. A perpetual display of terrors to some, and these not the least noble minds, may inspire nothing but aversion—"the spirit of revenge, immortal hate, and courage never to submit or yield." Or they may break some hearts into pieces before they can soften them.* It is, in short, ill to neglect an appeal to the honest source of human action—which is neither fear nor hope—but deep love never entirely dried up in the heart, amidst all the varieties of character and of fortune.

Mr. Leifchild not only, we think, attempts too exclusively to awaken apprehension and hope, in reference to a future world, but paints both the states to which he so often refers in somewhat injudicious colouring. He lavishes all his great powers of terrific painting in his representations of eternal torments. He is not contented with construing the figurative language of the sacred writers literally—nor with applying passages in the Old Testament to a future state, which the best commentators regard as having no such reference—but he sometimes literally puts forth pure inventions of horror, as though they were truths of holy writ. He will give a kind of topography of the infernal regions, and enter into all the minutiae of torture. His hell is as absolutely a creation of the human mind as that of Milton; and sometimes is almost as mighty a production of mere power, as the poet's is of genius. The imagination of an orator may give birth to pictures

* This sentiment is expressed in the unctuous spirit of one of the Calvinistic hymns:

"Law and terrors only harden
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

which are merely terrible, but never that of a poet. He cannot attempt to hold us with a grasp of iron. Beauty always mingles with his terrors. His sublimity never consists in mere vastness. Milton, whose theological opinions did not greatly differ from those of our preacher, could not depict hell itself without dignifying its pains, and substituting for images of mere torment, those of dusky magnificence and awful grandeur. The representations of the orator, on the other hand, though evidently given in all the earnestness of sincerity, are calculated to awaken nothing but mere disgust or wonder. They can, at least, affect none but the coarsest and most unreflecting minds. The heart involuntarily rejects them; and thus they tend to create doubts of the very system which they are intended to realize. Is there not in the inevitable consequences of guilt—in those evils which we instinctively feel must follow it—enough for the preacher to dwell on? Are not the pollution of the soul, the decay of the faculties, the sad recurrence of guilty associations, the loss of the glory, honour, and wisdom of the "just made perfect," the loud retardment of the spirit's progress in its eternal career, sufficient to move—if aught can move—those whom gratitude and love cannot soften? Will nothing touch an immortal being but the dread of mere bodily anguish? Are there no miseries which

On the purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense?

Men are not to be scared into piety. And it may almost be laid down as an axiom, that nothing can affect them to their real good, which does not touch on chords of generous sympathy.

The Heaven which Mr. Leifchild sets before his hearers is also somewhat cheerless. Here again he works out a creation of his own fancy, from a few figurative expressions of Scripture. All is shadowy and heartless in his paradise. Could his gilded clouds, or jewelled streets, or bright mansions be realized, they would not be so inviting, as a quiet valley in this "dear spot, this human earth of ours." "It doth not yet appear which we shall be," said the first of

the Apostles. Attempts to describe another state of existence must always produce dissatisfaction in beings whose bodily organs at least are wisely adapted to the present. Let the preacher dwell on the joys of innocence restored—of faculties expanded—of severed friendships reunited—and on all the negative blessings which the absence of pain, and sorrow, and death contribute; but let him not expatiate on visible splendours which must always seem cold in proportion as they are removed from those things which custom has endeared to us. But Mr. Leifchild too often expressly shuts out from his bright prospects all that for which "we bear to live or dare to die." He represents the affections of the heart, as destined to be absorbed in the will of God, so that it will be reconciled even to the everlasting misery of those whom it has loved most fondly. If this be true, a future state is nothing to us. It is not the same human heart which we shall bear; and if so, it is of little consequence to us that some being, who may retrospectively be endowed with our consciousness, shall enjoy a splendid destiny. What are martyrs, and saints, and apostles to us, compared with the friends of our youth, the companions of our mortal struggles and sufferings! The golden link of sympathy between our present and future being is thus broken asunder, and we can only look up to our own beatified spirits as strangers. What are roses and crowns, and sceptres—"immortal palms and amaranthine flowers," compared to one pure gush of human love, one coming of the old affection "back upon the heart again?" If these holy instincts—these feelings stronger than death—which were life of our life on earth, are to be annihilated in heaven, we may bow to the wisdom which shall revive beings, in some sense, to be called ourselves, but we can take no interest in what they shall do or enjoy.

We have, in a great measure, anticipated our second objection to some of Mr. Leifchild's discourses—that he appeals too much to sensibilities, which are merely physical. Of this kind, besides his pictures of the future world, are his representations of the sufferings of Christ, and

of the dying agonies of the guilty. His details of the former are, by far, too minute and sickening. They only tend to weaken the sense of infinite love, which the great sacrifice itself must awaken. The shuddering and even the tears which they may excite, have little connexion with pure and deep sympathy, and far less with religious feeling. The spiritual is lost in the palpable. The more vivid and harrowing the picture, the less will the mind be disposed to dwell on that which cannot be painted. In the description of dying scenes Mr. Leitch is too frequently tempted to dwell on circumstances which border on the physically shocking. When he abstains from this, he is absolutely fearful. We remember once hearing him, at the close of a striking description of the alarm felt by a sinner at the approach of death, exclaim in a wild tone—"his friends rush to him—he is gone"—then with a solemn impressiveness add "*he is dead!*"—and, at last, in a voice that came on the ear like low thunder, pronounce—"he is damned!" The effect was petrific and withering. It seemed as though he had actually witnessed, while he spoke, the passage of a soul into eternity, and the sealing of its irrevocable doom. He sometimes appears to us to regard the manner of death as too accurate a test of character; but he is surely justified in attempting to arrest attention by those circumstances of mortality, which have so profound an interest to all that are mortal. Who does not feel the truth of these exquisite words of "time honoured Lancaster"

He that no more must stay, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have
taught to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd than their
lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things
long past.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which breathes through Mr. Leitch's discourses, they are full of thought, observation, and knowledge both of history and biblical criticism. His sentences are for the most part short and individually striking. When he is best, they follow each

other like strokes on a wedge, each adding to the effect of the other, until they can rive the knotted oak. His manner of level speaking is slovenly—sometimes bordering on the farthier—but when he is fairly aroused he pours out a torrent of voice and energy, and sustains it without intermission to the end. His whole soul seems thrown into every word. He does not stop to explain his expressions, or give all the qualifications to his doctrines which he might think requisite in a confession of faith;—but gives full vent to the predominant feeling, and allows no other to check its course;—which in every kind of oratory is wise. He thus occasionally, it is true, rushes headlong against some tremendous stumbling-block, or approaches that fine division, where the pious borders on the profane. But, on the whole, the greatest effect is produced by this abandonment to the honest impulse of the season. He occasionally, however, impairs the effect of his loftiest eloquence, by introducing quotations from miserable verses, which he strangely appears to relish. The Dissenters, we are afraid, as a body, do not cherish a taste for poetry, worthy of those who "the faith and morals hold which Milton held." Dr. Watts, whom they chiefly quote and admire, was a man of great variety of knowledge, and of deep piety, but, he has little claim to the honours of the bard. The least pretending of his poetical works, his Hymns for Children, is the best, and the most ambitious, his Lyrics, his worst. It is difficult to conceive any thing more destitute of the real spirit of poetry than those cold elegies, turgid declamations, and excessive eulogies. His panegyrics on King William cannot be justified even by dissenting gratitude. All laureate strains fall far short of those in which he describes that low-minded prince as to be painted only "in the form of angels or his own, Gabriel or William on the British throne." His Hymns for the use of Congregations are surprising, if taken on the whole, when we consider their number, variety, and the difficulty of comprising any subject within the allotted space; but singly they seem, with few exceptions, either too doctrinal, or too frigid. They rarely sound as

if they had been written for music. In this respect they are surpassed by the less judicious and elegant compositions of Hart, Newton, and others, to which Mr. Leifchild seems rather to incline. We cannot help regretting, that the noble pieces of elegance, which he often delivers, are thus debased, when there are Milton and Cowper of kindred spirit—besides innumerable passages of a devotional cast scattered through the works of other excellent poets—more worthy both of his style and of his themes.

There are a few minor defects in Mr. Leifchild's composition and man-

ner, which, however, are not worthy of particular remark. Indeed they all spring so evidently from his earnestness in the cause to which he is devoted, that we can scarcely desire their removal. To the opinion of his fellow-men he appears almost careless. There is no false fire—no self-seeking—no mingling of personal desires in his zeal. Others may use their power to more advantage in obtaining popular applause; but there is no one, whom we have heard, the inspiration of whose eloquence appeared to arise from a deeper or holier fountain.

D.

Town Conversation.

No. III.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

WE continue our notice of the English Review, so patriotically printed and published at Naples, by Sir Egerton Brydges! Of the first article, we have treated in our last number.

The second article is on the Origin of Italian Poetry, in which the two following long disputed points are discussed at some length:—1. The claims of the poets of Provence, or the Troubadours, to the first use of rhythm in the vulgar idiom.—2. The priority of the Sicilians, in composing in the Italian language.

On the first point, the Baronet, with very great reason, takes part with Tiraboschi, Pietro Bembo, the Abate Carlo Denina, Crescimbeni, Quadrio, Gravina, Bettinelli, and Ginguenè, who maintain the priority of the Troubadours, against Castelvetro, Muratori, Signorelli, and Giacinto Gimma, who have endeavoured to refute that opinion, and establish the priority of the indigenous Italian poets.

The second point, with equal good reason, he gives against the Sicilians. The advocates for the priority of the Italians bring forward two inscriptions, bearing the dates of 1135 and

1184. The first was placed over the *altare maggiore* of the cathedral of Ferrara.

In mille trentacinque nato
Fo questo tempio a Zorzi consacrato :
Fo Nicolao scultpore ;
E Glielmo fo l'autore.

The second is on marble, and belongs to the Ubaldini, a noble Florentine family.

Both these inscriptions, it is true, have been disputed, but then the only poetry by a Sicilian author, which can be opposed to them, is liable to still more doubt, and has remained in greater uncertainty.

It is a *cantilena*, the only existing composition of the author, Ciullo d'Alcamo, supposed by some to have been written in 1197; and, by others, with better foundation, in or about 1227. Now the *cantici* of St. Francis, of Assisi (asserted by the Abate Denina, to be the most ancient poetry the Italians possess) can be reduced to a sure and incontrovertible date,* earlier than the probable date that can be attached to Ciullo's *Cantilena*: this positive date then (without recurring to Fra Pacifico, a convert of St. Francis, who wrote verses,

* It is agreed on all sides, that St. Francis lived from 1182 to 1226.

and received the laurel crown from the Emperor, Frederic II. in 1212) ought, we think, to ask the question at rest.*

The third article of *Res Literariæ*, is a mere catalogue of the eminent Italian literati of the eighteenth century; and the fourth, a catalogue of the historians of Naples. Article the fifth, is, on five Latin poets of Italy. Pietro Bembi, Andrea Navagero, Baldassarre Castiglione, Giovanni Cotta, and Marc Antonio Flaminio. Of the latter, (whom he prefers) he gives some specimens, which are good; one in particular, beginning,

Pausilipi colles, et candida Mergelina—
strikes us as very fine.

Articles, six, seven, eight, nine and ten, are mere catalogues of the works and editions of the Italian-Latin poets, viz. Politianus, Casa, Fracastorius, Sannazarius, and Vida. The eleventh and twelfth articles contain some account of the celebrated editors, Volpis, and of the Volpi, or Comino press; and a long catalogue of *Lib. Rar.* and *Lib. Rariss.* by them collected.

Article thirteenth is a catalogue of the editions of the *Histories of Florence*, by Leonardo Aretino, and Poggio Bracciolini, with short biographical sketches of the authors. Article fourteenth, prose and poetical works of Pontanus—there is a short sketch of his life, and some specimens of his poetry. Article fifteenth, perhaps the most curious in this very curious book, is on Valerianus, and his works; of which the most remarkable are, a *Treatise on the Infelicity of Authors*, "*De Infelicitate Litteratorum*," and his justification of wearing beards, "*Pro Sacerdotum Barba, Apologia*."

The first of these tracts (which was drawn from the author, by the struggles and sufferings of his early

life) the Baronet has never been able to meet with, and therefore, as he justly observes, knows not its contents. The Baronet does not remember the matter of Mr. D'Irasci's volumes on this subject—and therefore thinks himself "permitted to put down a few cursory thoughts of his own on this interesting subject." He has accordingly given us one of the strangest, most confused little essays we have ever read. This article, altogether, is a model of confusion and jumble; we had the idea of giving a sketch of its parts, but they elbow one another in such a perplexing manner, that we have really found it too difficult; and must refer the reader, "curious in these matters," to one of the *seventy-five* copies of "*Res Literariæ*."

The sixteenth article is a mere mention of Jacobus Pontanus, a Bohemian monk and poet, of the beginning of the seventeenth century. The seventeenth article, on the *Early Literature of Florence*, gives a catalogue of books on that subject; and an essay at length, by N. S. Meucci, followed by a translation into English. Of this essay, we cannot say much: it is a dry eulogium on Florentine authors, much in the same style that those things are still done in, *Academic*, and *Società letterarie*, those quack-doctor shops of literature.—The far greater part of it is taken up in deciding which among *gli uomini sommi Fiorentini* knew Greek, and of whom, and where they learned it—parts of it, however, "cannot," as Sir Egerton says, "entirely fail to interest those who regard the revival of literature, as an event of some importance in the history of mankind." The eighteenth and last article of *Res Literariæ*, is a catalogue of the literary historians of Italy: it is copious and valuable.

* Although Ciello must give up the point of priority, we think him, undoubtedly, the best of the poets in question. His *Cantilena* has more sentiment and poetry, and is written in purer Italian than any thing remaining of that epoch. The poets of that time were accustomed to mix a good deal of Latin with the vulgar idiom.—The *Cantici* of St. Francis d'Assisi, are neither Latin nor Italian, but an ungracious mosaic-like union of both, the style of which seldom approaches poetry; indeed, of so undefined a character are they, that about half a century ago, a dissertation was published to prove that they were originally written in prose.

The custom of mixing Latin, accompanied the Italian poetry in its progress, and, in fact, did not quite abandon it in its grandeur and perfection. Dante has not unfrequently a Latin line, which, however, being generally borrowed from the fine old church service, carries with it a venerable and deeply impressive charm.

LITERARY CONVERSATIONS.

It will be seen, by a paragraph in our literary and scientific intelligence, that a gentleman of wealth and education is about to establish a weekly meeting at his house, as a point of communication between the literary and scientific men residing in the metropolis, and the distinguished strangers and foreigners who may happen to be visiting it from time to time.

On the mere announcement of this intention, it will instantly strike almost every one, that such a meeting, conducted on a liberal and extensive scale, has long been a most desirable addition to the society of London. What other great metropolis of Europe is without several such meetings as the one in contemplation?—and in what other metropolis are meetings of this kind so much needed, or so likely to be attended by effects, at once honourable to the promoter, gratifying to the partaker, and beneficial to the interests of science, literature, and art?—

We are not acquainted with the exact plan on which the proposed meeting is to be conducted; but as the wealth and character of Mr. Webbe insure the absence of all petty views, and all party intrigue and cabal, we receive and promulgate the announcement of it with great pleasure, because we anticipate from it unmingled good. One thing, however, we would venture to suggest—namely, that the meeting be made more miscellaneous than such assemblies have usually been in this country: that it be more assim-

lated to meetings of a like nature on the Continent, and particularly in Paris. It gives a zest and spirit to the conversation of literary and scientific men, when they feel that they are in the presence and under the observation of persons of totally different views and habits from themselves; and by whom their remarks are likely to be regarded with more than ordinary curiosity and interest, on account of the novelty of receiving them directly from their own lips, instead of through the somewhat chilling, because formal, medium of the press.

We cannot help anticipating very extensive benefits, even to the general state of society in London, by the establishment of such meetings as that in contemplation,—provided they are conducted in the spirit, and with the effect, of which they are susceptible.

We should have considerable hesitation in recommending the introduction of females to these kinds of meetings in this country,—because there is something in the character of English women essentially inimical to that display, which is not more excusable, but desirable, on these occasions. But, certainly, the annals of the world tell of nothing half so brilliant and attractive,—and at the same time, so influential on literature and art,—as the meetings of this nature which were the boast of the French metropolis, about the middle of the last century: and it must not be forgotten, that women contributed a good part of the soul, and all the heart, to those meetings.

LORD BYRON.

There is not much literary news this month. Lord Byron's tragedy of the Doge, *Marino Falieri*, is still delayed; but three more Cantos of

Don Juan are announced in Mr. Murray's (Booksellers') list. Of these we hear that one is rather dull, and one very beautiful.

MR. MILMAN, MR. CROLY, MR. SHELLEY, MISS BAILLIE.

We have heard, (but we cannot vouch for the truth of the report,) that Mr. Milman is engaged on a poem, which is to be entitled "*The Fall of Babylon*." The subject, at least, is splendid. At present, we can only hope that Mr. Milman will do it justice, for we know nothing of the execution of the poem.—Mr. Croly's work on the subject of 'Ca-

tiline' is, we understand, a dramatic poem, and not a tragedy, as we had been led to suppose.—Mr. Shelley, besides the tragedy of Charles the First, alluded to in a late number of our Magazine, has written a poem, in the ottava rima, called '*The Witch of Atlas*.'—Miss Joanna Baillie has in the press a volume of poems, entitled '*Metrical Legends*,'

but they are not altogether equal, we believe, to the Dramas of this lady, which possess, certainly, high and undoubted merit. While we are on this subject, we will introduce to our readers a dramatic poem

or tragedy, written by a young lady, who is worthy of being compared, we think, with Miss Joanna Baillie, or any female poet of the present day.

THE POET'S CHILD

Is the tragedy to which we have above alluded. It is written by a young lady (of whom, personally, we know nothing) of the name of Isabel Hill. This drama is very artificial, and even slight in its construction, but the language is simple,—in exceedingly pure taste, and at times eminently beautiful. There is not in the 'Poet's Child' of Miss Hill the pomp of Mrs. Hemans; nor, on the whole, so much nerve, perhaps, as Miss Baillie displays; but it is free from the inversions of language, and antique phraseology of the last named authoress, while it has much of her independant cast of thought: Miss H. is decidedly a more original writer and thinker, and altogether a better poetess than Mrs. Hemans. We have not space here to detail the story of the 'Poet's Child,' but we will give an extract or two to justify the praises which we have bestowed upon it, requesting our readers' attention to the high merit, and really fine modulation of the following lines;—

Eug. There were in Italy two names,
and when
Men heard them, 'twas together; they be-
longed
To men of Rome, born, bred, as Romans
should be.
Each long line was of heroes, and the dead
Had not been greater than the living twain,
Who their bright stainless honours had en-
creased.
One chief was old and rich, with children,
kindred,
Vassals, array; the other young, and poor,
Of a brave race, the last surviving one.
Yet far above the wealthy Lord in power,
The sire of a thousand loves, the ruler
Of all wills, save his own. For sure there is
A spell in these last stars of constellations,
Which rules o'er many destinies. Our
hearts
Confess a sympathy indefinite,
A brotherhood with one who has no brother!
He was a Poet; half the world admired
him,
And he was fair, as Poesy's young God.
The well worn halo of an ancient name
Invested him,—played round his stainless
brow,

Bleat with the clear red ray of his dark
eye,
Like torch-light darting from a crystal
cave.

Mar. That such a creature should be
wretched! well!

Eug. Poets are seldom made by common
means,
And he was *paradised by passion*. Early
He loved the daughter of the rich old Ro-
man,
Who, like her sire, fav'ring his suit, he
wedded.

The following is descriptive of the
joy of an old man on being reco-
ciled to his slandered son. The last
line and an half are very striking.

I too, old though I be (young while I look
On thine unbroken youth) will once more
deck me
In the glad pomp of justice long delayed.
As sunrise after a long night of storms
Be thy return.

The excess of filial love is thus de-
scribed:

Thou nameless spirit of my father dead!
Haunt me! pursue me! give me e'en the
terror
Of seeing thee—as—death must make the
fairest,
Rather than let me stand, like fever'd
dream,
Detach'd, unclaim'd, the chaos of the fancy.

The expression of "But I've a
heart as boundless as the heavens,"
is good, if not new; and the in-
quisitiveness of youth beginning to think,
is well given.

From childhood's heedlessness
To curious youth I wake, and ask my birth:
Again——

Mother's the title of a household goddess,
Dear, but familiar,

is very admirable; and so are, in
fact, many other passages in the
drama of Miss Isabel Hill. It is not
good, certainly, as a *tragedy*, nor
does the talent of the fair authoress
appear to be peculiarly dramatic;
but she is a very clever young wri-
ter, and we can safely recommend her
book to our readers, as a volume of
great promise.

ROUGE AND NOIR.

A poem under this title is in the press. It is written, we hear, by an Irish gentleman, in the *ottava rima*, and is descriptive of the amusements and follies of our good neighbours of Paris. The heads of the chapters are, 'The Game'—'The Palais Royal'—'Frescati'—'The Salon'—'The Sharper'—'The Guil-

lotin.'—We are told that the author of this book has appeared in print before, and to advantage. If he be the writer whose name has been whispered to us, we confess that we are indebted to him for some very pleasant poetry, descriptive of the beauties of our 'sister island.'

INESILLA.

A Spanish tale under this title is on the eve of making its appearance. It is written by the author of a domestic story, called 'Altham and his wife,' which we remember as developing in a very delightful manner the tender and finely enduring love of a young girl for her husband, under circumstances of the most poignant distress. If the author has (and we hear he *has*) avoided some pecu-

liarities, which we felt to be objectionable in his former volume, we may safely look forward to a tale of no common interest. Indeed, there are few of the present writers of prose fiction who have shown greater power in displaying the first yielding softness of women, and the love, firm and patient in adversity, which elevates and distinguishes the gentler sex.

HENRY SCHULTZE.

This poem, which is in the press, is founded on a fact (communicated by a German professor) of a man who went voluntarily into the woods and starved himself to death. The incident is, at least, novel. We are told, that the verse is written some-

what in the manner of Crabbe, and that there is a good deal of painful interest in the narrative. The fact on which the poem is grounded appeared in the *Literary Gazette* some time ago.

SKETCHES IN HINDOSTAN.

Captain Medwin, an officer in the East-India-Company's service, has a volume of poetry in the press under this title. It is, we understand, descriptive of Indian manners and scenery. The subject, if well handled, may be made, certainly, very in-

teresting; for few of our countrymen, who go to the burning shores of the East, return poets. The first poem in the book is an account of a Lion hunt; there are also translations from the Spanish and Portuguese of Calderon and Camoens.

THE GARDEN OF FLORENCE.

This, we are told, is a poetical version of one of the beautiful tales of Boccaccio, and the author is advertised as a Mr. John Hamilton. The story, which forms the subject of this forth-coming poem, is that in which two lovers, who are walking in a garden near Florence, are poisoned by tasting sage leaves. The reader who is at all acquainted with

the famous Italian novelist, will not fail to anticipate much pleasure from this simple and very interesting tale:—to those who are strangers to Boccaccio, it may be necessary to say, that the subject is touched in a very delicate and beautiful manner, in the original; and that we understand that the poem is altogether worthy of the spirit who inspired it.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

POETRY, like the elements which are necessary to our existence, is common to every climate; it is a flower that will flourish in any soil. Wherever there exists a certain degree of mental civilization—wherever the imagination, the fancy, and the sensibility of man have power to reach a certain state of development—there poetry will inevitably spring up; and wherever those qualities attain their highest and purest state of existence, there will poetry advance to its loftiest character, and fulfil its best purpose:—whether it be on the burning plains of the east, in the inspiring climate, and beneath the elysian sky of the south, or in the frozen regions of the farthest north.

We have lying before us a little work, entitled Russian Anthology.* The freezing breath of criticism waxes warm and genial at the very name; and accordingly, before opening the book, we had made up our mind to seek for beauties, and not to seek for faults.—Fortunately, we shall be able to fulfil our un-critical intentions, with perfect ease and safety to our critical consciences.—The work before us is really a very interesting volume; not only from its entire novelty of subject, but on account of its real and intrinsic merit. As its name indicates, it is a selection from the poetry of the Russian nation, from its earliest period (which is, indeed, a very late one) up, to the present time.

It appears, from an introduction by Mr. Bowring, the translator, that the poetry of Russia was twin-born with her civilization.—In fact, she owes this—as well as all her other greatness—to that noblest of barbarians—the Czar Peter.

Mr. Bowring considers Lomonosov, (who was born in 1711) as the father of Russian poetry.—On this account, the following slight notice of his life and works will be considered as interesting.

Michael Vassiljevich Lomonosov was born in Cholgognie, in 1711. He was the son of a sailor. He studied Latin and

Greek, rhetoric and poetry, in Sakonskoe Uchilishche. In 1734 he entered the imperial academy, and two years afterwards was sent to Germany as a student. On his return to Petersburg he was appointed to the professorship of Chemistry; in 1761 he was made associate of the academy, and in 1760 called to the directorship of the academical gymnasium and of the university. He died in 1765.

His poems are—two books of an Heroic Epic entitled *Peter Velikii*, Peter the Great; *Tamira i Selim*, a tragedy; *Demophont*, a tragedy; *Pismo o polskoi sicki*, a Poetical Epistle on the Use of Gills, addressed to Shuvalov; *Ode na Sdachastie*, Ode to Happiness, from the French of J. B. Rousseau; *Vanchannaje naderzha Rossiiskoi Imperii*, The Garlanded Hope of the Russian Empire, from the German of Professor Junker; eleven spiritual odes; encomiastic odes; forty-nine laudatory inscriptions; poem on a fire-work; *Polydore*, an Idyl, and sundry smaller pieces; imitations of Anacreon, poetical epistles, translations, &c. &c.

We are furnished with only two specimens of this poet's style; and shall, therefore, turn to others for extracts.

The Russian poet, whose works (judging from the examples before us) are most worthy of notice, is Derzhavin.—There is a lofty and sustained style of thought and feeling about his Ode, entitled "God," which indicates a high degree of mental power and cultivation; and in other parts of the specimens that are given of his poetry, we discover an active and excursive imagination, and a very vivid and exquisite fancy.—The following is from the ode we have mentioned, entitled "God."

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may
count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God!
for Those
There is no weight nor measure:—none
can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest
spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would
try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar
so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

* Specimens of the Russian Poets; with Preliminary Remarks, and Biographical Notices. Translated by John Bowring, F.R.S. Foolscape 8vo. Hunter, London, 1821.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on
Thee

Eternity had its foundation :—all
Sprung forth from Thee :—of light, joy,
harmony,

Sole origin :—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays di-
vine.

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glori-
ous ! Great !

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !
Thy chains the unmeasured universe sur-
round :

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with
breath !

Thou the beginning with the end hast
bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery
blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth
from Thee ;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy
praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy
command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal
light—

A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous
beams ?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

The following is equally worthy of
praise. The last stanza, and parti-
cularly the couplet in italics, is ex-
tremely fine.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to
Thee ?

And what am I then ? Heaven's unnum-
ber'd host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness ; is a cypher brought
Against infinity ! What am I then ? Nought !
Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light
divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom
too ;

*Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew !*
Nought ! but I live, and on hope's pinions
fly

Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring
high,

Even to the throne of Thy divinity.

I am, O God ! and surely Thou must be !

What follows is from the longest
poem in the collection, entitled "*The
Waterfall*;" also by Derzhavin. The
descriptions of the wolf and the stag,
in the two last stanzas, are nearly as
good as any thing of the kind can be.

Lo ! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver
light :

They sink, they rise, and, sparkling,
cover all

With infinite refulgence ; while its song,
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along—
Rolls through the woods—they send its ac-
cents back,

Whose last vibration in the desert dies :
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber,
lies

Beneath the forest-shade ; then sweetly
flows

A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

When the mad storm-wind tears the oak
asunder,

In thee its shivered fragments find their
tomb ;

When rocks are riven by the bolt of thun-
der,

As sands they sink into thy mighty womb :
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,
Like bits of broken glass is scattered wide.

The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there
he stands

Listening—not fearful, for he nothing fears:
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands,
Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur ha-
rears ;

Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,
And, more ferocious, hastes to bloodier
feats.

The wild stag hears thy falling waters
sound,

And scamblingly flies forward—o'er her
back

She bends her steady horns—the perilous
ground

Her hurried feet impress not—and her track
Is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze,
And the leaves falling from the rustling
trees.

The poet is equally happy and
poetical in the reflections excited by
the imaginary scene before him :—

O glory ! glory ! mighty one on earth !
How justly imaged in this waterfall !
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down and dashing all ;
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious
height,

Majestic thundering, beautiful and bright.
 How many a wondering eye is turned to thee,
 In admiration lost ;—short-sighted men !
 Thy furious wave gives no fertility ;
 Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,
 Bring nought but devastation and distress,
 And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.
 O fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,
 Watering with steps serene the field, the grove—
 Its gentle voice as sweet and soft and still
 As shepherd's pipe, or song of youthful love.

It has no *thundering* torrent, but it flows
 Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes.

The following is from the same poem:—the hard fancies the shade of the great Potemkin to pass before him.

'Tis he, the hardest of mortals ; he,
 Sublimely soaring, takes his flight alone,
 Creator of his own proud destiny :
 No footstep near him—that bright path his own.

Thy fame, Potemkin, shall in glory glow,
 While everlasting ages lingering flow.

Beauty and art and knowledge raised to him
 Triumphal arches : smiling fortune wove
 Myrtle and laurel wreaths, and victory's beam

Lighted them up with brightness : joy and love
 Play'd round thy flow'ry footsteps : pleasure, pride

Walk'd in majestic glory at thy side.

The last stanza is extremely graceful and elegant.

The next poet, whose works are noticed in this collection, is Batiushkov.

Nothing can be more amiable and pleasant than the greater part of his poem, addressed "To my Penates." The following are extracts from it :—

O Lares ! in my dwelling rest,
 Smile on the poet where he reigns,
 And sure the poet shall be blest.
 Come, survey my dwelling over ;
 I'll describe it if I'm able :
 In the window stands a table,
 Three-legged, tott'ring, with a cover,
 Gay some centuries ago,
 Ragged, bare and faded now.
 In a corner, lost to fame,
 To honour lost, the blunted sword
 (That relic of my father's name)
 Harmless hangs by rust devoured.
 Here are pillaged authors laid —
 There, a hard and creaking bed ;
 Broken, crumbling, argile-ware,

Furniture strewed here and there.
 And those in higher love I hold
 Than sofas rich with silk and gold,
 Or china vases gay and fair.

And thou, Lisette ! at evening steal,
 Through the shadow-cover'd vale,
 To this soft and sweet retreat ;
 Steal, my nymph, on silent feet.
 Let a brother's hat disguise
 Thy golden locks, thy azure eyes ;
 O'er thee be my mantle thrown,
 Bind my warlike sabre on :
 When the treacherous day is o'er,
 Knock, fair maiden, at my door ;
 Enter then, thou soldier sweet !
 Throw thy mantle at my feet ;
 Let thy curls, so brightly glowing,
 On thy ivory shoulders flowing,
 Be unbound : thy lily breast
 Heave, no more with robes oppress !
 "Thou enchantress ! is it so ?
 Sweetest, softest shepherdess !
 Art thou really come to bless
 With thy smiles my cottage now ?"
 O her snowy hands are pressing
 Warmly, wildly pressing mine !
 Mine her rosy lips are blessing,
 Sweet as incense from the shrine,
 Sweet as zephyr's breath divine
 Gently murmuring through the bough ;
 Even so she whispers now ;
 "O my heart's friend, I am thine ;
 Mine, beloved one ! art thou."
 What a privileged being he,
 Who in life's obscurity,
 Underneath a roof of thatch,
 Till the morning dawns above,
 Sweetly sleeps, while angels watch,
 In the arms of holy love !

But the stars are now retreating
 From the brightening eye of day,
 And the little birds are greeting,
 Round their nests, the dewy ray.
 Hark ! the very heaven is ringing
 With the matin song of peace :
 Hark ! a thousand warblers singing
 Waft their music on the breeze :
 All to life, to love are waking,
 From their wings their slumbers shaking ;
 But my Lila still is sleeping
 In her fair and flowery nest ;
 And the zephyr, round her creeping,
 Fondly fans her breathing breast ;
 O'er her cheeks of roses straying,
 With her golden ringlets playing :
 From her lips I steal a kiss ;
 Drink her breath : but roses fairest,
 Richest nectar, rapture dearest,
 Sweetest, brightest rays of bliss,
 Never were as sweet as this.
 Sleep, thou loved one ! sweetly sleep !
 Angels here their vigils keep !
 Blest, in innocence arrayed,
 I from fortune's favours flee ;
 Shrouded in the forest-shade,
 More than blest by love and thee.
 Calm and peaceful time rolls by :

O! has gold a ray so bright
As thy seraph-smile of light
Throws o'er happy poverty?

It really warms our hearts—critics, as we are—to think that such poetry as this should find its way into the cottages of the Russian peasantry,—illuminating them—as it cannot fail to do—with the rays of pleasure and content. In an after part of the same poem, Batiushkov addresses some of his friends in a very spirited and happy strain.

The following is of Derzhavin, to whom we have introduced the reader above.

O! I hear their voices blending :
List! the heavenly echoes come
Wafted to my privileged home ;
Music hovers round my head,
From the living and the dead.

Our Parnassian giant, proud,
 Towering o'er the rest I see ;
 And, like storm or thunder loud,
 Hear his voice of majesty.
 Sons and deeds of glory singing
 A majestic swan of light ;
 Now the harp of angels stringing,
 Now he sounds the trump of fight ;
 'Midst the muses', 'graces' throng,
 Sailing through the heaven along ;
 Horace' strength, and Pindar's fire,
 Blended in his mighty lyre.
 Now he thunders, swift and strong,
 Even like Suna o'er the waste ;
 Now, like Philomela's song,
 Soft and spring-like, sweet and chaste,
 Gently breathing o'er the wild,
 Heavenly fancy's best loved child !

We close our extracts from this poem, by giving the finishing lines :—

Soon shall we end our pilgrimage ;
And at the close of life's short stage
Sink smiling on our dusty bed :
The careless wind shall o'er us sweep ;
Where sleep our sires, their sons shall
 sleep,
With evening's darkness round our head.
There let no hired mourners weep : *
No costly incense fan the sod ;
No bell pretend to mourn ; no hymn
Be heard midst midnight's shadows dim—
Can they delight a clay-cold clod ?
No ! if love's tribute ye will pay,
Assemble in the moonlight ray,
And throw fresh flow'rets o'er my clay :
Let my Penates sleep with me—
Here bring the cup I loved—the flute
I played—and twine its form, though mute,
With branches from the ivy-tree !
No grave-stone need the wanderer tell,
That he who lived, and loved so well,
Is sleeping in serenity.

We take leave of this pleasant little poem, with an impression that the writer of it cannot fail to be a person of a warm and happy temperament, and a gay, graceful, and amiable turn of mind.

Our limits not permitting us to give many more extracts, we pass over the specimens from Zhukovsky, and proceed to those from Karamsin—the only Russian name that is at all generally known in this country, in connection with literature.—The character of this writer's travels—translated and published here some years ago,—was not calculated to raise our expectations very high, with regard to his poetry. That work indicated an amiable and enthusiastic turn of mind; but it was disfigured by an apparently incurable propensity to indulge in what is understood by the term *sentimentality*.

The specimens here given of his poetry do not exhibit this propensity, to any very offensive extent; but they do not possess much of either delicacy or originality.—By far the best is a short poem, called “The Church-yard.”—We give it entire.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind—the
 creaks of the bear,
And the white bones all clattering to-
 gether!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how
deep:
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its
sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the
dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad
for a bed.
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there:—but the night-
gales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er
the grave :—
'Tis the vulture's abode :—'tis the wolf's
dreary cave,

Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the coney at evening disports, with his love,

Or rests on the sod;—while the turtles above,

Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,

And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death,

The trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

Soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,

And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume, With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears, Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,

He is launched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,

Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,

And sweetly reposes for ever.

In the examples from Dmitriev, there is little by which we are enabled to characterize him. The following is pretty; it is for the grave of Bogdanovich—who wrote a very beautiful poem on the subject of Psyche, and of whom we shall speak hereafter.

Here Love unseen, when sinks the evening sun,

Wets the cold urn with tears, and mournful thinks,

While his sad spirit, sorrow-broken, sinks, None now can sing my angel Psyche—none!

Krilov and Khemnitzer follow; and from the short specimens which are given of their style, they seem to be pleasant writers of fables: which is said to be a very favourite mode of composition among the Russian poets.

Next in order, are some extracts from Bobrov's oriental poem, entitled *The Khersonida*; which Mr. Bowring takes occasion to compare with *Lallah Rookh*. The following is good:

Thou wondrous brother of the prophet, sun!

So brightly on Medina's temple burning;

And some less beautiful

When moving gently o'er the shadows dim Of evening:—and their verge to silver turning.

O what a lovely, soft tranquillity Rests on the earth and breathes along the sea!

Here is no cedar bent with misery; No holy cypress sighs or weeps, as seen In other lands, where his dark branches green

Mourn in the desert o'er neglected graves: Here his all-sheltering boughs he calmly waves

In the dim light, the sacred vigils keeping O'er the blest ashes on earth's bosom sleeping.

Picture of God! upon the prophet's shrine Shine brightly—brightly, beautifully shine Upon those holy fields where once he trod, And flowers sprung up beneath his innocent feet,

Tulips and aloes and narcissus' sweet, A lovely carpet for the child of God!

We do not find any thing very attractive in the extracts which Mr. Bowring next gives, from Bogdanovich's celebrated poem, called *Dushenka*—(*Psyche*); but the song which follows is extremely naive and pretty.

I'm fourteen summers old I trow,
'Tis time to look about me now:
'Twas only yesterday they said,
I was a silly, silly maid;—
'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd-swains so rudely stare,
I must reprove them I declare;
This talks of beauty—that of love—
I'm such a fool I can't reprove—
I must reprove them I declare.

'Tis strange—but yet I hope no sin;
Something unwonted speaks within:
Love's language is a mystery,
And yet I feel, and yet I see,—
O what is this that speaks within?

The shepherd cries, "I love thee, sweet;"
"And I love thee," my lips repeat:
Kind words, they sound as sweet to me
As music's fairest melody;

"I love thee," oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings,—I'll not reprove;
O no! I'll take that pledge of love;
To thee my guardian dog I'd give,
Could I without that guardian live:

But still I'll take thy pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee;—
O no! my father gave it me—
And treasures by a parent given,
From a fond child should ne'er be riven—
O no! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have yon lambkin fair—
Nay! 'tis my mother's fondest care;
For every day she joys to count
Each snowy lambkin on the mount;—

But stay, my shepherd! wilt thou be
For ever faithful—send to me?
A sweeter gift I'll then impart,
And thou shalt have—a maiden's heart,
If thou wilt give thy heart to me.

The rest of the contents of this interesting volume, are chiefly songs, —anacreontic, amatory, national, &c. The following is by Davidov; —and if it is not so graceful and elegant as some of Moore's, it is quite as gay and characteristic.

While honouring the grape's ruby nectar,
All sportingly, laughingly gay;
We determined—I, Silvia, and Hector,
To drive old dame Wisdom away.

“O my children, take care,” said the bel-
dame.

“Attend to these counsels of mine:
Get not tipsy! for danger is seldom
Remote from the goblet of wine.”

“With thee in his company, no man
Can err,” said our wag with a wink;
“But come, thou good-natured old woman,
There's a drop in the goblet—and drink!”

She frowned—but her scruples soon twisting,
Consented:—and smilingly said:

“So polite—there's indeed no resisting,
For Wisdom was never ill-bred.”

She drank, but continued her teaching:

“Let the wise from indulgence refrain;”
And never gave over her preaching,
But to say, “Fill the goblet again.”

And she drank, and she totter'd, but still
she

Was talking and shaking her head:
Muttered “temperance”—“prudence”—
until she

Was carried by Folly to bed.

The next we shall give, by Kos-
trov, is equally Moore-ish.

The rose is my favourite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light, airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.

The last extract we shall make is a national song, the name of whose author is unknown. We give it on account of its being characteristic of the national poetry of Russia—particularly by reason of the repetitions of the end of one line at the beginning of the next—which produces a very peculiar, and in many cases, a very good effect.

A young maid sat upon the streamlet's side,
And thought most tearfully on her bitter
fate;

Her bitter fate, and on departed time—
Departed time—the glad, cuckolding time;
And there the lovely maiden robed herself,
She robed herself, with many adornings
robed,

And waited anxious for her trusted friend—
Waited for her trusted friend:—a ruffian
he!

He played the ruffian with the maid and
fled:—

Alas! love's flower of hope is withered!

Well may that lonely flower decay and die!
She calls in vain—she wipes her tears away:
Thee, rapid streamlet! they may fill, and
roll

Over thy bosom—make thy bed of tears:
“I had adorned me for that faithless friend,
That faithless friend is fled:—he hath
stolen all,

All my possessions but my grief:—that
grief

He left in mency, if that grief can kill.
Come death! I veil me in thy shadows
dim—

To thee I fly, as once I flew to him!”

Upon the whole, we consider this volume as one of the most agreeable and interesting that has come before us for some time past. It was put into our hands quite unexpectedly, and very late in the month; but we have proceeded to notice it without delay, both on account of the public, who will be anxious to know the character of a work on so novel a subject; and that the translator may not remain in doubt as to its probable reception.

It is proper to state that, in our extracts, we have chiefly considered variety and characteristicness; so that what we have brought forward, may be regarded as a fair general specimen of the work—not as a collection of all its best parts.

We cannot close this hasty notice without expressing our decided admiration of the manner in which the translation is made—at least, as far as we are enabled to judge: for we do not pretend to determine as to its faithfulness to the originals. It is evident, that Mr. Bowring possesses a very elegant and cultivated taste, a copious flow of language, and great skill and variety of versification.

It is proper to add that, among the principal Russian poets, whose names and works we have had occasion to mention, Karamzin, Batushkov, Zhukovsky, Dmitriev, and Krilov, are still living, and enjoying the popularity which they so well deserve.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF EDWARD PERRINSON, THE POET.

To the Editor of *Baldwin's Magazine*.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen!"—Gray.

SIR,—Although somewhat advanced in years, and altogether unaccustomed to the pedantic regulations of literary composition, I cannot consent to go out of life without contributing my mite to the intellectual stores of our English literature. I am now sixty years of age,—and yet I read the Poets with the avidity of youth,—entering into the melancholies of your forlorn sonneteer with a corresponding tenderness of feeling, and rushing "all abroad" with the blustering Pindarist, on the wings of a mighty ode, with the nerve and airiness of one of Mr. Fuseli's pictured elves. I rise, Mr. Editor, early in the morning, and take a walk by the sea,* which keeps alive the old poetry of my heart, whether it comes green and fresh before the lively wind and ends itself in thunder at my feet, or whether it lulls itself to rest, after a sleepless night,—and but just "heaves as remembering ills that are o'er." This custom of mine keeps the colour contant to my cheek. I am, what the world calls "a rosy old gentleman." I next dress myself and breakfast on rare souchong and dried fish. (Let me recommend the salted whiting, or buckhorn, as it is called, particularly if you can procure any of old Henderson's curing.) After this healthy meal, I pass the morning among my books, and thus transport myself to the far-off passions and pastimes of my youth,—living over again the days of gallantry and poetical tenderness. An early dinner leaves me an afternoon's leisure for walking, when the weather is dry, with a book, in the fields behind my house (which reach to a pleasant wood), or for lingering with a book in-doors, when the showers rustle through the leaves

before my threshold, and set the roses weeping and drooping at my windows. I must here take leave to remark, how refreshing it is to stand at the door in a summer rain, and see the flowers trembling with pleasure, and pluming themselves in the shower, and hear the unceasing whispers of the leaves while they are *feeding*. My evenings, after tea, are passed in arranging papers, which are fragrant with age and endearing recollections,—or in writing a letter to a friend in town,—or in finishing a book (I never *begin* a book of an evening, for the closing of the day calls for harmonious occupation, and unfits the mind for fresh undertakings.)—or in perusing one of my own old sonnets, written many years since, to the charming Miss Charlotte D——, who was then on a visit at the house of the intelligent Mrs. Y——, or in conning my own favourite stanzas to the inimitable Myra, (the present Mrs. ——,) whose light youthful image is still in my heart.—Whose fatal smiles are ever in my eyes, nearly as bright as when first I gazed upon them!—I *must* here turn from my paper to read those stanzas again;—I think they are certainly in my best style.—How well do I remember worthy Tom Cartwright (a man of admirable poetical taste and judgment), worthy Tom Cartwright liked them so well that he begged a copy for the Gentleman's Magazine,—and there, in that sacred mausoleum, these hopes of my heart lie entombed for ever.—The following are the stanzas, for I cannot resist copying them,—and you will judge for yourself, how strong that passion must have been, which could give birth to such lines.

* I rent a cottage on the southern coast of Devonshire, which is white fronted, and smothered with roses all the year round. I grow my own lettuces, and play a rubber twice a week. Thank Heavens! stage coaches do not pass my door every hour—and my cottage is not near a market town. My neighbours consist of a shooting parson—an ill-tempered maiden lady, who keeps a school,—an ungrammatical surgeon,—and his son, who has literally *walked* the hospitals,—one gentleman,—three jilts,—and a half-pay lieutenant. My taxes are moderate.

STANZAS TO MYRA.

1.

Divinest Myra ! when I see
The lines of thy sweet face ;
I swear that such bright poësy
My eyes would ever trace.

2.

Keep but thy noble mind at rest,
And I may read and dream ;
Thy face is then by beauty bless'd
Into some matchless theme !

3.

But when thy thoughts awaken'd are,
And by thy feelings warm'd,—
Those lines then thrice inspired are,
Thine eyes seem o'er-inform'd.

4.

I cannot dare the mysteries,
That to thy forehead press ;—
Nor brook those bright excelling eyes,
Thou radiant prophetess !

5.

Since then thy features I but bear
In stillness,—let me keep
My watch, when they serenest are,
And see thee in thy sleep !

THYRSIS.

9 Sept. 17—.

I trust I shall not be accused of being a plagiarist, on account of this revival of one of my own productions, but I could not suffer my favourite flower to waste its sweets in the poetical desert air of the Gentleman's Magazine; not that I wish to speak disrespectfully of that antique periodical. If, however, any

reader should be malicious enough to complain of my domestic dishonesty, I will heartily forgive him, provided he can address me with as handsome a severity as my late happy friend (inimitable Jack Garnet!) applied to an acquaintance on a similar occasion. The pleasantry ran thus :—

EPIGRAM.

1.

They say that you repeat your lines,
And borrow what yourself hath writ ;—
But this I doubt,—for this inclines
To a right cunning wit !

2.

Those who are doom'd to hear you through
Long verses, worthy of the shelf,—
In sooth, I think, must envy you
The stealing from yourself !

I remember that this epigram "made a great noise at the time," though the garrulous subject of it has long since ceased to echo himself, and the writer of it is gathered from a society, of which he was the life, to a far better and happier existence.—Ah, those were pleasant days !—Poor Jack Garnet, he used to wear ruffles, and to write extempore verses, but he is dead, for all his jokes !—Well !—

But I am wandering from the subject I had intended to address you upon ; however, garrulity is the proverbial fault of age, and I do not pretend to be better than my neighbours. If I had you now by my side, Mr. Editor, I should put down my pen, and building my hands the one upon the other, discuss with you the merits of divers poets, whose names are recorded by Mr. Campbell in his late work, without any peculiar me-

rits on their side to justify such a record, and to the serious banishment of many a hapless genius. I have lately been lounging over this same book of Mr. Campbell's, and have been amusing myself, after a fashion, with his odds and ends of biography;—the work has made me melancholy, I fear,—for Mrs. Thomson, my housekeeper, (a descendant, I sometimes think, from the author of the Castle of Indolence) catches me now and then in low spirits over my souchong,—and I often myself feel that I am either desponding or bilious.*

Yesterday evening,—and I am now coming to the subject of my letter,—yesterday evening I was perusing the life of Burns, which appears to have been written with more than common care, by “the amiable author of the Pleasures of Hope;”—I was reading much in the spirit of the Exile of Erin's return to his home, when I came to the following passage;—“He (Burns) now prepared to embark for Jamaica, where his first situation would, *in all probability*, have been that of a negro-driver, when, before bidding a last adieu to his native country, he happily thought of publishing a collection of his poems. By this publication he gained about twenty pounds, which seasonably saved him from indenturing himself as a servant, for want of money, to procure a passage. With nine guineas out of this sum he had taken a steerage passage in the Clyde for Jamaica; and, to

avoid the terrors of a jail, he had been for some time skulking from covert to covert. He had taken a last leave of his friends, and had composed the last song, which he thought he should ever measure to Caledonia, when the contents of a letter from Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, to one of his friends, describing the encouragement which an edition of his poems would be likely to receive in the Scottish capital, suddenly lighted up all his prospects, and detained him from embarking.”

It appears, then, that we are indebted to mere chance for the works of one of the noblest poets of this or, perhaps, of any age; had the post failed (supposing the letter to have been committed to such a conveyance), or had the friend of Dr. Blacklock neglected to show that worthy man's eulogies to Burns,—the life of the latter might have been lost in a land of sugar-canes. All those charming songs, which read like music, and which leave a melody in the heart, sweet as though Apollo had touched its sentient strings;—all those divine pieces of wit and tenderness and melancholy would have been silent for ever!—It is scarcely possible to believe that upon so slight an hair depended the life and gallant joy of “Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen.” It almost seems that Fate could not have checked the brave and sweeping speed of such a mad-cap song!—And who, when he saddens happily and dreamingly over those true-hearted lines,—

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;

Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,

And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Who can dwell upon the lone and melodious tenderness of these gentle verses, and ever believe that they *might not have been*!—I feel a second youth while reading them!—They appear to shed a young and charmed light over aged feelings!—Could a burning clime have checked such a heart as Burns' from remembering and singing that “Sweet fa's the Eve on Craigie burn.”—Could negro-hair have made him forget that “Sae flaxen were *her* ringlets!” Alas—

Yes!—All these sweet watch-words of immortality owe their being to the chance breath of praise. Had Dr. Blacklock thrown down his pen—Duncan Gray would never have wooed—Mary Morison would have danced unheeded through “the lighted ha;”—and silence would have trod the banks of Galla-Wata! I love Burns dearly; and I reverence the name of Dr. Blacklock.

There are many instances in the lives of the poets, of the blessed ef-

* Mr. S.—, my ungrammatical friend of the lancet, prefers the latter, and endeavours to counteract the effects of bad biography by bitter medicines.

jects of chance. Deer-stealing drove Shakspeare, as the Chroniclers say, to London ;—and this has made me ever love venison beyond any other meat : (a cut out of the fat part of the shoulder is not a pernicious dish !) The thanks of posterity are due to some vigilant Keeper who started the poet in the forest, when he was after better meat than the moon. Had the buck fallen quietly, and the keeper slept in his cottage,—perchance Macbeth would have clutched at no air-drawn dagger,—Juliet had never sighed among her window flowers,—nor Lear gone greatly mad amid his pelican daughters !—Doth Hamlet owe his casuistries to the keen eye of a game-keeper ?—Are the sorrows of the “Gentle Lady married to the Moor,” descended of a village poacher ?—In truth, it seemeth so.—Who then shall say, what greater poet hath not fallen by mischance ?—A Shakspeare may have perished in a smuggler, and a Milton died at the plough !

And here I am led to speak of dear and noble Edward Perrinson, whose genius, in the eyes of myself and his own family, was second to none of giant fame, and whose mischance it was alway to be snatched by fate from executing the projects which his Eagle Imagination planned. He wrote one or two odes, and several elegies of matchless power and beauty, but I never could procure a copy of any particular piece, and he never very exactly indulged his friends in repeating them. His descriptions of his own works were ardent, vivid, living !—He was certainly one of the finest spirits that ever touched the earth, and the only cause of regret, (and to me it is an endless one !) is, that fate should always have maliciously contrived to snatch him from the performances or completion of those sublime projects which his genius was ever planning. Could he have written up to his meditations and his powers, I know not that Shakspeare would “hold his own.” His epics, however, were frustrated by casual circumstances ; his odes and elegies were killed in the egg—his sonnets, never by any chance straggled to the end of their tether. With poor Perrinson, fate even set its face against fourteen lines ! The moment he endeavoured to write down

the inspired thoughts of his mind,—Fortune cried, “march !” And the inspired thoughts were strangled in their birth. I speak of poor Perrinson with all the feelings of youth, for he was young when I knew him, and I was young too ;—and now, though seasons have gone over my head, and winter only has set its mark upon it, I still, in thinking of him, regard myself as a youth, and feel still young in life’s foolish chase.

It will have already been seen that one or two of our greatest poets were known to the world *as* the greatest poets, by some extraordinary event, which, at the time, must have appeared as an evil or a trouble to the person whom it was destined to elevate. Goldsmith, whose poems seem to be Nature’s own records, narrowly escaped poor Perrinson’s fate, for it was intended at one time that he should visit Leyden to finish his studies there, “If Leyden, however,” says his biographer, “was the object, he, with the usual eccentricity of his motions, set out to reach it by way of Bourdeaux, and embarked in a ship, which was bound thither from Leith ; but which was driven, by stress of weather, into Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His fellow passengers were some Scotchmen, who had been employed in raising men in their own country for the service of the King of France. They were arrested by orders from government at Newcastle ; and Goldsmith, who had been committed to prison with them, was not liberated till after a fortnight’s confinement. *By this accident, however, he was eventually saved from an early death.* The vessel sailed during his imprisonment, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where every soul on board perished.” Here we see, by the merest chance, (which at the time must have appeared to poor Goldsmith a serious mischance) that a poet was saved to prove himself a poet :—he might have gained his liberty, sailed, and perished at the mouth of the Garonne,—and who then would have ever heard of the Deserted Village, or the Traveller ? Is it possible to believe that Doctor Primrose’s existence depended on a little vessel sailing a fortnight later from Newcastle-upon-Tyne !—If the Poet had been wrecked—how many

more souls would have perished—Miss Hardcastle—Olivia—Sophia—dear Mrs. Primrose (with her gooseberry wine, a soul of itself!)—But Goldsmith lived to let others live. He lived to declare his genius, which poor Perrinson did not!

I cannot but think that a very slight sketch (as far as I can recollect the incidents) of Perrinson's hapless life cannot fail of proving interesting to the world,—particularly the literary world. I shall, therefore, venture upon a short biography of my friend, who will, I trust, be found and acknowledged to have been a great poet, though he has scarcely left a line to assert his title.

Edward Perrinson was the son of Edward and Martha Perrinson, two worthy persons, of a humble, yet respectable station in life;—he was born at an obscure village in Devonshire, and was sent to the school of a neighbouring village; schoolmasters being scarce articles in those days of his childhood. He soon betrayed marks of uncommon poetical power in sundry verses on his preceptor's daughter (a pretty little girl, extremely rosy, and of a conciliatory manner towards the senior boys).—These verses he never read to any one, and he regularly destroyed them on a Saturday night, that he might begin the week afresh. The girl, however, (who has since obtained woman's estate, and the hand of Mr. — of the Granby Head, a worthy man, well to do, and an overseer of St. David's) declares that the lines were miraculous, and far superior to any thing in King or Hopkins, which she had seen or heard of (it does not matter which) in Cooke's edition. Edward's verses were so well received by the young lady (for he read them to her in the back orchard on half-holidays) that he was removed from the school at the master's desire. He always spoke of Deborah (the young lady was so named) as a charming young creature at that time, and she was remembered, like Sir Roger de Coverley's Widow, "for having the finest hand of any woman in the world." It must not be forgot that she (*Deborah*, and not the *widow*) generally cut the bread for the boys' supper, and Edward's allowance did not become warped or diminished by his verses.

He was now apprenticed to a grocer of Exeter, and here, after rain-hours, he buried himself in the classic poets, and lived in a world of imagination. It was delightful to behold him, as Mrs. — said, lifting his soul above Spanish liquorice, and "rising," to use the same lady's figurative language, "after the business of the day was over, like a Phoenix from the *teas* and *peppers*!" He read Ovid of an evening, and Lucretius of a morning, by which sensible course his philosophy and his passions went hand in hand. At this time, he planned a poem on the Fall of Man, and had in his mind composed a considerable portion of the work,—but the death of his master interfered with the periodical labour and inspiration of his mind, and caused a forgetfulness which the world can never fail to deplore. One of Edward's brother shopmen, a sensible young man, has declared to me since, that many passages which he heard recited, equalled, if not surpassed, Milton's poetry on the same subject;—this opinion relishes a little, I fear, of friendship, but I cannot refrain from lamenting, that Perrinson's epic was not completed and preserved, since the comparison would have been both curious and instructive.

It was one of Edward's customs at this time of his life to rise early on the Sunday morning, and attend the first service at the cathedral of Exeter,—and he was led into this laudable conduct, partly, I believe, by the natural piety of his heart, partly by the beautiful voices of the choristers, and partly by the similar custom in a young lady of the City, who came to early prayers constantly and modestly. She was, as I have reason to believe, a beautiful girl, and the impression which her presence in those silent aisles made upon Edward's heart, was never afterwards effaced. She walked up to her seat so simply, and at so clear an hour,—the sun glancing from pillar to pillar, and the choral voices rising like the morning,—that he became deeply and awfully enamoured.

His mind thus enriched, Perrinson found it impossible to apply himself to the drudgery (as he termed it) of his business,—and Mr. —'s widow kindly gave him up his indentures,

and allowed him to retire from an employment, to which he could not steadily attach himself. He took lodgings at a house in the High-street (it may be just where Mr. Cullen lives now!) and determined on devoting himself to love and literature,—two very profitless and harassing pursuits, and of a kind that promised very little towards the expences of his lodging. Howbeit, a young man of such genius and passion, sees all things in a glass, brightly;—and it is not till the hand of truth shivers the glass, that the utter nothingness of those hopes is proved.

Perrinson, being thus freed from the constraint of business, gathered his books together, and commenced a careful arrangement of his mind towards the production of an epic on the subject of Alfred's life,—that *Edystone*, on which Mr. Cottle, "Amos or Joseph, I don't know which," has erected a flaming beacon to warn others from wreck. Edward read all the books he could procure on the subject; and there is every reason to believe he would have made immortal stuff of his subject,—if fortune had not stepped in to prevent him!—It should be observed that at this time he did not forget his cathedral love;—he wrote nine and thirty odes to her beauty, which his cousin (who was the only gentleman to whom he recited them) avouches to have been equal to any in Milton or Dryden. All of these are forgotten or destroyed. One piece only can be at all recollected, and this the gentleman can only recall most imperfectly, so that Perrinson's fame must not be meted to him by its merit.—As however, the most uncertain relic of such a genius must be interesting,—this little piece (made out as correctly as possible) shall be given.

The circumstance to which I alluded, as the cause of Perrinson's abandoning his poem of Alfred, was this;—he had become embarrassed a little in his circumstances, and the Editor of the ——— having, at the instance of a mutual friend, written to offer two guineas per sheet for what he might write (a splendid remuneration in those days!) and the religious young lady having refused the tender of his hand, and of his fortunes (her mother having set her face, from proper and pru-

dential motives, against so profitless a connexion)—Edward suddenly left Exeter, and resolved to pursue fame in London. Thus the epic was disturbed—the passion in his heart broken,—and his thoughts were subdued to the labours of periodical literature.

On Perrinson's arrival in town, he took reasonable lodgings in the city (to be near the *Row*) and wrote several papers in the Magazines,—but the signatures by which they were distinguished were never known to me,—and thus all trace of them is lost. At this time he wrote a Tragedy for the stage, which was accepted with ardour, solely on account of its merits;—this great performance, however, was picked out of his pocket near Temple Bar, one evening, by two men out of Ship Yard,—and the loss was never restored.

His next undertaking,—and this was the one nearest his heart,—was a poem on the Holy Wars,—and I have understood from his relations that he was greatly fitted for such a work. He wrote to me for the loan of some books (which he never returned) to aid the subject. Six Cantos, six Invaluable Cantos were written, and neatly copied,—the poem was rushing on like a fire,—the booksellers were panting for the copyright,—when lo! one of Edward's distant relations, hearing of his unsettled life, wrote over to say that there was a great opening for a young man of talent at the bar of St. Vincent's, and desired him instantly to quit England, and proceed to him. This offer appeared to Edward too momentous to be disregarded,—and he prepared for an instantaneous departure. His cousin fitted him out,—and he sailed in the *Delight*, Capt. Johns,—taking with him his MS. which he determined to finish on the voyage. The vessel was lost off the Goodwin Sands,—and poor Perrinson and his poem perished together.

These are all the particulars I can give of the life and works of this great but unfortunate young poet. His fame, I trust, will be dearly cherished by the world, out of tenderness to his many disappointments. He was of an amiable disposition, and possessed of a most brilliant

and original genius. When it is remembered, that Fate realized with him, what it only threatened to Burns and Goldsmith,—and that, perhaps, some of the noblest poems in the language are, with him, irrecoverably gone,—it is impossible not to be struck with the national loss which Perrinson's death must ever be considered to be.

It only remains for me to give

the verses which I promised (for I cannot bear to dwell or moralize upon the subject), and to entreat that the public will remember that they were written down from the imperfect memory of the gentleman to whom they were addressed, and have been pieced out by him and myself, where the lines were erringly remembered, or wholly forgotten.

LINES TO ——— ———

Would you know what girl must be
My heart's adored society?—
Come sit with me, and o'er our wine,
I'll paint to thee this girl of mine.
Her lips, dear coz!—I must commence
With those sweet flowers of soul and sense!—
Her lips,—you see, dear coz—you see
This deep and blushing Burgundy!—
Well.—Somewhat lighter, but more rich,
Are the red lips of my white witch!
Her forehead—I am not the man
To call upon the stainless swan,
Or liken it to shedded snow,
Caught in the air, ere fallen below;—
Her forehead is a warmed white
Of hue,—as soft, as mellow: bright
As the faint leaf of a young rose,
That blushes not, yet dimly glows!
I do not care—you laugh!—I swear,
Dear coz, in sooth I do not care
Whether girls' eyes be dark or light,
So that their lashes, long and slight,
Fall shadowy over eyes, that seem
The starlight of a lover's dream!
—Perchance, since truth is now my track,
Her eyes are rather dark— not black,—
Just deeper than the brows above,
Drawn by the fairy hand of love!
I swear I know not how to speak
Honestly, Coz, of her dear cheek!
It varies so, that while I write,—
It may be red—it may be white!—
You gaze on it—and through its pale
And precious hue,—there will prevail
A flush—a lustre—like the dawn
Of a rich, cloudless, July morn!
And then her tresses, parted, glance
Over her natural countenance,—
And die in careless curls,—or share
With her sweet dress, her shoulders fair,—
Fair—fair as lilies that for ever
Whiten upon a lonely river!
—I care not if a pearled hand
Cloy the stray curls (when they are fann'd
By the fond air, over the brow)
To cluster them—and leave them so.
Well,—what her shape?—Not short, nor tall;
Deer-like in step,—so that the fall

Of her light foot seem chancework all !
 A modest dress—nay, do not smile !—
 A heart to match with it the while,—
 A voice so sweet, it leaves a tone
 That echoes when the breast's alone !
 A cheerful mind—a temper too
 Smooth as her thoughts, and all as true !—
 —There, Coz, you have the girl for me—
 So fill—and pass the Burgundy !*

THE DRAMA.

No. XIV.

The King has visited the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. This is right. It is fit that the monarch of a great country should sometimes come abroad and look upon his subjects, and that the people should be made acquainted with their prince. The distinctions in society are already sufficiently great ; and we do not like to hear of a king who, like the Grand Lama of Thibet, is a mystery and nothing more,—a mere abstract political idea,—an imperishable production of the state, embalmed and hidden from the public eyes by the fears or interest of his courtiers. The public heart is sound at the core, because the human heart is naturally good ; but the public temper, like the temper of individuals, is sometimes fretful and requires soothing. It was well done, therefore, in the King to trust to the one, inasmuch as that very expression of confidence acted as a balm to the other.—His Majesty was received, generally speaking, with demonstrations of regard by the persons assembled in the interior of the theatres. There was some dissatisfaction, it is true, mixed with the plaudits, but it was not of sufficient importance to disturb the joy of the occasion, otherwise than by calling forth more vehement shouts from the staunch friends of royalty. “God save the King” was sung and repeated, and again sung before him ; and many a pair of Stentorian lungs attested the loyalty which animated the possessors. The galleries sent forth an occasional hiss, and a portion of the pit, and a great part of the boxes, were quiescent. Still there were enough to “split the ears” of us modest critics, who did

not venture either to applaud or hiss, —of us who have always
 — Wisely shunn'd the broad way and
 the green,
 And with those few are eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill with heavenly
 truth :—

For us,—it is our way, if not our pleasure, to look upon the battling of contending parties, in and out of the theatre, with a smile, which we ourselves at least deem philosophical ; and we are content to let our hopes glance onward, somewhat far into the future, or “sigh our souls” pleasantly toward the past, instead of mingling in debate and quarrel about the preservation or subversion of existing institutions, good and bad. There is somewhat of indolence, perhaps of selfishness, in this, it will be said : perhaps so ; but when we thus leave the wide world free for others to bustle in, we at least give up our chances of distinction at the time when we secure our quiet.

Besides, it is not fair that we who criticise the world within the theatre, should also arrogate to ourselves the privilege of finding fault with the world without :—we have no double empery : we are content with Little Britain alone : let the duty and the power of the contiguous realm rest on whomsoever it may : we are no invader of another's country—no remover of our neighbour's landmark : we would not sit on the thrones of Austria and Naples at once,—nor of Spain and the Indies :—with

One foot on sea and one on shore
 we should fancy ourselves in peril
 perhaps, and we should be certainly

* I trust that Edward did not indulge in any other than *ideal* Burgundy. It is better to pay for a first floor and take water, than to drink Nectar with *two weeks* in arrear.

and sorely perplexed were we on any throne whatever, unless it were the high throne of criticism and taste.

But, to pass away from ourselves, and such pleasant subjects (upon which, gentle reader, we should not thus much have conversed had the theatres furnished us with sufficient matter wherewith to amuse thee); we will turn, without more ado, to the business of the month, and speak of the very few novelties that have appeared since our last Magazine was published.

DRURY LANE.

We begin, as the King did, with Drury Lane. It had been reported that his Majesty had spoken very highly of Miss Wilson's talents, and the circumstance of his first visiting this theatre, to witness the exhibition of the opera of *Artaxerxes*, seemed to confirm this report. We have heard otherwise, however, and have understood that he does not entertain that exceeding admiration for her, which we had been induced to suppose from the statements which appeared in the newspapers and other authentic records. Indeed, almost all the persons with whom we have conversed (we mean those who are competent to speak on such subjects) appear to consider Miss Wilson as a promising young singer, but no more. Mr. Elliston, however, fills his house, and we are glad of it. We would rather that he should fill it by means of a good comedy or tragedy, because we think more highly of those things than of any opera however fine. Yet, the music of *Artaxerxes* is very delightful on the whole, though the recitatives hang somewhat heavily on our ears. In fact, the recitative is an unnatural and inadequate substitute for colloquial phrase, and we should be almost glad to see it entirely abolished. When the dialogue is lively it interferes with it; and when it is tedious it prolongs it. It is as though a person were to dance and sing at the same time. We have, in truth, seen that feat performed with tolerable mal-effect: each faculty we remember was faithfully subservient to the other, and the consequence was that both were imperfectly displayed. So, with the recitative,—there is a pompous pretension about it which lifts it beyond ordinary speech, and there is a familiarity also which at once con-

stitutes a difference between it and the *aria*: it has none of the tripping lightness of a comic song,—and but little of the grandeur of a chorus,—and it wants that exquisite undulation of sound which is observable in almost all airs of merit; and which, in the '*Sal Aria*' of Figaro, Mozart seems to have carried to the highest point of perfection.

We have not altered our opinion regarding Miss Wilson. She is a clever singer, with a great compass of voice, but with little sweetness and no sentiment. Her teachers seem aware of this by not permitting her to play in the '*Beggar's Opera*,' which is perhaps the best test by which the talents and power of a new singer can be measured.—Mr. Braham is the *Arhars* of the opera, and Madame Vestris is the Persian prince. What might not Mr. Braham do with his voice and his musical skill if he would! We have been told that he himself likes simple and classical music, and that the florid style in which he at times indulges is adopted in conformity to public taste. To this we can only reply that there is no one who has a better right to have a voice in the world of music than Mr. Braham, and that (if what we have stated be his taste) we would rather see him lead the public taste than follow it. Madame Vestris is a delightful singer. We remember her many years ago when she first appeared at the Italian opera: she was a very young girl, and she sang the airs in Winter's opera of '*Il Ratto di Proserpina*' so sweetly, that they remained in our memory for many a month. She is now not only a delightful singer, but an excellent comic actress: we would rather that she had been a serious one (yet it is well as it is); for there was a something about the delicate girl that haunted our remembrance, and something of sadness in her real history which seems now strangely enough lost or transmuted into merriment.—We must not forget Miss Povey, who is a very promising young vocalist (and a very powerful one) and has a voice almost as rich as any one upon the stage. We did not at first know our old friend Mr. Horn in the ferocious disguise of the poisonous Artabanus. He filled his post respectably.

Pizarro.—This pleasant and popular

lar melo-drame has been again acted at Drury Lane for the benefit of Mr. Wallack, if not of the public. He tops these parts, however, well. Mrs. West played Cora, we believe. We sometimes wish that she had at her elbow the monitor of Caius Gracchus.

Richard III.—Mr. Wallack has also been adventuring upon Richard the Third; but Richard is an awkward man to manage, and he is withal too great for the moderate grasp of Mr. Wallack. It is not that Mr. W. played the character so incorrectly (yet there were some errors) as that he did it imperfectly. He had not the elastic spirit of Richard,—nor his bold front and buoyant step; nor had he that high and princely gait with which birth, and proud courage, and the habit of command invested the son of Plantagenet: his robes hung heavily on him, his mirth was gloomy, and his dissimulation laborious and artificial; whereas Richard was ‘born so high’ that royalty was almost his inheritance; his spirit was quick and lively and subtle, and his deceit too natural not to be easy to him, and too profound for the eye of a casual observer. Mr. Wallack, however, made several ‘hits’ in the course of the evening, and he did not make them by merely mimicking others; on the contrary, he fell once or twice into the opposite error, and became faulty from a determination to be original. Such mistakes are promising and argue well. Nevertheless Mr. Wallack did not in our opinion completely develop the character of Richard: it was rather an occasional glimpse which he afforded us than a full portrait, and we are not sure that, even as it was, we were satisfied that the likeness was true.

Therese.—A new melo-drame has also appeared under this title. It is a translation from the French by Mr. John Howard Payne, the author of *Brutus*. It is one of those things which, like the *Maid* and the *Magpie*, strike very much upon the stage, though they are worthless in the closet. Yet it is but justice to say, that Mr. Payne has (we hear this only) given a faithful as well as pleasant translation from the original language. It is the fault of the French, and not of Mr. Howard Payne, that they manufacture their dramas from their police registers, and rely upon inci-

dent rather than upon dialogue. Advocates, and rustics, and moid servants, are very prominent in the French pieces; and magpies and dogs are, as we know here, of no little value as performers. *Therese* is almost one of the best melo-dramas that we have seen; but when Mr. Elliston says that “no piece was ever so successful!” he makes one of those palpable mistakes which have now become so common in play-bills. What a pity it is that puffing cannot be prohibited by act of parliament!

COVENT GARDEN.

A practice has been commenced at this theatre which, we think, ought to be condemned, as being likely to overturn both tragedy and comedy. It is the custom to adopt a play which has either some good comic or tragic parts, and introduce into mouths of the characters a variety of songs, and thus reduce it to an opera; or at once to fashion a play from some popular novel, and mingle tragedy and comedy, opera and farce together, and serve up the heterogenous mixture to the public. There would be no great harm in this, perhaps, if the first tragic and comic performers were not thrust into these medleys, and compelled to act with singers and join in chorusses and so forth; but, the truth is, that when the public know that they can see Mr. Macready and Mr. Liston, Mr. Chas. Kemble and Mr. Jones, at the same time that they hear *Miss Stephens* and *Miss Tree*, they will not attend either a tragedy of Shakespeare or a comedy of Congreve. It is by making the great tragic and comic (particularly the tragic) performers too common, that tragedy and comedy are injured; for if the taste of the public were not pallied by these anomalous mixtures, it would remain as fresh as ever, and would relish Richard, and Othello, and Macbeth, as much as in days of old. We once invited a friend to go with us to see Macready perform ‘*Virginus*,’ but he declined, saying that he could see that tragedian in Rob Roy and—*Miss Stephens* also. This anecdote alone is satisfactory to us on the point which we have insisted upon.

Twelfth Night.—This charming comedy has been maltreated like others, and new songs have been superadded to the dialogue which has

always seemed to us so entirely delightful. It is not enough that the stately Olivia should unbend from her dignity, or that the love-sick Viola (who 'never told her love') should enact the page, or Maria play off her jests in the way that Shakspeare has set down, but they must do violence to their natures and sing also. Poor Shakspeare! One would have fancied that the commentators had done enough when they buried him alive beneath the heaps which idle debate and conjecture had piled up:—but no; it was reserved for the present enlightened age to assault him more violently than ever,—to hew and mangle his finely shaped limbs in a manner "unheard of among nations," and then to serve up this hash of literature as a fit dish for the entertainment of the '*British Public*.'

Our readers will observe that there are two or three songs in the comedy of '*Twelfth Night*,' but the clown is the principal singer: one is so beautiful that we shall take leave to transcribe it for our readers, many of whom may not perhaps recollect it.

Duke. O fellow come, the song we had last night:—

*Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread
with bones,*

*Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.*

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

SONG.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;

*Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,*

*O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;*

*Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:*

*A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where,*

*So I true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.*

Don John, or the Two Violettas. Since writing the foregoing, "*The Chances*," of Beaumont and Fletcher (or rather of Fletcher alone, we believe) has been shaped into an Opera, under the above title. The names of most of the dramatis personæ have been altered, and songs assigned to the two Violettas, (in the original, the two Constantias)—a band of hunters is created, there being a sort of sylvan chorus introduced—and the character of the second Violetta is purified from the taint that affected her in her original state. A *Miss Hallande* made her first appearance on the stage in the character of the "first Violetta." She was so much terrified that we can as yet scarcely judge of her capabilities for the stage; indeed we could not hear much of the dialogue which was assigned to her. Her songs, however, were given with great effect, and her softer notes are quite delightful. She appears to have a voice of extensive compass, and to possess exceedingly good taste. Her second air was sung and repeated in a way that altogether captivated us, and she seems to understand the meaning of the music as well as the mere letter of it. We confess, that of the two musical debutantes who have lately come forth, we prefer, on the whole, *Miss Hallande*. They are very dissimilar certainly, one being excessively timorous, and the other having a perfect self-possession; the one affects our fancy only, but the other, in some measure, touches our heart. *Miss Stephens's* voice sounded shrilly we thought, when she sang with *Miss Hallande*, whose tones are less clear, and are, what musicians we believe, call "veiled;" but she acquitted herself very prettily in a lively part. *Charles Kemble* played excellently as *Don John*, and *Jones* seconded him very well; but *Liston's* part was unworthy of him, and he produced but little effect in it.

We have said nothing of the play itself; perhaps we may touch upon it next month, but at present we have not space.

A.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

THE SWEDISH SCULPTORS SERGEL AND BÜSTRÖM.

Of these celebrated artists,—who, with their Danish contemporary, Thorvaldsen, have cast such a splendour on the arts of their respective countries, that it may well be termed a luminous *Aurora Borealis*—the first, J. Tobias Sergel studied sculpture at Stockholm (of which place he was a native,) under L'Archeveque, a French artist, who was employed to model the equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, afterwards cast in bronze. He went subsequently to both Paris and Rome, at which latter place he continued twelve years. During his residence in that city he produced the following works, viz. a recumbent Faun, about half the size of life;—Diomed carrying off the Palladium, a figure as large as life: this statue is now in England;—Venus stepping out of the bath and drying herself;—Psyche kneeling before Cupid, and intreating him not to desert her: this groupe, which was begun at Rome, was not finished till after the artist's return to Stockholm; as was the case with another smaller one, representing Mars supporting Venus, who has been wounded by Diomed.

The following subjects were executed by him at Stockholm:—a groupe containing a figure of History, to whom the Chancellor Oxenstiern is recounting the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, in order that she may celebrate them: this is of colossal dimensions; and was intended to have been cast in bronze to decorate the pedestal of that hero's monument, but has not yet been executed.—A model for a monument to the celebrated Cartesius, representing a flying genius, who with one hand is uncovering a celestial globe, and with the other holds a torch to enlighten it. His next undertaking was a model for the colossal statue of Gustavus the Third, which was cast in bronze, as a monument to the honour of that sovereign; and besides these greater works, he executed a number of busts and medallions, of both public and private characters.

Sergel was one of the first artists who adopted the system of Mengs and Winckelmann, and who abandoning the vicious style, still predominating among the imitators of Bernini, applied themselves to the study of nature and the antique. It is owing to this, that his works form such a contrast with those of his early contemporaries, and obtained for him such distinguished approbation from all real connoisseurs. His productions became universally esteemed, and he himself obtained the flattering cognomen of the Swedish Phidias.

Sergel was, in fact, formed by nature to be a great artist; he possessed a lively imagination and plastic powers, by means of which he was enabled to conceive his objects in a lively and forcible manner. His style is severe; his forms are well defined; and yet there is somewhat of mannerism in the execution. He had early imbibed what the French term *energie* and *tact*; nor was he ever able to divest himself completely of it, however incompatible with the pure definition of character; hence it happens that not a few even of his most masterly productions, for instance his recumbent Faun, in spite of the felicity of the ensemble, appear to be rather excellent academical subjects, than chaste and well-matured representations of individual and idiosyncratic character. Sergel was nevertheless far superior to the generality of modern sculptors; he was the first to open a new career of art, and to excite by his example others to enter it. Sweden may, therefore, justly boast of having produced in him the restorer of a purer taste, and of a chaster style in sculpture, which has since been pursued more or less successfully by Trippel of Schaffhausen, Zauner a Tyrolese, Christopher Jussen an Irishman, and more recently by the two illustrious living artists, Canova and Thorvaldsen.* Thus much respecting Sergel's genius as an artist: with regard to his personal character and habits, he indulged in a species of liberal cynicism, enjoying his for-

* To these England is proud to be able to add the name of Chantry.

tune with his friends, and revelling in the contemplation of undisguised nature. This disposition induced him to found the Bacchanalia that used to be held privately by the artists at Rome: they were kept twice a month at his own residence in that city; for, owing to the liberal pension allowed him by Gustavus III, and what he gained by his profession, his income was very considerable. Of these festive meetings Heinse has given us a faint echo in his *Romance of Ardinghella*.

Sergel's talent was highly esteemed in Sweden; where he was created by Gustavus a knight of the polar star. He was personally attached to that monarch, whom he regarded not merely as his patron but as his friend; and such was the grief he felt at his untimely death, that he seemed from that hour to lose all relish either for his life or for his art. Sergel died in 1813, in the 77th year of his age.

Johann Nicolaus Bûström, his pupil, was born at Philippstadt, in the year 1783, and was intended by his parents for trade; but they dying, he was enabled to follow his own inclination—which led him to devote himself enthusiastically to sculpture. His circumstances enabling him to travel, he immediately proceeded to Stockholm for the purpose of attending the academy, and particularly of enjoying the instructions of Sergel. Endowed by nature with a mild and steady disposition, and with a pleasing exterior, the young artist soon acquired the friendship of his instructor, who felt himself attached to his pupil, and was anxious for his improvement. Bûström studied under Sergel for three years, partly after the antique and partly from nature: but his master would not permit him to copy any of his own works, considering them—with a rare modesty—as models not of sufficient authority, and too little to be depended upon. In 1810, Bûström proceeded to Rome, and it was in this "city of the soul" that the young artist's views expanded themselves. Hitherto he had only modelled in clay, but he now perceived that it was indispensably necessary for him to work in marble; for on the acquisition of facility and confidence in this manner of execution

depends not only animated expression, but likewise, in a great degree, the stamp of originality. Since even an excellently modelled figure must, when executed in marble by another hand, lose a considerable portion of its individuality, for want of that accordance with the original conception, and those Promethean sparks of vitality which impart life to the inert mass: consequently let such a work be ever so well arranged as to its ensemble, it will be apt to carry with it, to a discriminating eye, the constrained air of a copy. In order to avoid this defect, the young artist applied himself sedulously to this difficult province of his art; and, as nature had gifted him with considerable manual dexterity, and he pursued his labours incessantly and indefatigably, he overcame all his impediments much sooner than he himself had expected, so that he may now be classed foremost among those artists who work this material with facility and freedom. It was particularly fortunate for Bûström, that he visited Rome at a period when an attachment to the fine arts was developing itself in Sweden, under the auspices of Gustavus and his royal brother, Charles XIII; for, in consequence of this, many of the Swedish nobility, and other rich individuals of that country, were induced, by a patriotic zeal, to encourage the young artist, by important commissions, most of which he has since executed. The regard which the student felt for his first instructor was returned by the paternal kindness of Sergel; who, not contented with imparting to him, in his letters, advice respecting the most advantageous prosecution of his studies, and with constantly encouraging him to unceasing perseverance, declared that he was worthy to succeed him; and obtained for him a grant of the residence which he himself occupied at Stockholm, and which had been erected for him on his return from Rome, at the expence of the government. It was for the purpose of taking possession of this inheritance, after Sergel's death, and at the same time of carrying into execution some other designs that Bûström returned to Stockholm in 1815. In his last letters to his pupil, Sergel had spoken

with such a lively enthusiasm of the great qualities of the newly-chosen Crown Prince, and of their beneficial influence over every department of the government,—particularly over the fine arts, that the young artist felt an irresistible desire to obtain the patronage of so illustrious a Mæcenæ.

To this end, he prepared a colossal statue of this hero, finished entirely except the head, which he purposely deferred executing until his arrival in Sweden, in order that he might there execute it from nature. His plan was eminently successful, for on his arrival he was employed to model not only a likeness of the Crown Prince, but likewise those of the King and Queen. He had now an opportunity of employing himself secretly upon the statue at his leisure, and caused it to be presented one day to the Prince, when the latter had invited him to dinner. This trait of his attachment had its desired effect: the Prince not only thanked the artist for the agreeable surprize which he had thus procured him, assuring him at the same time, of his protection—but expressed his satisfaction, by declaring that he should wish to be considered as the purchaser of whatever works Bûström might execute on his own account; at the same time, giving him a commission for colossal statues of the three heroes, Charles X. XI. and XII. But that neither courtly favour, nor his intercourse with brilliant society, abated his industry, is evident from the number of his works, of which the following is a list.

1. An intoxicated Bacchante, half the size of life, in a recumbent posture;—such was the admiration excited by this figure, that the artist has repeated it three times.—2. A drunken Cupid, who has seized the attributes of Bacchus.—3. A female dancer.—4. A groupe intended for a monument of the Montgomery family: it consists of a genius, supporting a mother, who is lamenting the premature death of a beloved son.—5. Pandora.—6. Hygeia.—7. Bacchus.—8. Venus binding up her tresses, as preparatory to entering the bath.—9. Euterpe.—10. A sleeping Juno, with an infant Hercules at her breast.—11. Apollo playing on the

cithara.—12. A sitting statue of Cæres;—with the exception of the first-mentioned subject, all the preceding are of the size of life.—13. A colossal statue of the present King of Sweden.—14. A colossal bust of the same Prince.

Of all these works, the artist not only formed the models himself, but likewise executed them in marble: if we consider besides the many busts which he has produced of private individuals, most of which are likewise in marble—and his journey to Stockholm, which occupied more than a year, we shall be surprized at finding how much he has accomplished in so short a period. Whoever has examined the productions of this artist, impartially and dispassionately, cannot but have perceived that, whether they have been immediately taken from nature,—have been the conceptions of his own imagination, or the suggestions derived from other works of art—they are free from all extraneous impulse, and from every thing resembling affected naiveté and artificial grace—conceived with gusto, and executed with spirit.

Faithfully adhering to the system introduced by his excellent predecessor; namely, that nature and the antique together are to be considered as the career in which alone we may hope, according to the present situation of things, to attain that which is excellent and perfect in art, since the *true* and the *beautiful* is the soundest support for every style—adhering to this, he has constantly avoided all those bye-paths that would mislead him from this system, and endeavoured as much as possible to approach perfection in the manner most consonant to this principle. And although in many of the above-noticed works—for instance, in his Drunken Cupid, his groupe of the sleeping Juno, and the colossal bust of the King of Sweden, in the first, for the invention, in the latter, for the beauty of the details,—he may challenge any productions of modern sculpture; yet the artist does not consider what he has already achieved to be so much the goal and aim, as it is an advance in his progress towards it; by means of which he is striving to raise himself still higher in his art; for, compared with what remains to

be done, that which he has done appears to him to be but inconsiderable.

By this maxim has he been regulated in all his works, and no where are its effects more conspicuous than in the last, a figure of Ariadne, intended as a companion to the Bacchus, No. 3. This statue exhibits, as well in its ensemble, as in the motion of the different limbs, particularly in the beautifully turned body, which is exposed, and in the captivating features, evident proofs of the advancement which the artist has made in a more perfect knowledge of beautiful form, and of expression; for this delightful production recalls to the spectator many of the most charming figures of antiquity. The daughter of Mi-

nos stands reclining with her right arm upon the trunk of a tree, and with her left gathering up her drapery, while she looks bashfully towards the engaging deity of wine.

Sweden, who had reason to be proud of Tobias Sergel, as the restorer of good taste, may also confidently boast that she possesses in Nicolaus Bûström, a zealous preserver of purity of style,—one too, who, since he finds as generous a patron in Charles XIV, as his master did in Gustavus III, will not fail, by the more matured works of his genius, to render his name yet more distinguished in the world of art, and yet more honourable, than even now it is, to his country.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

It is the intention of Mr. Frederick Webbe shortly to open his splendid mansion in Langham-place, with an evening conversazione, at which the literary and scientific world will be afforded an opportunity of inspecting the numerous and valuable specimens of taste and virtù, which have been collected by that gentleman during his late residence in Italy.

Something of this kind has long been a desideratum in this metropolis; especially as a point of meeting and communication with those distinguished foreigners who may happen to be visiting this country.

Tachydidaxy.—We have *invented* this term in order to designate one of the most wonderful inventions, even in this age of invention and discovery. It will henceforward be mere obstinacy on the part of our readers, should they not be able, ere we commence another volume, to read Homer and Plato in their original language, and their Bibles in Hebrew; since a German of the name of Kastner has written two works that may justly be called, *a short cut* to the learned languages. One of these is the art of learning Greek in two months!! the other, that of learning to read, and to *understand* Hebrew in four weeks!!! Perhaps as a climax to this celerity of the

acquisition of knowledge he may communicate to the world the art of comprehending Euclid in a fortnight.

The Ionian University at Ithaca.—It is expected that the building will be completed in the course of the present year; and that the young Greeks, who have been pursuing their studies at Lord Guilford's expense for many years past, at the Italian, German, and English Universities, will be summoned thither to fill the part of teachers. For those acquainted with the historical and poetical interest attached to this island, it must be agreeable to reflect, that from this classic rock a light may arise to dispel that moral and political darkness which has so long overshadowed the once brilliant, and the still dear and honoured land of Greece.

Winkelmann's Monument at Trieste.—Dr. D. Rosetti, who published at Dresden, in 1818, a biographical memoir of the latter period of the life of the illustrious antiquary Winkelmann, intends to erect a monument to him in the cathedral of S. Giusto at Trieste, in which city he was murdered in 1768. The artist employed for this purpose is the Venetian sculptor, Boza.

Byron's Giaour and Mazeppa in German.—The works of our two most celebrated English living poets,

Scott and Byron, have, many of them, been recently translated on the continent. Versions of the *Giaour* and *Mazeppa* of our noble bard appeared last year in Germany; that of the former by Arthur van Nordstern, of the latter by Theodore Hell, the same who translated *Manfred*. Both of them are executed with great fidelity and considerable spirit.

Agriculture; Naturalization of the Balm Poplar.—M. Chal has succeeded in his meritorious and zealous endeavours to naturalize this beautiful tree (the balm poplar of Virginia and Carolina, *populus balsamifera*) in the department of Charente-Inferieure. It is to be hoped, that this useful species may become generally cultivated, it being as remarkable for the extreme elegance of its foliage, as for the delightful odour which it yields when in blossom.

Catacomb at Nogent-les-Vierges.—In 1816, a grotto was discovered at this place, containing a great quantity of human bones. Since then the excavations have been extended; by means of which a gallery has been cleared of about thirty-six feet in length, by seven in breadth, and running from north to south. The bodies, which were discovered in it, appear to have been placed in layers one above another, and covered with a kind of dry sand, undoubtedly for the purpose of preserving them. None of these were discovered in an entire state, all the bones being separated from one another; there were several heads, however, in very good preservation: all these had very sunken noses, and prominent chins, and the lower teeth appeared to be in most of them quite perfect. Within each of these bodies was found a small axe formed of a very hard, white flint, and another species of instrument, also of flint, but of much coarser workmanship.

Dutch Literature.—This may be said to be almost *terra incognita* of late years, for so little has it been explored, that hardly any of the modern authors are known in England even by name. And yet there are some who deserve to be introduced to our acquaintance: among these are *Bilderdijk* and *Tollens*, both of whom have cast a consider-

able splendour on the present æra of their national poetry. The former of these, long celebrated for his earlier productions, has lately published a new collection of pieces in two volumes 8vo. under the title of *Dichtschakeringen*, which afford fresh proofs of his powerful and inexhaustible genius. The latter author has composed a new volume of *Balads and Legends*, many of them imitations or translations from the German, English, and French languages. M. Van Hall, too, ought not to be forgotten: this learned advocate, who had acquired so much reputation by his *Pliny the younger*, an admirable dramatic sketch of Roman manners, in which the author shows himself to be a worthy successor of *Barthelemy*, *Florian*, and *Meisner*, has produced another series of Roman pictures, under the title of *M. Valerius Messala Corvinus*. These interesting delineations cannot fail to delight the lover of classic literature, both from the importance of the events, and the celebrity of the characters who are introduced, among whom are *Horace*, *Tibullus*, &c. The work is elegantly printed, and embellished with engravings. M. Van Assen, another distinguished advocate, has published a small volume on the history and character of *Pericles*.

Tasso—Paintings of Subjects from his Life.—M. Ducis, the painter (nephew of the celebrated tragic writer of the same name, and brother-in-law to the no less celebrated tragic actor, *Talma*) has painted four scenes from the life of *Tasso*, forming an interesting dramatic series. The first subject is, *Tasso reading an episode from his Jerusalem to the Princess Leonora*: the second exhibits him in his captivity. In the third picture, he presents himself to his sister *Cornelia*, on his return home to *Sorrento*, the place of his nativity. For the subject of the fourth and concluding picture, the artist has selected the funeral of the illustrious bard, which was celebrated at the convent of *St. Onufrio* on the very day appointed for his triumphant entry to the Capital, thus presenting us with a striking and pathetic example of the vanity of human desires and expectations.

Icelandic Literature.—The series of the extensive and hitherto unedited historical work, the *Sturlunga Saga*, published by the Icelandic Literary Society, at Copenhagen, is closed, with the last part of the second volume. This portion comprises the history of the Bishop Axne Thorlacksen, and a complete index to the whole work. In order to disseminate in Iceland an acquaintance with the most important events of other countries, and likewise other information deserving attention, the Society publishes a Journal, called the *Sagna-blöd*;—also a useful Compendium of Geography, the first that has appeared in that language, (for the Icelanders have hitherto been obliged to make use of those written in Danish) there is now publishing, a popular collection of maps. The next undertaking of the Society will be a collection of the best Icelandic poets, accompanied with their lives, and with introductory criticisms on the respective productions. This is an enterprize, which it will require much time and labour to accomplish, it being difficult to procure copies of many of the poems, even of the most recent writers, as is the case with the works of the eminent John Thorlacksen.—There will, likewise, shortly appear, at the expense of the same Society, a work by the excellent historian, John Espolin, entitled the “Annals of Iceland, in the fourteenth century,” which he will probably bring down to the present period. A monthly journal is published in Iceland, by Steffersen, who is known by many works composed in the language of that country, and by several smaller periodical works

which he had previously conducted.

Don Quixote, an Italian Comic Poem.—This poem, which appeared at Vienna, in 2 volumes 4to. under the title of “*Don Chisciotte e Sancho Panza nella Scizia*,” was originally written in the Sicilian dialect, by Meli, and afterwards translated into Italian, by the Cavalier Bevilacqua. It may be considered as a *risfacciamento* of the celebrated work of Cervantes, an original of such celebrity, that we might, on this account alone, be pardoned for noticing any copy, however defective. This work, though composed neither in the tone nor spirit of Cervantes, has considerable merits: it contains a great deal of gaiety, wit, fanciful humour, and shrewd satire—in which latter respect he frequently reminds the reader of Casti; it ought to be understood, however, that he never indulges in the gross pruriency for which that poet is so famous. The author begins by evoking the shade of the hero of La Mancha, to recount those exploits of his, which had been passed over in silence by his great historian, and then immediately transports him and his squire to Scythia, where they meet with a number of extraordinary adventures, which are related with much pleasantness and facetiousness. The poem consists of ten cantos, in octave stanzas, and is distinguished by the elegance and purity of its diction. Errors are occasionally to be discovered in point of taste, but there is a spirit and vigour in this variation of a well-known theme that renders it any thing but uninteresting, or dull.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XIII.

THE Opera is expected to open early in March. The piece selected is *La Gazzza Ladra*, (*The Maid and the Magpie* of our stage) the music by Rossini. The popular song, “*Di piacer*,” a duet, and some other parts of the composition we have seen, speak well for its merits, and it will exhibit the talents of this lively musician in

a new view—that true pathetic, which is founded upon incidents that every mind apprehends, and which works by emotions every one is susceptible of—namely, by those natural situations, and affecting ties and circumstances, that belong to the occupations and the feelings of common life. This style is, if not of very recent

application, yet rather new and rare upon the Opera boards, classing below our sentimental comedy, yet embracing scenes of interest which it is impossible to resist. No formal announcement of the performers has yet been made; but we understand Madame Camporese, and Madame Vestris, (by an arrangement with the manager of Drury Lane) are both engaged. Mr. Ayrton is the conductor. It is said, his Majesty will honour the Theatre with his presence, either at, or soon after its opening. We well remember his splendid reception at the Opera when he last went in state on his marriage.

His Majesty has also signified his intention to visit the ancient Concert on the 28th of this month, the first night of the annual series of these fine and classical performances. The King is a real lover, and an admirable judge of music in all its styles. He used to play on the violincello, and has a fine-toned bass voice.

The grand Concert of the Argyle Rooms, on the 27th of January, in commemoration of Mozart, was, indeed, a splendid treat for the lovers of the compositions of that wonderful man. The selection, which, when we consider the vast store of the richest jewels of science from whence the choice was to be made, could but be a matter of extreme delicacy and difficulty, was, as a whole, excellent, though perhaps, with somewhat too great a leaning towards prescriptive favourites. The death of Miss Stephens's mother gave opportunity for the substitution of Miss Wilson, who, after performing *Mandane*, and singing "*The Soldier Tired*," thrice over, came to the Argyle Rooms and sang a song, in which she received great applause. There is, however, reason to believe that this young lady has been somewhat prematurely brought out. "It is fine fruit, said an eminent professor lately, but it is not ripe." To this level, opinion seems to be gradually subsiding, after the first ebullitions of premature rapture.

The first of the sacred performances (continued during Lent) commenced on the 30th of January, at Drury Lane Theatre, under the able conduct of Sir George Smart. Powerful talents are engaged. Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Good-

all, Miss Povey, Mr. Braham, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Cutler, and Mr. Nelson, are supported by a well chosen band, and a numerous chorus. The miscellaneous parts of this evening's selection, though deviating a little into secular music, are yet in far better taste than has hitherto been employed. The *Battle Sinfonia*, we rejoice to find, is driven out of the field. Let us caution the discerning conductor against making the performances too long.

On the 10th was performed a Miscellaneous Concert at the English Opera, for the benefit of the Choral Fund. Several young vocalists appeared: amongst them Miss Venes, a pupil of Mr. Bellamy, a contralto, whose lower notes are rich, fine, and powerful. To these, Miss Venes would do wisely to confine herself, and as a contralto (a voice now rather scarce) she would probably succeed far better, than by attempting to force or form her upper notes to a higher compass. Her style is very much that of her master. Mr. Kellner, so well known as a boy, has returned from Italy. His voice is bass, and his style is improved. In no department, deficient as the rising generation of singers must be said to be, is a classical performer so much wanted.

The Proprietors of the Apollonicon (an organ of immense powers, to which automatic machinery is also applied) have appended an evening Concert of vocal music to their exhibition. The whole is under the conduct of Mr. Adams, and the music consists of interspersed Overtures and Pieces upon this magnificent instrument, by five performers, with Solos, by Mr. Adams, and Songs, and concerted vocal pieces. Miss Williams, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Nelson, are the principal singers, the admission is low, (Three and Sixpence) and the whole may afford an agreeable evening's amusement to those who do not set their notions of excellence at the very highest pitch, or who are pleased with really good organ playing.

The vocal Concerts are, we are glad indeed to perceive, about to be renewed. They commence on the 16th of March, and will be continued weekly till the close of the six nights. The same directions ensure to the public the same excellence, in judg-

ment in selection, and in performance, as have hitherto placed this series in the very first rank of eminence.

Mr. Griesbach, the delightful Oboe player, announces his benefit Concert for March 22d, at Hanover-square; when Miss Griesbach will play a piano-forte Concerto for the first time in public.

Amongst the most recent inventions of our age, so fertile in mechanism, is a contrivance for forming the hands in playing the piano-forte, by Major Hawker, an amateur of considerable celebrity. *The Hand Moulds* admit of changes of position, passing the thumb, and playing all the scales, under their pressure and direction. Mr. Clementi and Mr. Cramer have both given unequivocal testimony to the utility of the invention, which appears to be an improvement of Mr. Logier's Chiroplast. That professor, Major Hawker states very candidly, does not approve of the invention as a sequel to his own; but Mr. D'Aubertin, his first pupil, and now a teacher at Southampton, considers it as an invaluable acquisition to the system of Mr. Logier. The apparatus may, if required, be had at as low a sum as 1*l.* but those of the general construction are sold at 3*l.* 10*s.*

Mr. Bochsa has published his second book of Duets for the harp and piano-forte, with an accompaniment for the flute and violincello, consisting of selections from *Tancredi*. They are adapted to the powers of performers of moderate acquirements, and the delightful airs of Rossini thus arranged, promise much amusement.

Two Capriccios and a Fantaisie, lately published by Mr. Clementi, (Op. 47. and 48.) are proofs of the lustre of that gentleman's undiminished powers. The *Fantaisie*, dedicated to Madame la Marechale de Moreau, displays his accustomed science, elegance, and brilliancy of imagination. The *Capriccios* possess all these attributes of his style, united with extreme difficulties of execution.

Fantasia, for the Piano-forte, on the Air, 'Di tanti Palpiti,' by Pio Cianchettini. The subject of this piece is in itself so captivating, that it cannot fail to charm wherever it is introduced. Mr. Cianchettini has bestowed on it various novel forms, and

certainly not diminished its excellence. His style is peculiar, and he has the fault of early writers of active imagination. From the specimen before us, he appears scarcely to study simplicity with sufficient devotion.

Messrs. Clementi and Co. have published the last Sonata Haydn ever wrote, accompanied by a fac simile of his letter to Madame Moreau, for whom it was composed, with a violin accompaniment. It is a curious monument of his genius, a little in decay.

Three Romances for the Piano-forte, by F. Kalkbrenner. These lessons are composed in a peculiar style, and depend for their effect chiefly on the manner in which they require to be performed. They ask great powers of expression, yet but little execution: the reverse of Mr. Kalkbrenner's usual manner of writing.

No. 6 of the Operatic Airs is by the same composer. The subject is the duet *Din Din* from *Figaro*. It is not so masterly a performance as his *Rule Britannia*, (the first number of these airs,) the subject is well worked up, but the piece is on the whole rather heavy.

Two Waltzes and a Chasse, by Kiallmark, and a Spanish Fandango and Gavotte arranged by Klose, are of the easiest description of lessons for young performers.

Merch Megan, with variations by Knaptton. From the specimens we have seen of Mr. Knaptton's compositions he evidently excels most in ballad writing. The lesson before us has few claims to novelty, and may be ranked with the usual productions of this kind.

The Carnival de Venise, by Mr. R. Lacy, is of the same description.

The Second Number of the Quadrille Rondos is by F. A. Moralt. The introduction is bold, and leads well to an elegant subject from Musard's Quadrilles. The rondo is sprightly and well sustained.

Fra tante Angoscie arranged as a duet for the piano-forte, by A. Meves. We were disappointed on finding so little original matter in this duet, for we had anticipated another such composition as Mr. M.'s *Lieli Fiori*. Had it not been for this idea we might have received greater pleasure from the present publica-

tion, which is certainly elegantly and agreeably adapted.

S. J. Rimbault has given us *Winter's Overture to the Labyrinth*, also arranged as a duet for the piano-forte, with ad libitum accompaniments for the flute and violincello. The almost constant addition of parts for these instruments prove the increased demand for such compositions, and also that the number of amateur performers is much more numerous than formerly. We generally find them so arranged as to fall within the compass of moderate powers.

The vocal compositions of the month are confined to an air by Mr. Pio Cianchetti, and another from La Pietra del Paragone, by Rossini. Mr. C. is certainly an elegant and imaginative composer. He has also, it is obvious, an intellectual disdain of trifling words. In

this case he has chosen the lines of Shakspeare, "*Take, oh take those lips away!*" which are gracefully set, with a rather florid accompaniment. A part of the poetry, though beautifully fanciful, will yet, we fear, not find very ready admission into the not too scrupulous society of our drawing-rooms. They are not indecent, but somewhat indelicate. This is to be regretted, because the song is really a flight far above the common.

Rossini's air is striking and full of the *rifioramenti* he is so fond of. Indeed he cannot walk but in a path of flowers. "*Se l'Itale contrade*" bears some slight resemblance to the well known "*Di Piacere*," and he has borrowed from himself very largely throughout, as well as from others, to make known a bold, melodious, and highly ornamented song and chorus.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Among the circumstances attending the domestic economy of the agricultural labourers, the want of employment for the women and children, who, at best, derive only partial assistance from working in the fields during a portion of the year, has hitherto been a matter of regret. An approach, at least, towards remedying this evil has been made at Holkham. Mr. Coke, last year, planted a sufficient quantity of hemp and flax, and by the aid of some patent land machines purchased of Mr. Bundy, of Fulham, the poor women and children have been set to work to break these articles, dress, and spin them into thread. The flax was delivered as threshed from the seed, without any kind of wretling, and has been prepared in their own cottages. By boiling the flax in soap and water about an hour and a half, they have bleached a considerable quantity,—afterwards spun it, and a piece of cloth (about twenty yards, valued at 2s. per yard) has been woven, and is ready for use. They also twist two or three threads of the flax together with their spinning-wheels, and knit strong and useful stockings. One poor family has earned more than three pounds in ten weeks. The machines occupy the room of a table of ordinary size, and a small quantity of flax grown in every parish would suffice to furnish the poor

with employment. (Miss Coke kindly superintends the progress of this good work.) Mr. Coke has directed the same provision of seed to be sown this year as last, with a view to ascertain the ultimate utility of the practice; and a neighbouring parish is about to pursue the same course.

The experiment concerning the leaves of mangel wurzel tried by Admiral Coffin, which we related in our last, has, it seems, been made by other cultivators so long since as the year 1815, when John Heaton, Esq. of Bedford, near Rufford, Essex, found that plucking the leaves injured his crop; a result directly the reverse of that related by Admiral Coffin. To caution agriculturists against the injurious effects of this discrepancy, Mr. Herod, of Creak, in Norfolk, has satisfactorily explained the cause, by date and season. Mr. Heaton's experiment was made in July; and Mr. Herod states, that a great drought prevailed at the time, and that, by the cutting off the leaves, the roots were deprived of their shade and shelter during the heat of the day, and the support they received from the dews during the night, to which the leaves served as conductors. This is very philosophical and true. Mr. Heaton further recommends, that when the leaves (which are obviously so formed as to fit them for the offices he at-

tributes to them) fall with their own weight, they should be rifted off, as young sets then start, and are ready to replace them. Mr. Herod says he kept two milch cows and ten head of neat stock this season, in his yard, upon about six acres of mangel wurzel tops, from the middle of August till December, full four months. This information is very necessary to reconcile the opposite accounts of the produce of this very useful root, which has been so earnestly recommended by Dr. Rigby (the author of "Holkham and its Agriculture," and "Framingham," in his pamphlet on its cultivation).

Ministers have at length yielded their assent to the formation of a committee to inquire into the causes of the agricultural distresses; and it will probably be yielded to Mr. Gooch's (the Member for Suffolk) motion, which is to come on shortly. Lord Liverpool has, however, declared his conviction that the cause of low price resides in the domestic growth being greater than the demand. There is, however, strong reason to doubt the accuracy of his Lordship's information, because there has been, for twenty-eight years preceding 1820, an average annual importation of about 500,000 quarters of wheat, besides flour and other grain. We apprehend the present stocks of the home-growth on hand are to be rationally accounted for by the pertinacity with which the farmer held, while the importer possessed himself of the market at the end of 1818 and the beginning of 1819, before the ports closed. Thus the foreign produce was consumed (as is proved by the fact of the insignificant quantity of 927 quarters, which remained in warehouse) while the home-growth was retained. Mr. Ellman, jun. who has addressed a letter to Lord Liverpool, also considers that the noble Earl's conclusion is against the reason of the case, because, says Mr. Ellman, "unless it can be supposed that farmers would lay out their capital in raising corn, with a conviction on their own minds, that it must be sold at less than it cost them, the present agricultural distress cannot be ascribed to excess of production." We esteem Mr. Ellman's argument, however, to be totally contradicted by facts, though it should seem Lord Liverpool is not less in error. The truth, probably, is, that demand and supply are now very nearly approximated. It is, therefore, particularly incumbent upon us again to warn the agriculturist against indulging any hope from the immediate effects of legislation on his behalf. By far the most probable chance for his relief resides in the natural reduction of rents, tithes, and labour, to the level that will follow from the diminished price of agricultural produce. There is, also, this capital consideration; if, at any

time, the growth of the Continent is necessary to the maintenance of England, and the ports are opened, the influx of corn would be so immense, as to deluge the country, and reduce the price for some permanency: the fluctuations in the price of subsistence would therefore be terrible. Nor would a duty on wheat, even though set so high as 23s. 6d. per quarter, elevate the price to a height sufficient (according to the farmer's estimate) to pay a remunerating price. For the price of 56s. 6d. and a duty of 23s. 6d. would open the ports at 80s. The best wheat is to be bought and imported for about 32s. 6d. Add to this cost, the duty of 23s. 6d., the whole price would therefore be 56s., by which the importer would be re-paid, and have the profit on his freight and cargo outwards, and his freight inwards to satisfy his adventure. If, on the other hand, we accept Lord Liverpool's explanation, and admit that the domestic supply exceeds demand, there is no saying how low the price may come down. These considerations appear to nullify all the propositions yet made to protect, as it is called, agriculture, by legislative provisions, through consequences deducible from the very nature of those propositions, independently of the dangers and difficulties which would infallibly arise from the effects of restrictive measures upon manufacturing industry, and upon public opinion.

The weather has been remarkably favourable to such agricultural processes as befit the season; such as ploughing, harrowing, and turning and carting heaps of manure. In the midland counties they have even rolled the wheats, so forward is the time. In the north the prices of fat stock are a little improving; store cattle and wool are somewhat lower. At the Welch fairs there have also been brisk sales. Good horses are called for at rather high prices; but ordinary ones a real very slack demand.

The corn markets continue to be well supplied; the principal feature of the county reports is still, however, bitter complaint; and in the journal devoted to agriculture, correspondents are eagerly recommending extensive and well digested plans of emigration, amongst young yeomen of capital and enterprise, to be laid and acted upon. An agriculturist of high celebrity states that there are thousands of farmers who are merely waiting to observe the turn the discussion takes in parliament, to throw up their occupations, provided some especial measures of relief should not be determined upon. These are powerful symptoms, which, we trust, will be removed by the enquiry, which, there can be no doubt, will be set about in a committee of the House of Commons.

Feb. 20, 1821.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, February 20.)

At a time when the great questions of foreign trade and internal distress are likely to undergo renewed discussion in both Houses of Parliament, and the Committee on Foreign Trade is about to proceed in collecting information on that complicated subject, it would be a vain speculation in us to discuss the alterations which it might be advantageous or practicable to make in our present system. On all hands, it appears at least to be acknowledged, that some change is desirable, though, amidst such a variety of conflicting interests, both foreign and domestic, it would be difficult to decide on its nature and extent. Happy should we be if we could flatter ourselves with the belief that the actual situation, or the immediate prospect of either our com-

merce, our manufactures, or our agriculture, were such as to render this change, though desirable, not a matter of urgent necessity. This is unfortunately not the case; for though it is allowed that an improvement in some branches of manufacture has really taken place, yet this is but a partial alleviation of a distress which is but too generally felt.

Coffee.—The market has declined considerably in the first half of the present month. The large East India sale on the 31st January (10,000 bags, chiefly Cheribon) contributed to keep down the prices, till its result was known, and has continued to influence the market since. The following are the particulars of that sale.

EAST INDIA SALE, 31st January.

<i>Coffee</i> —10,224 Bags.		damaged 1st class.	2d class.
Cheribon good pale	118s. a 120s. 6d.		
ordinary	114s. a 116s.	110s. a 113s.	103s. a 106s.
light yellow	120s. 6d. a 122s.	114s. a 116s.	105s.
Sumatra	113s. 6d. a 114s.	109s.	106s. 6d. a 107s.
Bourbon	116s.	113s. 6d.	111s.

At the public sales in the week after this, East India coffee went about 2s. higher, but West India coffee in general declined 1s. to 1s. 6d. and was heavy at that reduction. In the second week, that is, up to the 13th, the public sales consisted of 827 casks and 871 bags; a reduction of 2s. a 3s. per cwt. took place in the Jamaica descriptions, and 3s. a 4s. in the Demerara and Berbice coffee; good ordinary Jamaica sold at 115s. a 117s.; fine ordinary, 118s. and 119s.; Demerara good middling, which previously sold at 135s. 6d. and 134s. went at 129s. 6d. and 130s.; middling, 125s. 6d. and 126s., which had previously been selling at 130s.; several parcels of St. Domingo, of good quality, pale, sold at 117s. 6d. and 118s. There were no public sales of

coffee on the 13th, and we believe no private contracts whatever: the market was in consequence nominally the same as for some days preceding, but exceedingly heavy, and the offers made for coffee 2s. a 3s. lower than the nominal quotations.

Sugar.—The demand has been rather limited, and prices low, though no considerable reduction has taken place in raw sugars, and good qualities have been scarce, and have obtained high prices. The hopes of a favourable alteration in the Russian tariff seem to have been disappointed. On the 31st January there was a very extensive sale of sugar at the India House, of which the following are the particulars.

Damp.

									s.			d.			s.			d.											
																		s.			d.			s.			d.		
Bourbon, 10,000 bags, in mats																		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
yellow																		29	0	a	29	6	26	0	a	27	0		
brown																		23	6	a	28	6	21	0	a	25	0		
brown ordinary and soft																		17	6	a	21	0	16	0	a	19	0		
Java, 1400 packages																													
white, strong dry																		35	6	a	38	0	33	0	a	35	0		
grey, strong dry																		33	0	a	33	6	29	0	a	29	6		
yellow, soft																		26	6	a	27	6	24	0	a	24	6		
brown, soft																		21	0	a	25	0	20	6	a	23	6		
Bengal, 2400 packages																													
white, fine																		46	6	37	0	a	38	0					
ordinary																		32	6	a	36	6	27	6	a	32	6		
yellow																		27	6	a	29	0	26	6	a	27	0		
brown or drabs																		13	0	a	14	0							
Benares, 3750 bags																													
white and strong																		38	0	a	46	0	39	6	a	40	6		
grey																		31	0	a	36	6	29	0	a	32	6		
yellow																		28	0	a	32	0	23	0	a	26	0		

	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.	
China, 1000 chests						
white ordinary	31	6	27	0	27	6
yellow			23	6	25	6
Siam, 600 bags						
white	38	6	41	0	37	6
grey	35	6	36	0	34	0
yellow	29	6	32	0	26	6
Rice, 7000 bags						
Bengal, fair quality in bond	8	6	9	6		
Patna, ditto	9	6	10	6		
Java, duty paid	12	6				

The good and fine sugars went at prices rather higher than the previous currency; the inferior went off much about the former rates—about a fourth part was taken in. Very little of the rice was sold; the very reduced prices not inducing the buyers to come forward.

At a public sale, in the second week of February, 3816 bags of Bourbon went from 2s. to 3s. lower than at the India sale.

Last week the market for raw sugar was dull, with rather better prices for good qualities, and worse for inferior. The demand for lumps has recovered a little, but without materially affecting the prices.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette

Jan. 27.	35s. 8½d.
Feb. 3.	36s. 4½d.
10.	35s. 4½d.
17.	35s. 8½d.

Cotton.—The prices have remained pretty steady in the month that has elapsed since our last report. In the last week of January about 1000 bags were sold. It is now reported that the East India Company have purchased 1000 bags of Bengal cotton at 6d. to 6½d. good second quality, to complete their shipments for the season to China.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—Notwithstanding the advertisement of a government contract of 100,000 gallons of Rum, the market was not at all improved, and the contract was taken on the 13th Feb. at 11s. 10d. per gallon. Brandy and Geneva are dull of sale, and the demand for the former has not improved, though a reduction in the price has taken place.

Tobacco.—Tobacco has continued so exceedingly languid for some months, that

buyers could come to market at lower rates than the late nominal quotations.

Oils.—The prices of Greenland oil have receded to very low rates, which have attracted the attention of the buyers; several parcels have been taken for export; yet, notwithstanding this demand, and the prospect of an extensive spring trade, the prices are rather on the decline, on account of the extensive quantity at market. Seed oils are quoted at a small reduction.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The demand for Baltic produce continues exceedingly languid: tallow may again be quoted at a small decline, and the very reduced prices do not facilitate sales. Hemp and flax may both be quoted lower. The last letters from Petersburg state the exchange to shade lower, 9½.

Spices.—EAST-INDIA COMPANY'S SALE on the 12th Feb.

Saltpetre—Company's, 1000 tons taxed at 26s.—sold 26s. 6d. a 28s. a few lots 29s. Licensed 250 tons—chiefly 29s. a 31s. a few lots 28s. a 28s. 6d.

Cinnamon—1485 bales—

1st quality taxed at 8s.—only a small proportion sold 8s. 1d. a 8s. 5d.
2d taxed at 7s.—a small proportion sold 7s. 1d. and 7s. 2d.
3d taxed at 6s.—a few lots 6s. 1d.—broken 3s. 11d. a 4s. 1d.

Cloves—123 chests, taxed at 3s.—sold at 3s. 6d. a 3s. 9d.

Mace—330 casks, no taxed price—

ordinary 1st quality, or fine 2ds, sold 4s. 10d. a 5s. 1d.
3d quality, 2s. 0d. a 2s. 3d.

Nutmegs—497 casks—1st quality taxed at 3s. 6d.—sold 3s. 6. and 3s. 8d. garbled abroad, no taxed price—sold 2s. 1d. a 2s. 5d.

Licensed—Cloves 48 bags, Amboyna good sold 3s. 6d. and 3s. 7d.

Cassia lignea 280 chests—good 8l. 4s. a 8l. 11s.
—ordinary 5l. 15s. a 6l. 5s.

Sago, chiefly good pale, 8s. 6d. and 9s.

Ginger 1600 bundles, fair quality, 11s. 6d. a 13s. 6d.—a few lots 14s. and 14s. 6d.

Pepper and pimento are higher and in demand: Company's black pepper 7½d; very little fine pimento at market, middling sells 8½d. a 8½d.

Corn.—We have no particular observations to offer on the state of the corn market for this month past, further than to say that it has been in general heavy; and that our opinions on the opening of the ports for foreign corn are unchanged.

Aggregate average of the 12 maritime districts of England and Wales for the six weeks preceding the 15th Feb. by which importation is regulated in Great Britain.

Wheat 54s. 5d.	Oats 18s. 6d.
Rye 34s. 8d.	Beans 32s. 6d.
Barley 25s. 0d.	Peas 35s. 0d.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

St. Petersburg, 24th Jan.—On taking a general view of the commerce of St. Petersburg in the year 1820, we find the following remarkable result; the value of goods imported was 167,388,897 r., to which must be added the sum of 23 millions, arrived by the last vessels, and not yet entered at the Custom House, making a grand total of 190,388,897 r. The value of the goods exported amounted to only 105,085,930 r.: thus the value of the imports exceeds that of the exports by above 85,300,000 r. This great difference in the balance is unparalleled in the history of the commerce of this port. The receipt of the customs of St. Petersburg was 29,747,994 r. The number of vessels arrived was 1090; sailed, 1070.

The port of Kunda in Esthonia, on the Gulf of Finland, between Narva and Revel, has now obtained a custom-house, subject to the same regulations as are in force in all the other parts of the empire; so that foreign vessels may export from it directly, the productions of the country, without being obliged to clear out from another port. The neighbouring country produces large quantities of timber.

Riga, 26 Jan.—The prices of most of our export articles remain nearly the same as at the date of our last report (see LONDON MAGAZINE for February).—*Flax* is still in demand; and the arrivals being inconsiderable (till within these few days) held at rather high prices.

Gothenburg, 8th Jan.—In the course of last year there were exported from this city 92,180 ship pounds of bar-iron; 4627 ship pounds of finer and wrought-iron; and 3977 ship pounds of steel: of this quantity, 71,596 ship pounds of bar-iron, 2725 ship pounds of fine, and 468 ship pounds of steel, were exported to North America alone.

Copenhagen, 29th Jan.—Corn begins to draw more attention, and in consequence of the accounts received from abroad, the continuance of pretty mild weather, and the re-opening of the navigation, many purchases are already made; and barley, oats, and rye are particularly in demand.

Hamburg, 16th Feb.—*Cotton.*—Some

purchases have been made by private contract at the prices paid at the public sales; but many holders ask more. We shall have a sale of 800 bales of Bengal on the 1st March.—*Coffee.*—The demand being rather brisker, is held at higher prices.—*Spices.*—Several purchases of pepper have rendered the prices more firm. Pimento and ginger also keep up.—*Indigo, Gum Senegal, and Logwood,* are held at rather higher prices.—*Rice* firmer in price, in consequence of some demand this week.—*Corn.*—Nothing doing except for the consumption of the place.—*Fine rape-seed* is in demand, but not to be had.—*Sugar.* There has been less doing in Hamburg refined, this week than last; but as no great quantities have been brought to market, the prices have been fully maintained. The prices of lumps being rather lower, namely, good strong middling at 11½d. to 11¾d., pretty large purchases have been made. Raw sugar has been little asked for, and the prices unchanged, in expectation of the new arrivals, which if the frost, which has again set in, should be of any duration, may probably be delayed for some time.

Amsterdam, 10th Feb.—*Cotton* without purchasers, even at reduced prices.—*Corn,* hardly any sales; so that prices are nominally the same.—*Rape-seed* is held at higher prices, but without purchasers; but *Rape-oil* has more buyers than sellers, at the following increased prices: ready money, 77 fl.; for delivery on 1st May, 75 to 75½ fl.; for 1st September, 72 fl.—*Spices* keep at good prices, especially pepper and pimento, of which our stock is small.—*Sugar,* the prices of Muscovado remain steady, and also of loaves.

Naples, 23 Jan.—*Sugar.*—There have been some sales at the same prices as last week.—*Cottons* continue to be in some request: the exportations to France give reason to hope a sensible amelioration.—*Brandy* has suddenly risen, in consequence of a contract for the army, and of some little demand for Malta and Gibraltar. Our other productions are lower and in no request.—Good paper on Paris and London has been rare and eagerly sought after; a great deal has been done above the noted prices: 10,000l. sterling in London was negotiated at 594.

Genoa, 27 Jan.—Commerce is gradually reviving, and more is doing than appears, because many transactions do not come to the knowledge of the public.—*Grain.*—There are no purchasers for speculation. We continue to send cargoes to Naples; three vessels have sailed for that port this week.—*Coffee,* 15 barrels of Martinico have been sold at 32 sols; 64 bags of Rio at 26 sols the pound.—*Sugar,* 60 barrels of crushed 55½ to 64 fr. according to quality.—*Pepper,* 12,000 lbs. of Malabar at 114 sols per lb.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Leach has nearly completed his Synopsis of British Mollusca.

The Rev. Thomas Boys is printing a Volume of Sermons on Various Subjects.

The Rev. — Newell is about to publish Letters on the Scenery of Wales, including a Series of Subjects for the Pencil, and Instructions to Pedestrian Tourists. Royal 8vo. with Plates.

An interesting Volume for Schools, entitled Sketches of the Domestic Institutions and Manners of the Romans, is in the Press.

In the course of this month will be published, Sir Ronald, and other Poems, in 8vo.

A Collection of Sermons, by the late Rev. Joseph Pickering, A.M. Curate of Paddington, is preparing for publication, in 2 Vols. 8vo.

An Essay to prove the Identity of the Rivers Nile and Niger, by J. Dudley, M.A. is in the Press.

Proposals are in circulation for printing, by Subscription, a new Edition of that Scarce Work, The Remains of Japhet; being Historical Enquiries into the Affinity and Origin of the European Languages. By James Pearson, M.D. in one Volume, 4to.

A New Novel, entitled the Sisters, in 4 Vols. 8vo. is in the Press.

Speedily will be published, in 2 Vols. 8vo. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Brian Walton, DD. Lord Bishop of Chester. By the Rev. Henry Todd, M.A. FRS.

P. E. Laurent, Esq. is preparing for publication, in 4to. Recollections of a Classical Tour, in 1818—1819, in different parts of Turkey, Greece, and Italy.

In a short time will appear, the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature. By Charles Bucke, Esq.

The Works of John Home, Esq. author of Douglas, with an Account of his Life and Writings; by H. Mackenzie, Esq. will soon appear, in 3 Vols. 8vo.

Otto Von Kotzebue's Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the Russian Ship Rurik, is translating for the Press.

Mr. John Dunkin, is preparing the History and Antiquities of several Parishes in the Hundreds of Bullington and Ploughley, Oxfordshire, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. Wm. Wilson, B.D. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, has in the Press, the Articles of the Church of England illustrated by Copious Extracts from the Homilies, &c.

Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of Laplace, comprehending the first Book, for Students in the Mathematics, may be shortly expected, in 8vo.

A Series of Thirty-three Plates, includ-

Crabbe, engraved by Heath from Drawings by Westall, are preparing for publication.

Miss Porden, has in the Press, *Comte de Lion, or the Third Crusade*, a Poem, in Sixteen Books.

John Dalzell, Esq. has nearly ready, the Substance of the Lectures on the Ancient Greeks; and on the Revival of Greek Learning in Europe, delivered by the late Professor Dalzell, in the University of Edinburgh.

M. Malte Brun's System of Universal Geography, translated from the French, is printing in 6 Vols. 8vo.

A Biographical Work of 3000 Living Public Men of all Countries, with nearly 300 engraved Portraits, is printing, to correspond in size with Debrett's Peerage.

Mr. Wood has in the Press, the Linnean Genera of Insects, illustrated by 46 coloured Plates, and general observations on each genus.

Mr. J. H. Wiffm, Author of "Aonian Hours," &c. has in the Press, The Fourth Book of Tasso's Jerusalem delivered; being the Specimen of an intended new Translation in English Spenserian Verse, with a Prefatory Dissertation on existing Translations.

A new edition of the Pleasures of Hezra, a Poem; with Corrections and Improvements, and additional Pieces by the same Author, is in preparation.

The Rev. R. Warner, is preparing for publication, Church of England Theology, in a Series of ten Sermons, (separately printed, in Manuscript Character) on the following subjects. — 1. The Scriptural Doctrines of the Fall, and Corruption of Mankind. — 2. Do. of Repentance. — 3. Do. of Faith. — 4. Do. of Good Works. — 5. Do. of Conversion and Attainment through Christ. — 6. Do. of Regeneration. — 7. Do. of the Gifts of the Holy Spirit. — 8. Do. of the Holy Trinity. — 9. Do. of the Holy Sacrament. — 10. On the Figurative Languages of Scripture.

Dr. Henry Reader, will shortly publish in 8vo. A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Heart, in which will be comprised a full Account of all the Diseases of that Organ.

Mr. Faulkner has issued Proposals for publishing by Subscription, a Series of Etchings, illustrative of the History and Antiquities of Kensington, from Original Drawings, by R. Banks.

In the Press, Observations on the Reports of the Earl of Sheffield at Lewis Fair, July 26, 1820. By James Bishopp.

Dr. Forbes is about to publish his Observations on the Climate of Penzance, and the Districts of the Land's End, in Corn-

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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NEW PATENTS.

John Sadler, of Penlington-Place, Lambeth, for an improved method or process of manufacturing carbonate of lead, formerly denominated ceruse, but now commonly called white lead.—Jan. 3, 1821.

John Leigh Bradbury, of Manchester, for a new mode of engraving and etching metal rollers, used for printing upon woolen, cotton, linen, paper, cloth, silk, and other substances.—Jan. 9.

Robert Salmon, Esq. for improvements in the construction of instruments for the relief of hernia and prolapsis; which instrument, so improved, he denominates scientific-principled, variable, secure, light, easy, elegant, cheap, and durable trusses.—Jan. 15.

John Frederick Daniell, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, for improvements in clarifying and refining sugar.—Jan. 15.

Abraham Henry Chambers, Esq. of Bond-street, for an improvement in the manufacture of building cement, composition, stucco, or plaster, by means of the application and combination of certain known materials hitherto unused (save for experiments) for that purpose.—Jan. 15.

Charles Phillips, of Albemarle-street, commander in the royal navy, for improvements in the apparatus for propelling vessels, and improvements in the construction of vessels so propelled.—Jan. 19.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. J. Watts, MA. Fellow of the University College, Oxford, appointed domestic chaplain to the Earl of Besborough.—The Rev. A. Wheeler, DD. Head-master of the College school, Worcester, to the rectory of Broadway.—The Rev. Mr. Heath, son of Dr. Heath, Head-master of Eton school, to the valuable rectories of West Dean and East Grinstead, near Salisbury.—The Rev. Edward Colman Tyson, BA. Fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, elected second master of the royal mathematical school at Christ hospital.—The Bishop of Lincoln has instituted the Rev. E. Fane, rector of Fulbeck, to the Prebend of Clifton.—The Duke of Hamilton has presented the

Rev. Mr. Proudfoot, Minister of Shorts, to the church and parish of Strathhaven, Presbytery of Hamilton.

OXFORD.—On Feb. 10, the following degrees were conferred. Bachelor in Divinity, the Rev. Ellis Ashton, Fellow of Brasenose.—Masters of Arts; the Rev. W. Salmon Bagshaw, of Worcester, and the Rev. Chas. S. S. Dupuis, of Pembroke.—Bachelors of Arts, Fras. Lipcomb, of University College, and H. J. B. Nicholson, of Magdalen-hall.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subject for the Scatonian Prize Poem for the year is "The Old Age of St. John the Evangelist."

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette, Jan. 20. to Feb. 13.

Jan. 20.—Aaron, L. Chatham, navy-agent. [Isaacs, 40, Mansell-street, Goodman's-Fields. T. Clarke, G. High-row, Knightsbridge, carpenter. [Popkin, Dean-street, Soho-square. T. Davis, H. Bristol, merchant. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.

Dorrington, J. Manchester, spirit-dealer. [Milne, Temple. C.

Heelis, E. Chorley, Lancaster, spirit-merchant. [Gaskell, Wigan, Lancaster. C.

Higgs, W. G. Hodson, and R. Higgs, Bristol, leather-factors. [Pearson, Pump-court, Temple. C. Hogg, G. Pancras-lane, tavern-keeper. [Knight, Basinghall-street. T.

Howell, H. Knareborough, grocer. [Lodington, Secondaries Office, Temple. C.]
 Levy, J. New-road, St. George in the East, merchant. [Pullen, 34, Fore-street. T.]
 Matthews, P. Gibsons-street, Lambeth, builder. [Sandom, Slades-place, Deptford. T.]
 Parks, T. and A. Lawton, Birmingham, merchants. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Shepherd, W. Kennington-cross, jeweller. [Dobbs, Palsgrove-place, Temple-bar. T.]
 Stalner, R. Rochester, innkeeper [King, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Statham, P. and G. Shakespear, Pall-Mall, blacking-manufacturers. [Willey, Wellclose-square. T.]
 Thomas, D. London-street, Greenwich, china and glass-man. [Sherwood, Canterbury-square. T.]
 Wells, J. W. Cambridge-beach, Hackney-road, builder. [Nash, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. T.]
 Wildman, J. Pen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Paterson, 68, Old Broad-street. T.]
 Woodlis, J. Woolwich, timber-merchant. [Nind, 32, Throgmorton-street. T.]

Jan. 23.—Almond, W. Jun. New-bridge, Corwall, beer-brewer. [Batty, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Bayly, C. Eastdean, Sussex, farmer. [Ellis, 1, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]
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 Cooper, W. Nottingham, grocer. [Wolston, 14, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]
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 Fisher, F. Edgeware-road, nurseryman. [Fielder, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square. T.]
 Phillips, R. Banbury, Oxford, draper. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.]
 Pryer, T. C. B. Birchlin-lane, saddler. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
 Reeve, R. Hilgay, Norfolk, dealer. [Ewbank, 27, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square. C.]
 Saunders, J. Duke-street, St. James's, surgeon. [Barton, New North-st. Red Lion-sq. T.]
 Toupe, G. W. B. East-India Chambers, Leadenhall-st. merchant. [Reardon, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.]

Jan. 27.—Aust, J. Gloucester, dealer. [Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
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 Booth, G. Bromley-park, Stafford, farmer. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
 Caspwith, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.]
 Fuller, H. Bethnal-green-road, surgeon. [Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.]
 Gough, J. Bath, Somerset, painter. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Green, R. Selby, York, banker. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Johnson, T. Junior, Wakefield, York, merchant. [Few, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. C.]
 Marsh, J. Gracechurch-street, hosier. [Rush, 3, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.]
 Maughan, H. Rochester, Kent, linen-draper. [Jones, Sise-lane. T.]
 Mitchell, J. senior, Essendon, Hertford, dealer. [Stoker, Boswell-court. T.]
 Nelson, R. Bermondsey, Surrey, foinmonger. [Cottle, Aldermanbury. T.]
 Norton, L. New Union-street, stage-coach-master. [Eyles, 15, Worship-st.-road, Finsbury-sq. T.]
 Reid, W. Junior, Clerkenwell-close, watchmaker. [Harmer, Hatton-garden. T.]
 Richards, J. Aston, Warwick, brewer. [Long, Holborn-court, Grey's-inn. C.]
 Roberts, W. H. Albury, Surrey, paper manufacturer. [Kearsey, Bishopsgate-street. T.]
 Rutt, J. Hammersmith, market gardener. [Richardson, Bury-street, St. James's. T.]
 Sager, E. Jun. Chadderton, Lancaster, merchant. [Wright, Temple. C.]
 Sager, E. sen. Chadderton, Lancaster, merchant. [Wright, Temple. C.]
 Sager, W. Chadderton, Lancaster, merchant. [Wright, Temple. C.]
 Stead, B. Huddersfield, York, corn-factor. [Alexander, New-inn. C.]
 Townsend, R. Exeter, grocer. [Brutton, 35, Old Broad-street. C.]

Walpole, T. White Lion-st. Goodman's-fields, victualler. [Glynes, Burn-st. East Smithfield. T.]
 Young, J. Bristol, woollen-draper. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
 Jan. 30.—Berthoud, H. Soho-square, bookseller. [Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.]
 Castle, J. Banwell, Somerset, victualler. [King, Gray's-inn square. C.]
 Crowe, E. Wymondham, Norfolk, shopkeeper. [Saggers, Crosby-square. C.]
 Friend, H. Southwark, engineer. [Comerford, 16, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]
 Godfrey, S. Market Weighon, York, innkeeper. [Evans, 37, Hatton-garden. C.]
 Grove, P. Cardiff, Glamorgan, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Wood, Cardiff. C.]
 Harris, G. Worship-street, Finsbury-square, coach-proprietor. [Abraham, 28, Jewry-st. T.]
 Keep, J. Grainsby, Lincoln, farmer. [Baxter, Gray's-inn-place, Holborn. C.]
 Knight, R. Gray's-inn-lane, livery-stable-keeper. [Pullen, Forestreet. T.]
 Pennell, P. Whitborne, Hereford, farmer. [Hilliard, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Purkis, W. Portsmouth, Southampton, cabinet-maker. [Alexander, 10, New-inn. C.]
 Shorey, J. Croydon, coal-merchant. [Long, Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road. T.]
 Skev, R.S. Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, carrier. [Tooke, Holborn-court, Gray-inn. C.]
 Symes, W. Crewkerne, Somerset, linen-draper. [Pearson, 6, Pump-court, Temple. C.]
 Vigor, M. Bristol, cabinet-maker. [Hicks, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C.]
 Williams, W. and A. Whyte, New Bond-st. hatters. [Jones, Great Marylebone-st. T.]
 Feb. 3.—Anderson, J. West Smithfield, bookseller. [Arnott, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.]
 Bindloss, C. Kendal, Westmoreland, butcher. [Carpenter, Furnival's-inn. C.]
 Butcher, P. Braintree-beach, Essex, horse-dealer. [Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.]
 Collett, J. Bath, Somerset, shoemaker. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.]
 Durham, W. Ornead, Norfolk, paper-maker. [Farster, Norwich. C.]
 Fraser, A. Norfolk-street, Marylebone, upholsterer. [Saunders, 11, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. T.]
 Gill, J. M. Plymouth-dock, Devon, linen-draper. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.]
 Knights, R. Gray's-inn-lane, livery-stable-keeper. [Pullen, Fore-street. T.]
 Lamb, J. Newtonington Causeway, glazier. [Carpenter, Church-court, Old Jewry. T.]
 Levy, S. 6, Rosemary-lane, slopseller. [Byles, 15, Worship-street-road. T.]
 Locket, C. Ivy-lane, cornchandler. [Drew, Bermondsey-street. T.]
 Nobes, R. A. Swindon, Wilts, plumber. [Meggison, Gray's-inn. C.]
 Shipden, R. Hythe, Kent, grocer. [Long, Gray's-inn. C.]
 Thurtell, J. and J. Gliddens, Norwich, bombazine-manufacturers. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Wildman, J. Whitechapel-road, plumber. [Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street. T.]
 Wotton, T. Bristol, leather-factor. [Wright, 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.]
 Feb. 6.—Baverstock, J. H. Alton, Hants, common-brewer. [Taylor, Field-court, Gray's-inn. C.]
 Blogg, G. Aldersgate-street, jeweller. [Hindman, Basinghall-street. T.]
 Collier, W. Wellington, Salop, ironmonger. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Fereday, S. Etingshall-park, Sedgeley, Stafford, iron-master. [Alexander, New-inn. C.]
 Frost, T. Little Portland-street, coach-maker. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
 Kempster, T. Bouvrie-st. Fleet-st. carpenter. [Templer, 12, John-street, Minorities. T.]
 Mantle, T. Dover, Kent, cabinet-maker. [Jupp, Carpenters-hall, London-wall. T.]
 Massey, E. Eccleston, Lancaster, watch-maker. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
 Morris, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
 Nash, I. Bath, fishmonger. [Fisher, 1, Inner Temple-lane. C.]
 Owen, J. Madeley-wood, Salop, dealer in coal. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.]

Pitts, J. Hereford, timber-dealer. [Dax, Guildford-street. C.
 Richardson, T. Iron-Acton, Gloucester, tanner. [Poole, 13 Gray's-inn-square. C.
 Ridson, J. P. Bridport, Dorset, linen-drawer. [Reason, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.
 Rosson, R. Manchester, flour-dealer. [Milne, Temple. C.
 Feb. 10.—Abbott, W. Bermondsay New-road, cord-wainer. [Sater, Greenwich. T.
 Archer, A. Great Chapel-street, Soho, baker. [Pringle, 70. Queen-street, Cheap-side. T.
 Birks, W. Charnes, Stafford, cheese-factor. [Wilson, 9, King's-bench-walk, Inner Temple. C.
 Chester, C. Liverpool, auctioneer. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.
 Clay, R. Stamford, Lincoln, scrivener. [Lodington, Temple. T.
 Dove, T. Malden, Essex, linen-drawer. [Willis, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street. T.
 Howton, R. Worcester, victualler. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.
 Jarrett, T. Shrewsbury, victualler. [Edgerley, Shrewsbury. C.
 Kirkman, J. Great Bolton, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.
 Motz, G. Portsea, Southampton, vintner. [Pownall, 8, Staple-inn, Holborn. C.
 Pethurst, J. Cranbrook, Kent, draper. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.
 Raspini, J. B. Pall-Mall, medicine-vendor. [Harnett, 29, Northumberland-street, Strand. T.
 Shakespear, J. Fillingley, Warwick, draper. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
 Smithies, J. Huddersfield, York, victualler. [Battye, Chancery-lane. C.
 Wilkinson, J. and W. Wilkinson, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturers. [Milne, Temple. C.
 Feb. 13.—Balley, B. Merton, calico-printer. [Par-ton, Bow-churchyard, Cheapside. T.
 Beever, W. East Ardsley, York, farmer. [Lake, 9, Cateaton-street. C.
 Bowkett, T. Eastham, Worcester, and C. Bowkett, Loston-Bury, Hereford, farmers. [Watkins, Lincoln's-inn. C.
 Barall, J. Swansea, Glamorgan, cabinet-maker. [Falcon, Elm-court, Temple. C.
 Davies, J. Hereford, cabinet-maker. [Dax, Guildford-street. C.
 Foster, J. Sheffield, ironmonger. [Blagrove, Symonds-inn. C.
 Howard, E. and J. Gibbs, Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, money-scrivners. [Smith, Golden-square. T.
 Hughes, W. Great Bolton, Lancaster, money-scrivener. [Perkins, Gray's-inn. C.
 Laugharne, V. C. St. Mary Axe, merchant. [Hodgson, Castle-street, Holborn. T.
 Morgan, W. Greenfield, Gloucester, butcher. [Clarke, 8, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Cheap-side. C.
 Phillips, C. and W. Parsons, Brosley, Salop, iron-masters. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
 Poole, A. Haydon-square, merchant. [Nind, Throgmorton-street. T.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Jan. 20 to Feb. 13.

Sanders, J. jun. merchant, Leith.
 Lamb, J. and J. H. Rodgers, merchants, Glasgow.
 Macnaughton, P. clothier, Perth.
 Cant, W. innkeeper, Inverness.
 Moir, G. shipbuilder, Anstruther.
 Steel, J. cooper, Port-Glasgow.
 Pattison, J. and M. M. Pattison, merchants, Glasgow.
 McCall, J. W. Gibson, A. Dickie, J. Kennedy, and A. McCall, contractors for buildings, Ayr.
 Ross, W. merchant, Inverness.
 Mackie, A. merchant, Aberdeen.
 Smith, A. wool-spinner, Stirling.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 25. At Bishop's Court, near Exeter, the Right Hon. Lady Graves, a son.
 27. The lady of G. B. Dawson, Esq. M. P. a son.
 29. At Jersey, the lady of Colonel Cuanynghame,

29. The lady of the Right Hon. Thos. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Le Despencer, a son and heir.
 31. At Holmewood, Huntingdonshire, the Right Hon. Lady Ellis, Wells, a daughter.
 — The Rt. Hon. Lady Harriet Bagot, a son.
 Feb. 3. The lady of the Hon. and Rev. William Leonard Addington, son of Lord Sidmouth, a daughter.
 — At Leamington, the lady of Major Edw. Wildman, a daughter.
 — At Westover House, Isle of Wight, the lady of Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes, Bart. M. P. a daughter.
 4. At Guernsey, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, a son.
 5. The lady of Jos. Phillimore, LL.D. and M.P. a son.
 6. At Powis Castle, the Rt.-Hon. Lady Lucy Clive, a daughter.
 10. The lady of Major Ord, Royal Artillery, a daughter.
 12. In Baker-street, the lady of Rear Admiral West, a son.
 13. The lady of Wm. Hutchins, Esq. of Hanover-square, a daughter.
 20. The lady of Lieut.-Col. Cowper, of Montague-place, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Baberton-house, the lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. a son and heir.
 At Edinburgh, the lady of Lord Justice Clerk, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Westport-house, the Marchioness of Sligo, a son.

ABROAD.

At Naples, the lady of J. Cumming, Esq. a son.
 At Marseilles, a woman aged sixty-six, was delivered of a female infant.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22. At Wytham Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Abingdon, by the Rev. Dr. Marlow, President of St. John's, Oxford; Charles John Ballie Hamilton, Esq. to the Rt. Hon. Lady Caroline Bertie, his Lordship's sister.
 Feb. 1. At Bristol, by the Rev. Peter Whish, Prebendary of Wells, Major Whish, to Charlotte Anne, daughter of the late Martin Whish, Esq.
 2. Lord Viscount Cranborne, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, to Miss Gascoigne.
 3. Thomas Jones, Esq. of Lillafar, Machyneth, Montgomeryshire, to Emma Anne Owen, daughter of the late Major General Owen, and sister of Sir Wm. Owen, Bart.
 5. Thos. Taylor, Esq. of Trinity College, Oxford, to Miss Fanny Mansel, daughter of the late Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College.
 — The Rev. John Fitz Moore, of Ivinghoe, Bucks, to Mrs. Halsay, of Gaddesdon Park, Herts.
 6. At Kensington, the Rev. Dr. Crigan, Rector of Marston, and son of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man, to Mary, third daughter of Col. Smeit, Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Man.
 — At Dover, Capt. Robt. Deans, R.N. second son of the late Admiral Deans, to Mary, daughter of the late Rich. Clay, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.
 9. Wm. Parry Richards, Esq. son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Chief Justice, to Frances Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Jonathan Darnett, Esq.
 10. At Mary-le-bone Church, Capt. Robt. Garrett, of Ellington, to Mrs. Devaynes, widow of the late Wm. Devaynes, of Uplown, in the Isle of Thanet.
 12. Mr. J. P. Carry, of Berne, Switzerland, to Sarah Johanna, daughter of J. Browning, Esq. of Purslow Hall, Salop.
 13. G. W. Sanders, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister, to Georgiana Frances, eldest daughter of Thos. Griffith, Esq. Pall-mall.
 — At Croydon, the Rev. W. H. Hale, AM. to Anne Caroline, only daughter of Wm. Coles, Esq. of Blunt-house.
 15. Henry Baynes Ward, Esq. to Harriet Anne, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Davis, Esq. of Portland place.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Helms, Col. J. F. Burgoyne, Royal Engineers, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Col. Rose, of Helms.

At Edinburgh, John Panistone Milbanks, Esq. of Hainaby Hall, Yorkshire, to the widow of the late Thos. Grey, Esq. MD.

At Edinburgh, Robt. Cadell, Esq. to Anne Fletcher, eldest daughter of George Mylne, Esq.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, by special license, by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, Arthur Blennerhasset, Esq. of Ballylody, in the county of Kerry, to Frances, eldest daughter of Henry Deane Grady, Esq.

ABROAD.

At Grimsby, Upper Canada, the Rev. B. B. Stevens, M.A. Chaplain to his Britannic Majesty's Forces, to Elizabeth, daughter of Thos. Nelles, Esq. Lieut.-Col. commanding the 4th Lincoln Militia, of that Province, Justice of the Peace, and Representative in the Provincial Parliament in that county.

At St. Petersburg, Thos. Harvey, Esq. to Harriet, daughter of Edward Maberley, Esq.

DIED.

Jan. 20. At Funtington, Sussex, the residence of his brother-in-law, H. J. Hounsom, Esq. Miles Monkhouse, Esq. of Newcastle, in the 57th year of his age.

22. At Hooley-house, Surrey, in his 83d year, Thos. Byron, Esq. late Lieut.-Col. in the 3d Regiment of Guards.

23. Suddenly, in his 59th year, at Portsmouth, Sir Geo. Campbell, GCB. Admiral of that Port: Sir George entered the service very early in life; was made Post Captain in 1781; Rear Admiral, 1801; Vice Admiral, 1806. Admiral of the White, 1814; and was appointed Port Admiral, 1817.

26. At Claremont Park, Surrey, Colonel Baron de Hardenbrock, Equerry to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold.

— Mrs. Stephens, mother of Miss Stephens, of Covent Garden Theatre.

— At Carlisle, aged 40, David Carrick, Jun. Esq. only son and partner of D. Carrick, Esq. Banker, in that City.

27. At Southampton, Capt. Hoey, a gentleman well known in the fashionable circles at Bath.

— At the house of his Father-in-law, at Putney-hill, Captain E. L. Crofton, CB. RN. in his 36th year.

29. At his seat, Tovil-place, near Maidstone, aged 50, Jas. Hulks, Esq. late of Rochester, and formerly one of the Representatives in Parliament for that City.

30. At her house, Litchfield-street, Tamworth, aged 64, Miss Robinson. This lady's death was very awful, she had retired from table, and was standing by the drawing-room fire, when she fell backwards, in an apoplectic fit, and instantly expired.

— At Southampton, Mrs. Bell, widow of the late Colonel Bell, of the Northumberland Militia.

Feb. 1. At Woolwich, the lady of Joseph Newell, Esq. and niece of the late Col. James, of Igham Court Lodge, Kent.

— Late, at an advanced age, the Rev. George Routh, Rector of St. Clement, and St. Helen, Ipswich, and of Holbrook, Suffolk.

3. At Carlisle, aged 80, Major Potts.

— At Exmouth, Selina Anne, wife of Lieut. Col. Warre.

— At her house, in Saville-row, the Dowager Lady Hunloke, relict of the late Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart. and sister to Thos. W. Coke, Esq. MP.

6. At Shipton-court, Oxfordshire, the lady of Sir John Chandos Reade, Bart.

— At his seat, Loundham-hall, Suffolk, Jacob Whitbread, Esq. in his 72d year. He served as High-sheriff of the county, in 1796.

7. The Rev. Edward Ontram, DD. Canon Residentiary of Litchfield Cathedral, Chancellor of the Diocese, Archdeacon of Derby, and Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham—exertion in talking to a deaf person occasioned an apoplexy, which terminated his life in an hour.

— At Prescail, Lancashire, Thomas Bourne, Esq. aged 41.

9. At Bath, in his 60th year, Sam. Yockney, Esq.

— At his residence in the Crescent, Bath, Richard Oliver, Esq. aged 58.

— At his house, Hans-place, Sloane-street, aged 60, the Rev. Dr. Nichol, Minister of the Scots

Church, Swallow-street, where he had officiated upwards of 25 years.

9. In Devonshire-place, aged 78, Mrs. Berdmore, relict of the late Samuel Berdmore, DD. 25 years head master of the Charter-house School.

10. Aged 82, Mrs. Logie, relict of the late Charles Logie, Esq. formerly his Majesty's Consul at Algiers.

— At Holkham-house, in Norfolk, the seat of her Grandfather, Thos. W. Coke, Esq. MP. the Hon. Georgiana Anson, 2d daughter of the late and sister of the present Viscount Anson.

— Major James T. Cowper, of the R. A.

11. At Richmond, aged 90, Mr. Adam Walker, the celebrated Lecturer in Experimental Philosophy, and author of several Astronomical and Philosophical Works. This Gentleman was the inventor of the Eidourasion, or Transparent Orrery; the Celestina; the great revolving lights on the Isle of Scilly and Crooner; the warm air stove, and the present Mail-coach.

— In Manchester-square, Mrs. Dalrymple, widow of the late Admiral Dalrymple.

13. At her seat, Basset Down House, in her 68th year, Mrs. Maskelyne, relict of the late Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, DD. Astronomer Royal.

— At her house, in Curzon-street, in her 83th year, the Dowager Lady Hycroft, relict of the late Sir Richard Hycroft, Bart. of Penhurst in Kent.

14. In his 67th year, the Rev. Jas. Lindsay, DD. of Grove-hall, Bow, in the county of Middlesex, upwards of 35 years Minister of the Presbyterian meeting, Monkwell-street.

— At Swindon, Wilts, in his 68th year, Wm. Harding, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and a Deputy Lieut. of the same county.

16. At Wrotesley, Leicestershire, second daughter of Sir John and Lady Caroline Wrotesley.

18. In Portland-place, aged 91, Mrs. Mackenzie.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Kinell-house, Perthshire, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Place, daughter of the late Earl of Aberdeen, and wife of E. Place, Esq. of Skelton Grange, Yorkshire.

At Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. Alex. Hutcheson.

At Bellshill, the Rev. John Brown, Minister of the relief congregation in Falkirk, in the 41st year of his ministry; Mr. B. possessed a vigorous and discriminating mind, and was an excellent Biblical scholar. His acquaintance with ancient and modern languages was extensive; and few exceeded him in an accurate and critical knowledge of the Scriptures.

At Dundonald Manse, Mrs. McLeod, wife of the Rev. Dr. McLeod, minister of that parish.

At Edinburgh, Baroness Abercrombie, the relict of Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

IN IRELAND.

At the residence of Lord Castlecoote, First Commissioner of Customs, Dublin, Lady Castlecoote. Her Ladyship was Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter, and co-heiress of Henry Tilson, DD. of Eagle-hill, in the county of Kildare.

ABROAD.

At Florence, Ernest Misset, Esq. He held the rank of Lieut.-Col. in the army, and was for many years his Majesty's Consul-Gen. in Egypt.

At Paris, aged 60, M. Marietti, Ex-conventualist, who voted for the imprisonment of Louis XVI.

At Boulogne, Lady Ann Digby, sister to the Earl of Casalis. Her Ladyship survived her husband only five weeks.

At Bourdeaux, Mrs. Evans, wife of Francis Evans, Esq. and daughter of the late J. Locke, Esq. of Walthamstow.

At the Cape, in his 27th year, David Fris. Chambers, Esq. of the 89th regt. son of the late F. Chambers, Esq. of Monie Alto, county of Waterford, Ireland.

At Barbadoes, of the yellow fever, Capt. T. Roberts, of the Royal Engineers.

At Jamaica, the Lady of J. Pusey Edwards, Esq. niece of Lord Crewe.

At Hamburg, in her 74th year, Mrs. Klopstock, widow of the illustrious German poet, the author of the Messiah.

At Hamburg, Mrs. Ross, widow of Dr. C. Ross.

At Angers, Charles Viconte Walsh de Serrant, brother to the late Vicountess Southwell.

At Geneva, Henry Harvey Aston, Esq.; nephew of the Marchioness of Hertford.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT STRATFORD, MIDDLESEX.

By Mr. R. Howard.

Ma. denotes the Maximum, Mi. the Minimum.

Dec.	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
			9 a.m.						9 a.m.		
1	Ma. 31	29.97	61	E	Cold wind	17	Ma. 46	30.25	91	SW	Cloudy
	Mi. 23	29.86					Mi. 39	30.18			
2	Ma. 30	29.86	61	E	Cloudy	18	Ma. 52	30.31	92	SW	Cloudy
	Mi. 22	29.53					Mi. 45	30.25			
3	Ma. 32	29.53	57	E	Cloudy	19	Ma. 48	30.32	92	SW	Cloudy
	Mi. 24	29.45					Mi. 40	30.31			
4	Ma. 31	29.50	56	NE	Cloudy	20	Ma. 50	30.60	83	W	Cloudy
	Mi. 25	29.45					Mi. 28	30.32			
5	Ma. 37	29.45	60	E	Fine—rain	21	Ma. 44	30.61	70	Var.	Foggy
	Mi. 29	29.27					Mi. 28	30.60			
6	Ma. 41	29.28	88	E	Cloudy	22	Ma. 45	30.69	73	NW	Gloomy
	Mi. 33	29.25					Mi. 35	30.61			
7	Ma. 39	29.28	86	N	Cloudy	23	Ma. 40	30.70	80	NE	Fine
	Mi. 34	29.26					Mi. 27	30.67			
8	Ma. 45	29.26	89	E	Fine	24	Ma. 36	30.67	91	SE	Foggy
	Mi. 34	29.09					Mi. 28	30.60			
9	Ma. 43	29.15	96	E	Foggy	25	Ma. 48	30.60	94	SW	Foggy
	Mi. 37	29.04					Mi. 34	30.56			
10	Ma. 44	29.16	93	SW	Foggy	26	Ma. 45	30.58	77	NE	Cloudy
	Mi. 37	29.13					Mi. 34	30.44			
11	Ma. 46	29.26	100	E	Rainy	27	Ma. 38	30.44	78	E	Cloudy
	Mi. 38	29.14					Mi. 32	30.29			
12	Ma. 51	29.52	94	S	Rainy	28	Ma. 35	30.29	84	S	Foggy
	Mi. 44	29.26					Mi. 30	30.28			
13	Ma. 51	29.62	76	W	Cloudy	29	Ma. 45	30.29	90	SE	Fine
	Mi. 41	29.41					Mi. 30	30.20			
14	Ma. 42	30.12	80	NE	Rainy	30	Ma. 50	30.36	94	SW	Fine
	Mi. 30	29.41					Mi. 42	30.22			
15	Ma. 49	30.12	90	SE	Cloudy	31	Ma. 51	30.38	84	SW	Fine
	Mi. 33	29.77					Mi. 44	30.36			
16	Ma. 48	30.18	77	W	Cloudy						
	Mi. 34	29.77									

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 14 Feb.	Hamburg. 13 Feb.	Amsterdam 16 Feb.	Vienna. 3 Feb.	Genoa. 3 Feb.	Berlin. 10 Feb.	Naples. 22 Jan.	Leipsig. 5 Feb.	Bremen. 9 Feb.
London.....	25.00	37.6½	41	10.3	30½	7.1½	594	6.18½	621
Paris.....	—	26½	57½	116½	95½	82½	23.60	79½	17½
Hamburg...	181	—	34½	142½	44	151½	42.75	145	135½
Amsterdam...	57½	105½	—	136	91½	143½	49.10	138½	127½
Vienna.....	254	144	14½	—	61½	41½	59.35	101½	—
Franckfort...	2½	145½	55½	—	—	105½	—	100	109½
Augsburg...	253	144½	36	98½	61	105	59.30	100½	109½
Genoa.....	476	83½	89	61½	—	—	19.55	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	—	—	—	—	104½	—	—	109½
Leghorn....	506	89½	96	57½	122½	—	—	—	—
Lisbon.....	564	37½	40½	—	896	—	50.35	—	—
Cadix.....	15.45	92½	100½	—	628	—	—	—	—
Naples.....	421	—	79½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa.....	15.35	92½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.70	94½	101½	—	620	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	564	37½	40½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 8 Feb.	Nuremberg. 8 Feb.	Christiana. 29 Jan.	Petersburg. 26 Jan.	Riga. 29 Jan.	Stock- holm.	Madrid. 6 Feb.	Lisbon. 27 Jan.
London.....	153½	fl. 10.7	7 Sp. 36.24	9½	93½	—	35.00	50½
Paris.....	78½	fr. 118	38 Sp.	104½	9½	—	16	550
Hamburg....	145	144	155	9½	10½	—	182	39½
Amsterdam...	137½	138	—	10	—	—	57½	41½
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	875

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Jan. 23 to Feb. 20.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-9
Ditto at sight	12-6
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-10
Antwerp	12-10
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-2
Altona, 2½ U	38-3
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-75 25-80
Ditto, 2 U	26-5 26-10
Bordeaux	26-5 26-10
Frankfort on the Main }	
Ex. M. }	156
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us	9½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-20 10-17
Trieste ditto	10-20 10-17
Madrid, effective	35½ 36
Cadiz, effective	35½ 35½
Bilboa	35
Barcelona	34½ 35
Seville	34½ 35
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	46½
Genoa	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	38½
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	49 49½
Oporto	50 49½
Rio Janeiro	50 50½
Bahia	59 58
Dublin	8
Cork	8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	9	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 8½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10d. the quarter loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	0	0	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	3	0	0	to	3	10	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Jan. 20.	Jan. 27.	Feb. 3.	Feb. 10.
Wheat	54 3 54 8	54 5 54 7		
Rye	34 8 34 7	34 4 35 7		
Barley	25 4 25 2	25 1 24 3		
Oats	18 6 18 5	18 5 18 2		
Beans	33 3 32 0	31 7 31 10		
Peas	34 9 33 10	34 2 36 8		

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of
London from Jan. 23 to Feb. 17.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	28,054	11,279	—	39,333
Barley	38,293	1,989	—	41,282
Oats	43,713	21,927	—	65,640
Rye	229	—	—	229
Beans	9,261	—	—	9,261
Pease	5,059	—	—	5,059
Malt	7,140	Qrs.	Flour 47,853 Sacks	

Foreign Flour 1,000 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 56s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	40s. to 56s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	40s. to 56s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
	Smithfield.	
3 0 to 4	4..4 0 to 4 15..1	8 to 1 16
	Whitechapel.	
2 16 to 4	8..4 0 to 5 0..1	8 to 1 12
	St. James's.	
3 8 to 4	10..4 0 to 5 0..1	4 to 1 16

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	3s. 2d. to 4s. 2d.
Mutton	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Veal	4s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.
Pork	3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.
Lamb	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.
Mutton	3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.
Veal	5s. 0d. to 6s. 8d.
Pork	3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.
Lamb	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Jan. 26
to Feb. 19, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,380	1,000	128,560	1,340

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Jan. 29 to Feb. 19.

	Jan. 29.	Feb. 5.	Feb. 12.	Feb. 19.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle...	32 6 to 40 0	32 6 to 40 0	31 0 to 40 0	34 3 to 41 3
Sunderland...	36 6 to 41 0	36 0 to 41 3	32 0 to 41 0	36 9 to 00 0

Daily Price of Stocks, from 24th January to 22d February.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for A.C.
Jan.															
24	225	70½	1	69½	70½	80	89	105½	18½	69½	2½	226½	—	78½	—
25	—	71½	2½	70½	1	—	90	106	18½	4½	228	—	—	—	6p
26	228	71½	2½	71½	2½	81½	90½	106½	18½	70½	4½	228	41	78½	—
27	228	72½	1	72½	1	—	90	106½	18½	—	—	—	45	—	7p
29	—	72½	2½	72½	1	81	91	106½	—	—	—	45	79½	—	8p
30	227½	72½	1	72½	1	81½	90½	—	—	—	—	44	—	—	7p
31	228	72½	1	72½	1	81½	90½	106½	18½	71½	4½	228½	44	79	8p
Feb.															
1	228	72½	1	71½	2	81½	90½	106	18½	70½	5	228½	41	—	8p
2	—	72½	73	72½	—	82½	90	106½	18½	—	5½	230	—	—	6p
3	229½	73½	72	72	3½	82	91	106	19	—	6½	230½	42	—	7p
5	229	73½	72	72	—	82	91	106½	18½	—	—	—	—	—	6p
6	229	73½	72	72	—	82	91	106½	18½	—	—	230	43	—	7p
7	229	73½	73½	73½	2½	83	91	106	19	72½	—	230½	42	—	6p
8	229	73½	72	72	—	82	91	106	18½	—	—	230	42	—	6p
9	229	73½	72½	72½	—	82½	91	106	18½	72½	—	230	42	—	6p
10	229	73½	72	72	—	82½	91	106	18½	—	—	230	42	—	6p
12	228½	72½	71	71	2	82	91	106	18½	—	—	5 230	42	—	6p
13	228	72½	72½	72½	—	82	91	106	18½	5½	—	230½	42	—	5p
14	—	72½	73	72½	—	82½	91	106	18½	71½	5½	230½	42	—	5p
15	—	73	72½	72½	—	82½	91	106	18½	—	—	41	79½	—	5p
16	227	72½	73	72½	—	82½	91	105	18½	71½	—	229½	42	—	5p
17	225½	72½	3	72½	—	—	90	105	18½	—	—	229	41	—	5p
19	—	72½	3	72½	—	—	91	105	18½	—	—	—	42	—	5p
20	226½	72½	3½	72½	—	82½	91	106	18½	—	—	228½	42	—	5p
21	226	73½	4	72½	—	82½	91	106	18½	72	—	41	—	—	5p
22	—	73½	4	72½	—	83½	91	106	19	—	—	229	41	—	5p

IRISH FUNDS.

1821	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.	Wide Street De- bentures.
Jan.											
29	—	78½	77½	—	—	104½	104½	40	—	—	—
30	217	78	77½	—	—	105	104½	—	—	—	—
Feb.											
2	—	78½	78	—	—	105½	104½	41½	—	—	—
5	—	78½	—	—	—	105½	105½	43	—	—	—
7	219	78	78	—	—	105½	104½	—	—	—	—
8	224	79	79½	—	—	105½	105½	—	—	—	—
15	—	79	79½	—	—	106½	105½	—	—	—	—
17	—	79	79½	—	—	106½	105½	—	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Jan. 27, to Feb. 15.

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Jan.	fr.	c.
27	81	30
30	82	20
31	82	—
Feb.		
3	82	90
5	83	30
7	83	80
10	84	—
12	83	80
13	83	40
15	83	35

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.							N. YORK.	
	Jan.	Feb.						Jan.	
	30	2	6	9	13	16	20	3	15
7 per cent	106	106	106	106	106				
Bank Shares	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22	22	103½	104½
3 per cent	1812	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	103½	107	107
	1813	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	107½	108
	1814	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½		109
	1815	106½	106½	107	107	107	107		

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XVI.

APRIL, 1841.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

II.

I.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II. BY JOHN HUGHES, ESQ. OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE. IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST. LONDON: Printed by J. KNEELAND, at the Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church, near St. Pauls. 1704.

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THE LION'S HEAD.

THE hopes which we allowed ourselves to encourage, on the eve of the publication of our last Number, have been but too fatally frustrated:—Mr. John Scott is no more!—The public are so generally informed of the late painful events, and of their dreadful result, as to render it unnecessary for us to make any further communication or remark at present. Having been urgently requested by many of our readers to give a full statement of all the circumstances which led to the last fatal event,—we have but to make known that a judicial inquiry is immediately about to take place; and we are sure that our determination of remaining silent on the subject will be properly regarded. To those persons who have expressed a wish that a Memoir of the late Mr. Scott should be given, we can at present only say, that it is fully intended to publish such a Memoir, either in the LONDON MAGAZINE, or in a separate and more enlarged form. Nothing will be left undone that can in any way tend to satisfy the strong public and private feeling which this calamity has excited.

We cannot better employ this part of our Magazine, than in promoting the publicity of the following address; and we confidently trust, that this endeavour to render less poignant, to the widow and children, the effects of a loss which is in itself irreparable, will not prove unavailing.

“Mr. John Scott, whose recent death has interested a considerable portion of the Public, has left a Widow and Two Children, for whom he was unable to provide. By distinguished talents, as well as by exemplary prudence and industry, he had only just reached the point where he had a near prospect of securing the comfort of those who were dear to him. Some of his friends have thought themselves authorized, in such circumstances, to appeal to the general benevolence of the Public, on behalf of the helpless family of a man of ability and virtue.”

The following Gentlemen have agreed to act as a Committee to superintend the application of the Subscription.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, MP.
FRANCIS CHANTREY, ESQ. RA.
REV. A. WAUGH, DD.
G. DARLING, MD.

HORACE SMITH, ESQ.
JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.
ROBERT BALDWIN, ESQ.
S. W. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

Subscriptions will be received at Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, Mansion House Street; Messrs. Hettrics, Farquhar, and Co., St. James's Street; Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street; and Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster-row;—In Edinburgh, by Messrs. Manners and Miller; and Thomson and Co.; and in Glasgow, by Messrs. Smith and Sons.”

The embellishment in our next Number will be an engraving from Mr. Haydon's Picture of "Christ's Agony," which that artist has liberally allowed us to copy.

We shall continue our SERIES OF LIVING AUTHORS; and the next will be MR. CRABBE.

The first paragraph of this article will satisfy E. R. upon the subject of his communication. We should not, however, satisfy ourselves at all, if we did not express our perfect concurrence in his general remarks, and our sincere admiration of the feeling which dictated them. If we were to express any opinion upon the subject to which he alludes, it would be one of the most unqualified abhorrence; and this feeling in us is much strengthened by the consciousness that it meets the sympathy of such an head and heart as dictated this very indignant and eloquent communication. A wounded spirit will, we hope, receive some consolation from such lines enclosed in such a letter, and we shall feel it a duty, at once painful and pleasing, to impart them.

We respect, and sympathize in, the feelings of C. L. on the melancholy subject he has chosen for his Muse; but he must be aware, that circumstances of a very delicate nature must restrain us at present.

A. C. will find an answer in one of the foregoing notices.

Rustica's Ode on Spring shall bloom in our Number on May Day.

Vindex seems very angry with Mr. Brougham in consequence of his Bill for educating the people. If *Vindex* intended that we should insert his communication, he should have written it in a character which was in some degree legible. His penmanship is a strong proof, that a want of education is a very deplorable thing.

The Two Sonnets signed *Nemo*, we fear would be read by *Nemo*, and therefore must decline their insertion.

We are sorry M. M. seems to have so much cause to "lament." We hope, however, to give her, or his, griefs to empty air in our next number.

We shall endeavour, if possible, to strike M. H.'s "Guitar," when we next venture serenading.

Mr. Hartnoll's Poem has been received, and we shall endeavour to select some stanzas from it in our next. The circumstances which he communicates are certainly not very favourable to a young aspirant; but he should remember that perseverance may do much, and there is a modest spirit in his letter, which we have seldom seen unaccompanied by merit.

THE
London Magazine.

Nº XVI.

APRIL, 1821.

VOL. III.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and you, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum*. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

Here shall he see
Gross fools as he.

Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

— The crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

Good master Empedocles,* you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Etna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mus-tachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus!† and what sallads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old free mason, and prince of plaisterers at Babel,‡ bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand!

* ——— He who, to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Etna flames—

† ——— He who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea—

‡ The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar.—

You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlick and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish-street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams—'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Mr. ———, you look wise. Pray correct that error.—

Mr. Hazlitt, I cannot indulge you in your definition. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late.—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R——, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories:—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago.—Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—

Good Grenville S——, thy last patron, is flown.

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in lead—

Nevertheless, noble R——, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada, for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornamure of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either*, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-proprieted and meritorious-equal damsels.

* * * * *

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a Fool—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*, not guessing at their involved wisdom, I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and, prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors, I felt a kindness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins.—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any

that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety, which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say, a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is ob-

served, that "the foolishness the fowl or fish,—woodcocks,—dotterells,—cod's-heads, &c.—the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*.

ELIA.

1st April, 1821.

SWIMMING ACROSS THE HELLESPONT.

Letter from the Right Honourable Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

Ravenna, 21st Feb. 1821.

DEAR SIR,—In the 44th page, vol. 1st, of Turner's Travels (which you lately sent me), it is stated that "Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence of its practicability, seems to have forgotten that Leander swam both ways, with and against the tide; whereas he (Lord Byron) only performed the easiest part of the task, by swimming *with* it from Europe to Asia."—I certainly could not have forgotten what is known to every school-boy, that Leander crossed in the night, and returned towards the morning. My object was to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed at all by swimming—and in this Mr. Ebenhead and myself both succeeded—the one in an hour and ten minutes, the other in one hour and five minutes—the *tide* was *not* in our favour, on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current; which, so far from helping us to the Asiatic side, set us down right towards the Archipelago.—Neither Mr. Ebenhead, myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate, from Captain (now Admiral) Bathurst, downwards, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr. Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken the other course. Lieut. Ebenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out

from the European side was, that the little Cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view for us to move towards; and, in fact, we landed immediately below it.—Mr. Turner says, "whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank, *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore." This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago if left to the current, although a strong wind from the Asiatic side might have such an effect occasionally.

Mr. Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed; "after five and twenty minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave it up, from complete exhaustion." This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. I particularly stated, and Mr. Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the real passage of one mile, extend to between *three* and *four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr. Turner, that his success would have given me great pleasure, as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of its practicability.—It is not quite fair in him to infer, that because *he* failed, Leander could not succeed. There are still four instances on re-

cord, a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr. Ebenhead, and myself,—the two last were in the presence of hundreds of *English* witnesses. With regard to the difference of the current, I perceived none; it is favourable to the swimmer on neither side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the sea a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast, which the swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it—it is strong, but if you calculate well, you may reach land. My own experience, and that of others, bids me pronounce the passage of *Leander* perfectly practicable: any young man in good health, and with tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from either side. I was three hours in swimming across the *Tægus*, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the passage of the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I shall mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mingaldo, (a gentleman of Bassano) a good swimmer, wished to swim with my friend, Mr. Alexander Scott, and myself: as he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him.—We all three started from the Island of the Lido, and swam to Venice.—At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and I were a good way a-head, and we saw no more of our foreign friend; which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes, and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out—less from fatigue than *chill*, having been four hours in the water, without rest, or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back:—this being the condition of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the Grand Canal, (beside the distance from the Lido) and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, *four hours and twenty minutes*. To this match, and during the greater part of its performance, Mr. Hoppner, the Consul General, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr. Turner can easily verify the fact, if

he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr. Hoppner. The distance we could not accurately ascertain, it was of course considerable.

I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution than I was when I passed the Dardanelles, and yet two years ago I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers—an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also four hours in the water. Mingaldo might be about thirty years of age, Scott about six and twenty. With this experience in swimming at different periods of age, not only on the spot, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that *Leander's* exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than passing the Hellespont, why should he have done less? But Mr. Turner failed, and naturally seeking a plausible excuse for his failure, lays the blame on the Asiatic side of the strait—to me the cause is evident. He tried to swim *directly* across, instead of going higher up to take the vantage.—He might as well have tried to *fly* over Mount Athos.

That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have succeeded in such an attempt, is neither wonderful nor doubtful.—Whether he attempted it or not is another question, because he might have had a *small boat* to save him the trouble.

I am, your's, very truly,

BYRON.

P. S. Mr. Turner says that the swimming from Europe to Asia was "the easiest part of the task." I doubt whether *Leander* found it so, as it was the return; however, he had several hours between the intervals.—The argument of Mr. T. "that higher up or lower down the strait widens so considerably, that he would save little labour by his starting," is only good for indifferent swimmers.—A man of any practice or skill will always consider the distance less than the strength of the

stream. If Ebenhead and myself had thought of crossing at the narrowest point, instead of going up to the Cape above it, we should have been swept down to Tenedos. The strait is however not extraordinarily wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts; as the frigate was stationed some time in the Dardanelles, waiting for the firman, I bathed often in the Strait, subsequently to our traject, and generally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the greater strength of the opposing stream, by which Mr. Turner palliates his own failure. Our amusement in the small bay, which opens immediately below the Asiatic

fort, was to dive for the land tortoises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphibiously crawled along the bottom: this does not argue any greater violence of current than on the European shore. With regard to the modest insinuation, that we chose the European side as "easier," I appeal to Mr. Hobhouse, and Admiral Bathurst, if it be true or no? (poor Ebenhead being since dead). Had we been aware of any such difference of current, as is asserted, we would at least have proved it, and were not likely to have given it up in the twenty-five minutes of Mr. Turner's own experiment.

Lines on the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

AMID November's chill and lonesome night,
The moon sat high in mild and lovely light;
Unto the heaven look'd many an ancient eye,
Hoar heads were bared—and wither'd hands held high:
'Twas silence all throughout the midnight air—
Save woman's sigh,—or man's sublimer prayer—
To shield the princely mother in her moan,
And bless the world with an illustrious son.

But long before day brighten'd through the gloom,
Came horse and rider wreath'd with sweat and foam;
He pass'd and spoke not,—and he wiped a brow
Where some dread tidings sat in drops of woe.—
Soon in the porches and the streets were seen,
Men with gray locks, old dames, and striplings green;
And mournful words were rife; and in the ear
Of youth, age spoke—till he wax'd pale with fear—
For some had seen dread things at dead of night—
Paul's holy dome stream with sepulchral light:
Through the dark city shrieking in a throng
The dead were heard, with wail and funeral song.
Some saw a Form of mild majestic air,
Shake a gold circlet from her shining hair,
Then drop two radiant tears; and upward sweep
Through the third heaven, and leave the world to weep.
Even while they whisper'd, all at once came on
The voice of lamentation and loud moan;
From vale to city came the sound, and shook
A dread like doomsday—through each heart it strook;
Veil'd virgins wept, and tears wet all their way:
Each old man hid his face and audibly did pray.

Now there came to me—one whose furrow'd cheek
Was wet with tears; too full his heart to speak,
Upon my head he laid his ancient hand
And sobb'd aloud, and shook drops on the sand;
"My son," he said—but even while on his tongue
The death of my loved-lovely Princess, hung,
He shook his patriarch locks, and mute pass'd by;—
He could not name the name he loved so tenderly.

Thou beauteous Princess!—late I saw thee go
Through church and street in bridal pomp and show :
Caps were flung high above the reeking press ;
Glad shouts were there, and clang of smitten brass.
There swept the proud steeds—white as winter snow,
And the brimm'd wine-cups to the light did glow.—
Ah ! who could deem that man would weep this morn
O'er his high hopes,—and Britain's beauty shorn !

Shrouded she lay—like one in slumber deep,—
And one stood by whose sadness knew no sleep :
I got one glance but of her forehead fair,
Her temples white, and her long clustering hair :
Death from her living charms no lustre took ;
Her meek bright spirit 'lumined still her look.
Too lovely was she and too good and fair
For dwelling out of heaven, and breathing mortal air.
When this head's hoar, and I shall hail afar
In yon blue vault some new and shining star,
I'll deem 'tis she in saintly splendour come,
To shine on Britain in the hour of gloom ;
In every eye she was as light of heaven,—
The drop of dearest blood unto our bosoms given.

This is no time thy gentle deeds to sing,
Thy smiles to woo—to want thy ministring ;
To sing this isle's proud hope—and call it mine—
Of being ruled by a brave race of thine.
Thou'rt pass'd like a bright vision—and we seem
Like men whom sorrow wakes from a sweet dream ;
From a sweet dream we wake, and think and mourn
On what is gone, and never can return.
There is a flower, whose meek and modest hue
Shuns the gay sun, to smile mid twilight dew,
Spreads its green leaf in gladness, giving far
Its chaste pure bosom to the steadfast star ;
This small fair flower, far sweeter than those born
In golden fragrance to the sun at morn,
Showing its blossom to the lark alone,
Is emblem meet of our lamented One—
In whom, thou, Prince ! hadst from thy bosom riven
As much of loveliness as earth can yield to heaven.

'Tis not, young Prince, to thee alone is doom'd
To mourn o'er blasted hope, or love entomb'd :—
Where grass grows green, or golden grain can glow,
From burning deserts to the eternal snow,
From pathless mountain to the spicy vale,
Where birds can soar, or British ships can sail,—
From shepherd's shealing to the sculptur'd stone
Of tower and temple—all is wail and moan.
A cry is heard among the mighty ones,
The good, the great, who keep, or counsel thrones :
For the wide world has found a theme which seeks
Sighs from all hearts, and tears from sternest cheeks.

The cold sun sinks in the cold west ; and see
Its glimmering gold fades fast from tower and tree ;
The moon is up, and has already given
Her sober silver to the earth and heaven ;
Each star is woke, and in man's sight seems dim,—
Pale as himself—in mild and mournful trim :

The funeral pomp is near—through the cold air
 Waves torch and plume—and nobles' heads are bare;
 The moonlight mingles with the grosser flames,
 And rustic's sobs with sighs of high born dames.
 This regal city has flung early out
 Her worth and beauty—not with song and shout,
 But with a sadden'd eye that loves to seek
 The ground, and with a paleness of the cheek.
 Temple and tower and palace peal around
 A holy note—a slow and solemn sound.

Far from the scene where star and torchlight show
 Nobles in tears, and majesty in woe,
 He—who presumes in this sad theme to fling
 His rustic hand o'er an untutor'd string,
 Apart and lonely as his days have flown
 Mute and inglorious—nameless and unknown—
 He too will wail; and sadly will he call
 His loved one near by his lone cottage wall—
 No lights to lumine him—but those which cheer
 An angel's visit—should one visit here.
 He too will ponder on a tender theme—
 Life's passing pageant—Hope's deceiving dream—
 Virtue and sweetness, to our glad isle given,
 Flown like the dew on the lark's wing to heaven.—
 Mild maiden majesty fled like the beam
 Of the moist star upon the troubled stream,
 While heaven and earth give sign that God has trust
 Of as much sweetness as death sweeps to dust.
 Rude though his verse be—though it lacks the might
 Of tender Campbell,—or Scott's glowing flight,—
 Rogers's elegance,—the feeling strong
 Of Byron's lay,—or Southey's noble song,—
 Though he be none of these, at whose high call
 Wealth showers her gems, and gifts of fortune fall,—
 Who come abroad in pomp, and pall, and stand
 With princes and the proud ones of the land :—
 Yet he is one for this sad theme who brings
 A grief as tender as the babe's heart-strings,—
 Can drop as true a tear, as warmly call
 To heaven, as can the mightiest of them all,
 To bless his country, and her kingly line,
 And make them like yon stars—bright, lasting, and divine.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

THEY talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,
 That like a millstone on man's mind doth press,
 Which only works and business can redress :
 Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,
 Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.
 But might I, fed with silent meditation,
 Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—
Improbis labor, which my spirits hath broke—
 I'd drink of time's rich cup, and never surfeit—
 Fling in more days than went to make the gem,
 That crowned the white top of Methusalem—
 Yea on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
 Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
 The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.

TABLE TALK.

No. IX.

ON PEOPLE OF SENSE.

PEOPLE of sense (as they are called) give themselves great and unwarrantable airs over the rest of the world. If we examine the history of mankind, we shall find that the greatest absurdities have been most strenuously maintained by these very persons, who give themselves out as wiser than every body else. The fictions of law, the quibbles of school divinity, the chicanery of politics, the mysteries of the Cabbala, the doctrine of Divine Right, and the secret of the philosopher's stone,—all the grave impostures that have been acted in the world, have been the contrivance of those who set up for oracles to their neighbours. The learned professions alone have propagated and lent their countenance to as many perverse contradictions and idle fallacies, as have puzzled the wits, and set the credulous, thoughtless, unpretending part of mankind together by the ears, ever since the distinction between learning and ignorance subsisted. It is the part of deep professors to teach others what they do not know themselves; and to prove by infallible rules the truth of any nonsense they happen to take in their heads, or chuse to give out to amuse the gaping multitude. What every one felt and saw for himself—the obvious dictates of common sense and humanity—such superficial studies as these afforded a very insufficient field for the exercise of reason and abstruse philosophy, in the view of “the demure, grave-looking, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed” despisers of popular opinion:—*their* object has regularly been, by taking post in the *terra incognita* of science, to discover what could not be known, and to establish what could be of no use, if it were. Hence one age is employed in pulling down what another with infinite pomp and pains has been striving to build up; and our greatest proof of wisdom is to unlearn the follies and prejudices that have been instilled into us by our predecessors. It took ages of in-

genuity, of sophistry, and learning, to incorporate the Aristotelian, or scholastic philosophy into a complete system of absurdity, applicable to all questions, and to all the purposes of life: and it has taken two centuries of metaphysical acuteness, and boldness of inquiry, to take to pieces the cumbrous, disproportioned edifice, and to convert the materials to the construction of the *modern French philosophy*, by means of verbal logic, self-evident propositions, and undoubted axioms—a philosophy just as remote from truth and nature, and setting them equally at defiance. What a number of parties and schools have we in medicine,—all noisy and dogmatical, and agreeing in nothing but contempt and reprobation of each other!—Again, how many sects in religion,—all confident of being in the right, able to bring chapter and verse in support of every doctrine and tittle of belief, all ready to damn and excommunicate one another; yet only one, out of all these pretenders to superior wisdom and infallibility, can be right;—the conclusions of all the others, drawn with such laboured accuracy, and supported with such unflinching constancy and solemnity, are, and must be, a bundle of heresies and errors! How many idle schemes and intolerant practices have taken their rise from no better a foundation than a mystic garment, a divining-rod, or Pythagoras's golden thigh!—When Baxter, the celebrated controversial divine, and Non-conformist Minister, in the reign of Charles II. went to preach at Kidderminster, he regularly every Sunday insisted from the pulpit that baptism was necessary to salvation, and roundly asserted, that “Hell was paved with infants' skulls.” This roused the indignation of the poor women of Kidderminster so much, that they were inclined to pelt their preacher as he passed along the streets. His zeal, however, was as great as theirs, and his learning and his eloquence greater; and he poured out such torrents of texts upon

rem, and such authorities from grave councils and pious divines, that the poor women were defeated, and forced, with tears in their eyes, to surrender their natural feelings and enlightened convictions to the proofs from reason and Scripture, which they did not know how to answer. Yet these untutored, unsophisticated dictates of nature and instinctive affection have, in their turn, triumphed over all the pride of avarice, and merciless bigotry of Calvinism. We hear it said, that the Inquisition would not have been lately restored in Spain, but for the infatuation and prejudices of the populace. That is, after power and priestcraft have been instilling the poison of superstition and cruelty into the minds of the people for centuries together, hood-winking their understandings, and hardening every feeling of the heart, it is made a taunt, and a triumph over this very people (so long the creatures of the government, carefully moulded by them, like clay in the potter's hands, into vessels not of honour, but of dishonour) that their prejudices and misguided zeal are the only obstacles that stand in the way of the adoption of more liberal and humane principles. The engines and establishments of tyranny, however, are the work of cool, plotting, specious heads, and not the spontaneous product of the levity and rashness of the multitude. It is a work of time to reconcile them to such abominable and revolting abuses of power and authority, as it is a work of time to wean them from their monstrous infatuation.* We may trace a speculative absurdity or practical enormity of this kind into its tenth or fifteenth century, supported story above story, gloss upon gloss, till it mocks at Heaven and tramples upon earth, propped up on decrees, and councils, and synods, and appeals to popes, and cardinals, and fathers of the church (all grave, reverend men!) with the regular clergy and people at their side: battling for it, and others below (schismatics and heretics) oppugning it; till in the din,

and confusion, and collision of dry rubs and hard blows, it loses ground, as it rose, century by century; is taken to pieces by timid friends and determined foes; totters and falls, and not a fragment of it is left upon another. A text of Scripture or a passage in ecclesiastical history is for one whole century "torn to tatters, to very rags," and wrangled and fought for, as maintaining the doctrine of the true and catholic church: in the next century after that, the whole body of the Reformed clergy, Lutherans, Calvinists, Arminians, get hold of it, wrest it out of the hands of their adversaries, and twist and torture it in a thousand different ways, to overturn the abominations of Anti-Christ: in the third, a great cabal, a clamour, a noise like the confusion of Babel, jealousies, feuds, heart-burnings, wars in countries, divisions in families, schisms in the church, arise, because this text has been thought to favour a lax interpretation of an article of faith, necessary to salvation; and in the fourth century from the time the question began to be agitated with so much heat and fury, it is discovered that no such text existed in the genuine copies. Yet all and each of these, popes, councils, fathers of the church, reformed leaders, Lutherans, Calvinists, independents, presbyterians, sects, schisms, clergy, people, all believe that their own interpretation is the true sense, that, compared with this fabricated and spurious faith of theirs, "the pillar'd firmament is rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble;" and are so far from being disposed to treat the matter lightly, or to suppose it possible that they do not proceed on solid and indubitable grounds in every contradiction they run into, that they would hand over to the civil power, to be consigned to prison, to the galleys, or the stake (as it happened) any one who doubted for a single instant that they were people of sense, gravity, and wisdom. Sense (that is, that sort of sense which consists in pretension and a claim to superiority) is shown, net

* It appears, notwithstanding, that this sophistical apology for the restoration of the Spanish Inquisition, with the reversion of sovereign power into kingly hands, was false and spurious. The power has once more reverted into the hands of an abused people, and the Inquisition has been abolished.

in things that are plain and clear, but in deciding upon doubts and difficulties; the greater the doubt, therefore, the greater must be the dogmatism and the consequential airs of those who profess to settle points beyond the reach of the vulgar: nay, to increase the authority of such persons, the utmost stress must be laid on the most frivolous as well as ticklish questions, and the most unconscionable absurdities have always had, the stoutest sticklers, and the most numerous victims. The affectation of sense so far, then, has given birth to more folly, and done more mischief than any one thing else.

Hence we may perhaps be able to assign one reason, why those arts which do not undertake to unfold mysteries and inculcate dogmas, generally shine out at first with full lustre, because they start from the 'vantage ground of nature, and are not buried under the dust and rubbish of ages of perverse prejudice. Biblical critics were a long time at work to strip popery of her finery, muffled up, as she was, in the formal disguises of interest, pride, and bigotry. It was like peeling off the coats of an onion, which is a work of time and patience. Titian, on the other hand, (which we protestant painters are sometimes amazed at) saw the colour of the skin at once, without any intellectual film spread over it; Raphael painted the actions and passions of men, without any indirect process, as he found them. The fine arts, such as painting, which reveals the face of nature; and poetry, which paints the heart of man, are true and unsophisticated, because they are conversant with real objects, and because they are cultivated for amusement without any further view or inference; and please by the truth of imitation only. Yet your *people of sense*, in all ages, have made a point of scouting the arts of painting, music, and poetry, as frivolous, effeminate, and worthless, as appealing to sentiment and fancy alone, and involving no useful theory or principle, because they afforded them no scope, no opportunity for *darkening knowledge*, and setting up their own blindness and frailty, as the measure of abstract truth, and the standard of universal propriety. Poetry acts by sympathy with nature, that is, with

the natural impulses, customs, and imaginations of men, and is, on that account, always popular, delightful, and at the same time instructive. It is nature moralising and idealizing for us: inasmuch as, by shewing us things as they are, it implicitly teaches us what they ought to be; and the grosser feelings, by passing through the strainers of this imaginary, wide-extended experience, acquire an involuntary tendency to higher objects.—Shakespear was, in this sense, not only one of the greatest poets, but one of the greatest moralists that we have. Those who read him are the happier, better, and wiser for it. No one (that I know of) is the happier, better, or wiser for reading Mr. Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. One thing is that nobody reads it. And the reason for one or both is the same, that he is not a poet, but a sophist, a theorist, a controversial writer in verse. He gives us for representations of things, rhapsodies of words. He does not lend the colours of imagination and the ornaments of style to the objects of nature, but paints gaudy, flimsy, allegorical pictures on gauze, on the cobwebs of his own brain, "Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire." He assumes certain doubtful speculative notions, and proceeds to prove their truth by describing them in detail as matters of fact. This mixture of fanatic zeal with poetical licentiousness is not quite the thing. The poet describes whatever he pleases, as he pleases—if he is not tied down to certain given principles, if he is not to plead prejudice and opinion as his warrant or excuse, we are left out at sea, at the mercy of every reckless fancy-monger, who may be tempted to erect an *ipse dixit* of his own, by the help of a few idle flourishes and extravagant epithets, into an exclusive system of morals and philosophy. The poet describes vividly and individually, so that any general result from what he writes, must be from the aggregate of well-founded particulars: to embody an abstract theory, as if it were a given part of actual nature, is an impertinence and an indecorum. The charm of poetry, however, depends on the union of fancy with reality, on its finding a tally in the human breast; and without this, all its tumid efforts

will be less pernicious, than vain and abortive.—Plato shewed himself to be a person of frigid apprehension, “with eye severe, and beard of formal cut,” when he banished the poets from his Republic, as corrupters of morals, because they described the various passions and affections of the mind. This did not suit with that Procrustes’ bed of criticism on which he wished to stretch and lop them; but Homer’s imitations of nature have been more popular than Plato’s inversions of her; and his morality is at least as sound. The errors of nature are accidental and pardonable: those of science are systematic and intolerable. The understanding, or reasoning faculty, presumes too much over her younger sisters; and yet plays as fantastic tricks as any of them, only with more solemnity, which enhances the evil. We have partly seen what right she has, on the score of her past behaviour, to set up for a strict and unerring guide. The haughtiness of her pretensions at present, “full of wise saws and modern instances,” is not the most unequivocal pledge of her abandonment of her old errors.—To bring down this account then from the ancients to the moderns.

People of sense, the self-conceited wise, are at all times at issue with common sense and feeling. They formerly dogmatized on speculative matters, out of the reach of common apprehension: they now dogmatise with the same headstrong self-sufficiency on practical questions, more within the province of actual inquiry and observation. In this new and more circumscribed career, they set out with exploding the sense of all those who have gone before them, as of too light and fanciful a texture. They make a clear stage of all former opinions—get rid of the *mixed modes* of prejudice, authority, suggestion—and begin *de novo*, with reason for their rule, certainty their guide, and the greatest possible good as a *sine qua non*. The modern Panoptic and Chrestomathic school of reformers and reconstructors of society, propose to do it upon entirely mechanical and scientific principles. Nothing short of that will satisfy their proud pretensions to wisdom and gravity. They proceed by the rule and compass, by logical diagrams, and none

but demonstrable conclusions, and leave all the taste, fancy, and sentiment of the thing to the admirers of Mr. Burke’s *Reflections on the French Revolution*. That is to them a very flimsy and superficial performance, because it is rhetorical and figurative, and they judge of solidity by barrenness, of depth by dryness. Till they see a little farther into it, they will not be able to answer it, or counteract its influence, and yet that were a work of some importance to be done. They say that the proportions are false, because the colouring is fine, which is bad logic. If they do not like a painted statue, a florid argument, that is a matter of taste and not of reasoning. Some may conceive that the gold, the sterling bullion of thought, is the better for being wrought into rich and elegant figures; they are the only people who contend that it is the worse on that account.—These crude projectors give, in their new plan and elevation of society, neither “princes’ palaces nor poor men’s cottages,” but a sort of log-houses and gable-ends, in which the solid contents and square dimensions are to be ascertained and parcelled out to a nicety: they employ the carpenter, joiner, and bricklayer, but will have nothing to say to the plasterer, painter, paper-hanger, upholsterer, carver and gilder, &c. so that I am afraid, in this fastidious and luxurious age, they will hardly find tenants for their bare walls, and skeletons of houses run up in haste, and by the job. Their system wants *house warming*: it is destitute of comfort as of outside show: it has nothing to recommend it but its poverty and nakedness. They profess to set aside and reject all compromise with the prejudices of authority, the allurements of sense, the customs of the world, and the instincts of nature. They will make a man with a quadrant, as the tailors at Laputa made a suit of clothes. They put the mind into a machine, as the potter puts a lump of clay into a mould, and out it comes, in any clumsy or disagreeable shape that they would have it. They hate all grace, ornament, elegance. They are addicted to abstruse science, but sworn enemies to the fine arts. They are a kind of puritans in morals. Do you suppose

that the race of the Iconoclasts is dead with the dispute in Laud's time about image-worship? We have just the same set of moon-eyed philosophers in our days, who cannot bear to be dazzled with the sun of beauty. They are only half-alive. They can distinguish the hard edges and terminate outline of things; but are alike insensible to the stronger impulses of passion, to the finer essences of thought. Their intellectual food does not assimilate with the juices of the mind, or turn to subtle spirit, but lies a crude, undigested heap of material substance, begetting only the windy impertinence of words. They are acquainted with the form, not the power of truth: they insist on what is necessary, and never arrive at what is desirable. They refer every thing to utility, and yet banish pleasure with stoic pride and cynic slovenliness. They talk big of increasing the sum of human happiness, and yet in the mighty grasp and extension of their views, leave hardly any one source from which the smallest ray of satisfaction can be derived. They have an instinctive aversion to plays, novels, amusements of every kind; and this not so much from affection or want of knowledge, as from sheer incapacity and want of taste. Show one of these men of narrow comprehension a beautiful prospect, and he wonders you can take delight in what is of no use:—you would hardly suppose that this very person had written a book, and was perhaps at the moment holding an argument, to prove that nothing is useful but what pleases. Speak of Shakespear, and another of the same *automatic* school will tell you he has read him, but could find nothing in him. Point to Hogarth, and they do confess there is something in his prints, that, by contrast, throws a pleasing light on their Utopian schemes, and the future progress of society. One of these pseudo-philosophers would think it a disparagement to compare him to Aristotle: he fancies himself as great a man as Aristotle was in his day, and that the world is much wiser now than it was in the time of Aristotle. He would be glad to live the ten remaining years of his life, a year at a time at the end of the next ten centuries, to see the effect of his

writings on social institutions, though posterity will know no more than his contemporaries that so great a man ever existed. So little does he know of himself or the world!—Persons of his class, indeed, cautiously shut themselves up from society, and take no more notice of men than of animals; and from their ignorance of what mankind are, can tell exactly what they will be. "What can we reason but from what we know?"—is not their maxim. Reason with them is a mathematical force that acts with most certainty in the absence of experience, in the vacuum of pure speculation. These secure alarmists and dreaming guardians of the state are like superannuated watchmen enclosed in a sentry-box, that never hear "when thieves break through and steal." They put an oil-skin over their heads, that the dust raised by the passions and interests of the countless, ever-moving multitude may not annoy or disturb the clearness of their vision. They build a Penitentiary, and are satisfied that Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square, will no longer send forth its hordes of young delinquents, an aerie of children the embryo performers on locks and pockets for the next generation. They put men into a Panopticon, like a glass-hive, to carry on all sorts of handicrafts ("—So work the honey-bees"—) under the omnipresent eye of the inventor, and want and idleness are banished from the world. They propose to erect a Chrestomathic school, by cutting down some fine old trees on the classic ground where Milton thought and wrote, to introduce a rabble of children, who for the Greek and Latin languages, poetry, and history, that fine pabulum of youthful enthusiasm, that breath of immortality infused into our youthful blood, that balm and cordial of our future years, are to be drugged with chemistry and apothecaries' receipts, are to be taught to do every thing, and to see and feel nothing,—that the grubbing up of elegant arts and polite literature may be followed by the systematic introduction of accomplished barbarism and mechanical quackery. Such enlightened geniuses would pull down Stonehenge to build pig-sties, and would convert Westminster Abbey into a central House of Correction.

It would be in vain to point to the
arched windows,

"Shedding a dim, religious light,"

to touch the deep, solemn organ-stop
in their ears, to turn to the statue of
Newton, to gaze upon the sculptured
marble on the walls, to call back the
hopes and fears that lie buried there,
to cast a wistful look at Poet's Corner
(they scorn the Muse!)—all this
would not stand one moment in the
way of any of the schemes of these retro-
grade reformers; who, instead of
being legislators for the world, and
stewards to the intellectual inheri-
tance of nations, are hardly fit to be
parish-beadles, or pettifogging attor-
neys to a litigated estate!—"Their
speech bewrayeth them." The leader
of this class of reasoners does not
write to be understood, because he
would make fewer converts, if he
did. The language he adopts is
his own—a word to the wise—a
technical and conventional jargon,
unintelligible to others, and con-
veying no idea to himself in com-
mon with the rest of mankind, pur-
posely cut off from human sympathy
and ordinary apprehension. Mr.
Bentham's writings require to be
translated into a foreign tongue, or
his own, before they can be read at
all, except by the adepts. This is
not a very fair or very wise proceed-
ing. No man who invents words ar-
bitrarily, can be sure that he uses
them conscientiously. There is no
check upon him in the popular criti-
cism exercised by the mass of read-
ers—there is no clue to propriety in
the habitual associations of his own
mind. He who pretends to fit words
to things, will much oftener accom-
modate things to words, to answer a
theory. Words are a measure of
truth. They ascertain (intuitively)
the degrees, inflections, and powers
of things in a wonderful manner;
and he who voluntarily deprives him-
self of their assistance, does not go
the way to arrive at any very nice or
sure results. Language is the me-
dium of our communication with the
thoughts of others. But whoever
becomes wise, becomes wise by sym-
pathy: whoever is powerful, becomes
so, by making others sympathize
with him. To think justly, we must
understand what others mean: to

know the value of our thoughts, we
must try their effect on other minds.
There is this privilege in the use of a
conventional style, as there was in
that of the learned languages—a
man may be as absurd as he pleases,
without being ridiculous. His folly
and his wisdom are alike a secret to
the generality. If it were possible
to contrive a perfect language con-
sistent with itself, and answering to
the complexity of human affairs,
there would be some excuse for the
attempt; but he who knows any
thing of the nature of language or of
the complexity of human thought,
knows that this is impossible. What
is gained in formality, is more than
lost in force, ease, and perspicuity.—
Mr. Bentham's language, in short,
is, like his reasoning, a logical appa-
ratus, which will work infallibly and
perform wonders, taking it for grant-
ed that his principles and definitions
are universally true and intelligible;
but as this is not exactly the case,
neither the one nor the other is of
much use or authority. Thus, the
maxim that "mankind act from cal-
culation" may be, in a general sense,
true: but the moment you apply this
maxim to subject all their actions
systematically and demonstrably to
reason, and to exclude passion both
in common and in extreme cases, you
give it a sense in which the principle
is false, and in which all the infer-
ences built upon it (many and migh-
ty, no doubt) fall to the ground.
"Madmen reason." But in what
proportion does this hold good? How
far does reason guide them, or their
madness err? There is a difference
between reason and madness in this
respect; but according to Mr. Ben-
tham, there can be none; for all men
act from calculation, and equally so.
"So runs the bond." Passion is
liable to be restrained by reason, as
drunkenness may be changed to so-
briety by some strong motive: but
passion is not reason, *i. e.* does not
act by the same rule or law; and
therefore all that follows, is that men
act (according to the common-sense
of the thing) either from passion or
reason, from impulse or calculation,
more or less as circumstances lead.
But no sweeping, metaphysical con-
clusion can be drawn from hence, as
if reason were absolute, and passion

a mere nonentity in the government of the world. People in general, or writers speculating on human actions, form wrong judgments concerning them, because they decide coolly, and at a distance on what is done in heat and on the spur of the occasion. Man is not a machine; nor is he to be measured by mechanical rules. The decisions of abstract reason would apply to what men might do if all men were philosophers: but if all men were philosophers, there would be no need of systems of philosophy!

The race of alchemists and visionaries is not yet extinct; and what is remarkable, we find them existing in the shape of deep logicians and enlightened legislators. They have got a menstruum for dissolving the lead and copper of society, and turning it to pure gold, as the adepts of old had a trick for finding the philosopher's stone. The author of *St. Leon* has represented his hero as possessed of the *elixir vite* and *aurum potabile*. The author of the *Political Justice* has adopted one half of this romantic fiction as a serious hypothesis, and maintains the natural immortality of man, without a figure. The truth is, that persons of the most precise and formal understandings are persons of the loosest and most extravagant imaginations. Take from them their *norma loquendi*, their literal clue, and there is no absurdity into which they will not fall with pleasure. They have no means or principle of judging of that which does not admit of absolute proof; and between this and the idlest fiction, they perceive no medium:—as those artists who take likenesses with a machine, are quite thrown out in their calculations when they have to rely on the eye or hand alone. People who are accustomed to trust to their imaginations or feelings know how far to go, and how to keep within certain limits: those who seldom exert these faculties are all abroad, in a wide sea of speculation without rudder or compass, the instant they leave the shore of matter-of-fact or

dry reasoning, and never stop short of the last absurdity. They go all lengths, or none. They laugh at poets, and are themselves lunatics. They are the dupes of all sorts of projectors and impostors. Being of a busy, meddlesome turn, they are for reducing whatever comes into their heads (and cannot be demonstrated by mood and figure to amount to a contradiction in terms) to practice. What they would scout in a fiction, they would set about realizing in sober sadness, and melt their fortunes in compassing what others consider as the amusement of an idle hour. Astolpho's voyage to the moon in *Ariosto*, they criticize sharply as a quaint and ridiculous burlesque: but if any one had the face seriously to undertake such a thing, they would immediately patronize it, and defy any one to prove by a logical dilemma that the attempt was physically impossible.—So, again, we find that painters and engravers, whose attention is confined and rivetted to a minute investigation of actual objects or of visible lines and surfaces, are apt to fly out into all the extravagance and rhapsodies of the most unbridled fanaticism. Several of the most eminent are at this moment Swedenborgians, animal magnetists, &c. The mind (as it should seem) too long tied down to the evidence of sense, and a number of trifling particulars, is wearied of the bondage, revolts at it, and instinctively takes refuge in the wildest schemes, and most magnificent contradictions of an unlimited faith. Poets, on the contrary, who are continually throwing off the superfluities of feeling or fancy in little sportive sallies and short excursions with the Muse, do not find the want of any greater or more painful effort of thought; leave the ascent of the "highest Heaven of Invention" as a holiday task to persons of more mechanical habits and turn of mind; and the characters of poet and sceptic are now often united in the same individual as those of poet and prophet were supposed to be of old.—

T.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN HUGGINS.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

I HAVE read, with the deepest interest, the very affecting account in your last number, of poor Perrinson the poet, who, by an unexampled concurrence of untoward circumstances, was so perpetually defrauded of his literary reputation, at the very moment when he seemed about to establish it on the firmest and most lasting foundation. "*Mors omnibus communis*:"—it is no use to regret his fate: and yet it is painful to reflect, that there are so few discerning Mæcenases to rescue brilliant talents from unmerited obscurity. "*Slow rises worth by poverty depressed*,"—(Dr. Johnson). The fate of Chatterton has not operated as a warning upon the patrons of literature; although it must be confessed, that if in some instances—

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,—

GRAY.

yet cases have occurred in our times, in which genius has been brought forward from the humblest stations, and exalted to the very pinnacle of renown. To say nothing of the Bristol Milkmaid, we have Bloomfield, the Farmer's Boy;—Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant;—Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, and others: to which list, (as I was always partial to Oxfordshire, where I was born,) I am happy to make the addition of my own name, as "Huggins, the Oxfordshire Toll-boy."—Methinks I hear you exclaim, as was said of Cardinal Wolsey—"How high his honour holds his haughty head!" but I flatter myself that when you have heard my history, and read some of my productions, you will instantly admit my claim to this distinction. My father, Sir,—besides being receiver of one of the river tolls, near Henley upon Thames,—kept two teams of horses for towing barges up and down the river; and I occasionally acted as his substitute in both capacities, sometimes remaining at the lock to receive the sixpences;—sometimes riding the front horse of the team to-

wards Marlow or Reading. My recreations were swimming and angling, in summer; shooting and skating, in winter; and my hours of childhood were passing rapidly away without the least cultivation of the "*mens divini*," when Squire Woodgate, of Effingham-court, accosted me one day as I was fishing just above our lock. "What! my lad," said the Squire, who is a perfect wag, as well as a bit of an angler,—"*are you fishing for pickled salmon?*" "No, Sir," said I, without a moment's hesitation "*for red herrings*;" a retort, which in so young a lad, obviously excited his surprise; and he pursued the conversation, for the purpose of drawing out my talents, until it began to rain, when I invited him into the toll-house. As my sister Mary, who is a good many years older than myself, is reckoned very like me, I ought not perhaps to say that she is uncommonly handsome; but the Squire was so much occupied with my shrewd replies, that he hardly seemed to notice her. For the purpose of enjoying my conversation, he now became a constant visitant, particularly when my father was absent with the horses; and at length, determining that such promising talents should not be lost for want of cultivation, he offered to send me, at his own expence, to the Grammar School of Marlow, which was of course thankfully accepted. As Mary found herself very dull without me, he kindly continued his visits to keep up her spirits, and finally gave her the management of a small farm, about two miles from the mansion; which must have been a capital place for her, as she shortly after came to see me in a rich velvet pelisse, with a gold chain round her neck. One boy of real talent will often make the fortune of a whole family.

"The child's the father of the man," says Wordsworth, and at school, I soon began to exhibit indications of those talents, which have since ripened into such exuberant profusion;—particularly in my bias for poetry. Pope attributed his

rhyming propensity to an odd volume of Spenser's Fairy Queen; and I am inclined to derive mine from two odd volumes of Hayley's poems, which had been given to one of my school-fellows by his god-mother, a very worthy old woman. We have all heard of Dr. Johnson's epitaph on the duck, and of Cowley's precocious writings; yet I question whether the candid and impartial reader will find anything in their boyish productions, much more smart and piquant than the following, which I wrote on Tom Sullivan, one of our school-fellows, who broke his arm by a fall from a restive horse, which I had dissuaded him from mounting.

EPIGRAM

Ah Tom, had my advice been taken,
As prudently as it was spoken;
You might perchance have saved your
bacon,
And not have had your right arm broken!

The *sting* is every thing in these cases, and the point here was much admired at the time, yet I could not have been twelve years old when it was written! I have no wish, however, to disparage Dr. Johnson's or Cowley's youthful attempts, which certainly have merit in their way.

Such was my capacity and application, that in an unusually short time, I had learnt every thing that old Vincent Harbord, the master, could teach me; when the Squire, having very kindly married Mary to his Gamekeeper, sent word that he could no longer pay for my education, and I was consequently taken home. I told my father candidly, that talents such as mine would be sacrificed altogether, unless I had an opportunity of displaying them in one of the liberal professions, though, I certainly gave the preference to the bar, with an ultimate eye to the House of Commons; but he was blind to my attainments, deaf to my entreaties, and actually bound me apprentice to a saddler at Marlow.—“O day and night, but this is wondrous strange,” said I to myself;—this is indeed, to yoke the antelope, and cage the eagle:—I, who never thought of saddling any horse, except Pegasus, to be polishing spurs, plaiting whips, and stitching girths! The thing was too ridiculous, and in my own defence, I

must say, that I never bestowed the smallest attention on business, and invariably held myself above all the duties of my station. Ireland's Confessions fell at this period into my hands, and I set about imitating his Imitations with such ardour, that my master discovered me one day writing poetry, and in great horror and consternation of mind, instantly cancelled my indentures. Once more “the world was all before me,”—and disdaining to return to my father to associate with brainless clowns and uneducated mechanics, I determined on supporting myself comfortably and respectably by my own literary abilities, as Rowe, Otway, Chatterton, Savage, Dermody, and other men of genius had done before me.

For this purpose, I took lodgings in a garret in this town, and as I began to consider on what subject I should first exercise my talent, it occurred to me, that it was absolutely necessary to fall in love. This point was soon settled. Sally Potts, whose father kept the White Hart, had always struck my fancy, from her strong resemblance to an engraving of Sappho, in old Vincent Harbord's parlour; and in order to get into her good graces, I got pretty deep into the Inn-keeper's books, or rather into his slates, of which he had a formidable row hanging up in the bar. Sally evidently enjoyed my sprightly ebullitions;—she smiled, tittered—did every thing but blush; in the meantime, although the White Hart was “open to all that have wherewith to pay,” (Goldsmith,) I found it could be very expeditiously shut against visitants of a different description. After one or two civil hints of my having been *slated* for above a month, I was plainly ordered not to enter the house any more, unless I could *show-up* my score, as the vulgar fellow termed it.—I could not exclaim with Shenstone—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er its stages may have been,
May sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

For alas! “the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, seemed to bark at me,” (Shakspeare). As I could not pay the Inn-keeper's bill, I wrote a satire on him, which

was so caustic and severe, that he horsewhipped me the next day, a plain proof that I had hit him pretty hard. Dryden was cudgelled in Rose Alley, and I feel not a little proud,

that a similar exertion of talent enabled me to share the fate of that great man.

About this time I wrote the following little pastoral.—

DAMON AND AMANDA.

One morning Cupid, God of love,
 Fix'd to his bow his sharpest dart,
 And wander'd thro' the verdant grove,
 To shoot at some fond lover's heart.
 The Zephyrs fann'd the blowing breeze,
 And smoothly ran the babbling brook,
 As underneath the rustling trees,
 Sate Damon with his pipe and crook.
 His fond Amanda's much loved name
 He carved upon a willow's rind,
 When Cupid seiz'd his torch of flame,
 And stamp'd it on his faithful mind.

I need not tell you that myself and Miss Potts are shadowed forth under the names of Damon and Amanda.—Miss Emmett, an old maid of Marlow, who reads two or three Reviews every month, and is, in fact, a perfect *Blue*, pretends that the thought in the first stanza, is in Dr. Donne; and that the phrase, “babbling brook,” in the second, is in Thomson's *Seasons*.—Now I never read Dr. Donne in my life, and I remember that particular expression occurring to me one morning as I was lying in bed. So much for Miss Emmett's criticism! She can see no merit in any body's writings but her own, though I never heard of her publishing any thing but one Sonnet to the Moon, which she had interest enough to get

inserted either in the Gentleman's or Lady's Magazine, I am not sure which. I do not myself attach much importance to my little effort, or I should rather say *impromptu*, for I wrote it one idle afternoon; but it is certainly curious to observe, how by avoiding hacknied rhymes and trite modes of treating a subject, one may impart grace and dignity even to the most trifling production.

Having seen specimens of my epigrammatic and pastoral powers, you may perhaps desire a sample of my talent for descriptive poetry, a vein in which my muse has been so multifarious and prolific, that the only difficulty consists in selection. As the shortest, though by no means the best, take the following—

SONNET TO AMANDA.

Cynthia has hung her crescent lamp on high,
 The silver dew upon the flag-stones drops:
 With tinkling bell the muffin-boy goes by,
 And thriving tradesmen shut their silent shops.

The bulky barges in the stream are moor'd,
 Their heavy helmsmen hurrying to the hold;
 While lighter lighters to the shore secured,
 Wait till the morning's reflux tide is roll'd.

Round Henley's Church, on plummy pinions borne,
 The bat and owl career at night's approach,
 And hark! I hear the far-resounding horn,
 And see the dust of Mumford's Cheltenham coach.
 While I beneath Amanda's window sit,
 With heaving heart and half bewild'rd wit.

This is a mere transcript from nature, without the least embellishment, and yet how striking it becomes, when the

images are happily selected, and the *curiosa felicitas*, (Horace) of expression, bestows an additional grace

upon the conception. Further extracts would be needless, as the parcel accompanying this letter will afford abundant materials, were such necessary, for judging of my poetical merits. The literary world will see with delight that I have supplied a grand desideratum by executing that which Milton contemplated, but left unaccomplished—an epic poem on the subject of King Arthur; while I flatter myself that my domestic tragedy on the pathetic subject of Mrs. Brownrigg, the apprenticeicide, will be found free from all fault, unless it may by some be thought too intensely interesting. Should you comply with the very moderate terms noted at the foot of each work, you may enclose me the money, directed to the Post-office here: I am not mercenary; it is “my poverty, and not my will consents.” (Shakspeare).

And now, Mr. Editor, as both yourself, and your readers, must be extremely anxious to know some personal particulars of the new literary phenomenon, I shall proceed to furnish them, although I know the difficulty of the task—“*Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdis*” (Gualterus). However, I shall observe Shakspeare’s injunction, “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.” My countenance, as I intimated when speaking of Mary’s resemblance to me, is handsome, and I suffer my light hair to fall in curls over my shoulders, so as to resemble the engravings of Cowley, who was particularly good looking. My general health, thank God! is very good. I am of a cheerful disposition, constant in my friendships, naturally benevolent, and I may say, constitutionally well disposed towards the whole human race, an assertion which I should scorn to make, if I did not believe it to be true, for I am scrupulous in my adherence to veracity. “Praise undeserved is censure in disguise,” (Pope); you may therefore be sure that mine is merited.—“*Ogni medaglio ha il suo reverso*,” say the Italians; and Rochefoucault observes, with his usual sagacity, “*Il n’appartient qu’aux grands hommes d’avoir des grands défauts*.”—Why should I, therefore, blush in admitting mine. Let me confess that, considering my

circumstances, I am sometimes heedlessly charitable;—that I am a bad getter-up of a morning;—that I have more than once eaten to excess of roast shoulder of mutton and onion sauce; and that, according to Dr. Johnson, I am capable of picking a pocket, since I occasionally like to indulge in a pun, provided it be original and unpremeditated.—As for instance:—Tom Sullivan, whose name I have already immortalized, told me one day, that my godfather, who had a club foot, had just died and left me ten pounds.—Egad, said I, I hope not, for I should be sorry to have such a *Leg-as-he*: and again, he was giving me an account of a man in the pillory, whose whole face was covered with eggs, except his nose.—Then said I, if he were a poet he would compose the longest verses in the world—Versos Alexandrinos—i. e. *all-eggs-and-dry-nose*.—I desired him to repeat them to Miss Emmett, offering to bet ten to one that she would say they were in Swift, or some other author; and sure enough she fell into the trap, exclaiming with her usual sneer—“both in Swift!” so Tom and I had a famous laugh together at her expense.

You will have seen by my quotations, that I am a good linguist, and that in my reading I have ranged principally, if not entirely, among the less accessible departments of literature.—Plagiarism I detest.—“*O imitatores, servum pecus!*” (Horace.) Such as I am I offer myself to your notice, and to the perusal of the public, satisfied that in the present state of taste and literary discernment, neither of you can be long blind to the claims of

JOHN HUGGINS.

Henley-upon-Thames,
12th March, 1821.

Mr. Huggins’s bale is lying in our publisher’s warehouse, and if he will send a cart for it, shall be delivered to his order.—Judging from the above specimens, we doubt not, his larger productions are of transcendent merit; but unfortunately his terms are so exorbitant, that we have no alternative, but to decline the publication of his works.—Ed.

ATHERSTONE'S LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM, &c.*

THIS is, we believe, the first acknowledged production of a young writer; and, as such, is certainly entitled to very considerable attention. The subject of the principal poem is one of appalling interest. A great city—situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty and of profusion; or art collect of science and magnificence—the growth of many ages—the residence of enlightened multitudes—the scene of splendour, and festivity, and happiness—in one moment withered as by a spell—its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens “glowing with eternal spring,” and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of all life’s blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation, not by war, or famine, or disease, or any of the natural causes of destruction to which earth had been accustomed—but in a single night, as if by magic, and amid the conflagration, as it were, of nature itself, presented a subject on which the wildest imagination might grow weary without even equalling the grand and terrible reality. The eruption of Vesuvius, by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed, has been chiefly described to us in the letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, giving an account of his uncle’s fate, and the situation of the writer and his mother. The elder Pliny had just returned from the bath, and was retired to his study, when a small speck or cloud, which seemed to ascend from Mount Vesuvius, attracted his attention. This cloud gradually increased, and at length assumed the shape of a pine tree, the trunk of earth and vapour, and the leaves, “red cinders.” Pliny ordered his galley, and, urged by his philosophic spirit, went forward to inspect the phenomenon. In a short time, however, philosophy gave way to humanity, and he zealously and adventurously employed his galley in saving the inhabitants of the various beautiful villas, which studded that enchanting coast.—

Amongst others he went to the assistance of his friend Pomponianus, who was then at Stabiae. The storm of fire, and the tempest of the earth, increased; and the wretched inhabitants were obliged, by the continual rocking of their houses, to rush out into the fields with pillows tied down by napkins upon their heads, as their sole defence against the shower of stones which fell on them. This, in the course of nature, was in the middle of the day; but a deeper darkness than that of a winter night had closed around the ill-fated inmates of Herculaneum. This artificial darkness continued for three days and nights, and when, at length, the sun again appeared over the spot where Herculaneum stood, his rays fell upon an ocean of lava! There was neither tree, nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living creature; nor visible remnant of what human hands had reared—there was nothing to be seen but one black extended surface still steaming with mephitic vapour, and heaved into calcined waves by the operation of fire, and the undulations of the earthquake! Pliny was found dead upon the sea shore, stretched upon a cloth which had been spread for him, where it was conjectured he had perished early, his corpulent and apoplectic habit rendering him an easy prey to the suffocating atmosphere.

Such is the subject which Mr. Atherstone has chosen for his first essay—grand and magnificent, it must be confessed, but at the same time heart-rending and terrific. It is not exactly the theme which we would say was either most natural or most suited to a young poet.—It has none of those visions of love, and joy, and tenderness, which float before the eye of youthful inspiration—there is nothing to warm and interest the heart amid the play and flight of the imagination—its images are those of desolation, its interest is the dreadful interest of death. Such subjects have been rendered of late but too popular, by that splendid

* “The Last Days of Herculaneum,” “Abradates and Panthea,” and “Leonidas,” a dramatic sketch. By Edwin Atherstone, pp. 137. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London.

misanthrope of poetry, whose lamp, like his goblet, seems made of an human skull; and whose genius shines only in a sunless world. We should be sorry indeed if such a style became universal—we should not wish to see genius altogether flying from our fire-side scenes; from those dear, and natural, and tender associations which constitute the bliss and anxiety of life to take refuge amid the shadows of the tomb or the horrors of the charnel house. Above all, we should regret to see a school so gloomy and so sad count amongst its disciples those who have, like the bard before us, only just entered upon the spring-time both of poetry and of life: it is like deserting a garden of roses and of violets for the cypress and hemlock of a churchyard. That Mr. Atherstone has, however, not only indulged, but rioted in such scenes of horror, we must admit, and lament while we admit it. We lament it because there is abundant evidence in the little volume before us, that he is not unread in the book of nature, nor a stranger to the tenderer emotions of the heart. The following passage, which we extract at length, will afford, we think, a fair specimen of the author's powers, both in the pathetic and the frightful:—

—————There was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespass'd on the laws (as spirits bold
And young will oft from mere impulse of
blood

And from no taint of viciousness, o'erleap
The boundaries of right) in dungeon low
Chain'd down. His was a noble spirit,
rough,

But generous, and brave, and kind. While
yet

The beard was new and tender on his chin,
A stolen embrace had given a young one
claim

To call him father—'twas a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture.—In her pangs she
died

That gave him birth; and ever since the
imp

Had been his father's solace and his care.
By day his play-fellow and guard,
He made him mimic shields and helms of
straw,

And taught him how to use his falchion
dire

Of lath, to leap, to run, to lie in ambush
close,

To couch his little spear————

• • • • •
At morn they rose together, in the woods
At spring time to hunt out the squirrel's
nest,
Or of their spotted eggs, or chirping young,
To spoil the timid birds—or through the
fields
Spangled with dewy diamonds, would they
roam
To pluck the gaudy flowers—or in the
brook
Would snare the glittering fry—or banks of
mud,
With mighty toil thrown up, throw down
again
For childhood's weighty reasons.

The jailor, touched with compassion for the situation of the father, had indulged him by the admission of this child into the prison during his confinement—

and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours and brought a
balm
With his loved presence, that in every
wound
Dropt healing.

Such was the situation of the Roman captive, when this dreadful phenomenon burst upon the city.—“Their subterranean cells” were no safeguard, for the “thunders rolled above and through the earth below.” The feelings of the father are very beautifully described.

He had borne
His sentence without shrinking, like a man
Of that imperial city at whose frown
Earth's nations shook—and would have
bid adieu
To the bright heavens awhile and the green
earth,

And the sweet air, and sweeter liberty—
Nor would have uttered plaint, nor dress'd
his face

(That loved to smile,) in sorrow's livery—
But when he took that boy within his arms
And kiss'd his pale and frighten'd face,
and felt

The little heart within his sobbing breast
Beating with quick, hard strokes—and
knew he tried,

Child as he was, to keep his sorrows hid
From his fond father's eye—oh then the
tears

Fast trickled down his cheeks—his mighty
heart

Seem'd bursting—strong, convulsive sob-
bings choked

His parting blessing—

after watching for hours, nature be-
came exhausted, and they slept.

Soon the storm
 Burst forth—the lightnings glanced—the
 air
 Shook with the thunders. They awoke—
 they sprung
 Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon
 glowed
 A moment as in sunshine—and was dark—
 ————With intensest awe
 The soldier's frame was fill'd; and many a
 thought
 Of strange foreboding hurried through his
 mind
 As underneath he felt the fever'd earth
 Jarring and lifting—and the massive walls
 Heard harshly grate and strain:—yet knew
 he not,
 While evils undefined and yet to come
 Glanced through his thoughts, what deep
 and careless wound
 Fate had already given—where, man of
 woe!
 Where, wretched father! is thy boy?
 Thou call'st
 His name in vain—he cannot answer thee.

The unfortunate parent is again
 left in darkness, and fills the whole
 dungeon with his shrieks—all in vain
 —there is no echo but of his voice.—
 The description of his straining round
 the prison as far as the length of his
 chain allowed, and of his convulsive
 tugging at the staple by which he
 was held to the wall, is very power-
 fully, but frightfully painted: at
 length a "thin blue light" rises
 from the earth before him, and shows
 him his child heaved just out of his
 reach by a shock of the earthquake,
 and killed by lightning!

A dead calm fell
 That instant on him—speechless, fix'd, he
 stood
 And with a look that never wander'd,
 gazed
 Intensely on the corse——

Silent and pale
 The father stands—no tear is in his eye—
 The thunders bellow—but he hears them
 not:—
 The ground lifts like a sea—he knows it
 not—
 The strong walls grind and gape. The
 vaulted roof
 Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the
 wind—
 See, he looks up and smiles, for death to
 him
 Is happiness.

There is then a beautiful descrip-
 tion of all earth's joys and wishes va-
 nishing at once, or rather all center-
 ing in the last sad but natural desire
 to embrace even once again the lifeless

form that lying now so near him, is
 yet so fatally, and as it seems irre-
 vocably, separated—often

—— he strain'd with arm extended
 far
 And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
 Though but his idol's garment. Useless
 toil!
 Yet still renew'd—Still round and round
 he goes
 And strains and snatches, and with dread-
 ful cries
 Calls on his boy——

Amid the convulsions of nature
 the melancholy gratification is at
 length given, and a billow of the
 earth flings the child beside him—
 an embrace of a moment—

And death came soon and swift
 And pangsless——
 The huge pile sunk down at once
 Into the opening earth—Walls, arches,
 roof,
 And deep foundation stones—all mingling
 fell.

This appears to us to exhibit no
 ordinary powers of description; and
 we have selected it, because, sad as
 it is, it is the least sombre picture
 of the whole poem. Its great fault
 is, indeed, that it collects all the
 instances of human suffering, not
 only mental but *physical*, which may
 be supposed to accompany so fright-
 ful a calamity, and presents them
 one after another, in a terrific and
 disgusting series to the reader. That
 such scenes are naturally described
 —that the sigh and the groan are
 faithfully echoed, and the gasp and
 the agony of corporal pain brought
 to the eye and ear with terrible fide-
 lity, is no excuse, in our mind, for
 their selection. Mr. Atherstone has
 all the merit of energy and truth;
 but then it is the truth and energy
 of colouring, at which the very head's-
 man of the Old Bailey would shudder.
 Is it possible without a chilling of
 the heart (we were almost tempted
 to add, a sickening of the stomach)
 to read the following?—

See there a head forth peeps—
 Thoughtful and calm it seems, though
 somewhat pale
 And lightly dash'd with blood—you'd say
 it lived
 And matters deep was pondering—so the
 eye
 Open and earnest seems emitting thought.
 ——— but that flat press'd

Beneath yon mountain load—what once
was limbs,
Heart—lungs—flesh—nerves and bone—
to form a man,
Now lies a crimson jelly—oozing slow
And bubbling from beneath.

This may be natural, but it is disgusting—it is mere, revolting, physical deformity without possessing any mental interest whatever. If such subjects become popular we shall expect to see the corruption of the grave in verse; and the dissection room robbed of its subjects by the midnight *resurrection men* of poetry. The poet before us is capable of better things, and we hope and trust that he will in future be dissuaded from making his page a Golgotha. There are some passages, both in this poem and in that of Abradates and Panthea, which follows it, of fine and exquisite description. From the picture of morning, and the effect which it has on the animal creation, we cannot avoid giving the following extract:—

The antelope
Stands singly on the edge of rocky height
Precipitous—a speck against the sky—
To gaze awhile on the vast plains of light
And warmth below—then fearless down the
steep

Leaping and bounding, comes to browse
the grass

Delicious in its morning dew, or drink
At the clear fountain where it bubbles up
Through the green vested soil—or where it
strays

Like liquid crystal glassing golden sands
Along the plain so tranquil and so pure.
The desert steed is prancing in the strength
Of youth and freedom, o'er the yielding
sod

Proudly he lifts his sinewy limbs, and rears
His curling mane, and arches his strong
neck,

Spreads his broad nostril to the winds—
then starts;

And, loudly neighing, wantons in the joys
Of the young day.—Nature is all delight.

And this is nature, and nature
very beautifully painted.—We could
wish much to present our readers
with the fine sketch of Cyrus coming
in the pomp of victory to contem-
plate the dead body of Abradates,
who now upon the earth

Lay but a kindred clod—

Fancy's rapid pencil draws
The ardent warrior in his splendid car
Youthful and strong and beauteous—with
an eye

Of light—a brow of glory—and a voice

Loud as war's brazen herald—

And is this he,
This cold and pallid and disfigured corse,
Is this the mighty one of yesterday!
It is—and Cyrus weeps.—

But we have only space for the
description of Panthea, bending on
the field of battle over the corse of
her husband.

Where is Panthea? far across the vale
In darkness and in solitude she sits
On the cold earth—outstretch'd beside her
lies

The body of her lord,—and in her lap
The pallid head is laid. *Silence is round,
Save from a little rill, the murmur soft
And melancholy*—

There, motionless and vacant—with an
heart

Broken, and crush'd, and wither'd, till
the weight

Of misery had brought its own relief,
That torpor of the soul, when grief no
more

Can wake a pang, nor hope impart a
smile—

There sat Panthea—on her husband's face
Her fix'd eyes bent: there through the
night

Wretched sat she—and there she linger'd
still

When the grey morning dawn'd—she had
not stirr'd.—

She had not sigh'd—the cold fresh mists of
morn

Stood thick upon her, and her golden hair
Studded with trembling dew drops. *Like
the corse*

She gazed upon, the deadness of her look—
Pale as a sculptured marble, but her form
Lovelier than ever artist traced, or thought
Of poet or of lover (in his dreams
Of more than earthly beauty) caught and
lost.

In this situation Cyrus finds her
and promises, vain promise, “a
monument of wondrous structure,
fitting his renown.”—Panthea hears
not, moves not—

The day is far declined:
The sun descends—the chilly evening comes:
But yet Panthea has not moved—her eye
Is open still and looks upon the corse.
The chilly evening gale begins to wave
Her golden tresses—and along the vast
And dark'ning vale, the mournful spirit
sighs

Of the departed day—

A palanquin is sent to bear away
the body of Abradates—she remains
still immoveable, almost a statue—

Down her fair cheek the tear that some-
times fell

Was all that told of life—

Even this, however, ceases, and at length the "bearers" gently remove the corse, yet still she moves not. Then

Gently the lovely mourner from the earth
They raise; but she is icy cold—her limbs,
Her beauteous pliant limbs, are stiffening—
still

Her azure eye is fix'd upon the earth—
But is there animation in it?—no—
Panthea was no more.

It is a pity that the mind, which could conceive an image such as this, should linger, and appear to do so with a kind of cannibal propensity, amid "mangled corpses," and "gnawed bowels," and "parted carcases gushing out floods of blood" and "grinning corpses shrivelled, and shrunk, and black"!!! Such subjects, we repeat again, are not within the province of poetry—few can contemplate them without loathing, and none most certainly will dwell on them for pleasure. Even morals are not mended by exhibitions so abhorrent and disgusting—humanity in-

stinctively revolts; and if the heart is touched, it is also bruised by them. We speak thus to Mr. Atherstone, in the spirit both of friendship and admiration. There are passages in his volume of great simplicity, and great strength; and we deem it only a merited remuneration, for the pleasure he has afforded us, to tell him where and why that pleasure has been mingled with any alloy. We could point out, if captiously inclined, some minor defects, but they are both too trifling to be dwelt upon, and too obvious to escape the attention of such a writer.—We are quite confident, if this be a first essay, that the public will not suffer it to be a last: and if it be not—if it be the work of a practised author, and that "*Edwin Atherstone*" is, like "*Barry Cornwall*," only the modest disguise of a man of genius, we see no reason why he should not fairly avow himself, and soar in his own proper shape, "amongst the swans of Thames."

THE CONFESSIONS OF H. F. V. H. DELAMORE, ESQ.

Sackville-street, 25th March, 1821.

MR. EDITOR,—A correspondent in your last Number,* blesses his stars, that he was never yet in the pillory; and, with a confidence which the uncertainty of mortal accidents but weakly justifies, goes on to predict that he never shall be. Twelve years ago, had a Sihyl prophesied to me, that I should live to be set in a worse place, I should have struck her for a lying beldam. There are degradations below that which he speaks of.

I come of a good stock, Mr. Editor. The Delamores are a race singularly tenacious of their honour; men who, in the language of Edmund Burke, feel a stain like a wound. My grand uncle died of a fit of the sullens for the disgrace of a public whipping at Westminster. He had not then attained his fourteenth year. Would I had died young!

For more than five centuries, the

current of our blood hath flowed unimpeachably. And must it stagnate now?

Can a family be tainted backwards?—can posterity purchase disgrace for their progenitors?—or doth it derogate from the great Walter of our name, who received the sword of knighthood in Cressy field, that one of his descendants once sate * * * * *

Can an honour, fairly achieved in *quinto Edwardi Tertii*, be reversed by a slip in *quinquagesimo Georgii Tertii*?—how stands the law?—what *dictum* doth the college deliver?—O Clarencieux! O Norroy!

Can a reputation, gained by hard watchings on the cold ground, in a suit of mail, be impeached by hard watchings on the cold ground in other circumstances—was the endurance equal?—why is the guerdon so disproportionate?

A priest mediated the ransom of

the too valorous Reginald, of our house, captured in Lord Talbot's battles. It was a clergyman, who by his intercession abridged the period of my durance.

Have you touched at my wrongs yet, Mr. Editor?—or must I be explicit as to my grievance?

Hush, my heedless tongue.

Something bids me—"Delamore, be ingenuous."

Once then, and only once——

Star of my nativity, hide beneath a cloud, while I reveal it!

Ancestors of Delamore, lie low in your wormy beds, that no posthumous hearing catch a sound!

Let no eye look over thee, while thou shalt peruse it, reader!

Once——

these legs, with Kent in the play, though for far less ennobling considerations, did wear "cruel garters."

Yet I protest it was but for a thing of nought—a fault of youth, and warmer blood—a calendary inadvertence I may call it—or rather a temporary obliviousness of the day of the week—timing my Saturdays amiss.—

Streets of Barnet, infamous for civil broils, ye saw my shame!—did not your Red Rose rise again to dye my burning cheek?

It was but for a pair of minutes, or so—yet I feel, I feel, that the gentry of the Delamores is extinguished for ever.—

Try to forget it, reader.—

(Signed)

HENRY FRANCIS VERE HARRINGTON DELAMORE.

A QUAKER'S MEETING.

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw of the mind!
Secrecy's confident, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb! *

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composition:—come with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" go not out into the wilderness, de-

scend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—"Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argætes loud," do not with their interconfounding uproars more augment the brawl!—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed

sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of mid-night.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but no where so absolutely as in a Quaker's Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too, (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some Cathedral, time-stricken;

Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains;

Is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt."—The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker's Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

—sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have

but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

How reverend is the view of these husbed heads,
Looking tranquillity!

Nothing—plotting, nought—caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council, and to consistory!—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when, sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury.—I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests, and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the out-cast and off-scowring of church and presbytery—I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the hail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the Judge and the Jury became as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than any thing you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth,)—James Naylor: what dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons

without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the Writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings.—If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling, female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which “she thought might suit the condition of some present,” with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that any thing of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty.—The men, for what I have observed, speak seldom.*

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old

Peorian organ. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced “from head to foot equipt in iron mail.” His frame was of iron too. But he was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion,—the strivings of the outer man were unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from—I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul Preaching—the words he uttered, were few, and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own word-wisdom with more mighty effort, than the world’s orators strain for theirs. “He was a Wit in his youth,” he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession—understanding the term in its worldly acceptance—with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have scared away the Levities—the Joci Risus—quicker than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.—By wit, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon, not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.—O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity, tranquil, and

* Is this confined to Quaker Meetings?—ED.

hard-like—as in the pasture—“ forty and when they come up in bands to feeding like one.”—

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.—

ELIA.

CONSOLATION.

We are much obliged to ‘a Correspondent’ for the following Verses, “found in a portfolio.” They seem to us very tender and pleasing.

TO A FRIEND ON THE LOSS OF HIS CHILD.

Not every bud that grows
Shall bloom into a flower:
Not every hope that glows
Shall have its prospering hour.
A blight the bud may sever,
The hope be quench’d for ever.

In every joy there lurks
An impulse of decay:
With silent speed it works,
While all without is gay;
Ere yet we dream of ruin,
The breach is past renewing.

Yet, like the bending bough
From some dead weight released,
The spirits bound, we know not how,
When woe’s first press hath ceased;
But this may ne’er be spoken
Of heart or bough that’s broken.

There is a pulse in man
That will not throb to grief;
Let woe do all it can,
That pulse will bring relief:
We feel, though self-accusing,
That pulse its balm diffusing.

Since human hopes are vain,
And joy remaineth not,
’Tis well that human pain
When dealt, is thus forgot.
The smile shall leave no traces:
The tear itself effaces.

Then, if apart from all
Thou still indulge the tear,
Too early doom’d to fall
Warm on thine infant’s bier,
War not with nature’s sorrow,
For peace will come to-morrow.

Or should reviving peace
E’en now be kindly given,
Oh! suffer woe to cease,
And thank indulgent Heaven,
That breathes the breath of healing
On wounds of deepest feeling.

ALBION.

Thy chalky cliffs are fading from my view,
 Our bark is dancing gaily o'er the sea,
 I sigh while yet I may, and say adieu,
 Albion, thou jewel of the earth, to thee,
 Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
 Whose mountains were my boyhood's wild delight,
 Whose rocks, and woods, and torrents were to me,
 The food of my soul's youthful appetite,
 Were music to mine ear, a blessing to my sight.

I never dreamt of beauty but behold
 Straightway thy daughters flash'd upon mine eye ;
 I never mused on valour, but the old
 Memorials of thy haughty chivalry
 Fill'd my expanding breast with ecstasy ;
 And when I thought on wisdom, and the crown
 The Muses give, with exultation high,
 I turn'd to those whom thou hast call'd thine own,
 Who fill the spacious earth with their, and thy renown.

When my young heart in life's gay morning hour,
 At beauty's summons beat a wild alarm,
 Her voice came to me from an English bower,
 And English smiles they were that wrought the charm ;
 And if when lull'd asleep on fancy's arm
 Visions of bliss my riper age have cheer'd
 Of home, and love's fireside, and greetings warm,
 For one by absence, and long toil endear'd,
 The fabric of my hope on thee hath still been rear'd.

Peace to thy smiling hearths when I am gone,
 And mayst thou still thy ancient dowry keep
 To be a mark to guide the nations on,
 Like a tall watch tower flashing o'er the deep :
 Long mayst thou bid the sorrowers cease to weep,
 And shoot the beams of truth athwart the night
 That wraps a slumbering world, till from their sleep
 Starting, remotest nations see the light
 And earth be blest, beneath the buckler of thy might.

Strong in thy strength I go, and wheresoe'er
 My steps may wander may I ne'er forget,
 All that I owe to thee, and O may ne'er
 My frailties tempt me to abjure that debt.
 And what if far from thee my star must set,
 Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
 The tale, and some fair cheek that shall be wet,
 And some bright eye in which the swelling tear
 Will start for him who sleeps in Afric's desert drear.

Yet will I not profane a charge like mine,
 With melancholy bodings, nor believe
 That a voice whisp'ring ever in the shrine
 Of my own heart spake only to deceive,
 I trust its promise that I go to weave,
 A wreath of palms entwined with many a sweet
 Perennial flower, which time shall not bereave
 Of all its fragrance, that I yet shall greet
 Once more the Ocean's Queen and throw it at her feet.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. V.

DAME ELEANOR SELBY.

Among the pastoral mountains of Cumberland dwells an unmingled and patriarchal race of people, who live in a primitive manner, and retain many peculiar usages different from their neighbours of the valley and the town. They are imagined by antiquarians to be descended from a colony of Saxon herdsmen and warriors, who, establishing themselves among the mountainous wastes, quitted conquest and spoliation for the peaceful vocation of tending their flocks, and managing the barter of their rustic wealth for the luxuries fabricated by their more ingenious neighbours. In the cultivation of corn they are unskilful or un instructed; but in all that regards sheep and cattle, they display a knowledge and a tact which is the envy of all who live by the fleece and sheers. Their patriarchal wealth enables them to be hospitable, and dispense an unstinted boon among all such people as chance, curiosity, or barter, scatter over their inheritance. It happened on a fine summer afternoon, that I found myself engaged in the pursuit of an old dog-fox, which annually eluded the vigilance of the most skilful huntsmen; and, leaving Keswick far behind, pursued my cunning adversary from glen to cavern, till, at last, he fairly struck across an extensive track of upland, and sought refuge from the hotness of our pursuit in one of the distant mountains. I had proceeded far on this wide and desolate track, ere I became fatigued and thirsty, and—what true sportsmen reckon a much more serious misfortune—found myself left alone and far behind—while the shout and the cheer of my late companions began to grow faint and fainter, and I at last heard only the bleat of the flocks or the calling of the curlew. The upland on which I had entered appeared boundless on all sides, while amid the brown wilderness arose innumerable green grassy knolls, with clumps of small black cattle and sheep grazing or reposing on their sides and sum-

mits. They seemed so many green islands floating amid the ocean of brown blossom, with which the heath was covered. I stood on one of the knolls, and looking around, observed a considerable stream gushing from a small copse of hazel and lady-fern, which, seeking its way into a green and narrow glen, pursued its course with a thousand freakish windings and turnings.—While following with my eye the course of the pure stream, out of which I had slaked my thirst, I thought I heard something like the sound of a human voice coming up the glen; and, with the hope of finding some of my baffled companions of the chase, I proceeded along the margin of the brook. At first, a solitary and stunted alder, or hazel bush, or mountain ash, in which the hawk or the hooded crow had sought shelter for their young, was all the protection the stream obtained from the rigour of the mid-day sun. The glen became broader and the stream deeper,—gliding over a bed of pebbles, shining, large, and round,—half-seen, half-hid, beneath the projection of the grassy sward it had undermined; and raising all the while that soft and simmering din, which contributes so much of the music to pastoral verse. A narrow foot-path, seldom frequented, winded with the loops and turns of the brook. I had wandered along the margin nearly half-a-mile, when I approached a large and doddered tree of green holly, on the top of which sat a raven, gray-backed and bald-headed from extreme age, looking down intently on something which it thought worthy of watching beneath. I reached the tree unheard or unheeded,—for the soft soil returned no sound to my foot; and on the sunward side I found a woman seated on the grass. She seemed bordering on seventy years of age—with an unbent and unbroken frame—a look of lady-like stateliness—and an eye of that sweet and shining hazel colour, of which neither age nor sorrow had been able to dim the

glance. Her mantle,—once green, and garnished with flowers of metal at the extremities, lay folded at her feet, together with a broad flat straw hat—an article of dress common seventy or eighty years ago, and a long staff worn smooth as horn by daily employment. Her hair, nut-brown and remarkably long in her youth, was now become as white as December's snow, and its profusion had also yielded like its colour to time,—for it hung, or rather flowed,

over her shoulders in solitary ringlets, and scarcely afforded a minute's employment to her fingers—which seemed to have been once well acquainted with arranging in all its beauty one of nature's finest ornaments. As she disposed of each tress, she accompanied the motion of her hands with the verse of a legendary ballad, which she charmed, unconscious of my presence, and which probably related to an adventure of her ancestors.

LADY SELBY.

1.

On the holly tree sat a raven black,
And at its foot a lady fair
Sat singing of sorrow, and shedding down
The tresses of her nut-brown hair:
And aye as that fair dame's voice awoke,
The raven broke in with a chorussing croak.

2.

"The steeds they are saddled on Derwent-banks;
The banners are streaming so broad and free;
The sharp sword sits at each Selby's side,
And all to be dyed for the love of me:
And I maun give this lillie-white hand
To him who wields the wightest brand.

3.

"She coost her mantle of satin so fine,
She kilted her gown of the deep-sea green,
She wound her locks round her brow, and flew
Where the swords were glimmering sharp and sheen:
As she flew the trumpet awoke with a clang,
And the sharp blades smote and the bow-strings sang.

4.

"The streamlet that ran down the lonely vale,
Aneath its banks, half seen, half hid,
Seem'd melted silver—at once it came down
From the shocking of horseman—reeking and red;
And that lady flew—and she utter'd a cry,
As the riderless steeds came rushing by.

5.

"And many have fallen—and more have fled:—
All in a nook of bloody ground
That lady sat by a bleeding knight,
And strove with her fingers to staunch the wound:
Her locks, like sun-beams when summer's in pride,
She pluck'd and placed on his wounded side.

6.

"And aye the sorer that lady sigh'd,
The more her golden locks she drew—
The more she pray'd—the ruddy life's-blood
The faster and faster came trickling through:—
On a sadder sight ne'er look'd the moon
That o'er the green mountain came gleaming down.

7.

"He lay with his sword in the pale moonlight;
All mute and pale she lay at his side—

He, sheath'd in mail from brow to heel—
 She, in her maiden bloom and pride :
 And their beds were made, and the lovers were laid,
 All under the gentle holly's shade.

8.

" May that Selby's right hand wither and rot,
 That fails with flowers their bed to strew ;
 May a foreign grave be his who doth rend
 Away the shade of the holly bough :—
 But let them sleep by the gentle river,
 And waken in love that shall last for ever."

As the old dame ceased her song, she opened her lap, from which she showered a profusion of flowers—such as are gathered rather in the wood or the wild than the garden,—on two green ridges which lay side by side beneath the shade of the green holly. At each handful she strewed she muttered, in an under tone, what sounded like the remains of an ancient form of prayer ; when turning toward the path she observed me, and said—" Youth, comest thou here to smile at beholding a frail woman strew the dust of the beautiful and the brave with mountain-thyme, wild mint, and scented hawthorn ? " I soothed her by a tone of submission and reverence. " Eleanor Selby, may the curse of the ballad, which thou sangest even now, be mine, if I come to scorn those who honour the fair and the brave. Had I known that the ancient lovers, about whom we so often sung, slept by this lonely stream, I would have sought Cumberland for the fairest and rarest lowers to shower on their grassy beds." " I well believe thee youth," said the old dame, mollified at once by my respect for the surname of Selby,—" how could I forget the altar of Lanercost and thee ? There be few at thy wilful and froward time of life, who would not mock the poor wandering woman, and turn her wayward affections into ridicule ; but I see thy respect for her sitting shining in these sweet and moist eyes of hazel." While she indulged in this language she replaced her long white locks under her bonnet, resumed her mantle and her staff, and, having adjusted all to her liking, and taken a look at the two graves, and at the raven who still maintained his seat on the summit of the bush, she addressed me again. " But, come youth, come—the sun is fast walking

down the side of the western mountains : Fremmet-ha is a good mile distant ; and we will be wise to seek the friendship of its porch, with an unset sun above our heads." She took my hand, and exerting an energy I little expected, we descended the glen together, keeping company with the brook, which received and acknowledged, by an augmented murmur, the accession of several lesser streams. At length we came where the glen, suddenly expanding into a beautiful vale, and the brook into a small deep and clear lake, disclosed to my sight the whole domestic establishment of one of the patriarchal portioners of the mountainous regions of Cumberland. On the northern side of the valley, and fronting the mid-day sun, stood a large old fashioned house, constructed of rough and undressed stones, such as are found in abundance on the northern uplands, and roofed with a heavy coating of heath, near an ell in thickness,—the whole secured with bands of wood and ropes of flax, in a manner that resembled the checks of a highland plaid. Something which imitated a shepherd's crook and a sheathed sword was carved on a piece of hewn stone in the front, and underneath was cut in rude square raised letters " RANDAL RODE, 1545." The remains of old defences were still visible to a person of an antiquarian turn ; but sheep-folds, cattle-folds, and swine-pens usurped the trench and the rampart, and filled the whole southern side of the valley. In the middle of the lake, shattered walls of squared stone were visible, and deep in the clear water a broken and narrow causeway might be traced, which once secured to the proprietor of the mansion, a safe retreat against any hasty incursion from the restless borderers ; who, in former times, were alternately the

plunderers, or defenders of their country. The descendants of Randal Rode seemed to be sensible that their lot was cast in securer times, and instead of practising with the cross-bow, or that still more fatal weapon the hand-bow, or with the sword, or with the spear; they were collected on a small green plat of ground on the margin of the lake, to the number of twelve or fourteen, indulging in the rustic exercises of wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and casting the stone. Several old white headed men were seated at a small distance on the ground, maidens continually passed backwards and forwards, with pails of milk, or with new-moulded cheese, casting a casual glance at the pastime of the young men—the valley all the while re-murmuring with the din of the various contests.

As we approached, a young man who had thrown the stone—a pebble massy and round—beyond all the marks of his companions, perceived us coming, and came running to welcome the old woman with all the unrestrained joyousness of eighteen. “Welcome Dame Eleanor Selby, welcome to Fremmet-ha—for thy repose I have ordered a soft warm couch, and from no fairer hands than those of Maudiline Rode—and for thy gratification, as well as mine own, have I sought far and wide for a famous ballad of the Selbys, but we are fallen on evil days—for the memory of our oldest men only yielded me fragments—these I have pieced together, and shall gladly sing it with all the grace I may.”—“Fair fall thee youth, said the old woman, pleased at the revival of a traditional

rhyme recording the fame of her house—thy companions are all clods of the valley—no better than the stones they cast, the bars they heave, and the dull earth they leap upon, compared to thee.—But the Selbys’ blood within thee overcomes that of the Rodes.”—The young man came close to her ear, and in an interceding whisper, said: “It is true, Dame Eleanor Selby, that my father is but a tender of flocks, and nowise comparable to the renowned house of Selby, with whom he had the fortune to intermarry—but, by the height of Skiddaw, and the depth of Solway, he is as proud of his Saxon blood as the loftiest of the land; and the welcome of that person would be cold, and his repulse certain, who should tell him the unwelcome tale that he wedded above his degree.” “Youth, youth, said the old woman, with hasty and marked impatience, I shall, for thy sake, refrain from comparing the churlish name of Rode with the gentle name of Selby;—but I would rather sit a winter night on Skiddaw, than have the best who bear the name of Rode to imagine that the hem of a Selby’s robe had not more of gentleness than seven acres of Rodes’s. But thou hast promised me a song—even let me hearken to it now in the free open air—sitting by an ancient summer seat of the Selbys—it will put me in a mood to enter thy mother’s abode.” She seated herself on the margin of the lake, while young Randal Rode, surrounded by his companions, sung in a rough free voice the legendary ballad of which I had the good fortune to obtain a copy, through the kindness of old Eleanor.

ROLAND GRAEME.

1.

THE trumpet has rung on Helvellyn side,
The bugle in Derwent vale;
And an hundred steeds came hurrying fleet,
With an hundred men in mail:
And the gathering cry, and the warning word
Was—“fill the quiver and sharpen the sword.”

2.

And away they bound—the mountain deer
Starts at their helmet’s flash:—
And away they go—the brooks call out
With a hoarse and a murmuring dash;
The foam flung from their steeds as they go
Strews all their track like the drifting snow.

3.

What foe do they chase, for I see no foe ;
 And yet all spurr'd and gored :
 Their good steeds fly—say, seek they work
 For the fleet hound or the sword ?
 I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,
 With bow and brand, and horn and halloo.

4.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonnie brown steed,
 Sir Thomas spurs on his black ;
 There is an hundred steeds, and each
 Has a Selby on its back :
 And the meanest man there that draws a brand
 Has silver spurs and a Baron's land.

5.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo ! look
 How it dashes from bank to bank :
 To them it seems but the bonnie green lea,
 Or the vale with brackens rank.—
 They brave the water, and breast the banks,
 And shake the flood and foam from their flanks.

6.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,
 With its woodlands wide and green ;
 " Our steeds are white with foam ; shall we wash
 Their flanks in the river sheen ?"
 But their steeds may be doom'd to a sterner task,
 Before they pass the woodland Eske.

7.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,
 And utter a long shrill shout ;
 And bury their spurs in their coursers' flanks,
 And pluck their bright blades out :
 The spurn'd-up turf is scatter'd behind,
 For they go as the hawk when he sails with the wind.

8.

Before them nor far on the lillied lea
 There is a fair youth flying ;
 And at his side rides a lovely maid
 Oft looking back and sighing :—
 On his basnet dances the heron's plume,
 And fans the maid's cheek all of ripe rose bloom.

9.

" Now do thy best my bonnie grey steed,
 And carry my true love over,
 And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,
 And heap'd and running over—
 O bear her safe through dark Eske's fords,"
 And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords.

10.

Proud look'd the steed, and had braved the flood,
 Had it foam'd a full mile wider ;
 Turn'd his head in joy, and his eye seem'd to say,
 I'm proud of my lovely rider :
 And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on the tree,
 All scaithless I'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea.

11.

A rushing was heard on the river banks,
Wide rung wood, rock, and linn—
And that instant an hundred horsemen at speed
Came foaming and fearless in.
“Turn back—turn back thou Scottish loon,
Let us measure our swords 'neath the light of the moon,”

12.

An hundred horsemen leap'd lightly down,
With their silver spurs all ringing ;
And drew back, as Sir Richard his good blade bare'd ;
While the signal trump kept singing :
And Roland Graeme down his mantle threw
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew—

13.

With a measuring eye and a measured pace
Nigher they came and nigher ;
Then made a bound and made a blow,
And the smote helms yielded fire :
December's hail, or the thunder blast,
Ne'er flash'd so bright, or fell so fast.

14.

“Now yield thee, Roland, and give me back
Lord Selby's beauteous daughter ;
Else I shall sever thy head and heave't
To thy light love o'er the water.”—
“My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,
And thy head's as loose on thy neck as mine.”

15.

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again
They closed—on sweet Eske side,
The ring-doves sprung from their roosts, for the blows
Were echoing far and wide :
Sir Richard was stark, and young Roland was strong ;
And the combat was fierce, but it lasted not long.

16.

There's blood upon young Roland's blade,
There's blood on Sir Richard's brand ;
There's blood shower'd o'er their weeds of steel,
And rain'd on the grassy land :
But blood to a warrior's like dew to the flow'r ;
The combat but wax'd still more deadly and dour.

17.

A dash was heard in the moonlight Eske,
And up its banks of green ;
Fair Edith Selby came with a shriek
And knelt the knights between :
Oh spare him, Sir Richard ! she held her white hands,
All spotted with blood 'neath the merciless brands.

18.

Young Roland look'd down on his true love and smiled,
Sir Richard look'd also, and said—
“Curse on them that true love would sunder”—he sheath'd
With his broad palm his berry-brown blade ;
And long may the Selbys abroad and at home,
Find a friend, and a foe like the good gallant Graeme.

While the ballad proceeded, the old representative of the house of Selby sat with a look of demure dignity and importance, and regarded his minstrel remembrance of the horrible engraving of the predatory raven of Graeme on the stately tree of the Selbys, with a look of the darkest displeasure. When the youth finished, she arose hastily, and elevating herself to her utmost stature, said: "May that ignorant minstrel be mute for ever—or confine his rains to the beasts of the field, and the churls who tend them, who have resumed to fashion the ballad of Roland Graeme's wooing of Edith toward of Naworth into a rhyme proaching with this ungente marriage the spotless house of Selby. A gentle Selby wed a border Graeme! say the heavens forfend!—who will play a dog in a deer's den? No—said she, muttering in continuance, as she walked into the house of her ancestors; we have had sad mishaps among us—but nothing like that. The branch of the stately Selby-tree

carried the kite's nest of a Forster, another the rook's nest of a Rode—but neither scion nor bough have sheltered the hooded-crow brood of the men of the debateable land. Men neither of predatory Scotland nor haughty England, but begotten in the haste of a mutual inroad—and the herald's office cannot imagine by whom." The mutterings of the wayward woman fell unregarded in the ear of fair Maudeline Rode, one of the sweetest maidens that ever pressed curd or milked ewes among the pastoral mountains of Cumberland. She welcomed old Eleanor with one of those silent glances which says so much, and spread her a seat; and ministered to her with the demeanour of the humblest handmaid of the house of Selby, when its splendour was fullest. This modest kindness soon had its effect on the mutable descendant of this ancient house; she regained her serenity; and her wild legends, and traditional tales were related to no ungrateful ears.

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

MR. EDITOR,—Some young men left England in the autumn of last year, intending to travel on foot through France and Switzerland into Italy: their object is to collect such pictures of manners and sketches of scenery, as may have been overlooked or neglected by other travellers; or, to say the same thing metaphorically, to glean on that field from which the harvest has been gathered.

They intend to pursue no regular plan, but to go from place to place, they are urged by curiosity or invited by pleasure: their letters written from one to another, and remitted to a common friend in England, shall be sent to you from time to time, if they are worth your acceptance; the present is the first of a series, which will be long or short, various or uniform, according to circumstances, which are yet concealed in the lap of accident. The letters which were written from France have been suppressed, partly because their subjects were trite, and partly because they contained allusions to family circumstances, which rendered them unmeet for the public.

It is hoped, neither of these causes will operate in future, and that they become continually more and more worthy of your attention.

I am, Sir, &c.

Dear B.—My last letter is dated at Geneva, and contains an account of every thing which we considered worthy of remark, up to that place; all continue to copy out a sort of extract from our journal until you daily tell me you are tired. Allons. We were detained at Geneva some days by heavy rains, which made the road almost impassable on foot; but

at length, growing tired of waiting for fair weather, we determined to set out on our journey, whether the sun would think proper to shine or not. We accordingly took leave of our friends, sent off our portmanteau, loaded our pistols, and about four o'clock one hazy afternoon, jumped into a voiture, and bade adieu to that city. We would willingly have

wone by the regular post road, which winds among the mountains on the right-hand side of the lake, and which is said to be far more picturesque than the road on the opposite bank, but we went by the latter, because we wished to see Chillon and Vevai.

The voitures, which perform the short stages about Geneva, are so contrived, that the passengers sit sideways, and the back of the machine shuts out half the prospect; our blind was placed in such a position, that we could scarcely ever get a glimpse of the lake, but nothing intercepted our view of a dull succession of fields, hedges, and vineyards, closed in by low brown hills, and which, as it had begun to rain shortly after we lost sight of Geneva, were washed by a thousand trickling rills of mud, and presented every conceivable variety of puddle, slough, and gutter. When it grew dark, our conducteur hinted again and again, in the most obliging manner possible, that he was very willing to stop if we wished him to do so, even though it was not "in the bond;" we did not happen to wish any thing of the kind, having resolved to reach Lausanne that night, and he postponed, though with manifest reluctance, his evening's solace, rest and refection, until we arrived at Nyon, where we stopped to bait the horse. After having taken some slight refreshment, exactly, I apprehend, what Dinmont means by "nothing to speak of," we re-ascended the voiture, and proceeded through a pitiless storm to Lausanne: the rain rushed to the ground in heavy streams, the wind ploughed the bosom of the lake, and darkness folded round us like a veil; our dog, Lion, lay down in the bottom of the voiture, shivering with cold and apprehension, and no coaxing, no caressing could induce him to lift up his head. We arrived at Lausanne about three o'clock in the morning; knocked up an Aubergiste, and warmed ourselves by a fire of brushwood, which was hastily kindled: we then called in the conducteur in order to pay him; he had meanwhile taken into consideration the sufferings and privations which he had undergone in our service, and had consequently determined to cheat us out of three or four francs if possible; by taking advantage of our having incautiously

made use of the word *Louis*, he succeeded in his laudable intention; we paid his demand, bestowing upon him at the same time, gratuitously, a few—I should say, not a few—of those emphatic epithets drawn from our native language, which are so useful in expressing one person's opinion of another in all little affairs of that sort.

We stayed but a short time at Lausanne, as we wished to push across the mountains before the heavy snows should fall; we took advantage therefore of a fine morning, and set out on our way through this country, in which man continually maintains a hard, but honourable struggle with nature: the hills sloping down precipitously to the lake, would be washed bare by the autumnal rains, but that long lines of low walls are drawn across them, in every direction to sustain the lapsing soil, and the terraces thus formed are richly planted with vines. Houses are thickly scattered on the hills and in the thickets, and with their white walls, green windows, and red roofs, remind one of the view which Rousseau has so delightfully expressed in the *Emile*. "*Sur le penchant de quelqu'agréable colline bien ombragée, j'aurais une petite maison rustique, une maison blanche, avec des controvents verts; et je la courrirais magnifiquement de tuiles rouges parcequ'elles sont plus gaies que le chaume, qu'on ne couvre pas autrement les maisons dans mon pays, et qu'elles me rappelleroient un peu l'heureux temps de ma jeunesse.*" Nothing in the landscape deserves so much remark, as the unceasing activity and unrepining laboriousness of the people. In the morning one sees herds of goats which cannot be pastured in the valley, proceeding up the mountains under the care of shepherds, to collect their scanty meal; in the evening they return to the villages for security, and also to pay their fragrant and delicious tribute to man. Boats are seen going incessantly to and fro, some to catch fish, some to convey merchandise, and others to collect the drift wood, as it floats in shore, which time has committed to the waters of the lake. The frothy streams that rush down through the gullies of the hills are conducted by shoots to the wheels of

mills in which corn is ground, wood sawn, paper made, and other mechanical processes carried on for the comfort or advantage of this hardy and happy people: villages are seen glancing in every glen, the fisherman, the shepherd, the carpenter, the vine-dresser, all are seen exercising their various avocations, and every thing wears a face of activity and content. The barren mountains of Savoy on the opposite side, uninhabited, uncultivated and forlorn, present the most different picture imaginable. The disastrous cause of this difference, as some say, is to be found in the political degradation of the people: others find it in the soil, the aspect, the elevation of the mountains; and others in the lazy, slavish, and worthless dispositions of the inhabitants. But to proceed: about noon we reached the picturesque town of Vevai, and at that place first had our wine brought in great pewter measures; this town is known through all Switzerland as the place where the celebrated "Feast of the Vines" is held every seven years, a festival but little spoken of out of Switzerland, although it is the main business of a whole population at the time of its occurrence, and draws so many strangers to assist as spectators at its celebration. But Vevai! who may hear thy name and not remember Rousseau? Vevai, the birth-place of Julie, that dear and darling child of his imagination, that vision of love, and beauty, and delight, that has turned the heads of thousands. Hard by is the bosquet of Clarens; ah, pauvre Julie, ta bouche de roses! Opposite are the dark rocks of Meillerie; unhappy St. Preux! It was the remembrance of these scenes which he had visited some years before, in his seven days' tour, which determined the eloquent and nature-loving Rousseau, to lay the scene of his novel here in preference to the Lago Maggiore and the Isole Belle.

As the day declined, we drew near the Chateau of Chillon, now so well known as the scene of one of Lord Byron's Poems; we crossed the drawbridge and entered a court-yard overgrown with weeds; a few *gens d'armes*, some rusty balls, and five or six dismounted brass cannon, are all that remains of its former strength

and terror. A soldier, whom we had requested to show us the place, led us under a low arched door-way; we passed through several rooms, which appeared to be used as stores, and going down a pretty long and steep descent, at length entered the prison of Bonnavar. There is a range of loop-holes at a great height, which can at best only admit a feeble light, and as at that time the day had nearly closed, the place was obscured in deep shade, a murky darkness reigned throughout, and added a superfluous horror to this gloomy spot; a row of massy columns passing from one extremity to the other, supports the ponderous roof, and as it were, divides the place into two; they are girdled with chains, which hang down from a good height, and which are furnished with braces to clasp the body: chains of the same sort hang from the walls on both sides, and the rocky floor beneath them is ground into sand, apparently by the tread of the miserable wretches whom they once bound. The sullen plashing of the lake is heard over-head as its waters are flung at intervals against the rock out of which this dungeon is dug: in one corner is a sort of den, still more narrow and loathsome, partly built up with masonry, and partly chiseled out of the living rock: yet even from this place a man once escaped; the rent which still remains in the wall, and a heap of loose mortar and stones, attest the circumstance: it is supposed he clambered up to one of the loop holes, forced himself through, and jumping into the lake, swam ashore, and escaped. A scene like this which looks the home, the household, of filth, and misery, and despair, weighs heavily upon the heart, and every gracious feeling of our nature revolts from the authors of the misery which has been suffered here: a narrative of what men have inflicted and what sustained in this twilight dungeon, would undoubtedly affect us very sensibly, but would not equal that deep and solemn feeling which fills the breast as we walk to and fro in this haunt of sorrow, and muse upon its disgraceful history.—Our fancy peoples the gloom with prisoners, whom death long since dismissed to a prison far more dark and narrow:

we feel the "iron which entered into their souls," the damps, the night air that stiffened their limbs, the ground worn by their footsteps, the pillars scratched with their names;—we see through the eyelets the self-same stars upon which they were wont to gaze; we hear the roar of the wild waters to which they listened; we endure for a moment the heart-ache, the anguished hopelessness, which they endured for years; and turn away filled with pity, and with a lasting and salutary indignation.

The remainder of the Chateau is a labyrinth of staircases, halls, and galleries; the Chateau of Chillon is, to say the truth, a very stupid edifice, a jumble of unconnected portions, an abstract of every thing that is ugly and inconvenient; the outside vies with the inside in deformity, the eye is lost among angles and corners, "projections; projected from projections," loop-holes, crosslets, turrets, posterns, and spires, surmounted with balls and lances: the windows, also, affect variety; some are square, others have the squat gothic arch striding over them: others again are trefoil, quatrefoil, cinquefoil, &c. We had lingered here sketching and examining this old fortress until it was almost night; we at length left it and walked on to FAbbaye, where we found clean beds, a cheerful fire, and a comfortable supper. In the morning, after about an hour's walk, we lost sight of the far-famed Leman Lake, and began to wind our way among the Alps: at a distance, these mountains seem covered with one wide sheet of snow; and, though tossed into fantastic shapes, have an appearance of singleness and solidity: but, as we approach, the mass breaks, hills jut out and are seen by defiles, they grow shaggy with forests, and straggling paths are seen creeping up their sides. Villages appear in the green vallies and on the slopes nestling among the pines: the heights are crowned with castles, within whose walls violence had once a home and rapine a shelter; but which now, disarmed of their terrors, ruined, dismantled, and forsaken, only lend a charm to the landscape. "The age of chivalry," thank God! has passed away never to return, but we may

be allowed to remember, with a sentiment of poetical regret, its wild romantic manners and hardy virtues. The traveller, while resting a moment from his toil, and sitting down by a bubbling stream, glances his eye upon these mouldering ruins, and calls to mind the days gone by, when those deserted halls were crowded with human beings, when the banquet was spread, the feud nourished, and the grey battlements shaken alternately by revelry and strife.

As we proceeded towards the Canton de Valais, we reached a mountain stream, which is usually a mere thread of water over which a man may step with the utmost facility; but which was then swollen into formidable dimensions by the rain which had fallen for some weeks. After a grave deliberation, we were preparing to strip and cross it; but as we advanced for that purpose, we perceived on a sudden, three or four peasants, skreened beneath two masses of rocks which had at some time fallen together like a reversed A. Crouching round a miserable fire, and smoking short black pipes, they waited there for the chance of carrying passengers across on their backs; we availed ourselves of their assistance, and contenting them with a few sous, proceeded on our way to St. Maurice, where the road which we had taken joins the main road. A sort of fortress, or rather the remains of a gothic hold, is the first object which strikes the eye on entering the Canton de Valais; it stands on the verge of a gulph, at the bottom of which rolls a blue river. A small sum is paid for permission to cross the wooden bridge which conducts over it; we observed by some bills that were posted up about this bridge, that the Pays de Vaud and the Canton de Valais, were *en différend* about the passage of cattle, from the one state to the other; the Pays de Vaud accusing the cattle of the Valais of being infected with a contagious distemper; the Valaisans denying the accusation and ascribing it to the mercenary temper of the Pays de Vaud, and bravely determining upon an exchange of injuries. The voice of discord is heard wherever one wanders; in the city that loads the plain—in the ham-

let, that speckles the waste or the mountain, men seem to have every where one vocation in common,—that of banishing white-winged peace for ever from the earth.

The road from St. Maurice to Martigny, is a grand succession of magnificence and variety: mountains, some belted with black forests and crested with snow, others verdant to their summits; devious and picturesque glades adorned with flowers, herbs, copse, and vines, and bright and glancing streams: rocks of fantastic shape, blackened by time, and seeming, from the inclined position of their strata, ready to slide away from their firm bases, and to precipitate themselves in ruins from their giddy elevations; waters which descending from the higher hills are collected in their deep fissures, and poured thence in foaming sheets into the plain. The sun shot a few golden glimpses upon this various scene, lending, for a moment, smiles to the rock, and glory to the wave, but he was generally larkened by thick clouds which loated lazily across the sky, or hung over our heads, occasionally discharging great gushes of rain to our infinite discontent. About seven o'clock we arrived at Martigny, weary, dirty, and drenched with rain. The few things in our little bundles were so wet, that we could change nothing with advantage; however, by the help of a good fire, we contrived to dry our clothes "indifferently," and then turning our serious attention upon some hot wine and sugared oast, we soon forgot all trifling cares. A voiture, filled with some English travellers, who were proceeding to Rome, arrived at the Auberge, just as we were busily employed with our coats and stockings off, drying the various articles of our apparel, and discussing in a desultory and unmethodical manner the various and somewhat incongruous merits of flannel hose, roasted chestnuts, oil-skin hats, and swiss cheese, &c. &c.;—and enjoying in its first flush that glad and happy feeling which is bestowed by warmth, food, and shelter, when they have been earned by hardship and fatigue. We soon entered into conversation with our countrymen: they drew round the fire, and we had a gay gossip about the weather, the Queen, the

French, the manners and appearance of the Valaisans, the mountains, the Austrians, the robbers at Rome, and the revolution at Naples. Our friends were accompanied by an interesting looking young woman, who was going to Milan, to enter into the service of an English lady; she had missed the diligence at Geneva, and being, in consequence, detained longer than she had expected to be, had spent all her money, and would have been reduced to a very unpleasant situation, but that these Englishmen, having heard of the circumstance, had agreed to give her a seat in their carriage, and to pay her expences on the road. We had spent an agreeable hour in conversation, when the arrival of some other travellers interrupted our colloquy: the table was spread, and we sat down to supper,—English, French, Italian,—and the patois of the Valais, were heard mixing in Babylonish confusion, with the jingling of glasses, the clatter of plates, and the clapping of doors. At an early hour we retired to rest; and in the morning, before light, the rattling of wheels announced the departure of our countrymen. We soon after got up, took breakfast, looked over the miscellaneous drolleries of the album, paid our hostess, and departed. We quitted the road for the sake of a short path which led us almost to the foot of a fine pine-clad hill, where we stopped to sketch, or to admire the landscape that was spread out before us: an old tower perched on a proud height, but ruined, abandoned, and hastening to decay, seemed to look down from his aristocratical station with the remains of ancient disdain upon the smiling, but humble village of Martigny, which lay at his feet, peeping with gay face out of its green bower; and the mazy mountains, grey, green, black, white, and the wooded glens, some plunged in the deepest shade, and others decked in all the hues of the morning, formed a back ground that would have contented critics much more fastidious than ourselves. On passing the back of a farm-house, we observed one of those miserable creatures called Cretins, sitting alone on a wooden bench and basking idly in the sun; his body was bloated, and his limbs withered; his face, blotched with unwashed

rheum, was a model of ugliness and idiotism. The dog happened to approach him, and immediately the poor wretch threw out his arms and legs, making the wildest and most extravagant gestures, and feeling in that moment the only passion he could feel, a ferocious, stupid, and imbecile anger: we passed on, he regained his composure, and sank again into that physical abstraction, in which his life wears to its close, and from which we had unwillingly and involuntarily disturbed him. The Cretin and Goitre are very common all through the Valais, and also on the Italian side of the mountains; the Goitre is indeed exceedingly frequent, it does not always hang down in "wallets of flesh," but it swells the throat to deformity. Rousseau mentions "*l'énorme ampleur de leur gorge*," but seems to think that "*la blancheur*," des Valaisanes, and, "*le teint éblouissant de ces jeunes beautés timides, qu'un mot faisoit rougir*," compensate for it; but blooming faces, and elastic motions, and figures "*embarrassantes*," are not always to be found: and indeed bashfulness and beauty, and hospitality too, seem to have pretty well disappeared from the Valais. The road from Martigny to Sion grows more beautiful at almost every step; ruins are seen more frequently upon the heights, the mountains become more lofty and more precipitous, seeming in many places to start sheer from the ground: the valley opens and shuts as we advance, and long green glades are seen on every hand. The road winds from side to side, skirts the forest, mounts, descends, and thus this "haunt of old romance" is seen from every point of view. About an hour before we reached the Capital of the Canton, we began to observe groups of men, women, and children, some on foot, others mounted on horses or mules, and leading or driving cows, goats, or asses, laden with the rural purchases which they had made at the fair at Sion, returning to their homes among the mountains: their straggling and picturesque appearance, their voices mixing in dispute, and their loud lungs which were heard "to crow like chanticleer," as the rustic joke was practised upon one or the other, gave the charm of life to the wild moun-

tains, and finished the scene of enchantment.

Sion is situated in the gorge of a pass between two hills, which rise rapidly out of the valley; on the topmost peak of one of which is seated an armed and powerful fortress, and on that of the other is a large and mouldering castle: a village lies at their feet, and in the gap between them but far off, in the blue and distant sky, is seen the taper spire of a rustic church. I must not attempt any more description, lest I grow tedious; I shall only say, I think Sion is the most romantic spot in the whole valley, and I would send you my sketch of it, but that that were a present scarcely worth your acceptance. The town was full of the noise and bustle of the fair, which, making reasonable allowances, bore no small resemblance to an English festival of the same description. The Auberge where we lodged was filled with a mirthful and most uproarious company, one of whom observing we were travellers, was fain to drink some wine with us, and recount the wonders of his mountain home, a village up among the clouds: we repaid his tale in kind, taking good care to leave him considerably in debt on the score of the marvellous: the old man listened with intense delight; and, as we observed we rose in his estimation, in proportion as our tale became more and more extravagant, we were tempted to communicate a great many very curious particulars indeed: he was exceedingly obliged to us, and I have no doubt he had woven the singular, the very singular facts which we related to him, into a most unheard-of history before he reached his home. At this place, we noticed some pretty women, the only ones in the whole length of the Valais:—we supped in a solitary room, and then going to bed, were soon locked in sleep in spite of the shouts of expiring revelry, which rose in peals from below.

On resuming our journey the next morning, we observed nearly the same features that we had seen the day before, but merging into rudeness and solidity; the mountains grow wider at their bases, the valley narrows, and the whole plane of the earth seems lifted up to meet the wight of the incumbent Alps. We

lept at Viege, at a rude Auberge, where no one spoke any intelligible language, and on setting out again, fell into company with a Pittore, whose appearance and equipments were yet more humble than our own: he had been employed at Vevai during the summer, and was now returning to the banks of the Lago Maggiore to pass the weary winter, and spend his little gains at home: a sort of migration, as you know, very common among the Italian Swiss. It agreed with our plan to keep up with our poor associate, and accordingly we bore him company to Brigue; where, during breakfast, we were joined by seven or eight Paysans, yet poorer in condition than our friend the Pittore; and, like him, returning into Italy after their annual excursion.

A very grave and argute discussion soon arose among us; to wit, whether as there were so many in company, it would not be better to ascend the Simplon by the old road, instead of the new; but the Strada Nova being indeed the safer, and the Strada Vecchia being somewhat the shorter of the two. An old man who knew the mountain well, and who proposed to be our guide, observed, that if any accident happened, if one chanced to fall into a *gouffre*, or happened to be buried in snow, our companions could soon get one out again: reassured by this consolatory remark, we held ourselves neuter, and the Pittore was outvoted. We immediately left Brigue, and began to ascend, by a rude and scrambling path, this mighty rib of the earth: after some time, we turned to take a last view of Brigue, now dwindled to the dimensions of a toy; then, sweeping round a clump of pines, took a long view of the Valais. In about an hour we reached the remains of the old road, and sat down breathless with exertion: this road, having been long neglected, has fallen into total decay; the part where we sat down to rest ourselves is cut out of the solid rock, and will endure probably as long as its mountain bed; but all that was built up by man, all that was trusted to feebler materials, has perished. On resuming our journey, we plunged into a dark forest of pines, and lost all sight of human track; we had nothing to trust to

but the local knowledge of the hardy senior who led our way: it would, perhaps, be difficult to imagine a scene more singular than this; the rocky and romantic path that wound through those gloomy old pines, the fantastic outline of some of the lower peaks of the mountain, seen at intervals through the matted foliage, the fitful blast rushing through the trees, the roar of a distant stream, and the loud laughs of our careless companions ringing throughout the wild solitude. We made a very free and frequent use of our own lungs in the same way; for, to say the truth, we had our full share of the gaiety which the cold thin air bestowed. We at length emerged from these solemn shades, just at the place where a huge pine which had been taken up and twisted by the blast, as it careened through the defiles of the hill, hung its decaying limbs over a precipice, at the bottom of which rolled a black stream, the same that we had heard in the forest. Whole rows of trees thrown down by the gale, and despoiled of their bark, lay in white clusters around us: the road at every advance became more savage, dangerous, and solitary; we crossed several chasms by means of rude bridges formed of pines, the upper surfaces of which were flattened by the axe, the sides were fenced by boards, and thus a sort of trough formed, through which we sidled with some difficulty: the sides were bound together at the top, by cross pieces which passed from one to the other; we straddled over them, gaily or gravely, according to our respective tempers; the poor Pittore however was in manifest confusion; and, indeed, no one said a single word in praise of the architect who constructed these, what Mr. S—— would call *gridirons*. At one time we passed beneath a shattered rock, seemingly severed from the hill, and hanging in doubtful poise: if one fragment had broken loose from the mass, we should have been hurled in the “twinkling of an eye,” into a dark, and deep, and nameless grave. We shall see these scenes no more; but they are in no danger of being forgotten. The path wound for about a mile on the brink of a precipice, or rather on the side of a steep in which had been cut or worn a sort of gut-

ter; this in many places was filled with water, and as we were so wise as to prefer hazard to inconvenience, we often mounted on the thin ridge that overlooked the valley: at length we began to descend, and reached the remains of a bridge, which was destroyed many years ago by the French, in order to arrest the pursuit of the Piedmontese; its ruins are strewn in the gulph which it once aided the traveller to cross; a few arches, a few buttresses remain, they are rude and massive, but crushed by violence, and nodding to their fall they borrow beauty from destruction; and thus scathed, cracked, overgrown with weeds, and stooping in untimely decay, they are far more dear to the lover of picture than they were when unworn by time, and unbruised by accident.

A path has been explored by the mountaineers, which leads precipitously down into the valley, where there are a few houses grouped together, the picturesque home of peasants and shepherds. We ascended rapidly on the opposite side, and soon entered once more the silent shades of an Alpine forest; we were now higher than we had been before, and began to tread on the drifted snow, and to notice the immense icicles hanging from the boughs of the trees, and the edges of the rocks. The darker green of the firs became more frequent, and we heard the roar, and saw the rushing waters of a torrent—the course of which we tracked upon, and for about an hour, crossing it occasionally by miserable bridges half buried in snow,—sometimes leaving it for the forest, and sometimes scrambling along where its waters washed our feet.

At length having, with our friend the Pittore, got somewhat in advance, we arrived at a spot where two paths held us in doubt, both seeming to be alike impassable; before us lay the stream, broad but not deep, plunging over a bed of black rocks. A bridge led over it, but no path appeared to succeed; a wall of snow and ice seeming to forbid all egress: behind us frowned the dark forest, and before us, on the left, were masses of rock of giant dimensions, lying, perhaps, in the same rude confusion in which they had been strown by that violence

which heaved them from their first level.—Our companions were yet at some distance behind, we, therefore, paused; the Pittore sat down on a great stone; his rueful countenance seemed to elongate, his lank jaws to sink in, and his complexion became perfect brimstone as he gazed around, confessing with a faltering voice that he did not know his way across the mountain.

The scene which surrounded us was savage in the highest degree; the wild torrent, fed by many tributary streams, ran on in violence and in foam through a descending gully in the hill; a mountain rose before us, sheathed in deep snow, the white surface of which was here and there broken through by great splinters of rock which were bearded by long icicles: vegetation seemed to expire on the very spot on which we stood; a few creeping shrubs, and a little brown moss, were all that we saw afterwards; and not a hut, and not a trace of human care was visible in all the wide waste.—After some time our companions appeared; they were chiefly youths, we saw them glancing through, or emerging from the trees, their faces all flushed with exertion, stumbling and straining up the ascent, under the load of their heavy knapsacks; and when they broke in upon this empire of barrenness and silence, a band of human beings, they completed a picture which I should in vain attempt to describe.—Our white haired guide took the lead, and we ascended by a zig-zag path, generally over our knees in snow, and falling now and then into holes up to our necks. Having, by the help of our youthful alacrity, got once more in advance, we were so fortunate as to bewilder the whole party, leading them to the base of a series of enormous slabs, which mocked all idea of further progress. When our worthy leader arrived at the spot, he expressed his disapprobation of our proceedings in a manner singularly clear, though rather coarse: he backed his reproof by observing that the *tourmenta* had begun: the *tourmenta* is a drift of snow blown by the wind from the highest peaks of the mountain; it is at all times extremely disagreeable, and it is sometimes the pre-

ade to a little *avalanche*, a thing which we had at that time no reason to desire, standing, as we did, upon an exposed and precipitous slope. — Happily, after half an hour's scrambling, we regained the path without any accident, and then sat down to regale ourselves with some coarse bread and cheese. We could have drunk a glass of *aqua vitæ* at that moment, much as we usually dislike it; it could not be obtained; but we were consoled for our involuntary temperance, by the Pittore's assurance, that spirits of all kinds made the legs and hams weak, and that for that reason the mountaineers always refrained from them, when they had to walk far. We looked round for a moment; a few cottages lay near, at that time deserted, and when or why inhabited I know not: far, far below us were the outposts of a troop of scattered and dwarfish firs, the last impotent effort of vegetation; the stream which lower down had poured its tides in mimic thunder, now shrunk to a brawling brook, flowed in a slender and arrowy current, its waters clear as the air of the hills, and cold as their icy channel. — We drank of this stream, to which we now bade farewell; and after this refreshment resumed our walk. The same wild and barren waste held us for some time, but at length we reached the new road, and soon after the second Hospice. Our fellow travellers refreshed themselves with whatever the house afforded, gratis, and our host would willingly have refused our money also. On hearing that we were Englishmen, his surprise exceeded description; he invited us to stop with many pressing instances, offering to make up a bed for us, and assuring us of its excellence. He was no doubt extremely surprised at the phenomenon of two Englishmen travelling on foot, and in such humble guise. We remarked the fine breed of dogs which is derived from that at St. Bernard's, and possesses the same virtues; we saw several of them marching about among the snows with a most indubitably grave and business-like air.

On leaving the Hospice we proceeded by that fine work of art the *Strada Nova*: I have no wish to fill up my letter with what you may

find in books, and shall, therefore, not attempt to give any description of this road; I shall content myself with saying we trudged on through the deep snow, comforted by finding ourselves at length on the descent: height after height shot up behind us, the snow grew thin, and we reached the Simplon. A sort of general council was called, in which it was resolved, that we should proceed six miles farther, in order to be enabled to pass the barrier early in the morning: we saw no particular advantage in the arrangement, at that time; but the next morning we were convinced that the measure was especially judicious. In consequence of the resolution which had been taken, we advanced on our way, and entered that awful gorge, by which this road is discharged into Italy. This tremendous defile was wrapped in the shadows of evening or of morning when we passed, and consequently we could not estimate it very accurately; but the exaggeration of darkness gave a poetical character to its horrors, its midnight caverns, its impending rocks, its galleries, its precipices; and never may we forget the hoarse voice of that rushing stream that rolled darkly and turbulently below.

We stopped at a mean and solitary Auberge; a coarse but plentiful supper was spread before us, and here we had for the first time those delightful loaves which are made of wheat and chesnut flour. One of the poor boys who had come with us, was utterly spent with fatigue; he refused his meal and sat down by the fire sad and silent; there was a burning blush upon his cheek, and tears rolled from his half-shut eyes. We persuaded him to take some warm wine and go to bed; in the morning the poor lad was better.

Before it was light the next day, we were awaked by the Pittore, and we left our warm beds to gape and shiver in the mountain mist: we had not been long on the road before the Pittore entered very closely into conversation with us, expatiating at some length on the disagreeableness of having to pass a frontier town, "where one is detained sometimes for hours, if any little foolish thing has by chance got into one's knapsack; it is very disagreeable, it is

really a very disagreeable thing indeed," said he: now our friend had a knapsack at his back which reached from the nape of his neck down to his haunches; we thought it was extremely probable that some *little foolish thing* had by chance insinuated itself into that, and being therefore convinced that his uneasiness was not groundless and unreasonable, we lent a willing ear and he proceeded.

"To be sure 'tis very dark, and we might pass, if we liked, without disturbing any body; not that I have got any thing to be affraid of; but 'tis so disagreeable, so, so—hush! stop! tie up the dog's bell, for God's sake! softly, softly, there's the gate." We passed on tiptoe: I saw a man conceal himself behind some pillars, which could be dimly descried through the darkness: he was, as I understood afterwards, a traveller, who, like our friend, had reasons for wishing to avoid particular publicity.—In ten minutes we were out of danger; the Pittore began to dance and sing, and proposed of his own free motion a bottle of wine and something to eat at the first house which we found open. In another hour we reached the base of this enormous mass; we were in Italy, we saw the vines hanging in festoons, the villages thicker in the mountains, black eyes, swarthy skins, and gaudy attire; but we also saw those rude crosses, stuck in the ground, which tell of guilt, and injury, and vengeance.

I perceive I am drawing my letter out to an immoderate length, and I shall, therefore, hasten as fast as possible to a close. We met with a very agreeable companion at Domodessola; who accompanied us the whole day, and helped us to spend it pleasantly.—At night we had a plentiful supper, and some six or seven pitchers of excellent wine, and we retired to bed—at least, I believe so, in high good humour with all the world. The next morning proved rainy; our new friend wrapped himself up in his cloak, and the Pittore unfurled and hoisted an immense oil-skin umbrella, making many sagacious remarks upon the advantages of that instrument, and the folly of travelling without it; he observed also, that as he had almost

reached his home he should need his no longer, and should have no objection to sell it for a moderate price. We listened in inflexible silence until he began to make a particular application of the foregoing reflections, and even quoted us as obnoxious to censure, on account of not being provided in the way which he chose to think necessary. We then interrupted the course of his remarks, and soon convinced him he had little chance of taxing us for the reversion of his worn out trumpery. We took leave of our other companion, who left us to pursue his way to Genoa alone, and in about an hour more reached Fariola, on the shore of the Lago Maggiore; and stopped to dry our clothes, and to procure some breakfast. In this instance we acted contrary to the wishes of the Pittore; who advised us to take a boat immediately and go to Intra, from which place we might proceed by the common ferry to Lucarno. We, however, wished to see the Isola Belle, although he assured us they were not at all worth seeing; and on finding we could take a boat for the day, visit the islands and cross to Lavano, for about the same money that it would have cost us to accompany our companion to Lucarno, we determined upon that plan, to his great discontent, as he had hoped to accompany us to his own door at our expence. He had tried several ways to turn our company to some account, and was much mortified at his repeated failures: when he found we had paid for his breakfast, his discontent was somewhat appeased, and he took his leave of us with tolerable propriety. We then engaged a boat and prepared to examine this scene of mingled beauty and magnificence.

At present I stop: in my next letter you may expect some account of our further progress. I hope I have amused you for half an hour, in which case my trouble will not have been bestowed in vain. Do not let slip any opportunity of giving me an account of any peregrination that you may undertake, and excuse me for assuring you of the lively interest which I take in your welfare, and the constant sincerity with which I am, &c.

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

No. IX.

THE LATE MR. WEST AND NAPOLEON.

DURING the short peace of 1802, when Buonaparte was first Consul of the French Republic, the late President of the Royal Academy of England was amongst the crowd whom curiosity prompted to visit the gay metropolis of France. His eminent talents, however, and the distinguished character which they had so deservedly acquired, did not suffer him to remain long amid that crowd unnoticed. He was visited by every man of rank, or literature; and, amongst the rest, by those ministers who were most in the confidence of the first Consul. Mr. West had determined before his departure from England, for some private reasons of his own, to decline any presentation at the Court of St. Cloud, to which he was given to understand he would have been a very welcome visitor. Before he was long in Paris, this determination was assailed by an host of polished and flattering remonstrances. The ministers were "sure that such a man as the English artist could not fail to meet from such a patron of the arts as Napoleon, a distinguished reception," and obscure hints, and complimentary insinuations, equally unavailing, were followed by a declaration, that the great Napoleon had condescended to express a wish upon the subject. Mr. West, however, remained inflexible, alleging some polite excuse for his non-compliance, and evading the request as dexterously as possible. Solicitation at length became weary, and Mr. West appeared relieved from an embarrassment which some personal and prudential considerations had rendered sufficiently perplexing. The affair died away, and in about a week afterwards, he was surprised, while at breakfast, by a visit from one of the directors of the Louvre. After some desultory conversation, he was invited to be present at the gallery of the institution upon that day, to inspect some busts, which were about to be erected, and to favour the di-

rectors with his judgment as to their relative positions. There was no possible motive for a refusal, and they proceeded together to the gallery, where Mr. West was soon surrounded by a crowd of artists, all of whom appeared attired in some official costume; which, however, he was induced to attribute to the etiquette of the occasion. In a short time, he was most flatteringly, but most perplexingly undeceived—a bustle in the anti-chamber seemed to announce some unusual occurrence—in a moment, the doors were thrown open, and in walked Napoleon in his little cocked hat and simple uniform, followed by a gorgeous suite of thirteen generals, the future dukes, and viceroys, and monarchs of his creation! "Where is the President of the Arts in England," was the abrupt and immediate interrogatory of the first Consul. The President more dead than alive, made a most disconsolate appearance, and was instantly saluted with—"Well, Mr. West, you would not come to visit me, and therefore I have been obliged to come to visit you, as I should regret your return to England, without our being acquainted—there is an acquaintance of yours here already—a great favourite of mine I assure you," and the first fine spirited sketch of Death on the Pale Horse, was forthwith produced to its astonished author. Buonaparte enquired whether that sketch was ever to be completed on the scale it deserved, and for whom it was intended—on being informed it was for the late King,—“Ah, said he, the King of England is a good man—a very religious man.” They then proceeded through the Louvre, and when they arrived at the busts intended to be erected on that day, Buonaparte paused, folded his arms as he is represented in his statues, and after appearing to contemplate one of them with peculiar thoughtfulness, he turned to the English visitor—"Mr. West, if I had my choice, I would sooner be the original of that bust, than any man I ever

heard or read of."—"I was burning (said Mr. West, relating the anecdote to the writer,) to tell him that he had it at that moment in his power by sacrificing his ambition, and establishing the liberties of his country to be the very man,"—*it was the bust of Washington*. Napoleon no doubt did not forget that the English artist was himself an *American*. Such were the arts by which this extraordinary individual drew a circle round him wherever he moved, which none ever entered without being fixed as by fascination.

WILLIAM PENN'S DEED FROM THE
INDIANS, IN 1685.

*This indenture witnesseth, that—*we Packenah, Jarekhan Jikals, Partquesott, Jervis Essepenauk, Felktroy, Hekellappau, Econus, Machloha Metheonga, Wissa Powey, Indian kings, sachemakers, right owners of all lands from Quing Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the west side of Delaware river, and so between the said Creeks, backwards, as far as a man can ride in

two days, with an horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us paid in hand, and secured by William Penn, proprietary and governor of the province of Pennsylvania, and territories thereof: viz. 20 guns, 20 fathoms matchcoat, 20 fathoms Stroud-water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 lbs. of powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 lbs. of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pair of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 lbs. of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 Jews harps, 20 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads, do hereby acknowledge, &c. &c. Given under our hand, at New Castle, 2d day of the 8th month, 1685.

(A true copy taken from the original, in December, 1813, by Ephraim Morton, of Washington, Pennsylvania, formerly a clerk in the land office.)

MR. CHARLES LLOYD'S POEMS.*

THERE is no more remarkable instance of the "cant of criticism," than the representation currently received as distinctive, whereby several authors, chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of the lakes, were characterised as belonging to one school of poetry. In truth, propinquity of residence, and the bonds of private friendship, are the only circumstances which have ever given the slightest colour to the hypothesis which marked them out as disciples of the same creed. It is scarcely possible to conceive individuals more dissimilar in the objects of their choice, or in the essential properties of their genius. Who, for example, can have less in common than Wordsworth and Coleridge, if we except those faculties which are necessarily the portion of the highest order of imaginative minds? The former of these has sought for his subjects

among the most ordinary occurrences of life, which he has dignified and exalted, from which he has extracted the holiest essences of good, or over which he has cast a consecrating and harmonizing light "which never was by sea or land." The latter, on the other hand, has spread abroad his mighty mind, searching for his materials through all history and all science, penetrating into the hidden soul of the wildest superstitions, and selecting the richest spoils of time from the remotest ages. Wordsworth is all intensity—he sees nothing, but through the hallowing medium of his own soul, and represents all things calm, silent, and harmonious as his own perceptions. Coleridge throws himself into all the various objects which he contemplates, and attracts to his own imagery their colours and forms. The first seizes only the mighty

* Desultory Thoughts in London, Titus and Gisippus, with other Poems. By Charles Lloyd, author of *Nugæ Canoræ*, and translator of *Alfieri's Tragedies*, 12mo. 1821.

and the true; with a giant grasp;—the last has a passionate and almost effeminate love of beauty and tenderness which he never loses. One looks only on the affections in their inmost home, while the other perceives them in the lightest and remotest tints, which they cast on objects the strangest and most barbarous. All the distinction, in short, between the intense and the expansive—the severe and the lovely—the philosophic and the magical—really separates these great poets, whom it has been the fashion to censure as united in one heresy. If we cast the slightest glance at Southey's productions, we shall find him unlike either of these, his associates—offering a child-like feebleness in contrast to Wordsworth's nerve—and ranging through mythologies and strange fantasies, not only with less dominion than Coleridge, but merely portraying the shapes to which they gave existence, instead of discovering the spirit of truth and beauty within them. Nor does the author before us, often combined with these by the ignorance or the artifice of criticism, differ less widely from them. Without Wordsworth's intuitive perception of the profoundest truths, or Coleridge's feeling of deep beauty, he has a subtle activity of mind which supplies the place of the first, and a wonderful power of minute observation, which, when directed to lovely objects, in a great degree produces the effect of the latter. All these three rise on some occasions to the highest heaven of thought and feeling, though by various processes—Wordsworth reaching it at once by the divine wingedness of his genius—Coleridge ascending to it by a spiral tract of glory winding on through many a circuit of celestial light—and Lloyd stepping thither by a firm ladder, like that of Jacob, by even steps, which the feet of angels have trodden!

The peculiar qualities of Mr. Lloyd's genius have never been so clearly developed as in the chief poem of the work before us. In his "*Nugæ Canoræ*," all his thoughts and feelings were overcast by a gentle melancholy, which rendered their prominences less distinct, as it shed over them one sad and sober hue. Even, however, in his most

pensive moods, the vigorous and restless activity of his intellect might be discerned, curiously enquiring for the secret springs of its own distress, and regarding its sorrows as high problems worthy of the most painful scrutiny. While he exhibited to us the full and pensive stream of emotion, with all the images of soft clouds and delicate foliage reflected on its bosom, he failed not to conduct us to its deep-seated fountains, or to lay open to our view the jagged caverns within its banks. Yet here the vast intellectual power was less conspicuous than in his last poems, because the personal emotion was more intense, single, and pervading. He is now, we rejoice to observe, more "i' the sun," and consequently, the nice workings of his reason are set more distinctly before us. The "*Desultory Thoughts in London*" embrace a great variety of topics, associated in the mind of the author with the metropolis, but many of them belonging to those classes of abstraction which might as fitly be contemplated in a desert. Among these are "Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,"—the theories of manners and morals—the doctrines of expediency and self-interest—with many speculations relating to the imaginative parts of literature, and the influences of religion upon them—all of which are grasped by the hand of a master. The whole range of controversial writing scarcely affords an example of propositions stated so lucidly, qualified so craftily, and urged with such exemplary fairness and candour, as in this work. It must, indeed, be admitted, that the admirable qualities of the argument render it somewhat unfit for marriage "with immortal verse." Philosophical poetry, when most attractive, seizes on some grand elemental truths, which it links to the noblest material images, and seeks rather to send one vast sentiment to the heart through the medium of the imagination, than to lead the mind by a regular process of logic, to the result which it contemplates. Mere didactic poetry, as Pope's *Essay on Man*, succeeds not by the nice balance of reasons, but by decking out some obvious common place in a gorgeous rhetoric, or by expressing a familiar sentiment

in such forcible language as will give it a singular charm to all who have felt its justice in a plainer garb. In general, the poet, no less than the woman, who deliberates, is lost. But Mr. Lloyd's effusions are in a great measure exceptions to this rule;—for though they are sometimes "harsh and crabbed," and sometimes too minute, they are marked by so hearty an earnestness, and adorned by such variety of illustration, and imbued with such deep sentiment, that they often enchant while they convince us. Although his processes are careful, his results belong to the stateliest range of truths. His most laborious reasonings lead us to elevated views of humanity—to the sense of a might above reason itself—to those objects which have inspired the most glorious enthusiasm, and of which the profoundest bards have delighted to afford us glimpses. It is quite inspiring to follow him as he detects the inconsistencies of worldly wisdom, as he breaks the shallow reasonings of the advocates of expediency into pieces, or as he vindicates their prerogatives to faith and hope. He leads us up a steep and stony ascent, step by step; but cheers us by many a ravishing prospect by the way, and conducts at last to an eminence, not only above the mists of error, but where the rainbow comes, and whence the gate of heaven may be seen as from the Delectable Mountains which Bunyan's Pilgrim visited.

We scarcely know how to select a specimen which shall do justice to an author, whose speculations are too vast to be completed within a short space, and are connected with others by delicate links of thought. We will give, however, his vindication of the enthusiastic and self-denying spirit, which, however associated with absurdity, is the soul of all religion and virtue.

Reasoners, that argue of ye know not
what,
Do not, as mystical, my strain deride:
By facts' criterion be its doctrine tried.

The blind as well might doubt of sense of
sight;

Peruse their lives, who thus have vow'd
pursuit

Of heavenly communion: in despite

Of all your arguments ye can't dispute
Their singleness of heart: except ye fight

'Gainst facts, ye, self-convicted, must
be mute.

Will ye deny, that they've a secret fount
To baffle fate, and heal each mortal wound?

Will ye deny, to them alone 'tis given,
Who its existence, as a faith, embrac'd?
'Tis mainly requisite, to partake of heaven,
That the heart's treasures there should
first be placed.

According to thy faith shall it be given
To thee, with spiritual glories, to be
graced.

As well all facts whence man experience
hath,

As doubt immunities bound up in faith.

'Tis easy thing to say, that men are knaves;

'Tis easy thing to say, that men are fools;

'Tis easy thing to say, an author raves;

Easy, to him who always ridicules
The incomprehensible, to allege—and save
Trouble of farther thought—that of
these rules

Fanatic feeling in a mad-man's brain:
That half-pretence oft ekes out half-insane.

We know all this; but we know also well,
These men we speak of, tried by every
test

Admissible, all other men excel
In virtue, and in happiness. Since
bless'd

Are they, stern Fate, spite of thy direst
spell!

Infection, loathsome maladies, each pest
And plague,—for these have they,—should
they assail,

A panacea which will never fail!

God is their rock, their fortress of defence,
In time of trouble, a defence most holy;
For them the wrath of man is impotence;
His pride, a bubble; and his wisdom,
folly.

That "peace" have they—unspeakable,
intense,—

"Which passeth understanding!" Melancholy

Life's gauds to them: the unseen they explore:

Rooted in heaven, to live is—to adore!

Ye, that might cavil at these humble lays,
Peruse the page of child-like Fenelon;
Hear what the rapt, transfigur'd Quaker
says,

With ills of body such as few have
known:—

Tedious imprisonment; in youthful days
To luxuries used, they all aside are
thrown;

To poverty devoted, she defies
Its sorest ills, blessing the sacrifice.

Was e'er an instance known, that man
could taste

True peace of mind, and spurn religion's
laws?

And other things were this *alliance* traced ;
 Constant *coincidence* ; effect, and cause,
 We scruple not to call them ; or, at least,
 Condition indispensable, whence draws
 The one, the other. This *coincidence*
 But grant me *here* ;—and grant the consequence.

Facts, facts, are stubborn things ! We
 trust the sense

Of sight, because th' experience of each
 day

Warrants our trust in it. Now, tell me
 whence

It is, no mortal yet could dare to say,
 Man trusted in his God for his defence,
 And was confounded ? cover'd with dismay ?

Looses he friends ? Religion dries his tears !
 Looses he life ? Religion calms his fears !

Looses he health ? Religion balm's his mind,
 And pains of flesh seem ministers of
 grace,

And wait upon a rapture more refin'd,
 Than e'en in lushest health e'er found a
 place.

Looses he wealth ? the pleasure it can find
 He had before renounced ; thus can he
 trace

No difference, but that now the *heart* bestows

What through a *hand* less affluent scantier
 flows.

He too as much enjoys the spectacle
 Of good, when done by others as by him :

Looses he fame ? the honour he loves well
 Is not of earth, but that which seraphim

Might prize ! Looses he liberty ? his cell,
 And all its vaults, echo his rapturous
 hymn !

He feels as free as freest bird in air !
 His heaven-shrin'd spirit finds heaven every
 where !

'Tis not romance which we are uttering !
 No ;

Thousands of volumes each word's truth
 attest !

Thousands of souls redeem'd from all below

Can bring a proof, that, e'en while earthly
 guest,

'Tis possible for man that *peace* to know,
 Which maketh him impassive to the test
 Of mortal sufferance ! Many and many a
 martyr

Has found this bound up in religion's
 charter.

Pleasure, or philosophical or sensual,
 Is not, ought not to be, man's primary
 rule ;

We often feel bound by a law potential
 To do those things which e'en our reasons
 fool.

God, and he only, sees the consequential ;
 Vol. III.

The mind, well nurtur'd in religion's
 school

Feels that *He* only—to whom all's obedient—

Has right to guide itself by the expedient.

Duty is man's first law, not satisfaction !

That satisfaction, comes from *this* perform'd,

We grant ! But should this be the prime
 attraction

That led us to performance, soon in-
 form'd

By finding that we've miss'd the meed of
 action,

We shall confess our error. Oft we're
 warm'd,

By a strong spirit we cannot restrain,
 To deeds, which make all calculation vain.

Had Regulus reason'd, whether on the scale
 Of *use*, in Rome, his faculties would *most*,

Or Carthage—patriotism's cause *avail*,
 He never had resum'd his fatal post.

Brutus, Virginius had they tried *by tale*
 Their country's cause, had never been
 her boast.

Yet had it not these self-doom'd heroes
 seen,

Rome "the eternal city," ne'er had been !

Shall Christ submit upon the cross to bleed,
 And man for all he does a reason ask ?

Have martyrs died, and confessors, indeed,
 That he must seek a *why* for every task ?

If it be so, to prate we've little need
 Of this *enlighten'd age* ! Take off the
 mask !

If it be so, and ye'll find this our *proud*
age,—

Its grand climacterick past, is in its *dotage*.

Thy name, Thermopylae, had ne'er been
 heard,

Were not the Greeks wiser than our wise
 men.

I grant, that heaven alone to man trans-
 ferr'd,

When he would raise up states for his-
 tory's pen,

This more than mortal instinct ! Yet ab-
 surd

It is (because, perhaps, our narrower ken
 Their heights cannot descry ; yea, and a
 curse

'Twill bring) to make a *theory* of the worse.

A theory for a declining race !

No, let us keep at least our lips from lies ;
 If we have forfeited *Truth's* soaring grace,

Let us not *falsify* her prodigies.

We well may wear a blush upon our face,
 From her past triumphs so t' apostatize

In deeds ; but let us not with this invent
 An infidelity of argument.

Go to Palmyra's ruins ; visit Greece.
 Behold ! The wrecks of her magnificence

Seem left, in spite of man, thus to increase
The sting of satire on his impotence.
As to betray how soon man's glories cease ;
Tombs, time defying, of the most pre-
tence

But only make us feel with more surprise,
How mean the things they would immortalize !

The following is only a portion of
a series of reminiscences equally lux-
urions and intense, and which are at-
tended throughout by that vein of
reflection which our author never
loses.

Oh, were the eye of youth a moment ours !
When every flower that gemm'd the var-
rious earth

Brought down from Heaven enjoyment's
genial showers !

And every bird, of everlasting mirth
Prophecied to us in romantic bowers !

Love was the garniture, whose blameless
birth

Caus'd that each filmy web where dew-
drops trembled,

The gossamery haunt of elves resembled !

We can remember earliest days of spring,
When violets blue and white, and prim-
rose pale,

Like callow nestlings 'neath their mother's
wing,

Each peep'd from under the broad leaf's
green veil.

When streams look'd blue ; and thin clouds
clustering

O'er the wide empyrean did prevail,
Rising like incense from the breathing
world,

Whose gracious aspect was with dew im-
pearl'd.

When a soft moisture, steaming every
where,

To the earth's countenance mellowed hues
imparted ;

When sylvan choristers self-pois'd in air,
Or perched on boughs, in shrilly quiver-
ings darted

Their little raptures forth ; when the warm
glare

(While glancing lights backwards and
forwards started,

As if with meteors silver-sheath'd 'twere
flooded)

Soltry, and silent, on the hill's turf brooded.

Oh, in these moments we such joy have
felt,

As if the earth were nothing but a shrine ;
Where all, or awe inspir'd, or made one
melt ~

Gratefully towards its architect divine !

Father ! in future (as I once have dwelt

Within that very sanctuary of thine,

When shapes, and sounds, seem'd as but
modes of Thee !)

That with experience gain'd were heaven
to me !

Of in the fullness of the joy ye give,
Oh, days of youth ! in summer's noon-
tide hours,

Did I a depth of quietness receive
From insects' drowsy hum, that all my
powers

Would baffle to pourtray ! Let them that
live

In vacant solitude, speak from their
bowers

What nameless pleasures letter'd once may
cheer,

Thee, Nature ! bless'd to mark with eye
and ear !—

Who can have watch'd the wild rose' blush-
ing dye,

And seen what treasures its rich cups
contain ;

Who, of soft shades the fine variety,
From white to deepest flush of vermeil
stain ?

Who, when impearl'd with dew-drop's ra-
diancy

Its petals breath'd perfume, while he did
strain

His very being, lest the sense should fail
T' imbibe each sweet its beauties did ex-
hale ?

Who amid lanes, on eve of summer days,
Which sheep brouze, could the thicket's
wealth behold ?

The fragrant honey-suckle's bowery mass ?
The furze bush, with its vegetable gold ?

In every satin sheath that helps to raise
The fox-glove's cone, the figures man-
fold

With such a dainty exquisiteness wrought !—
Nor grant that thoughtful love they all have
taught ?

The daisy, cowslip, each have to them
given—

The wood anemone, the strawberry wild,
Grass of Parnassus, meek as star of even :—

Bright, as the brightening eye of smiling
child,

And bathed in blue transparency of heaven,
Veronica ; the primrose pale, and mild :—

Of charms (of which to speak no tongue is
able)

Intercommunion incommunicable !

I had a cottage in a Paradise !
'Twere hard to enumerate the charms
combin'd

Within the little space, greeting the eyes,
Its unpretending precincts that confin'd

Onward, in front, a mountain stream did
rise

Up, whose long course the fascinated mind
(So apt the scene to awaken wildest themes)

Might localise the most romantic dross.

When winter torrents, by the rain and snow;
 Surlily dashing down the hills, were fed,
 Its mighty mass of waters seem'd to flow
 With deafening course precipitous: its
 bed

Rocky, such steep declivities did shew
 That towards us with a rapid course it
 sped,

Broken by frequent falls; thus did it roam
 In whirlpools eddying, and convulsed with
 foam.

Flank'd were its banks with perpendicular
 rocks,

Whose seams enormous, sometimes grey
 and bare,

And sometimes clad with ash and gnarled
 oaks,

The birch, the hazel, pine, and holly,
 were.

Their tawny leaves, the sport of winters'
 shocks,

Of o'er its channel cycled in the air;
 While, on their tops, and midway up them,
 seen,

Lower'd cone-like firs and yews in gloomiest
 green.

So many voices from this river came
 In summer, winter, autumn, or the
 spring;

So many sounds accordant to each frame
 Of Nature's aspect, (whether the storm's
 wing

Brooded on it, or pantingly, and tame,
 The low breeze crisp'd its waters) that,
 to sing

Half of their tones, impossible! or tell
 The listener's feelings from their viewless
 spell.

When firs gleam'd bright, and when the
 curtain'd room,

Well stock'd with books and music's
 implements,

When children's faces, dress'd in all the
 bloom

Of innocent enjoyments, deep content's
 Deepest delight inspir'd; when nature's
 gloom

To the domesticated heart presents
 (By consummate tranquillity possess'd)
 Contrast, that might have stirr'd the dalli-
 est breast;

Yes,—in such hour as that—thy voice I've
 known.

Oh, hallow'd stream!—fitly so nam'd—
 (since tones

Of deepest melancholy swell'd upon
 The breeze that bore it)—fearful as the
 groans

Of fierce night spirits! Yes, when tapers
 shone

Athwart the room (when, from their
 skiey thrones

Of ice-piled height abrupt, rush'd rudely
 forth,

Riding the blast, the tempests of the north;)

Thy voice I've known to wake a dream of
 wonder!

For though 'twas loud, and wild with
 turbulence,

And absolute as is the deep-voiced thunder,
 Such fine gradations mark'd its differ-
 ence

Of audibility, one scarce could sunder
 Its gradual swellings from the influence

Of harp Æolian, when, upon the breeze,
 Floats in a stream its plaintive harmonies.

One might have thought, that spirits of
 the air

Warbled amid it in an undersong;
 And oft one might have thought, that
 shrieks were there

Of spirits, driven for chastisement along
 The invisible regions that above earth are.

All species seem'd of intonation (strong
 To bind the soul, Imagination rouse,)
 Conjur'd from preternatural prison-house.

But when the heavens are blue, and sum-
 mer skies

Are pictur'd in thy wave's coruscant
 glances;

Then thy crisp stream its course so gaily
 plies,

Trips on so merrily in endless dances,
 Such low sweet tone, fit for the time, does

rise
 From thy swift course, methinks, that
 it enhances

The hue of flowers which decorate thy
 banks,

While each one's freshness seems to pay
 thee thanks.

Solemn the mountains that the horizon
 close,

From whose drear verge thou seem'st to
 issue forth:

Sorcery might fitly dwell, one could sup-
 pose,

(Or any wondrous spell of heaven or
 earth,

Which e'en to name man's utterance not
 knows,)

Amid the forms that mark thy place of
 birth.

Thither direct your eye, and you will find
 All that excites the imaginative mind!

The tale of Titus and Gisippus
 which follows, while it is very inter-
 esting as a story, exhibits the same
 great intellectual power and cease-
 less activity of thought, which char-
 acterize the Thoughts in London.

Mr. Lloyd has taken the common
 incident of one lover resigning his
 mistress to another, and the names
 of his chief characters from Boc-
 caccio, but in all other respects, the
 poem is original. Its chief peculia-
 rity is the manner in which it rea-

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sons upon all the emotions which it portrays, especially on the progress of love in the soul, with infinite nicety of discrimination, not unlike that which Shakspeare has manifested in his amatory poems. He accounts for the finest shade of feeling, and analyzes its essence, with the same care, as though he were demonstrating a proposition of Euclid. He is as minute in his delineation of all the variations of the heart, as Richardson was in his narratives of matters of fact;—and like him, thus throws such an air of truth over his statements, that we can scarcely avoid receiving them as authentic history. At the same time, he conducts this process with so delicate a hand, and touches his subjects with so deep a reverence for humanity, that he teaches us to love our nature the more from his masterly dissection. By way of example of these remarks, we will give part of the scene between a lover who long has secretly been agitated by a passion for the betrothed mistress of his friend, and the object of his silent affection whom he has just rescued from a watery grave—though it is not perhaps the most beautiful passage of the poem:

He is on land; on safe land is he come:
 Sophronia's head he pillows on a stone:
 A death-like paleness hath usurp'd her bloom;
 Her head falls lapsing on his shoulder.
 None
 Were there to give him aid! he fears her doom
 Is seal'd for evermore! At last a groan
 Burst from her livid lips, and then the word
 "Titus" he heard, or fancied that he heard!—

Where was he then? From death to life
 restor'd!—
 From hell to heaven! To rapture from
 despair!
 His hand he now lays on that breast ador'd;
 And now her pulse he feels; and now—
 (beware,
 Beware, rash youth!) his lips draw in a
 hoard
 Of perfume from her lips, which though
 they were
 Still clos'd, yet oft the inarticulate sigh,
 Issuing from thence, he drank with ecstasy.
 Still were they cold; her hands were also
 cold;
 Those hands he chaf'd, and, perhaps to re-
 store

To her chill paly lips their warmth, so bold
 He grew, he kiss'd those pale lips o'er
 and o'er.
 Nay, to revive in their most perfect mould
 Their wonted rubeous hue, he dared do
 more;—
 He glued his mouth to them, and breath'd
 his breath
 To die with her, or rescue her from death.—
 Thou art undone, mad youth! The fire of
 love
 Burn'd so intensely in his throbbing veins,
 That, had she been a statue, he might prove
 A new Pygmalion, and the icy chains
 Of death defy. Well then might he re-
 move
 The torpor which her o'erwrought frame
 sustains.—
 If sweet, revival from such menaced death;
 More sweet, revival by a lover's breath!
 She feels the delicate influence through her
 thrill,
 And with seal'd eye lay in a giddy trance.
 Scarce dare she open them, when had he
 will
 On this been bent, she felt the power's
 glance
 Their lights on him. No, with a lingering
 skill—
 Oh, blame her not!—she did awhile ex-
 hance
 The bliss of that revival, by a feign'd
 Or half-feign'd shew of coarct still re-
 tain'd.
 At last, she look'd!—They look'd!—Eye
 met with eye!
 The whole was told! The lover, and
 the lov'd,
 The ador'd, and the adorer, ecstasy
 Never 'till then experienced—swiftly
 proved!—
 Thanks for his aid were a mean courtesy!
 They were forgotten! Transport un-
 proved,
 This was his guerdon; this his rich reward!
 An hour's oblivion with Sophronia shared!
 Then all the world was lost to them, in one
 Fulness of unimaginable bliss!—
 Infinity was with them! and the zone
 Unbound whence Venus sheds upon a
 kiss
 Nectarous essences, and raptures known
 Ne'er save to moments unexpress'd as
 this!
 And in that earnest impulse did they find
 Peace and intensity, alike combin'd!
 To frame such joy, these things are re-
 quisite;
 A lofty nature; the exalting stress
 Of stimulating trials; which require,
 And antecedent sorrows, doubly bless
 Consummate sympathies, which souls unite;
 And a conjuncture, whence no lesser
 press

[Impulse—long as these delights we prove—
From one thing foreign to the world of love.

This could not last; Not merely would a
word;—

A gesture would, a look, dissolve the
charm!—

Could home be mention'd nor the thought
restor'd,

To her remembrance, of Gisippus' warm
And manly love? Bless'd be ye with your
hoard

Of transient bliss, and be ye safe from
harm,

Ye fond, fond pair! But think not joys so
high

Can be inwoven with reality!

At last a swift revulsion through her frame
And o'er her countenance stole: a sud-
den pause!

Her eyes, which had imbib'd a piercing
flame,

Fell at once rayless; and her bosom
draws

One in-pent sigh; one look imploring came
O'er her fine face! Titus knew well the
cause

Of this so sudden change: he dared not
speak;

He dared not move; dared not its reason
seek!

Some minutes they were silent. Night ad-
vanced;

Titus, towards himself, Sophronia press'd,
But dumb he stood; upward she faintly
glanced

A look upbraiding, and upon his breast—
Gently reclining—lay like one entranced!

No longer now was happiness her guest.
She starts! She cries "Gisippus!"—All
is told!—

Cold fell the word, on bosoms still more
cold!

They rose, and crept along in silence—
Sophronia reach'd her home, but nothing
said,

E'en to her mother, of her past distress.
Her threshold past not Titus—Thence he
fled,

Soon as in safety he the maid did guess,
Like to a madman madden'd more with
dread!

Nor ever of this night, or of its spell
Of mighty love, did he breathe syllable!

We now take leave of Mr. Lloyd
with peculiar gratitude for the rich
materials for thought with which a
perusal of his poems has endowed us.
We shall look for his next appear-
ance before the public with anxiety;
—assured that his powers are not
even yet fully developed to the world,
and that he is destined to occupy a
high station among the finest spirits
of his age.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

DON QUIXOTE IN SCYTHIA.

UNDER the head of Literary Intelligence, in our last Number, we made mention of this comic epopée,—but that article was merely the condensation of a paper which we are now induced to give at length. We should not have obtruded this repetition upon our readers, did we not conceive that they will not be displeased at being thus presented with the general features of a composition, in which they may trace the new adventures of their old and entertaining acquaintances, the paragon of knights and the paragon of squires. In addition to this interest, which the poem possesses for every European nation, it is not devoid of attraction as a literary curiosity, having been originally composed in the Sicilian idiom.

Don Chisciotte e Sancho Panza nella Scizia. Poema originale in Dialetto Siciliano del celebre Don Giovanni Meli, tradotto in Lingua Italiana del Cavaliere Matteo di Bevilacqua. 2 tom. 4to. Vienna, 1818.

To compare this work with the immortal production of Cervantes, or to consider it as a mere imitation, would be equally unfair; for although the author has borrowed the principal idea from the Spanish original, he has produced a composition essentially different; which, notwithstanding that, like other imitations of the same great master-piece, it is inferior to it, must yet be allowed to rank

high in Italian literature, and to be worthy of the reputation of the writer. The present work differs from its predecessor, not merely by being in verse, but by the decidedly comic tone which it assumes.

It is more extravagant in its incidents—more fantastic in its spirit—it stretches our poetic faith to its utmost limits. Yet, so rich and varied are the comic powers exhibited

throughout the poem, that the reader voluntarily yields himself to the delusion, without even wishing to call the author to account for the grossness of his deceptions. One peculiarity distinguishing this *Quixote*, is, that although modelled on the hero of Cervantes, he does not pretend to be identically the same individual, but may, more correctly, be considered in poetry, what a variation of a favourite theme is in music. Such *rifacimenti* are by no means unusual with the Italians; it frequently happens, however, that some violence is done to the original, in order that the renovated form may produce a novel and striking effect. This is often the case with *Meli*, who, lest he should appear not to come up to his model, frequently goes beyond it, and passing the limits of comic humour, falls into parody. If adherence to the original features be an indispensable duty, in whoever selects such well-known personages as the characters immortalized and identified by the vivifying pen of Cervantes, this author frequently shocks us, by exhibiting the faithful squire as maliciously disposed towards his master.

We know not how to convey a more correct notion of the spirit and manner of the present poem, than by saying, that in sarcastic wit it is not inferior to the *Novelle* of Casti—but in decorum far superior to those notorious compositions.

The poet begins his work by evoking the shade of the knight, conjuring him to disclose such of his adventures as had been passed over in silence by his first historian, in order that they may not be lost to posterity. He then immediately transports his hero and Sancho—who himself, by the bye, is worth a dozen ordinary heroes of Romance—into the midst of Scythia. In precipitately descending a mountain of snow, a rude concussion happens between the knight and his squire, owing to which the latter has an eye knocked out, and immediately after electric sparks are seen to proceed from the coat of Dapple, which the Don attributes to enchantment. After many ineffectual conjurations addressed to his Dulcinea, he in his fury slays the unfortunate animal; who is most feelingly eulogized and bewailed by Sancho.

The second Canto opens with a sin-

gular piece of mythology—the birth of Chance, a power who plays a considerable part in the poem, and one to whom both the hero and his satellite are frequently indebted for their preservation. Sancho has the misfortune to fall into a well; Don Quixote, too, has an adventure with some dogs, in which encounter he sustains some damage. There is a beautiful elegiac idyl in this Canto, which is terminated by the Don's cloathing himself like another Hercules, with the hide of Dapple.

A fresh adventure is announced to the Knight, in the succeeding Canto, by means of a dream. Hearing sounds issuing from a chasm in a rock, he causes himself to be let down with ropes, and there he encounters Sancho, whom he supposes to be an enchanter, and who is the loser of a nose in this meeting. In the fourth Canto, Sancho relates to the shepherds some of the earlier adventures of his master, as they have been recorded by Cervantes. Don Quixote, in the mean while, wandering about in the cavern after the shepherds had drawn Sancho up, hears a dreadful sound, which he supposes to proceed from an invisible enemy, but which he finds to be occasioned by a torrent in its escape from the cavern. Don Quixote is rescued from his peril by a gardener and a hermit, the latter of whom furnishes him with some of his own words: thus disguised, he is met by Sancho, who, not knowing him, relates to the supposed recluse his master's mad fits and follies, and not in a very eulogizing strain.

Aves un sistema eroico e reale
E non nutrive al cor ombra di fiele
Malgrado cio, soffriva un certo male
Che in traccia andava ognora di querele;
Per lui era tormento un gran solazzo,
La fame sazieta—dunque era pazzo.

The knight's indignation discovers him, and hardly is he appeased, before a new adventure presents itself. He mistakes the shadow thrown by a cloud upon the side of a mountain, for a giant; and this error creates a scene, that is worthy of the pen of Cervantes himself, whether we regard its conception or its execution.—While he is hacking with his sword against a fragment of the rock—he alarms a porcupine from its place of concealment, and attempts to convince his incredulous

leons squire, that the giant has transformed himself into this animal—at length, indignant at his scepticism, he challenges Sancho to a combat, in imitation of those of the Athlete of antiquity: this, however, terminates not very gloriously for the knight—nor very becomingly for the poet, who ventures, in this place, to indulge in such unblushing and free strains as would do honour to a Casti. On the shore of the island, which was the scene of the last-mentioned adventure, Don Quixote finds (in the sixth Canto) a boat, in which, after much altercation, both he and Sancho embark, in order to pursue their exploits on a different element. The squire breaks out into bitter complaints against his destiny, and particularly as he is obliged to meet his fate in the darkness of night, without being able to leave behind him any account of the way in which he is reduced to perish. The knight himself is in the interim buried in waking dreams, mistaking, as he does, the noise of a mill for the music of the spheres, and imagining himself to be discoursing most pleasantly with Jupiter, upon various imperfections of humanity and human affairs. These visions are suddenly dissipated by a youth, who leaps from a precipice into the vessel. This intruder, who is only a disconsolate swain, who has been instigated by Bacchus to take this new *lover's leap*, on being questioned as to his name, replies that he is the king of the Mamelukes, an assertion which meets with full credit from our visionary hero; and produces a very entertaining conversation, in which are admirably displayed, and contrasted, the opposite views of the knight and his squire. Daylight, in the mean time, has appeared; and Sancho, weary of his voyage, avails himself of the opportunity afforded by a rock, to catch hold of it and leap ashore, dragging his ragged majesty of the Mamelukes *en suite*. In vain does Don Quixote endeavour to entice back his squire, from what he conceives to be a perilous situation; for to his vivifying imagination the rock appears some huge sea-monster. At length he consents to engage in the seemingly desperate exploit himself,—and enters a cavity of the rock, which he has convinced himself is the monster's mouth. The

seventh Canto leaves us in doubt as to the farther fortunes of the hero, but Sancho, who on not finding him, supposes that he has been swallowed up by the monster, with the assistance of the shepherd, again makes himself master of the boat, and they thus reach the nearest shore. A shepherdess, who has recently lost her betrothed husband, is prevailed upon by the eloquence of Sancho, who has obtained great celebrity among the shepherds, to bestow her hand upon the rustic, who has accompanied him in the boat. Although this Canto is enriched with several passages of no inconsiderable beauty, it is, nevertheless, rather tame and meagre when compared with those which precede it. On the re-appearance of the hero, however, the interest and the action of the poem are again revived; for the two next Cantos are the most successful in the whole work, and will sustain a comparison with the inventions of Cervantes. During the celebration of the marriage-festival, Don Quixote makes his appearance in the midst of a volley of stones, which, spite of his valour, his whimsical figure has attracted from a troop of roguish boys. A highly comic scene now takes place: Sancho advances towards his master, arrayed in knightly costume of the most singular description; for instead of a helmet, he wears a hollowed gourd, decorated with a horse's tail instead of a plume—his mantle is a sheep's skin, and his breast is protected by a horse's hide. This singularly equipped warrior gives a very pleasant description of the different parts of his dress; recounting the admirable properties of each part, in such a manner as to excite the admiration of Don Quixote, who does not recognize in the strange figure before him his own follower and satellite.

In the ninth Canto, Sancho, having conducted his master into the shepherd's habitation, recounts to him how a lascivious enchanter has had recourse to the aid of demons, in order to discover by what spell he may overcome the virtue of every female;—he informs him, moreover, that this malicious traitor has assumed the appearance of the renowned Don Quixote, for the purpose of subduing, under that irresistible shape, the chas-

city of the virtuous and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. Notwithstanding, however, the captivating form in which he appeared, the traitor has been valiantly repulsed by the maiden, whom, out of revenge for her contempt, he has metamorphosed into an ugly hag. In this shape, has he, her brother, conducted her through different countries, in the hope of meeting with some knight who may effect her disenchantment by vanquishing the sorcerer in combat. Hitherto, no one has been able to accomplish this purpose, each having been foiled; and he himself, as he informs the knight, has lost half his nose in the attempt. Don Quixote is now conducted by Sancho to a frightful old woman, whom he addresses as his adored Dulcinea; and, in order to release her from her dreadful fate, he prepares to have recourse to the counter-spells, which are to produce the disenchantment. In all these inventions and contrivances of Sancho Panza, there is something contradictory to the simplicity belonging to his character; and this want of keeping is rather diminished than increased, when the poet attributes to him a delicate feeling for real beauty; as is the case, where he describes his raptures at beholding the sea on a clear moonlight night.

The reader does not feel quite satisfied, besides, with the cruel manner in which the disenchantment is so contrived by Sancho, as to occasion his master the loss of an ear, and a severe wound on the foot. This is certainly quite contradictory to the other parts of Sancho's behaviour, and destroys the harmony of the composition.

Anxious to remove the unfavourable impressions produced by this gratuitous display of inhumanity, the poet exhibits Sancho to us, in the eleventh Canto, in all his native *bon-homme*,—concerned for the serious effects of his unfeeling pleasantry, and eager to relieve the misfortunes which his malice has occasioned. In compliance with the advice of his squire, who recommends it as efficacious against the machinations of the enchanter, and by way of penance for his infidelity towards his mistress, in having expressed too warmly his admiration of the shepherdess, Dou

Quixote determines to turn peasant. Sancho is rejoiced at the readiness of his compliance, hoping that this scheme may tend to cure his master of his visionary fancies. Destiny, however, frustrates this notably-devised plan: Sancho finds the rusticated Don engraving on the stem of a tree some fine Utopian plans for the improvement of the world. He ridicules these new chimeras, in which the knight is indulging, declaring that it would be as easy to straighten the crooked branches of an oak, as to straighten all that is bent and crooked in the world. Don Quixote considering this to be a challenge, prepares to exhibit his prowess—but owing to the violence of his exertions, he bursts his body, and dies. Such a catastrophe is, it must be confessed, at once ridiculous, disgusting, and revolting to our feelings. How different is the death which Cervantes has given to his hero! Sancho, after burying his master, travels through the world, where the reputation of the knight's exploits had conferred a celebrity upon this his faithful squire; and passes the remainder of his life in moderate but contented circumstances. Such are the most prominent events of this poem: with respect to its execution, it certainly possesses considerable beauties; and the language and versification are conspicuous for purity and facility. We hesitate not to affirm that Bevilacqua has conferred a favour on the literary world, by thus drawing from the obscurity of the Sicilian idiom, a production of considerable humour, and possessing, even in its title, something to excite our interest, and insure our attention.

The reader ought not, however, to expect a *continuation* of the adventures of the original and inimitable Quixote of the Spanish author, but rather a variation, as we before observed, of a popular theme. Decidedly inferior, in many respects, to its model, the present work hardly aspires to be considered as the emanation of a kindred genius. The incidents are too uniformly comic, without any of those fine serious traits,—that redeeming spirit of poetry,—that wonderful invention every where discoverable in the work of Cervantes,—and those touches which render it

such a faithful transcript of character, and of life. Still, in spite of all the imperfections that might be enumerated, the poem of "Don Quixote in Scythia," possesses no little to re-

commend it to public favour; and the author must be allowed to have made an important addition to the stores of comic poetry.

MÜLLNER; THE AUTHOR OF "GUILT," &c.

Amandus Gottfried Adolph Müllner was born at Langendorff by Weissenfels, October 18, 1774, and was the only son of the Procurator, Heinrich Adolph Müllner. His mother was sister to the celebrated poet Burger. He received the first rudiments of his education at the public school of Weissenfels; and in his eleventh year happening to meet with Wieland's Oberon, he read it with great eagerness, often neglecting his school for that purpose. In 1789, he proceeded to the school Pforta, at which place his principal and favourite study was that of the mathematics. Schmidt, who was his tutor in that science, used to deliver gratuitous lectures upon German poetry, in which he treated very particularly of prosody and rhyme. To these Müllner paid uncommon attention; and was thus induced to study the poetical writers of Germany, and also to make some attempts in poetry himself, much to the displeasure of his other tutors. But that he contrived to render poetry and mathematics compatible with each other, is proved by his describing, in a series of rhymes, the origin of the *elliptic curve*, a subject which he undertook when only sixteen. During the time of his continuing at school, he had frequent opportunities at home of meeting with Burger, whose Leonora being, on one occasion, recited with great energy by the poet, produced a deep impression on young Müllner. Burger, who had observed the extreme interest with which his nephew had listened to the poem, now paid more attention to him, and wrote down for him remarks on such poetical productions as the latter used to submit to his inspection. Among the rest, was a translation from Horace, on the subject of which B. said to the youth: I must confess that at your age I had not made such progress; yet I must at the same time re-

mark, that he who in the full power of youth can bestow so much pains and industry upon the translation of what another has written, is not likely to possess much invention of his own.

This declaration discouraged the pupil to such a degree, that he now absolutely renounced any farther attempts at poetry, with the exception of a few occasional verses; yet he still continued to study and read it, especially the works of Schiller.

From 1793 to 1797, he studied the law at Leipsic, and during the same interval became acquainted with Shakspeare's pieces, as performed at the theatre there, in the translation of Schröder. After 1797, he was employed as a supernumerary actuary in an office at Deilitzsch, near Leipsic, but in the following year returned to Weissenfels, where he began to practise as advocate. At this period he had entirely lost all sight of dramatic writing. In 1802 he married: and in 1803, he wrote some comments on a work, which had then just appeared, 'An Outline of a new juridical System for the Electorate of Saxony.' Müllner's remarks were entitled, 'Sixty Thoughts, by Modestinus, on the Outline,' &c. Subsequent to this, he was employed as a coadjutor in several literary institutions in the juridical class. In 1805, he obtained a Doctor's degree at Wittemberg. The events of the following year, which was so critical and important a one for the north of Germany, turned his attention to the acquisition of the French language, with which he had till this time been perfectly unacquainted, but from whose classical authors he now translated very frequently. Yet these lost all attraction for him, as soon as he was able to peruse them without the assistance of a dictionary. In 1808, he returned to his former studies, and soon after produced another juridical work.*

About this period, in consequence

* Die Allgemeine Elementar-lehre der richterlichen Entscheidungskunde, Leip. This did not sell at all; M. had therefore recourse afterwards to a very culpable stratagem, he printed a new title with the date 1819, and recommended the work himself in several journals; but the artifice was soon detected and held up to reprobation.

of seeing the company from the court theatre at Weimar, which used during the summer months to perform at Lauchstadt, he was excited to make some attempts at dramatic composition, and in 1810, he erected a private theatre at Weissenfels, and became a writer for the stage. His first piece was the "*Angola Cat, or the Queen of Golconda*," a Comedy in one act; this was succeeded by the "*Return from Surinam*," the subject of which is taken from Voltaire's "*La Femme qui a Raison*." In 1811, he produced the "*Confidants*," which was received with great applause at the theatre at Vienna; and in the next year the one act comedy in rhyme called "*The Female Sceptic*." An attempt was now made by him in tragedy. Werner's "*Four-and-twentieth of February*," had been performed at the private theatre: this piece, which contains much relative to the principle of Destiny, led Müllner to make observations on ancient and modern tragedy: these gradually developed his first tragedy, of which the title was "*The twenty-ninth of February*." A personal acquaintance with Iffland resulted from this last production, and that great actor was very urgent with Müllner to compose a regular tragedy for the stage.

It happened that our author was at this precise time employed in discussing a question, proposed in Hencke's work on the Theory of Penal Law; viz. whether there be not criminals whose *supermortal* existence is to be preserved only by the sacrifice of their mortal one, and to whose case we may apply that observation of Seneca, where he says: "*ingeniis talibus vitæ exitus remedium est, optimumque est abire ei, qui ad se nunquam rediturus est*." This circumstance furnished the leading idea for the tragedy of "*Guilt*," which was begun and completed in October 1812. It was first brought out at the Imperial theatre at Vienna, and has since been performed with applause on the principal stages in Germany.

An edition of it appeared at Leipzig, 1816, which, notwithstanding two piracies, was very soon succeeded by a second and third. Shortly after this production, Müllner wrote his Comedy of the "*Great Children*," a duo-drama, called

"*Lightning*," and another piece "*Uncleship*," (Onkelei), "*King Yngurd*," his third heroic tragedy, appeared in 1817; since which he has permitted some fragments to be printed of a new tragedy, entitled "*The Albanese*." The above is a succinct biography of a writer, whose talents have been variously estimated. His comedies, says one critic, are destitute of all that constitute comedy; they possess neither unaffected wit, nor broad yet rich humour; in this respect, he is inferior to Kotzebue; we cannot therefore suppose that he will ever distinguish himself as a successor of Shakspeare. He has rendered French comedy still more French, if possible, than ever—that is, *plus Arabe que l'Arabe même*.

In fact, it is not a very favourable symptom that his dramatic talents have been so tardy of developement, and that they should not have manifested themselves until he was thirty-eight years of age; for we can recollect no writer of excellence in this department, whose youth had not given indications of an irresistible impulse, and of an earnest impetuosity towards the goal he had in view:—these are indispensable. Such a one feels within himself an instinctive power, that leads him to portray in a dramatic form, nature and her phenomena; men and events. But what shall we say of one, who after having passed the meridian of life, commences his dramatic career by re-modelling Werner's "*24th February*," and improving it, by adopting the admirable doctrine, that the Supreme Being has resigned to the Devil the possession of a day, which human science has determined shall be regarded as an intercalary one?

What pernicious consequences must result from the adoption of similar principles respecting Destiny, is sufficiently obvious, even had it not been pointed out by sound critics. A similar defect pervades the tragedy of *Guilt*. Yet this piece has beauties, and is distinguished by the admirable skill with which so many entangled threads are gradually unwound from the very core of the skein; and thus far Müllner has shown himself an excellent disciple of Calderon. In his *Yngurd*, the author appears to have attained the climax of confusion

or absurdity, where, however paradoxical it sound, we may affirm that the only sensible person is Brauhild, after she loses her wits. A French critic* has characterized this production as a "bizarre imbroglia, dans lequel on voit sans cesse les efforts que fait l'auteur pour imiter Shakspeare, et sa déplorable im-

puissance à suivre les traces de ce beau génie. Evénemens sans vraie semblance, confusion dans le plan, caractères outrés et hors de toute nature, exagération et affectation dans le style: voilà le jugement que les critiques Allemands les plus sages ont porté sur la nouvelle production de M. Müllner."

LETTER FROM A ROUÉ.

I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out.

I HAVE sometimes looked at the outside of your book, as it lay on our table at WHITE'S, (huddled among the other periodical things, which we never dream of reading) and it is very likely the inside would have for ever passed by me unheeded, "like the idle wind which we regard not," if I had not heard the other day, at H—d house, that "there was matter in't," which might be read with some profit, and little trouble.—This good character, and from such good authority (for some of the learned in these mysteries were present) induced me last Wednesday to take it up. I dipped here and there into two or three of your numbers; and then found it was seven o'clock, and I was not dressed, though I was to dine at eight, with P—m, A—y, and one or two other Roués.

I started your book over our claret, and it struck us that it might be a good medium, through which, not only to clear away that cloud of error which has pervaded every production, professing to give a picture of the finished state of society to which we belong; but, also, to throw a new light upon those below us, and to show to every pretender the utter hopelessness of any endeavour towards reaching our splendid and giant-height—that henceforth, no city Icarus may try his wing to his own destruction. This is some of the good we contemplate,—our design being very comprehensive. At the first glance, it may not appear so to you, but by and by you will perceive it is of no mean extent; and do not doubt our power to realize what

we purpose—for *l'homme bien nourri connoit tout ce qui passe partout.*

We therefore intend to send you, from time to time, such sketches of the things about us, as we may be "i' the vein" to make.

Our sources of amusement are as various, as our capabilities of enjoyment are extensive.

"Nought is for us too high, or aught too low."

Mind! not *low* in the vulgar acceptance—not degrading—for, like Una among the satyrs, we genuine Roués always come out of every thing, pure and spotless. We can touch pitch without defilement. A morning at the Fives Court, at a sparring match; or at Old Caleb's, in baiting a bull, is, to us, as exempt from deleterious contagion in manners, as a *Conversazione* in Arlington-street is incompetent to make us effeminate in mind: nor does the *intellectual* of an evening at Kensington, prevent our unbending to the sports of a morning at Tothill Fields. We are Proteus-like, and can change, yet be always the same; and, as the cameleon, we vary our hues according to circumstances: whether in a crimson *squeeze* in our funny—or black in our tilburies—or white in the drawing room,—we are *toujours distingués*. It is our *privilege* to be by nature formed for elegant pursuits, yet not incapable of extracting, without taint, enjoyment from merely vulgar ones. Our *order* can invert all order. Whether in the frequent quadrille, at Almack's, in King-street,—or the occasional waltz of the Waterloo rooms, in Pall Mall—whether in the

circle or the ring, the Roué is equally inimitable. Ease, self possession, *la porte de cavalier*, are his characteristics:—yet he is usually a scholar; has attained elegant literature, and elegant accomplishments; and can converse freely on useful sciences. He regards the sex with warmth, but is never fulsome. He is always welcome to women, because, though frequently light and trifling, he is never insipid. His life is made up and blended of the brightest hues:—he is

A gay creature of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow lives
And plays i' th' plighted clouds.

In his dress, the Roué does not disdain the “aid of ornament:”—it is gay, not gaudy; well fitted to display his form, but not too precise; exact, but not stiff—there is finish without apparent design: art is called in to assist nature.

The whole world without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd;
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.

After this *rigmarole* (I love the word, it is so significant of our pursuits) you will ask, at what I aim? As I said before, to enlighten you and your readers—to show you some of our institutions—“to give you a peep into our knowledge box;” and more is to be found there “than is dreamt of in your philosophy.” First, however, let me declare, I must adopt my own method—or rather no method: I must not be directed—although as a Roué I must circumsolve,—yet it shall be *eccentrically* if I please.—Well then—

Never were characters, commonly supposed to have affinity or connexion, more really and widely dissimilar than are the Roué and the Dandy.—I have described the Roué—now to try my hand at the Dandy. The Dandy is not a man, but a mere graft upon the genuine stock. The body of the man, 'tis true, (and barely that) with an effeminate soul—(mark me! not a woman's; for their's is naturally noble)—with a soul, did I say?—Psha! “they have no souls!” they are weak—dull-minded “unfit to carry burthens.”

They lisp, they amble, and they jig; and certainly they “nick-name God's creatures.” They languish through quadrilles, and whisper their self admiration to their deriding partners. Their bodies want the sap which should make the branches flourish.—We know them not, there is no sympathy between us: an eternal barrier divides us.—In a word, they are not *les hommes bien nourris*.

We may, perhaps, permit two or three of these things to come within our circle, now and then—but that is all. None belong to it. I'll give you a case in point:—a city man, one day at White's, invited B—m—l (per B—! but more of him on a future day)—Al—y, M—d—y, and myself, to dine with him. We stood apart, consulted, and the result was, that B—m—l was authorized to accept the invitation for us—but with this *special* and *expressed proviso*, that we could not so *patronize* our inviter again, and that he must not expect that any of us could ask him in return to our tables. Now, this man is by prescription at the head of his race: he is the best specimen we know of: he would fain be a Roué, but he wants the finish: he wants “that within which passeth show.” His wit is to our's what the monkey is to the man: his walk the young elephant's; and his dancing, the caracole of the dray horse. He is a dandy on a large scale! I have mentioned *White's*. You must know it—but some of your readers may not. It is now the leading subscription house in St. James's-street,—the Royal Exchange of the west, where men of birth “do congregate.” This club, when party spirit ran high, between Fox and the heaven-born minister,—when Fox carried war into the very empyrean,—was the rallying point of the Pittites, as Brooks's (on the opposite side of the street) was that of the Opposition. Here the great contending spirits met daily and nightly: at the one, those measures which agitated Europe, were submitted to the country gentlemen; while the spirit of resistance to the minister's power and ambition, was cherished and fed at the other. In the morning they met to organize,—to train their opposing forces; at night, when debate was o'er, when the hurly burly was done,

each party retired—this to Brookes's, that to White's. At Brookes's it was that the inestimable patriot, Fox, next to St. Anne's Hill, spent the happiest (and for that reason the wisest) hours of his life.—Here (I have heard my father say) has he listened to that voice—which now, alas! is silent—"while it kept the table in a roar;" here, when the storm was o'er, would the banished spirit of true-kind-heartedness return to its own home! here, with Sheridan, Bedford, Holland, Tierney, (the by-gone glories of our order) did his splendid spirit luxuriate in its natural simplicity—

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

After a night of revelry, he would haste to the shades of St. Anne's Hill, and with a pocket Horace (his favourite companion) bring back his overflowed soul within its own keeping:—there

In sweet retired solitude,
She plumed her feathers, and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometime impair'd.

But whither am I wandering?—Oh! I remember, I was taking you into White's. Before you enter, look at its exterior! It hath the show of beauty on its front, which hath lately undergone some alteration and improvement. It is not to be sure so handsome as the Casino* on the Corso at Milan, or the Academia† in the Toledo at Naples, but it is the best thing of its kind in England; and if we are not so capable of the glowing and elegant, even in our lounges, as the refined yet enslaved Italians, our means are at least equal to our ends.

By the bye, I should mention for your information, and for that of etymologists in particular, as well as that it may be handed down to posterity, that the name of our place of meeting was not derived from the superior purity of its Pittite institutions, but from their first steward, whose cognomen was *White*.

I am not old enough to tell you, from my own experience, what the club was at first—that is, as lawyers have it, I was not found in the deed—but, I believe, it is not now that compact body which it once was; but it is better, it is the resort of property, rank, and character—of men of solid and light attainments—of the grave and the gay—of some of the *finest* men of their age—of the "Preux chevaliers" of modern times. Here is a grave old Duke, with spectacles on nose, scanning a book on political economy;—there a youthful commoner, skimming over a pamphlet. On this side, a knot of plain country gentlemen, in the square cut frocks of Davidson, in Cork-street; and on that, a group of gay aristocrats, curved and rounded into shape by that greatest of geniuses, Mr. Stultz. The one party is intent on the corn bill, and poor's rates, or the budget that is to be; while the other is engaged on the probable commencement of Almack's, or on the betting for the next Derby and Ledger. Some are stubbornly fixed at the window that overlooks the street—whistling as they look for want of thought.—Thus the morning passes.—

What boots it, to tell me that this is the sunny side of the landscape? "As where's the palace in which foul things sometimes intrude not." If there be to be found here, political intrigue, spendthrift youth, giddy debauchery—and, (worse than all) aged lust—"the worm that eats into the bud of youth," that "taints in its rudiments the promised flower," yet are not these vices also to be found in every station?

But see the effects of addressing an Editor: it has set me preaching! what I have just been saying is, no doubt, true,—and *pity 'tis 'tis true*—but having said this, what more remains to be said? Shakspeare, who knew every thing, knew that

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day!

I have never before attempted my hand at a composition since I left Oxford, and I look back to that pe-

* The Casino at Milan is a sort of Club, for both sexes.

† The Academia is the resort of the distinguished at Naples: conversation, dancing, and play are its amusements, which end about midnight; after which the company promenade in the Villa Reale, a garden overlooking the Bay, and opposite to Vesuvius: who can doubt the taste of a Neapolitan?

ried through a vista of seven summers: my estabishment is therefore extreme at the facility with which I have rolled on in my course—(rattling now and then, I dare to say, and deviating from the track); and as I am so well satisfied with my progress, I shall, perhaps, take up my pen after my return from the Opera to-night, and finish my *intellectual* day in extracting its merits. Pray do not be alarmed, I shall not invade your critical department, I hate criticism, it is un-ideal and vulgar—and that is the reason why your professed critic is generally poor and ragged; and well does he deserve to be so.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew, Than one of these same leashed critique-mongers.

The opera is essentially intellectual, as well as elegantly sensual, and how can rules be applied to such a combination? How can we define what is not defineable?—Criticism is surely then misdirected in her aim,—here she cannot fix. It is not any single part of our opera which attracts, it is the tout ensemble—we are not raised to mental intenseness by Camporese, or seduced into exquisite rapture by Vestris, considering them only with reference to themselves, or even with the melodies and harmonies they give life to: the elegant and informed soul of the one, or the alluring blandishments of the other would be nought in their effects, if we stopped to think of quality of voice, correctness of tone, and such like stuff. No! at the same moment, the mind is filled with the grace of motion and expression, and the senses are revelled with sounds, soothing as The sweet south breathing o'er a bank of violets.

Nor do these alone “do all the deed,”—is there not Noblet, more radiant in beauty than the sun she emerges from,—exhibiting, as Aristotle says, “the poetry of motion,” “catching a grace” far, very far, “beyond the reach of art?” Are there not taste and beauty, “before, behind, and on every side?” Is there not—but away with criticism and all its cant—there is nothing for its Vampire gaze to fix upon—away!—aye, away too with my stilts, for I find I had got upon them; and before I’m

thrown (if I am not already fallen in your and your readers’ estimation) let me descend prudently and at once—Now I am down, we’ll begin to talk within our natural pitch.

There are but two finer Theatres in Europe than our Italian Opera,—La Scala at Milan, and San Carlos at Naples (the grand Opera at Venice, which, owing to the poverty of the Venetians, is now opened only during the carnival, is neither so handsome, nor so large) La Scala is a fine theatre, but the Milanese are Frenchified—they go in undress and talk loudly during the performance: one meets at every turn the blank, dull face of an Austrian officer, an antidote to all that is enlivening or mental—every thing is *triste* and *fade*—the performers are generally very little above second rate, and so much are our expectations disappointed, that one comes away degouté. “They manage these things better” at Naples—San Carlos, even *without*, is worthy of the people who frequent it, and of the sky it stands under—it is beautiful; *within*, it is glowing and splendid—brilliant as the golden chariot of Phæton—and every part is correspondent: the actors are of the first talent; Rossini is the composer, and superintendent of the musical department. The ballet sometimes displays two hundred and fifty pairs of legs in motion; the scenery is by Italian masters; the audience Neapolitan, and they go “en grande toilette.” There is more of the ideal in the Neapolitan character, *person* and spirit combined, than is to be found elsewhere in Italy, (perhaps I should not exclude the Florentines) and they have therefore more *Roués*. The Vicar General is certainly one—he possesses all the attributes, his portly person and matured age do not even detract from them: he has the fire and enthusiasm, corrected of course by the tact and judgment, which tend to animate the character. I have often thought he appeared very like the Duke of York; and where is the man “base or brave enough” to say, that he is not a Roué? But if our Opera is not so glowing as that of Naples, it is, as I have already inferred of our lounges, certainly the supremest public pleasure we can enjoy. Independently of the performance, *shew me female beauty of a*

higher order or rank—or the manly was more eminently graced. Turn our eye to that box, occupied just now by Lady W—— and my Lord Castlereagh,—what can the eye of art desire more? Observe her Grecian bust, and equally Grecian air, unstained with Patrician ease and race—but charming as *she* is, we can look at him, nor yet be inclined to turn our backs upon ourselves:” (a sorry phrase, but let it pass.) His fine, well-placed head—his pallid face, the expression of which habit and discipline have put under his own controul—his very hands, or rather the well fitting gloves upon them, speak of superiority, and make us regret that he is not *all* Roué. I love of the politician, but I admire the

man—I would not be like Jack Cade, “Hang all those who can read and write.”—Though last, not least, look at the *High Personage* in the opposite box—Have not the deities who preside over taste, ’tended there to form a *gentleman*?—but, I beg pardon, he is not a *subject*, at least for irreverent hands like mine to describe.—And therefore, in conclusion, as the learned say, let me tell you, that we now patronize the Opera, and mean to make it one of our amusements—certainly so long as it is well conducted; and we know the present proprietor, Mr. Ebers, too well to fear any falling off.

Adieu.—I am tired: if you insert this, you shall soon hear from some of us again. Yours, A. ROUX.

GOETHE, ON MANZONI'S TRAGEDY OF *IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA*.

Our readers will find in the ninth and eleventh Numbers of this Magazine for last year, a full account of the above production, in which we have examined into the state of Italian tragedy previous to its appearance, and noticed the change which has been lately effected in the mode of thinking on dramatic subjects, in several of the most distinguished Italian writers. This change has been immediately accelerated, if not produced, by an acquaintance with the critical writers of Germany, and more particularly with the dramatic lectures of William Schlegel; but a number of circumstances, some of which we attempted to specify, contrived to predispose the minds of the Italians for the reception of these doctrines. Our readers must not however suppose, from what we have said with respect to this change, that it has been either general, or viewed with indifference, by many of the Italian literati. In fact, a keen warfare has been for some time carried on, more particularly in the Milanese, between the followers of the *romantic*, or *English and German school*, and those of the *classical or critical school*; the adherents of the old system styled. Monti combats zealously for the classical school; but what is singular enough, his own friends and

admirers are of the romantic party, and contend that the best of his works are altogether romantic. This has greatly chagrined Monti, who refuses to admit the justice of the praise which is thus forced on him. The most distinguished of the romantic school, besides Manzoni, are Giovanni Torti, whose poetical representation of the sufferings of Christ are much praised; and Hermes Visconti.

In the third Number of the second volume of a periodical work by Goethe, of which the title is *Kunst und Alterthum* (Art and Antiquity),* which we have just received, there appears a very full analysis and critical estimate of the tragedy of Manzoni. It gave us great satisfaction to see our opinion, with respect to the merits of this tragedy, confirmed by that of a man who has himself, during his long career, attempted, with more or less success, almost every style of dramatic composition; who has produced both *romantic and classical* tragedies; and who, independently of his being (in the opinion of all who know his writings) the greatest living poet of Europe, is generally allowed to be both an acute, and a cool and judicious, critic. It is evident, from the language of Goethe, that he considers the tragedy of Manzoni,

* To be had of Beitz, (London.)

possessed of higher merit than belongs to any of the tragedies of his own country. We shall not attempt to follow him throughout his analysis, which is so minute as even to detail the subject of every scene; but, as the genius of our countrymen is now so much directed to tragedy, and as it appears to us that in general their skill in planning is inferior to their powers of execution; we have deemed it advisable to lay before our readers Mr. Goethe's opinions on the subject of the fable and characters of the work of Manzoni.

Mr. Goethe begins with examining the preface, and agrees with the author in thinking that a work of art should not be measured by any foreign standard, but that, like a healthy natural production, it ought to be considered by itself. He agrees also with Manzoni, as to the manner in which the estimate ought to be formed. The object which the poet proposed to himself ought first to be ascertained; we ought then to examine, first, whether this object is rational and laudable; and next, whether it has been attained by him. In conformity with these views, says Mr. Goethe, I have endeavoured to obtain the most distinct idea of Signor Manzoni's objects; I consider them laudable, and agreeable to nature, and sound notions of art; and I think that he has carried them into execution in a masterly manner. What Manzoni says with respect to the having freed himself from the restraints of time and place, and with respect to the injurious effects which necessarily result from an opposite course, Goethe thinks deserving of the attention of his own countrymen, though these notions have long been recognized by them; for although, as he observes, the battle has been fought out in Germany,—when an ingenious man takes up the subject under different circumstances, and endeavours to combat the arguments of his adversaries with new grounds, it can hardly fail to be productive of both entertainment and instruction.

Having concluded his analysis of the tragedy, Mr. Goethe observes, opinion may be divided as to the manner in which the scenes have been connected: but, for my part, I own I am much pleased with it.—

The poet is enabled to proceed with energetic brevity, man follows man, image follows image, event follows event, without preparation, and without constraint.

The author, without being laconic, either in conception or execution, has in this manner been enabled to hurry on rapidly to the close. He associates with his fine talents, a naturally free and agreeable view of the moral world, which is immediately communicated to the reader and spectator. His language is also easy, noble, full and rich,—not sententious, but elevated by great and noble thoughts, arising naturally out of the different situations. The whole leaves a truly historical impression behind.

Having thus gone into such detail respecting the development of the piece, some account of the characters will also be expected. We see at once, from the summary enumeration of the personages, that the author has to do with a captious public, above which he must gradually raise himself.—For certainly he could never, from his own feeling and conviction, have divided his characters into historical and ideal. Having expressed my unconditional satisfaction with his labours, I hope I may here be allowed to request him never again to make such a distinction. For the poet, no character is historical; he is pleased to represent his moral world to us, and for this purpose, he does certain persons in history the honour of conferring their names on his creations. But it may confidently be said in praise of Manzoni, that his figures are all of one and the same cast, all equally ideal. They all belong to a certain politically-moral circle; they have indeed no individual features, but what deserves admiration, though each expresses a definite idea: each is, however, so fundamentally distinct, and separated from all the rest, that if on the theatre actors can be found adapted in figure, mind, and voice, to these poetical creations, they cannot fail to be considered genuine individuals.

And now as to these individuals. Of the Count himself, little remains to be said. The old demand of the theorists, that a tragic hero should neither be too perfect, nor too much

the reverse, is here satisfied. Fighting his way up from the rude but energetic life of a shepherd, Carmagnola listens only to his unbridled and unconditional will; no trace of moral cultivation is perceptible in him; not even of that which man requires for the furtherance of his own interest. He is not deficient in the stratagems of war; but though he may have political views, which we do not distinctly see, he cannot attain and secure them by apparent flexibility; and here the poet is deserving of high praise in destroying his incomparable General politically; as the boldest navigator, who despising compass and soundings, should in a storm refuse to take down his sails, must soon necessarily meet his fate.

Gonzaga is calm, pure, accustomed to combat by the side of the hero, possessed of plain sense, attentive to the welfare of his friend, and sensible of the approaching danger. The third scene of the fourth act, in which Carmagnola, in the feeling of his military merit, thinks himself also more prudent than his sensible friend, is altogether admirable. Gonzaga accompanies him in the journey which ends so fatally for him, and takes charge of his wife and daughter. Two subordinate *Condottieri*, express, laconically, their characters.

When we turn to the army of the enemy, we find the very reverse. *Malatesti*, an insufficient general, at first doubtful, is at last carried away by the violent party of Sforza, and Fortebraccio, who keenly urge the impatience of the soldiers, as an argument in favour of a combat. Pergola, an old experienced warrior, and Torello, of middle age, but of limited capacity, are outvoted. The controversy goes the length of reproaches, and a heroic reconciliation precedes the battle. We afterwards find more of the leaders among the prisoners, but the discovery of the son of Pergola in the crowd, gives the Count an opportunity of nobly expressing his esteem for an old warrior.

We are now introduced into the Venetian senate.—The Doge presides.—He represents the highest and undivided principle of state, attentively weighing the opposite scales; cautious without apprehension, not

dependent without distrust; and in action inclined to the side of benevolence, Marcino represents the sharp, selfish principle indispensable to the world, which here appears blameless, as it is not aiming at personal interests, but a great and extensive good; vigilant, jealous of power, and viewing the existing state of things as the highest and best. Carmagnola is to him merely an instrument for the purposes of the republic, which, appearing useless and dangerous, is immediately to be cast aside.

Marco is the laudable, humane, principle; feeling and acknowledging a moral good; respecting what is energetic, great, and powerful; compassionating the errors associated with such qualities; hoping and believing in reformation; attached to a single powerful man, and thus involved, undesignedly, in a conflict with his duties.

The two commissaries are suited to their mission—they come forward conscious of their place and their duty; they know who sent them. They are soon, however, taught their immediate want of power, by the behaviour of Carmagnola; their characters are admirably graduated—the first is more headstrong, more inclined to resistance, and appears surprised at the audacity of the Count. When they are by themselves, it appears, that the second foresaw the mischief. He urges, that as they have not the power of deposing the Count or taking him prisoner, they must dissemble to gain time; and the former, though reluctantly, accedes to this opinion.

The chorus take no part in the action, but form a distinct society, a sort of speaking public. In the representation, a particular place must be allotted to them, where they may announce themselves, like our orchestra.

I wish the author joy of his having broke loose from the old rules, and proceeded in the new career, in so serious and tranquil a manner, that new rules may hereafter be derived from his work. I give him also my testimony, that in its details he has proceeded with ability, selection, and correctness; and, if a foreigner may be allowed to pronounce an opinion on such a subject, that even the utmost attention

have found neither a word too much nor too little. Manly seriousness and perspicuity constantly appear, and the labour may truly be called classical. It deserves to be delivered in so cultivated and harmonious a language, before an ingenious people.

The verse is the Iambic of eleven syllables, broken by varied cæsural

pauses, to resemble free recitation; so that a feeling and intelligent declamation might easily be accompanied by music.

I attempted a conscientious translation of several passages, but my success was not such as to convey a just idea of the merit of the original.

Colton Conversation.

No. IV.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN KEATS.

WE commence our article this month with but a melancholy subject—the death of Mr. John Keats.—It is, perhaps, an unfit topic to be discussed under this head, but we knew not where else to place it, and we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of letting a poet's death pass by in the common obituary. He died on the 23rd of February, 1821, at Rome, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His complaint was a consumption, under which he had languished for some time, but his death was accelerated by a cold caught in his voyage to Italy.

Mr. Keats was, in the truest sense of the word, A POET.—There is but a small portion of the public acquainted with the writings of this young man; yet they were full of high imagination and delicate fancy, and his images were beautiful and more entirely his own, perhaps, than those of any living writer whatever. He had a fine ear, a tender heart, and at times great force and originality of expression; and notwithstanding all this, he has been suffered to rise and pass away almost without a notice: the laurel, has been awarded (for the present) to other brows: the bolder aspirants have been allowed to take their station on the slippery steps of the temple of fame, while he has been nearly hidden among the crowd during his life, and has at last died, solitary and in sorrow, in a foreign land.

It is at all times difficult, if not impossible, to argue others into a love of poets and poetry: it is altogether a matter of feeling, and we must leave to time (while it hallows his memory) to do justice to the re-

putation of Keats. There were many, however, even among the critics living, who held his powers in high estimation; and it was well observed by the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, that there was no other Author whatever, whose writings would form so good a test by which to try the love which any one professed to bear towards poetry.

When Keats left England, he had a presentiment that he should not return: that this has been too sadly realized the reader already knows.—After his arrival in Italy, he revived for a brief period, but soon afterwards declined, and sunk gradually into his grave. He was one of those English poets who had been compelled by circumstances to adopt a foreign country as their own. He was the youngest, but the first to leave us. His sad and beautiful wish is at last accomplished: It was that he might drink “of the warm south,” and “leave the world unseen,”—and—(he is addressing the nightingale)—

“And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou amongst the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despair,

Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.”

A few weeks before he died, a gentleman who was sitting by his bed-side, spoke of an inscription to his memory, but he declined this altogether,—desiring that there should be no mention of his name or country; “or if any,” said he, “let it be—*Here lies the body of one whose name was writ in water!*”—There is something in this to us most painfully affecting; indeed the whole story of his later days is well calculated to make a deep impression.—It is to be hoped that his biography will be given to the world, and also

whatever he may have left (whether in poetry or prose) behind him. The public is fond of patronizing poets: they are considered in the light of an almost helpless race: they are bright as stars; but like meteors

“Short-lived and self-consuming.”

We do not claim the *patronage* of the public for Mr. Keats, but we hope that it will now cast aside every little and unworthy prejudice, and do justice to the high memory of a young but undoubted poet. L.

POEMS BY THOMAS GENT.

THIS is a pleasant and very unassuming little volume;—it is filled with serious sketches, songs, humorous verses, elegies, &c. &c. tricked off in a very frank, and frequently in a very delightful manner. Although the serious pieces are generally tender, the bent of the author's mind seems to us to incline to the humorous and jovial, and we should like to see him try the octave rhyme, keeping it free, of course, from those peculiarities which have latterly so unequivocally distinguished it, but throwing into it some of that kind and hearty humour, which we should almost anticipate to be a strong feature in his own character.—The following spirited sketch of “The Sybil,” will incline our readers, perhaps, to think that we have done wrong in inciting Mr. Gent to attend principally to the whisperings of the comic muse.

So stood the Sibyl: stream'd her hoary hair

Wild as the blast, and with a comet's glare
Glow'd her red eye-balls 'midst the sunken gloom

Of their wild orbs, like death-fires in a tomb.

Slow, like the rising storm, in fitful moans,
Broke from her breast the deep prophetic tones.

Anon, with whirlwind rush, the Spirit came;

Then in dire splendour, like imprison'd flame

Flashing through rifted domes or towns amaz'd,

Her voice in thunder burst; her arm she rais'd;

Outstretch'd her hands, as with a Fury's force

To grasp, and launch the slow descending curse:

Still as she spoke, her stature seem'd to grow;

Still she denounced immitigable woe:

Pain, want, and madness, pestilence, and death,

Rode forth triumphant at her blasting breath;

Their march she marshall'd, taught their ire to fall,—

And seem'd herself the emblem of them all.

The reader may now take the following lines as being, though mournful, of a character entirely different from the last, and almost equally pleasing.

TO MARY.

Written at Midnight.

OH! is there not in infant smiles

A witching power, a cheering ray,

A charm, that every care beguiles,

And bids the weary soul be gay?

There surely is—for thou hast been

Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,

Gladdening life's sad and chequer'd scene,

An emblem of the peace above.

Now all is calm, and dark, and still,

And bright the beam the moonlight throws

On ocean wave, and gentle rill,

And on thy slumbering cheek of rose.

And may no care disturb that breast,

Nor sorrow dim that brow serene;

And may thy latest years be blest

As thy sweet infancy has been.

Perhaps the best poem on the whole, which this volume contains, is the ode to the late Princess Charlotte. We have not room for much quotation, but we must give the conclusion of the ode: the first four lines of our extract appear to us to be beautiful.

The past—thy name, with every charm it
bears,
Melts on our souls, like music heard no
more.

The dying minstrel's last ecstatic strain,
Which mortal hand shall never wake
again.

But, if, blest spirit! in thy shrine of light,
Life's transient ties be not forgotten quite;
If that bright sphere where raptur'd seraphs
glow,

Forme communion with this world of woe;
—And sure, if thus our fond affections
deem,

Hope mocks us not, for Heaven inspires
the dream—

Benignant shade! the beatific kiss
That seal'd thy welcome to the shores of
bliss,

No holier joy 'instill'd, than thou wilt feel
If thine the task thy kindred's woes to heal;
If hovering yet, with viewless ministry,
In scenes which Memory consecrates to thee,
Thou soothe with bleeding balms which grief
endears,

A Sire's, a Husband's, and—a Mother's
tears!—

THU Fity's self expire, a Nation's sighs,
Spontaneous incense! o'er thy tomb shall
rise:

And, 'midst the dark vicissitudes that wait
Earth's balanced empires in the scales of
Fate,

Be thou our angel-advocate the while,
And gleam, a guardian saint, around thy
native isle!

The volume concludes with a very
humourous address to "The Review-
ers," in which the following simile

A VISION OF JUDGMENT, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, POET LAUREATE.

This poem is dedicated to the king,
—being, as is stated in its preface,
a tribute to the memory of his father.
It is, in short, one of the Laureate
Odes, or an equivalent for one,—
and we intreat our readers, in con-
sideration of these circumstances, to
allow Mr. Southey the extremity of
forbearance, if any of the extracts
require animadversion; and at the
same time to attribute the absence
of such, on our part, to some other
cause than remissness. We confess
that our acquaintance with the long
file of these courtly offerings, is
wholly inadequate to support the
distinction "of intimacy;" but we
will make bold to assume, that the
present differs from its predecessors,
in tone of thought and feeling, as
little as their warmest admirers could

struck us as being particularly true
and happy.

As some raw 'Squire, by rustic nymph
admir'd,

Of vulgar charms, and easy conquests 'd,
Resolves new scenes and nobler fights to
dare,

Nor "wastes his sweetness on the desert
air,"

To town repairs, some fam'd assembly
seeks,

With red importance blust'ring in his heels;
But when, electric on th' astonish'd sight
Burst the full floods of music and of light,
While level'd mirrors multiply the row
Of radiant beauties, and accomplish'd
beaux,

At once confounded into sober sense,
He feels his pristine insignificance:
And blinking, blund'ring, from the gen-
eral gaze

Retreats, "to ponder on the thing he's"
By pride inflated, and by praise allur'd,
Small Authors thus strut forth, and then
get cur'd;

But, Critics, hear! an angel pleads for
me,

That tongueless, ten-tongued church, *Me-
dusa*.

Sirs! if you damn me, you'll recall
those

That flay'd the Traveller who had lost his
clothes; &c.

All this seems to us pleasant and
unconstrained writing; and we take
our leave of Mr. Gent, wishing his
little volume all the success which it
deserves.

desire. Mr. Southey, in conceding
this point to custom, (and he was
not always so obedient to her claims,)
has, however, made ample amends
to his own love of experiment, by
adopting the long disused hexameter
verse; and this, indeed, appears to
us the only curious element of the
poem. A preface is prefixed in ex-
planation and defence of this un-
English metre, which is too long and
continuous for the purpose of ex-
tracting; and the specimens, that
we shall presently make room for, are
more likely to sway our readers,
either to approval or distaste, than
any thing in the shape of argument.
It is but fair, however, to mention,
that Sir Philip Sydney, and a few of
his contemporaries, had made the
same experiment as Mr. Southey,

and failed to win the public consent. The Vision opens with the following lines, which any "reader of poetry" will find little difficulty in managing—the only requisite being *breath*.

'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hue
wherewith day has adorn'd them
Fades, like the hopes of youth, till the
beauty of earth is departed;
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at
the window, beholding
Mountain and lake and vale; the valley
disrobed of its verdure;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy re-
flection

Where his expanded breast, then still and
smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that
calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from
far Glaramara,

Bleatrag and Maidenmaur, to Grisedal
and westernmost Withop.

Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds
had gather'd above them

High in the middle air, huge, purple,
pillowy masses,

While in the west beyond was the last pale
tint of the twilight;

Green as a stream in the glen whose pure
and chrysolite waters

Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as
the age of the righteous.

Earth was hush'd and still: all motion and
sound were suspended:

Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor
the humming of insect,

Only the voice of the Greta, heard only
when all is in stillness.

Pensive I stood and alone, the hour and
the scene had subdued me,

And as I gazed in the west, where infinity
seem'd to be open,

Yearn'd to be free from time, and felt that
this life is a thralldom.

Thus as I stood, the bell which awhile
from its warning had rested,

Sent forth its note again, toll! toll! through
the silence of evening.

'Tis a deep dull sound that is heavy and
mournful at all times,

For it tells of mortality always. But heavier
this day

Fell on the conscious ear its deeper and
mournfuller import,

Yea in the heart it sunk; for this was the
day when the herald

Breaking his wand should proclaim, that
George our king was departed;

Thou art released! I cried: thy soul is de-
liver'd from bondage!

Thou who hast lain so long in mental and
visual darkness,

Thou art in yonder heaven! thy place is in
light and in glory.

Come, and behold!—methought a start-
ling voice from the twilight

Answer'd;

*The Trance, the Vault, the Awaken-
ing, and the Gate of Heaven*, (which are
the titles of the first four chapters)
are then rapidly presented—at the
latter an angel stood—

Ho! he exclaim'd, King George of Eng-
land cometh to judgment!

"*The accusers*" who come from
"the blackness of darkness," are, we
suppose, Wilkes and Junius (for Mr.
Southey gives the names of "*the so-
vereigns*," "*the elder worthies*," "*the
worthies of the Georgian age*," and
"*the young spirits*" alone, and cha-
ritably leaves the bad to conjectural
baptism;) the first from (among other
marks) "the cast of his eye oblique,"
and the latter, because

Mask'd had he been in his life, and now a
visor of iron

Riveted round his head had abolish'd his
features for ever.

Speechless the slanderer stood, and turn'd
his face from the monarch

Iron-bound as it was,—so insupportably
dreadful

Soon or late to conscious guilt is the eye of
the injur'd.

After the discomfiture of the ac-
cusers, 'The Absolvers' are sum-
moned in the persons of 'those who
on earth had arraigned him'—these
also are nameless, with the exception
of Washington, who, though the
slowest to absolve, is, however,
compelled, somewhat reluctantly to
attest, that the king had acted 'as
befitted a sovereign.' 'The beatifica-
tion' follows of course, and the re-
mainder of the poem is consecrated
by the calendar of saints, who greet-
ed the monarch and his laureate on
their admission, and were thereafter
to be associated with the former.
Alfred, Charles I, 'Nassau the De-
liverer,' Elizabeth, the Duke of Marl-
borough, Perceval, Crapanz, Wesley,
are among the foremost—and Chau-
cer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Spen-
ser are likewise 'presented' on this
occasion, probably in compliment to
the poet—for the King cared, we sus-
pect, very little about them. This
conjecture is strengthened by the in-
troduction of Cowper, Kirke White,
Bampfylde, and one or two others,
who would not be the *very* first objects
of research, in a place so abundant

with the 'noblest in renew'n,' to many even among the poets, but who might be well conceded to Mr. Southey's known partiality for their company. The poem concludes with the author's precipitate return to the

earth, where he (and his language is that of complaint)

instead of the rapturous sound of
hosannaha,

Heard the bell from the tower, toll! toll!
through the silence of evening.

PARIS, SECOND PART. BY THE REV. GEO. CROLY, A.M.

This beautiful poem appeared too late in the month to allow of its being included in our criticisms.—The author has adopted an idea, that the overthrow of Napoleon was the consummation of one of the great periods of the world, and the seal and evidence of a decided and providential change, by which the civilized world is to be henceforth led from happiness to happiness. We hope the poet may be a prophet also. The second part of "Paris" contains descriptions of the most memorable circumstances connected with the fall of the French empire. We have thus, "The Retreat of the French from Moscow—Napoleon's Exile at St. Helena—a general View of the atrocities of Jacobinism—the Execution of Louis XVI." &c. &c.—Even the restoration of the pictures and statues of the museum is touched with this general colour of a great restitution of principle. We give the stanzas which represent the Florentine Venus, a subject of renowned beauty. Our next publication shall enter more into detail.

The Venus de' Medici.

And have I then forgot thee, loveliest far
Of all, enchanting image of Love's queen?
Or did I linger till yon blue star,
Thy star should crown thee with its light
serene?

There stands the goddess by the Grecian
seen

In the mind's lonely, deep idolatry;

When twilight o'er Cythæra's wave of green
Drew her rich curtain, and his upturn'd eye
Was burning with the pomps of earth, and
sea, and sky.

Anon, upon him rush'd the ecstasy,
And from the lily vale, the myrtle wood.
The mountain's coronet,—Music's soul
breath'd by;

White meteors shot along the distant flood,
And now sail'd on, like an advancing cloud,
Chariots of pearl, and proud sea-beans
curb'd,

That with their breasts the green to silver
plough'd,

And nymphs and tritons lifting trumpet
orb'd,

Young Venus! round thy throne, in its
own light absorb'd.

The shore is reach'd; and fear, bewitching
fear,

Is in her bending form, and glancing eye.
And veiling hand, and timid-turning ear:
She listens;—'twas but Eve's enchanter's
sigh!

Yet has it heav'd her bosom's ivory;
Yet has it on the shore her footstep spell'd,—
'Tis past.—The rustling rose alone is sigh.
She smiles, and in that smile is all reveal'd
The charm, to which so soon the living
world shall yield.

Venus, thou'rt lovely, but on other feet
Was press'd of old the kiss of guilty fire.
Thy look is grace, too deeply, purely sweet
To tell of passion that could change or tire.
From those rich lips no fatal dreams escape,
There lives no evil splendor in that eye
To dart the flame on failing virtue's pyre.
Dark thoughts before thy sacred beauty die,
Queen of the soul, thy charm of charms is
modesty.

MR. MATURIN.

We noticed last month a new poem announced to be in the press, from the pen of Mr. Maturin, entitled *The Universe*.—If he goes on thus he must soon "imagine a new" one.—A new tragedy, of which we hope soon to give some account, and

four volumes of a fresh romance, are also forthcoming. By the by—we promised to say something about his wild, fantastic, and,—no, not *natural*—but legitimate child of genius, Melmoth.—We shall endeavour to keep our word in May.

MR. BOWYER'S PRINT.

A very highly embellished account of events connected with the late memorable trial, is about to issue from the hands of Mr. Bowyer of Pall-Mall. We have been favoured with a sight of the picture of the House

of Lords, by Stephanoff—it is quite illusion.—Mr. Brougham rubbed his eyes that he might be sure he was in Pall-Mall after viewing it. No less than *seventy* peers have sat to Mr. Bowyer for their likenesses.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

We learn with pleasure that the Muse of our rural poet, after a secession of some years, is about to step forth again; and, we trust, with undiminished attractions. An infirm state of health, and an almost total loss of sight, have rendered Mr.

Bloomfield entirely dependant for support on the produce of his former poems; and as his hand has ever been open to the demands of those dear to him, that resource has been extremely limited.

DR. REED ON HYPOCHONDRIASIS, &c.

A book on this disorder is also in the press. We do not know in what way this subject is treated, but it is one obviously of great and painful interest; to literary men, and men of sedentary habits, it is more particularly of importance to know in what way this curse of study may be obviated or allayed: it seems to us, indeed, (but, perhaps, we talk ignorantly) that a phi-

losopher, as well as a physician might do something in this matter,—at least, in tracing the causes of this physical error. One—who is a philosopher as well as a poet, tells us, that people of imagination are liable to the malady, and that, though full of gladness and buoyancy at first, yet in the end comes “despondency and madness.”

TABLE-TALK BY MR. HAZLITT.

A volume of essays, under this title, is, we understand, in the press. We quote, from memory, the heads of some of the chapters. ‘The past and the future,’—‘Character of Cobbett,’—‘People with one idea,’—‘The Indian Jugglers,’—‘On living to one’s self,’—‘On Country Theatres,’—‘On Sir Joshua Reynolds’s discourses,’ and various others.—That Mr. Hazlitt is a man of undoubted and original mind, no one who has read any of his books can well refuse to acknowledge. Perhaps there is no living writer who combines so much fancy and occasional pathos with qualities of a more stern and logical cast as he does; and we believe, that no one ever ventured to consult his own nature more closely than himself, or to display with greater truth the treasures derived from such investigation. The vanity of men in general prevents their ‘looking at home’ for information:

they would rather consult the structure of their neighbours’ minds than their own, and they are consequently content to sit down with but half of the knowledge which they might otherwise acquire. Had Mr. Godwin forborne in this manner, when he wrote ‘St. Leon’ and ‘Fleetwood,’ he would never have developed the strange and fluctuating characters of his heroes with the magnificent effect that we know he has done. A good deal of this fearless and profound self-investigation is, we think, discernible in the writings of Mr. Hazlitt, though it is necessarily less apparent in a book made up of essays on various subjects, than in the biography, or rather in that anatomy of character which Mr. Godwin has exhibited in almost all his works of fiction. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing Mr. Hazlitt’s volume.

MR. SOANE’S MUSEUM.

The gallery which the Professor has now completed, at his residence in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, cannot fail to excite great interest among the admirers of architecture; and we doubt not, but that the liberality of Mr. Soane will, under proper limitations, allow professional men and amateurs to have access to the stores

which it contains, and to the valuable studies which it presents. The collection is distributed through four principal rooms; and the effect of the general arrangement, and the ensemble, is very striking, owing to the tasteful decorations of the apartments, and the judicious manner in which the light is introduced. Be-

sides the valuable architectural models and fragments, the Vases, Cinerary Urns, and specimens of Etruscan art, the walls of one of the rooms are covered with architectural paintings and drawings, by Canaletti, Clerisseau, and the Professor himself. The library too presents a rich assemblage of every architectural work of importance, several of which are exceedingly rare and costly.

It is gratifying to see an artist thus unequivocally displaying that disinterested enthusiasm for his art, which ought ever to distinguish the professors of a liberal and elegant science. We admire Mr. Soane's zeal, we commend his taste, and we farther hope that the example which he has here given, may incite others to an honourable emulation.

THE CHALCOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

In addition to the usual exhibitions, forming so prominent a feature among the amusements of the metropolis during spring, and visited from such opposite motives by the indolent and the sedulous, the intelligent and the vacant, the men of taste and the mere men of ton, the bees and the butterflies of society—there is announced an Exhibition of Engravings by living artists, which is intended to be opened about the middle of the present month, at a gallery now fitting up in Soho-square.

For the accomplishment of this desirable project, which would otherwise have been abandoned in an early stage, the public are, we understand, indebted to the exertions of an individual artist, who is willing to incur the whole risk of the undertaking, not, however, with any view to private emolument, but with the hope that it may prove ultimately beneficial to the profession at large. It is somewhat extraordinary that this class of artists should not have before resorted to so obviously beneficial a mode of displaying their works: perhaps they have hitherto deemed it less necessary for them than for their graphic brethren of the

Certain we are, that whatever may have been his occasional errors and delinquencies in matters of taste, no one has displayed greater energy, zeal, and perseverance in the cause of architecture, or has more warmly advocated its interests. His best works present many elegant embellishments, and a delicacy of decoration that deserves to be studied by his successors. His lectures—but we do not intend to write a panegyric—our only object was to point out to the admirers of the Fine Arts, a private museum which reflects honour on the liberality and zeal of its possessor, and which deserves to obtain a place on the list of the objects of attraction in our metropolis.

palette, because the shop of the printer has formed, as it were, a permanent and interesting gallery, presenting a constant succession of novelties, whether to the glance of the profane passenger at the window, or to the gaze of those initiated into the adytum of the fane. Still the adoption of the present plan appears highly commendable and judicious: it will annually concentrate upon one spot all the finest and most exquisite productions. We hail it too as an indication of zeal and effective energy, for it originates, we are persuaded, in feelings more connected with art than with trade. While upon this subject, we will notice an obvious desideratum that is capable of being easily supplied, viz. a complete and correct list, published periodically (like those of books, in the Magazines) and noticing every new print, of whatever description it may be, together with its size and price. The inconvenience arising from the want of some such intelligence is not strikingly felt by the residents of the metropolis, but it is by the distant amateur and collector, who frequently continue ignorant of the existence of what they would otherwise introduce into their portfolios.

THE DRAMA.

No. XV.

COVENT GARDEN.

Richard the Third—(according to the text of Shakspeare.)—The restoration of Shakspeare to the stage, is an event worthy of commemoration. He had been maltreated, and deposed, for many years; and, though the 'mob of gentlemen' were content with his gloomy successor, 'the few,' whose opinions are worth having, pretty generally lamented the usurpation of Cibber; and some were even bold enough to avow it.—Mr. Charles Lamb many years ago objected strongly to the interpolations of Tate and Cibber, in the tragedies of Richard the Third, and Lear.—(See his works, vol. ii. p. 20, et seq.) Among other excellent things, he says truly, when speaking of Cibber's alterations, that "the poetry of the part" is gone; "the buoyant spirit, the vast insight into human character" is no where perceptible. "Nothing but his crimes, his actions, is visible: they are prominent, and staring; the murderer stands out,—but where is the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity,—the profound, the witty, the accomplished Richard?"

Nor is Mr. Charles Lamb the only eminent writer who has opposed the innovations of Cibber; for Mr. Hazlitt, in his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," has done the same thing, and has even suggested a plan for the revival of the original tragedy. As his observations are much to the point, we shall take leave to transcribe them here.—"The character of his hero is almost every where predominant, and marks its lurid track throughout.—The original play, however, is too long for representation; and there are some few scenes which might be better spared than preserved, and by omitting which it would remain a complete whole. The only rule, indeed, for altering Shakspeare, is to retrench certain passages which may be considered as superfluous, or obsolete; but not to add or transpose any thing. The arrangement and development of the story, and the mutual contrast and combination of the dramatis personæ, are in general as finely managed as the de-

velopment of the characters, or the expression of the passions."

"This rule—" Mr. Hazlitt is now speaking of the altered play by Cibber—"This rule has not been adhered to in the present instance. Some of the most important and striking passages, in the principal character, have been omitted, to make room for idle and misplaced extracts from other plays; the only intention of which seems to have been, to make the character of Richard as odious and disgusting as possible."—(Hazlitt's Character of Shakspeare's Plays, p. 231.)

The public are indebted for the play of Richard, as it is now acting, to Mr. Macready. Whether the suggestion of Mr. Hazlitt, or the animadversions of Mr. Charles Lamb, instigated him to this good work, we do not profess to know, nor is it material. The introduction of Shakspeare to the theatre merits our best approbation, whether done from previous hint or not. The plan adopted by Mr. Macready, however, is not precisely the same as that suggested by Mr. Hazlitt; for some material transpositions have been made, and some of the language of Cibber has been retained. We could have wished, certainly, that the whole of what Cibber introduced, had been omitted; for it is rather hard that he should suffer, while any advantage is made by the matter which he himself wrote, or collected: but, perhaps, it was not easy to avoid this. There are certain points, in an old established play, which an audience is wont to look forward to; and the omission of which it will not easily permit. There are things, indeed, for the sake of which people put up with a good deal of tediousness at times; and it might be perilous to omit them. Such, for instance, is the "Chop off his head: so much for Buckingham." Our friends in the gallery would not tamely endure that this should be lost to them. If a soliloquy, or a fine piece of poetry, were omitted, they might feel themselves resigned, and cry, "content:" but an effect, as it is called on the stage, is material to both actor and auditor; and must

neither be set aside unwittingly, nor trifled with. With the exception of the fact of retaining about two hundred lines of Cibber's, we entirely approve of Mr. Macready's adaptation of Richard, and think that he deserves his success.

The character of Richard the Third, as drawn by Shakspeare, differs perhaps less from his own Macbeth than from Cibber's Richard. It is true that Macbeth and Richard are very different persons; the one being an active, and the other (if we may use the expression) a passive agent. Macbeth is the puppet of his wife, and of circumstances; but Richard seems to ride on the waves of Fate, and to make circumstances almost subservient to himself. Yet both are (comparatively) pleasant and companionable people at first setting out; it is only in their progress through repeated crimes, that they catch shadow after shadow, and are finally toned down into a deep and melancholy hue, as dark as the pictures of Rembrandt.—The Richard of Cibber is a fierce and gloomy monotony: but Shakspeare's is sparkling, and active, and witty, full of high intellect and deep design,—a soldier, a prince, and a man of the world; full of the bluntness of the one, yet with something of the courtly dignity of the other; replete with lively sayings, and shrewd remark. He is a perfect piece of biography, as it were, in Shakspeare; but in Cibber, he seems to have already lost his youth: he speaks and acts like one grown grey in crime, and banquets on nothing but blood and tears.

One very great merit which the historical plays of Shakspeare have, is, that they are national; and not only national, but they are necessarily of the period to which they relate:—thus, what a reality does the following speech of Gloster give to the play; it stamps it of the time wherein the facts were supposed to happen, and is highly characteristic of Richard also.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William, Lord Hastings, had pronounced your part,—

I mean, your voice—for crowning of the king.

Gloster. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Hal-
born,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

We no more doubt that Richard uttered these words, than that he lived and reigned; or that he would have uttered these words, and it is all the same thing. Listen to Hastings's account of him.

His grace looks cheerfully, and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

*I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.*

Now, in Cibber, there is little or nothing of this: we do not recognise his cheerful look, nor do we feel his alacrity of spirit. He is not the mounting character of Shakspeare and of truth, but he seems to have reached the "midway air" already, and keeps floating on (there is scarcely an exception to this) like a bird of prey, fearfully and alone, sweeping every thing out of his road as it meets him, but ascending no more: he no longer bounds from point to point, clearing every successive difficulty as it presents itself, and taking his station at last amidst tempest and gloom. There is no necessity for this, for Cibber places him there at once; and all that we have to do is to wonder that there could have been so wicked a man; we have no notion how he became so. The Richard of Shakspeare, in short, may be compared to the series of pictures, called the "Rake's Progress" of Hogarth; and Cibber's, to the last scene only. It might make that terrible picture the more valuable, in one sense perhaps, were any person to destroy the others; but it would still be a mere fragment of the original design, and every true lover of that most delightful art would execrate the folly of the destroyer.

The principal scenes which have been restored are—the scene between Richard, Clarence, and Brakenbury, in which the wit and irony of Richard shines out so excellently; the one

wherein Queen Margaret comes suddenly on Richard, the Queen (of Edward), and her relatives, and utters her terrible curses on them all; and, thirdly, the council scene, where Gloster bares his arm, and orders the death of Hastings. This last scene produced a stronger effect than any one in the play, and the others were excellently performed. Perhaps Margaret's curse was too long, and might be retrenched with advantage; but we certainly saw no reason why the uneasy delicacy of two or three persons should shew itself, at the recitation of the following passage. We dare say, that the same people have ~~sate~~ very quietly at Othello, where things twice as objectionable are repeated; but let the reader judge.

Glos. An please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king

Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—

We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,

A cherry lip,

A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:

How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glos. Naught to do with Mistress Shore?
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,

Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Act I. Scene 1.

The plan, adopted by Cibber, of making the queen of Edward cajole the deep-designing Gloster, is untrue to history, and revolting. In the original play, Richard promises, in a magnificent speech (act iv. scene 4), all possible good to her and to her relatives; and beneath his false promises, her obduracy relaxes.

Again shall you be mother to a king,

he says, who shall call "familiarily, thy Dorset-brother;" and Elizabeth is thus forced into perplexity, and, at last, consent.

Our limits will allow us but a few words, by which to mark the performance. Mr. Macready's Richard was a highly admirable and spirited portrait, shadowed down finely from something which approached almost

to comedy, (and quite to real life,) to the very darkest hues of despair and remorse. It was entirely worthy of the alteration: we cannot say more of it.

The Stranger.—This play has been brought forward for the purpose of introducing a young debutante in the character of Mrs. Haller. Miss Dance (for that is her name) experienced a very kind and flattering reception, and her success was unequivocal. It is scarcely possible to arrive at an opinion of this young actress's powers from what we have as yet seen her perform: there is little room for display in Mrs. Haller. If the part is kept from languishing, it is all that can be done for it; for the author, except in the confession scene, has cast no opportunities in the actress's way.

Judging from what we have seen, we may pronounce Miss Dance to be a very elegant actress, and certainly a handsome one. She reminded us of the daughter of old Isaac of York, the beautiful and matchless Rebecca, though there does not appear to be a great variety of expression in her countenance. Her voice (but, perhaps, it was depressed by timidity) is scarcely powerful enough for a large theatre; yet, there are some notes in it which are very musical; and her pathetic and tremulous utterance, which brought tears into many bright eyes on the evening of her debut, reminded us of the better part of Miss O'Neil's acting, though upon the whole she cannot at present claim any comparison with that lady.—Miss Dance, then, is a very elegant, and handsome, and we may say, promising actress. We hope to see her in Belvidera shortly, when we will take an opportunity, perhaps, of speaking of her more at large.

Love in a Village, which is a pleasant opera, though an old one, has been revived here: the airs are delightful, and Hodge and Madge, and Mr. Justice Woodcock, are personages whom we do not easily forget. We think of them in connection with gravel-walks and borders of clipped box,—with bouquets of pinks and sweet-peas and lilies,—with yew-trees tortured into the shapes of pea-hens and pyramids, and all the garden ornaments of

the last age. It seems an opera that might have been acted at Hampton-court, or Buckingham-house, at the time when those square and unrelenting likenesses of the (former) Palace and St. James's-park, which have since been eugraved, were taken for the amusement of posterity. We do not care much for young Meadows, and but little for Rosetta, excepting only when Miss Stephens is the representative. She is indeed a pleasant quean, and we shall not readily forgive ourselves for not having discovered until lately her comic talent. Her naïveté is quite delightful, and she throws off a piquant saying as if she had a true relish for it. Her manner of saying, 'I'll strike you dead,' (she means with her eyes,) in Don John, is excellent; and her unnecessary piece of explanation, after having threatened to put it out of her power to love again—"that is, kill myself,"—was delivered in a way that entitled her, amongst fifty other things, to the best thanks of the author.

DRURY-LANE.

Conscience, or the Bridal Night.—This tragedy is by Mr. James Haynes, and we feel much pleasure in recording its complete success.—The principal merit of this play lies in the poetry, which is generally very delightful. There is, perhaps, scarcely passion enough in it, though we forget this, as well every trivial objection, in the perusal.—"Conscience" is written in a pure and unaffected style, equally free from the pompous and the mean, and unassisted by (and requiring no assistance from) those ordinary helps of phraseology, "all sound and fury signifying nothing," which some of our moderns have had recourse to, to buoy up their little stock of thought, and carry their names down the tide of popularity. We like to see a man meeting fairly the difficulties of his task, and telling in plain and downright language what he means to say. It is ten times as good as the gaudy nothings which are thrown out, like empty tubs to a whale, on the ever-moving ocean of literature. They will not stand wear and tear long. We would not be understood to be insensible to the poetical graces of Mr. Haynes's play, however, of which there are many. We mean

only to say that they are not thrust in, where they should not appear, nor are his ornaments swollen out beyond their proper and wholesome bulk.

There is great equality in this tragedy, and we scarcely know where to make our selections. *Arsenio*, the father of the heroine, *Elmira*, thus addresses his supplicating daughter:

What wouldst thou have?

Elm. What I have lost—thy favour.

Ar. A prouder bearing would become me more,

If I could so deport me; but thy tongue Hath still the sound of home. May be thy mother,

Though from the grave, comes warm into my heart;

Or thou so like thy mother dost present Her pleading eyes before me. Which is I know not, but I feel thou art my child, And cannot be to thee as unto others.

Lorenzo, *Elmira*'s husband, soothes his shrinking bride very delightfully: his language is fit to be spoken beneath the soft blue of an Italian heaven.

Lor. Lean on me, love, for we have far to go

Before we sleep. O! such a bridal night Befits not such a bride. Thine is no firm To brave the sickness falling through the sky

From evil planets: but if tenderness Can pay thee back for comfort, thou shalt ne'er

Regret the time when the cold smile o' the moon,

And the pale foliage of the midnight scene, Their sympathies afforded; and the bird, That in the silver hour of solitude,

When Italy sleeps in light, sings to the star That loves her music, sang to us the while; And this was all the merry-making passed To grace the nuptials of a fonder pair Than ever feasting hailed!—Lean on me, love.

The reader may now take the following reflections on death, which well please us, saving only the line which refers to that much abused class of honest persons—the lawyers.

Lor. Yes; I was thinking

That all must die; kings, princes must obey

The freezing call. Statesmen must one day sleep

To pay their court to the despotic tomb: Lawyers must there refund the fee of life: Heroes, unarm'd, forgetting sieges, battles, Must, far from glory, and the sound of praise,

Take their last station: inspired orators
Must ahun the multitude, whose mind they
made,

And cleave to silence and oblivion:
The player must desert his mimic scene,
To die indeed: and poets, fond of hope,
With their fine sense of life, must humble
too;

And at the summons, quit Castalia's spring,
To plunge amid the gloom of Erebus.
'Tis to the wretch alone that he denies
The solace of his sleep.

But, it is impossible to give the reader any idea of a tragedy from a few extracts: one part depends so much upon the other,—the passion, or moody abstraction which is developed in a speech, requires that what has gone before should be read in order to justify it. This may seem tame, and that ridiculous, when looked at singly, which, in reference to the other parts of the drama, is excellent and appropriate.—There are some felicitous turns of expression, which we may, however, be enabled to select.

A Villain is thus depicted:

Rinaldo was a villain,
Cast like a blenheim on humanity.

An Invocation:

Lend me, thou great One,
The brave religion of the martyr's heart.

The following is a pleasant instance of the love of fame. A robber speaks of his companions.

Such men
Have characters to lose, and will rob altars
Rather than come back empty.

Our readers will like (at least they ought to like) the following: it is excellent. A wife begins to suspect her husband.

Elm. There is a darkness in thy speech,
Lorenzo,
Through which the light of reason dimly
breaks,
To show what strange and frightful company
Thy thoughts are to each other. Still I am
Thy wife—

The expression of "*The night has lost its silence*," is to our minds simple and really fine; and the following (with the exception of the epithet "*silver*," which is, perhaps, rather applicable to a pleasant than to a painful image) is even better—

His heavy head,
Where every silver hair complain'd of
Time.

We now take our leave of Mr. Haynes, with the sincerest congratulations on his good and deserved success.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[We have made a little free with the following article from one of our most estimable correspondents; but a man who makes so free with others, must consider a little liberty with himself allowable:—besides, he is too exuberant not to spare something, and too lively not to forgive much.]

Be niggards of advice, on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is—want of sense—

My money paid—my book bought
—here goes for the "feast of Belshazzar."—Sir, you must wait a full hour—it is the fashion, and surrounded three deep with the *exquisites* of criticism.—Alas! poor Sterne, 'tis well thou art in thy grave—the cant thou hatedst most is here triumphant.—Alas! poor Belshazzar—upon one wall thou sawest thy fate, and here thou art upon another enduring thy purgatory! Well sir, "I can wait."—But I also am both a painter and a critic.—"The dog must have his day."—Are there no other pictures? Oh, yes sir, there are 305 of them:

and one—two—three—eight pieces of masonry under the title "Sculpture." Wouldst thou more of them? Well then—landscape predominates;—not (with a few worthy exceptions to be hereafter noticed) the landscape of Tiziano, of Mola, Salvator, of the Poussins, Claude, Rubens, Elsheimer, Rembrandt, Wilson, and Turner; but that kind of landscape which is entirely occupied by the tame delineation of a given spot; an enumeration of hill and dale, clumps of trees, shrubs, water, meadows, cottages, and houses: what is commonly called a *View*, little more than

topography, a kind of pictorial map-work; in which rainbows, showers, mists, halos, large beams shooting through rifted clouds, storms, starlight, all the most valued materials of the real painter, are not.—“*Fulham Church from the West!*” “*A Mill!*” with a supplementary, careful, and needful notice, that it is “FROM NATURE.” “*A study from Nature,*” (a pigstye!) mercy on us! Who taught thee, colour-abuser! to blaspheme the mighty goddess, by attributing to her the sordid contrivances of man? “Oh, I would have such fellows whipped! ‘Pray you avoid it!’ Hamlet. ‘Amen!’ But go on”—Game;—dead and alive,—Animals of all sorts, Birds of all feather, Beasts of all bristle, Noah’s Ark disembogued—Pidcock at large!—The dry bones of the preserves in the Leverian collection alive again—Adam and Eve’s Courtiers—Buffon, Audebert, and Le Vaillant, framed and glazed without the descriptions—Seriously this class is too full.—We can eat partridge often, *Mais toujours perdrix!* “The proverb is somewhat musty.”—There is a glut of puppies and rats, sheep, and dung-hills.—Nay, look at Edwin Landseer’s *Seizure of a Boar* (220), it is full of life and action! What a nerve-tearing screech he sets up, as the dog’s white teeth break through the gristle of his ear—I think (though I confess that I am no judge) that it equals *Snyders*.—You are mistaken. It does not, and cannot, even in execution; the colouring is weak—tone and harmony wanting, and in choice of subject holds the same distance from *Snyders*, as *Brauer* does from *Rubens*.—Then, where lies the pleasure of seeing an innocent animal tortured?—The wild Boar of the Fleming is an awful brute, ferocious, blood-delighting.—One makes up one’s mind that he is an aggressor—and the nerry-knee’d dogs are ministers of justice.—He is a savage yager, *Sylvanus*, a wild woodman unsympathetic with man—an affector of gnarled forests; but this miserable swine is cockney, tame, suburban—the property of Poor Widow Hill, who keeps the little green shop at the corner—and would

beget greater pity for his tattered auricular, if his filth and stench did not produce disgust. As it is, I long to horsewhip the young rascals (they’ll come to the gallows) who have tarred on the “twa cura.”—I don’t envy the heart of him who can dwell on the needless sufferings, and death agonies of helpless animals, without any apparent purpose, but that of gain, or drawing worthless praise on his manual dexterity.—Probably Mr. Landseer will favour us with the picture of a dog tearing out the bowels of a strong cat, the affectionate pet of some venerable adult, who would not kill a spider; (I know such a one, who, without any conventicle cant, reverences her God too much to maltreat or despise the apparently meanest of his all-praise-exceeding works.) I was told the other day of a living artist who, when a child was run over by a cart, before its own loved home, and the bankrupt mother stood rigid as stone, staring with maniac agony on her crushed darling, calmly and deliberately gazed on her ‘to study the expression,’ as he called it!! I care not to know his name; my friend assured me, on his honour, that he did not belong to the Academy; (I never imagined that he did) but let me take this opportunity to assure him, that, as a man, I hold him in the most sovereign contempt, not to say detestation!—Now to something pleasant: give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary! Here is a pretty fragrant Landscape by Miss Landseer, “*A painted Ode to Evening*” (10), which has, in the chiaroscuro, something of my favourite *Stothard* about it. I should like to hang it up in my little study very much—where, in fancy, I would lie passively, *latus in umbrâ*, under that cool canopy of leaves, and see the kine pass slowly homeward through the twilight, and smell their sweet breath, and hear the distant clank of the sheep bell; and mark, chaste Eve!

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.*

There is a Portrait next to it (11, Cupid) by Jackson, the imitator of

* This beautiful hymn of Collins makes, in my opinion, the nearest approach possible to the cadence and measure of Horace’s ode ‘*Ad Fontem Blandisium*.’ I wish Mr. Elton would essay it, and let us have it in the next number. Once already he has

Sir Joshua.—I can't say I see any thing in it but some rich colour, which is not in its neighbour, "The Importunate Author," by Newton (12): the latter, by the by, has great merit, in its line;—the expressions are true and humorous; the costume correct and well arranged; the back ground appropriate and walk-inviting; the attitude of the patron is simple, and yet elegant; and his whole appearance is not unlike to Charles Kemble in Count D'Anglade,* though the dress of the former is red and the latter black, if I remember rightly; but it is five years ago—I have seen Farley put on exactly the eager anxiety of the big-wigged poet.—Now we have some pictures by Wilkie, nothing particular, saving the character of importance and self-appreciation in the Highland Piper, blowing "the mort;" and the prodigious pleased astonishment of the child in arms behind him.

(16) Hebe. Sir W. Beechey. A picture which must grieve his judicious friends, while it gratifies his unjust maligners.

(20.) W. Linton.—The Landing of the Trojans in Delos. This is a sweet classical composition of that fast-improving Landscape-Painter. It is evidently an imitation from the style of Claude, as reflected by Turner; and would have been better had Mr. L. trusted to his own eyes, instead of

those of the last mentioned great genius. *Second hand is bad!* What must third hand be? Nature first, Claude second, Turner third. Added to which, Turner has great, dashing faults, which would sink an ordinary artist. Like Fuseli therefore, he is a most unfit model. The foreground of this scene is well and genially *designed*, but most weakly and ungenially *coloured*. Glaze it richly up with ivory black, and a little lake, and you will have something far nearer Gelee. I can't do justice to Mr. Stephanoff's inventions, which I believe have a good deal of merit; for his *touch* always comes across me like the relish of magnesia. It is so meagre and chalky; he wants fatness and marrow.—"*The painful Bite*" (33)! Mr. T. Ward adds to the good opinion I entertained of this artist's talents. The expression of the curly puppy licking his bleeding foot, divided betwixt pain and a liquorish itch again to adventure *the rat* (I believe it is,) in the cage, is well caught.—Vincent's "*Dutch Fair on Yarmouth Beach*," (36), deserves a good substantial notice. I am sorry I have not time to do it. He must accept my excuses and sincere wishes for his success. The purchaser of this gay, yet chaste painting, would not repent his bargain.—I thought of treating Mrs. Geo. Anesly (39, an "*Italian Flower Stall*,") as an ama-

translated it in an equal number of lines with great success. (See his elegant work "*Specimens, &c.*") These volumes are sufficiently obscure (Mr. Elton having offended some college pedant, by his just strictures on the *Æneid*,) to induce me to transcribe it entire, not doubting the reader's hearty thanks. It is, as he perceives, extremely poetical; and the unlearned (no disrespect is intended by this phrase) may assure himself that it is abundantly faithful. He cannot do better than get the book, as I have—the more he drinks of its pure waters, the greater will be his thirst.

Oh Blandusia's fount! more clear
Than glass; oh! worthy luscious wine,
And sprinkled flowers; let dawn appear,
A goat shall then be thine.

With budding horns his forehead teems,
And love and battle tempt his pride;
In vain:—his blood with scarlet streams
Shall stain thy ice-cold tide.

The dog-star's flaming hours descend
Unfelt; and o'er thy limpid pool
Stray flocks, and plough-worn oxen, bend,
To breathe thy lovely cool.

Thou too shalt roll ennobled waves,
While the green oak inspires my theme,
That canopies the lonely caves,
Whence leaps thy babbling stream.

* In the *Mala-Drama of the Portofino*.

teur—but she is too strong to require it; therefore let me hint, that she is getting a little mannered in the colouring of her female heads. Variety in her living models is the best caustic to eat away the rotten part.—Mr. I. Crome has an enviable "*Heath Scene near Norwich*," in which the student may see how much a subtle observation of the elements, in their wild moods, does for a most uninteresting flat. *This view* is not at all like a mere topographical delineation. It assumes a much higher station.—Gandy has a fine classical composition, (43,) "*A Landing Place to the Temple of Victory*," in a singular taste of colour. He should study this handmaid to design, a little more.—"*A Farm Yard*," by I. Ward, R.A. (47) is of course admirably handled. No man has greater power of pencil; which would shew out more shiningly if freed from the gyves, with which a desire of imitating Rubens fetters it. If I might venture to advise such a master of colours, I would hint that the sky is rather out of harmony with the general warm tone of the part terrestrial;—the ramifications of the boughs, in the back ground, are "*marvellously crooked*;" they are quite caricatures.—I must hurry on, otherwise I would compliment more at large (52) "*the Horse, Cur, and Shepherd's Dog*," vide *Gay's Fables*," Mr. T. Ward. The different expressions are very vivid, and the story completely told. The guardian of the flocks is a perfect philosopher, a Socrates.—Mrs. Terry has a pretty recollection of *Edinburgh*. "Her own sweet" (an old epithet for *auld reekie*) native town. And Mr. Samuel, an agreeable, unpretending view, from an agreeable spot, "*King's Weston place*," (I know it well) *at the Junction of the Avon with the Severn*."—Three sides of the first room are done, —well, if the architect had stopped here; but, unfortunately for me, he fancied a fourth; and cruel artists have covered it with their brain-and-hand-labours.

Corragio then! Gae up old dobbin! Lo! he pricks up his ears at the sight of those vigorous dogs in the turnip field. (67. "*Pointers, to be!*" Ed. Landseer.) They are indeed well

drawn; full of vitality and acuteness; but they demand strength of chiaroscuro, tone, appropriately coloured backgrounds, to give them value: and I don't think that their hinder quarters are very characteristically touched;—the surface is rather satiny than "*crinite*," and the whole picture wants solidity and breadth. "*The Lion disturbed at his Repast*" (78, by the same,) labours under a similar ignorance of the art of making up the picture. The lion's head is sadly deficient in nobility; and the snake reminds me too much of a large eel. Sound knowledge of anatomy is displayed in the nervous, sinewy paws of the savage; and his furry coat and coarse mane are ably touched. The antelope, as far as execution goes, deserves praise; but its large glazing eye, blood-shot with agony, and the gore-choaked mouth, so lately fragrant with the dewy herb, presents to the healthy eye not "an image of legitimate terror, but of frigid horror."—Stark has two very superior landscapes, (69 and 76,) but eulogy of mine is vain, after the approval of that able judge, Thos. Phillips, Esq. R.A. who has given the highest proof of his admiration, by purchasing "*The Grove Scene*," (76.)

I would fain now say something about Martin's "*Feast*," but it is impossible to see it at present, for a mob of fancied connoisseurs, the sounding dogmatism of whose remarks is equitably balanced by their emptiness and folly,—so have the goodness to cast your eyes up on the right of it here! That is a very tasteful, gentle thing, is it not? very pleasingly coloured without affectation. (74. *Composition from a description of Pestum*.) The inventor, Arnold, A.R.A., has lately made some most interesting and clever views on the Rhine and Meuse; (published, I think, by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, or Hurst and Robinson;) and I gladly take this opportunity of recommending strenuously the work of an industrious, improving, sterling artist. I had thought to have given it a more detailed notice before this, but I will not neglect it long. I am at present dreadfully in arrear with regard to embellished publications,* and I feel

* In the mean while, let me counsel the admirer of beautiful scenery to purchase W. Westall's cheap and faithful "*Views of the Lakes*." Three numbers, folio.

myself bound to make an apology for such neglect, to their respective proprietors; for, in my opinion, he who has any power, however small, of commending obscure merit to due honour, and does it not, commits an act of injustice. His exertions, it is true, may not contribute to "the creature-comforts" of the object of his care;—but is genuine, unbought sympathy, and a knowledge that its powers are appreciated, nothing to the sensitive mind? Does not judicious uninterested praise flow softly, like honey-dew, on the lacerated heart of the poet and artist, drowning past slights and difficulties in Lethe's dull lake? Say no longer, then, mental sluggard! that *thou* can'st profit nothing patient, spurned genius. If thy wrestlings on its behalf with wordlings do not achieve every thing, still they may do much. *They* may preserve it from the fate of Kirk White, and that shining meteor John Keats.

They may keep its bright flame burning clear to the last.

Mr. Barrett's *Wood Scene with Cat-tle*, (91) is poetical, reposing, and very obnoxious to the following neglected picturesque lines by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

—O! shady spots of ground
What calmness ye strike round;
Hushing the soul as if with hand on lips;
And are ye seen then but of animal eyes,
Prone, or side-looking with a blank surmise?

O ye whom ancient wisdom, in its graces,
Made guardians of these places;

You finer people of the earth,
Nymphs of all names, and woodland geniuses,

I see you, here and there, among the trees:

This hum in air, which the still ear perceives,
Is your unquarrelling voice among the leaves.

And now I find, whose are the laughs and stirrings

That make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings.

There are the fair-limbed Dryads, who
love nooks
In the dry depth of oaks,
Or feel the air in groves, or pull green dresses
For their glad heads in rooty wildernesses,
Or on the golden turf, o'er the dark lines,
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Which the sun makes when he declinet,
Bend their white dances in and out the pines.

Too far for me to see, the Linniad takes
Her pleasure in the lakes.

She, that with hills about her, loves to be
At once at home and at her liberty.

Far off I fancy, 'twixt their bowery isles,
Her and her sisters playing their sweet wiles

About a boat, which one of them sits in
And will not let them win;
Till comes a sudden gust, and parts them
with new smiles.

Nor can I see the lightsome-footed maids;
The Oreads, that frequent the lifted moun-
tains;

Though by the Muse's help I still might
shew,

How some go leaping by the laughing foun-
tains

Down the touched crags; and some o'er
deep ravines

Sit listening to the talking streams below;
And some in sloping glades

Of pines lie musing—
Foliage, 12mo. 1818.

I break the tenth commandment
when I luxuriate on the sight of this
rich landscape, so I will tear myself
away.

The Interior of a Cottage (99), S.
W. Reynolds, is quite a *minikin*
Rembrandt. This gentleman has se-
veral other very clever bits.

Cupid and Psyche (109), Etty. This
artist's study and practice have been
intense; and out of all proportion to
the results. Power of pencil; agree-
able surface, firmness of touch, pulp,
and a systematic plan of colour may
be acquired, and these he has; but,
that transcribing the common limbs
of the Academy model, will not in-
stil into the mind images of beauty,
dignity and high pathos,—nor servile
copies from the antique create inven-
tion—he is an instructive living proof.
—The heads of Amor and Psyche
would be vulgar if they were not
mawkish, and disarm critical severity
by meek imbecility. The drawing is
feeble; the handling and colouring of
the figures shadowy, and consort ill
with the common unraised humanity
of their forms, which are little better
than Albert Durer's famous *Adam and*
Eve, only more fleshy, gristly, or
rather woolly. Yet with all these
defects, the painting has great merit
in its class, which is what Vasari calls
the *ornamental*: the silver clouds in-

vite by their pillowy fleeciness and sunny warmth—and there is quite a touch of poetry in the gorgeous colour of Cupid's pinions,

Celestial plumes! That not like mortal
hairs
Fall off, or change.——

Carrey's Dante.

The best picture of Etty's for invention and expression that ever I saw, was his *Drunken Barnaby*. I trust he has sold his *Hercules*, and the *Man of Calydon*, as well as his *Pandora*; if, however, this last brilliant sketch remains in his atelier, and its price would come within my limited means, I should like to have it. Christmas's *Puss in Danger* (108) is a very terrific thing. The grim demon of a bull-dog, who interrupts the cat in her unhallowed dalliance with the rat, has some analogy in my fancy with Lanciotto, Lord of Rimini, scaring "the Lovers" from their forbidden delight. It will make a kind of companion to Fuseli's celebrated picture, now I believe at Liverpool—(I begin to find myself overstepping my Editor-prescribed limits, (I am not the Editor—I wish I was) and I must intreat those gentlemen, who may imagine they are alighted to consider the brevity of my notices as occasioned, not by their want of merit, but my want of space:—and first, if I was sufficiently grateful for the pleasure I received from Mr. Willes's delicious *Landscape-composition* from the *Electra* of *Sophocles* (114), I should fill three pages. As it is, all I can say is, that its sweet remembrance, will, I trust, bear me not infrequent from the yellow bricks of St. James's, to the wild shores of inhospitable Tauris, lashed by "the savourie brine."—Gandy's *Landscape composition* from *Collins's Third Eclogue* (142) is full of fancy, beauty, and singularity.—I like his drawings far better than his oil pictures.—I grieve that I can only name Hofland's *River Uske*, (163) and young Landseer's capital picture of the *Rival Candidates* (two dogs contending for a stick thrown into the water by some shepherd boys). Mrs. Carpenter's *Italian Peasant Girl* manifests a very gentle taste and sweet feeling for beauty; a great scarcity in this exhibition. I can safely say the same for my favourite Dewint's

Ambleside Mill (168).—There seems now a little opening to Martin's Picture, and I am expected to say something about that which has created so great an interest. If I have time I will return to Hilton's *Penelope and Ulysses*, though it is as well for him that I should not; for at present I must say that his powers are in a state of stagnation.—"O Ebony! O Gold!" as Theocritus says, on a different occasion, here is the *Black Frame* and its gull-gathering contents!—I must request the compositor for a new paragraph.

So!—Well how! Shall I speak out, or not? "Aye! it is sold you see, and to a brother artist, Collins, R. A!!"—Bravo! That's fine! it warms the heart, and gives the lie nobly to those fellows, reputation's blow-flies, who buzz about with festering whispers of the envy of rivals. "But what of the picture?" Frankly then, it does not please me, if considered as an embodying of the passage in Daniel.—Martin succeeds best when every thing is left to his own imagination; which circumstance alone is no mean proof of his talents.—His *Adam and Eve* thrust through the rocky wall of Eden (a landscape-composition) was heart-quelling and sublime; but the "blasted heath," in his *Macbeth*, was completely missed. It had none of that vast, illimitable-black-level barrenness which stamps on the mind such a chilling image of bleakness and desolation, mingled with curdling awe; but, on the contrary, was cut up into a thousand littlenesses, which peremptorily arrested the sweep of the eye. Some of the hollows looked like gravel pits;—there were bare patches whence turf had been cut for Mr. Any-Body's Garden; and bating the mountains and lake, which seemed very much ashamed of themselves, it put me in mind of Hampstead Heath in the winter. Neither did the sky make any amends;—it was fidgetted, tattered, fantastic, and petty; when it should have been massy, simple in its forms, sulphurous, thunder-charged, luring, and ominous. The tone was feeble, and without *gusto*. The colouring weak, chalky, inappropriate, and the figures both in conception and execution,—ludicrous, only that one grieved to see a clever man so mistaking his powers. Notwith-

standing these objections, one little alteration would have rendered it an extraordinary production, viz.—simply erasing the figures from the canvas, and the misnomer of “*Macbeth, and the Weird Sisters*,” from the catalogue; leaving the spectator to assign to it what sentiment seemed most just.—His “*Sadak*” (exhibited some years ago) was a true offspring of legitimate terror; but excited little or no attention.—*Joshua* had very great merit.—I never saw his *Sack of Babylon*; but I was satisfied of its general demerits by a panegyric on it, written, I was told, by a Flower Painter, who teaches at an “Establishment for Young Ladies! Is it not dreadful to think that an artist’s bread may hang on the fiat of such necessarily unskilled, incompetent, and generally uneducated folks, with their little confined notions of art? I have always been a warm, and, I trust, judicious advocate of Martin’s fair-fame, and never till this present have I either written or spoken one word detracting therefrom; but the mischievous, hyperbolic trumpeting of his friends (not one of them, I verily believe, values him half so truly as myself) have forced from me the foregoing observations; and if the ensuing shall prove equally distasteful to him, he must lay the sin to their account, not to mine. I shall not go about to describe it,—that has been done to satiety in all the public prints;—suffice it to say, that the whole scene seems to me rather a theatrical pageant—a presentment of unknown fire works, before a barbaric Prince, (a king of Ashantee for instance) of which the old black figure standing on the table, like a speaker at the *Freemason’s*, is showman—than the arena of a real courage-blasting portent. There is too much bustle, noise, hubbub, and screaming, for any real supernatural awe. It is either common affrightment, or mere simulation. The groups are only groups in the last scene of a melo-drama. These gaudy minions have self-possession enough to hurry, and scamper, as if from a mad ox or dog. Belshazzar himself stands in an imposing attitude firm on his legs; but what says our weighty, majestic translation of Daniel. “Then the king’s countenance

was changed, and his thoughts troubled him so that *the joints of his loins were loosed; and his knees smote one against the other.*” Has Mr. Martin any thing in his whole picture, which harmonizes with this noble passage? Does it not at once render his women, Bartlemy dolls, and men, wire-strung puppets?—Now let us consider the *tone* (colour, Martin never had, and it would be useless to upbraid him with the want). His *forte* lies quite another way; which is a knack of including a multiplicity of small parts, animate or inanimate, in some enormous area, natural or artificial. The tone then is most decidedly inappropriate and unfeeling; more befitting a gala passing off pleasantly, than the scene of a soul-chilling prodigy. Instead of dimness, a bloodless pallor, a mental blight visible, as it were, to the corporeal senses,—(often seen in the magic visions of Van Ryn and Fuseli) ornaments of gold, crowns, and circlets, losing their richness,—emeralds and rubies their colour and glow, and diamonds their sparkle—instead of this, I say, which would have shown the genuine poet;—the possessor of “that power which draws all things to one— which makes things *animate and inanimate, take one colour*,” and serve to one effect:”—instead of this, Ophir has poured forth her gold, and “the farthestmost steep of India” its jewels, to blaze out with their most dazzling effulgence in the very face of the fiery warning; mating themselves with the sunbeams, mocking the watery moon. Mr. Martin may even now mend all this much, by embrowning the foreground with a solemn, dusky glaze, through whose mysterious veil his laboured *argentry* may “gleam without shining.” Better still would it be for him if he could make up his mind to paint out all his little abortions, and renounce the ambition of becoming an historical painter; for which his professional education has in no ways qualified him, as his futile attempts on the human figure lamentably show.—There is something more: the prophet says, “In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man’s hand—and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote!” Did not Mr. Martin see that the omission

of this circumstance was fatal to his power of conveying the story? Can he fancy that his illuminated range of windows (meant for the dreadful MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN) renders it evident?—A foolish suggestion, I am told, is hazarded in the Literary Gazette, viz. that *none saw the hand but the king*; but granting this, what has it to do with the spectator of the picture? The poet can let you know, that there was an invisible hand; but the painter, who works with very different materials, must show it, or let the story alone. The Bible says, that the Satraps were astonished at the king. This chain of terror is exactly similar to the idea in Poussin's landscape, with the man who catches fear from the countenance of the woman at the spring, without beholding the object of her horror. This mode of treating Belshazzar's vision would have a grand and impressive effect; not, indeed, novel, being adopted by Shakspeare into his Banquet scene with the ghost in Macbeth.

The magicians and soothsayers may be supposed to see the awful letters through the powers always poetically admitted to them.

Chaldea's seers were good

* * * *

And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore.

I have now done with finding fault; an odious task at all times: it curseth doubly, the finder and the finder. If these honestly-meant strictures meet the eye of Mr. Martin, let him consider me not as a discourager, but as one who earnestly wishes to guide his genius into a safer track to the temple of honour. I wished to have indulged myself in descanting on the accuracy of his perspective powers, and the shadowy beauty of his distance—but, gentle reader, "my pen is at the bottom of the page," as Beppo says, and I dare be sworn thou art glad of it. Be it so—the critic must be criticised—but be thy judgment pronounced in the same spirit in which mine has—for be assured of it, pleasure has waited on my praise, and sorrow mingled with my censure.—"Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," as the blue and brimstone cover on the back of the Edinburgh Review has it; but, still though as a judge I must pass sentence, my heart often weeps while I pronounce it—the hill of fame is steep and rugged, and foul befall the wretch who would unnecessarily encumber the child of genius as he toils up its acclivity.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Thorvaldsen, Canova, Flaxman.—Extract of a Letter from Rome.—"Thorvaldsen is returned, full of honours and commissions; the latter are a matter of regret to his admirers, as they are mostly of the portrait and monumental class. In such subjects, though on a great scale, his genius must be cramped, and his imagination stagnated. They may be popular and durable, profitable they certainly are. But what credit will they do him? What *kind* of reputation will they secure him in *after ages*? He cannot avail himself of that style of Greek purity by which he is so distinguished *here*. Canova has produced a greater number of beautiful inventions, and perhaps has gone farther (he is an older man;) but I do not think him so near the right road. The French prefer Canova; and say, if he be not so much of a Greek, he

is more original; and is not an eternal repetition of the antique. But is he not, with all his success and merit, a disciple of the modern French? His obtrusive costume, his hardness, niggling of hair, drapery, and accessories—his gilding, staining, and polishing, are gingerbread and trick.—He has just finished another great horse, which he is very proud of: they say the tail is a most elaborate piece of modelling; but such curious high finish often spoils the general effect, and one cannot help wishing so much time and assiduity were bestowed on the whole, either there or in some other work. He has a great reputation; but it does not rest on those peculiarities which are what his followers imitate only. His last figure, of a nymph sleeping on her face, is freer from manner than usual. If Haydon could bring up a sculptor

among his pupils, he ought to distance both the Dane and the Italian. Flaxman has done so, beyond comparison, as a designer; but he has never been employed on marble, except to make tomb-stones, or he must have been the first man in Europe."

Fine Arts in Spain.—A museum or gallery of paintings has been formed at Madrid by the government, who open it to the public one day in the week. It consists solely of the works of the most eminent Spanish masters, from the commencement of the sixteenth century down to the present period. The number of pictures is already 332; but the collection will be still farther augmented by the addition of the productions of the Spanish school, now scattered through the various palaces and royal seats; and the spoils from the suppressed religious houses, of the first class, will be far from inconsiderable. Señor Ensevi, miniature painter to his Majesty—an artist thoroughly well acquainted with the style of each school and master, is appointed director or keeper of the museum. According to the description which has been published, it appears that the collection contains forty-three pieces by Murillo, forty-four by Velasquez, forty-two by Melendez, twenty-eight by Ribera, (Spagnoletto,) fifteen by Joannes, eight by Cano, and a number of others by early Spanish masters; besides twenty-four by modern painters, who have had this distinction conferred upon their productions.

Among the living artists (of whom Spain possesses several distinguished by superior talent) the most celebrated are Goya, Lopez, Velasquez, Aparicio, Madrazo, Parra, Lacoma, &c. in painting; Ginez, Agreda, and Alvarez in sculpture; and Perez, Aguado, Velasquez, and Moreno in architecture. She has likewise some good modern engravers; for instance, Carmona, Esteve, Amulleer, and Blanco. Lithography has been introduced there; and there is now an establishment of it under the direction of Señor Cardano, an artist who has executed some very excellent hydrographic charts.

Painting and Sculpture at Stockholm.—Considerable progress has of late been made in both these arts. Falcrantz, who has acquired the honourable distinction of the Swedish

Claude, has just completed two wonderful landscapes, executed upon a very large scale. They are painted for the King, who had given the artist a commission for them. Another painter, named Sandberg, has also recently completed a very capital performance, which is allowed to be one of the best productions of art that the north has ever produced. Fogelberg is employed in modelling two immense colossal lions, intended to be placed beside the pedestal of the statue of Charles the Thirteenth; which consists of a stupendous block of granite. This monument is situated in what is called the King's Garden, at Stockholm. Byström, another Swedish sculptor, is actually engaged at Rome in the execution of statues of three of the Charleses: viz. Charles X, XI, and XII. The Academy of the Fine Arts have announced a public exhibition which it is expected will contain works that will not fail to raise the character of Sweden to a rank in art which it has not hitherto attained.

Russian Literature.—Many German and Russian literati, residing at Dorpath, have recently formed a reading society, which circulates a number of works in both languages. This place has for many years past been the residence of the celebrated Russian poet Schukowsky. This writer was born in the district of Tula, in 1783: he received his education at the University of Moscow; after having finished which, he entered into the military service at St. Petersburg; and subsequently, in 1808-10 became editor of the Russian journal entitled the Announcer. Upon relinquishing this employment, he lived without any other occupation than that afforded by a voluntary application to the sciences, more especially to poetry; the Emperor having assigned to him a yearly pension of 4000 rubles, not only as a mark of his esteem, but likewise in order to secure to so eminent a writer the independence he so well merited. Schukowsky is well acquainted with the literature of France; likewise with that of Germany and England, to which he is particularly attached. His lyrical productions form an epoch in Russian poetry. Among the finest of his compositions may be reckoned his 'Epistle to the Emperor Alex-

ander,'—'The Bard among the Warriors of Russia,'—and, 'The Bard on the Ruins of the Kremlin.' Among his translations from foreign authors are many poetical pieces from Schiller and Göthe.

Lobanow is another Russian poet, who is a great favourite with his countrymen: one of his most esteemed productions is an 'Elegy at the Grave of Prince Kutusov Smolensky.'

The dramatic literature of Russia has of late been enriched by several very valuable translations: among these the most eminent are Lobanow's *Iphigenia*,—*Tancred*, by Gneditsch,—*Esther*, by Katenin,—and, *The Misanthrope*, by Kōkoschin. A translation has likewise appeared of Delisle's beautiful poem of *The Gardens*. It is from the pen of Alexander Woikoff, Professor of the Russian Language and Literature at the University of Dorpath: this writer, who is eminently distinguished for his intimate acquaintance with the classics, is now employed upon a translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil. Woikoff has, moreover, attained no little celebrity from the elegance of his musical compositions; nor is he less estimable for the amenity of his manners, than admirable for the brilliancy of his attainments.

By way of remark respecting the state of literature—not in Russia generally, but in the two *foci* of this immense empire, which extends half over both Europe and Asia—it ought to be observed, that authorship is confined, almost exclusively, to the members of different academies; and that physics, natural history, mathematics, and history, are the departments most cultivated. Many works belonging to the latter class have appeared of late years; among these the most remarkable are Professor Kaidenow's *Elements of Universal History*, and Professor Orlov's voluminous work, entitled, *Events in the Russian Church and Empire*. Important materials for a general history of Russia are to be found in the 'Annals of the Moskow Society for Russian History and Antiquities'; likewise in the first volume of the 'Russian Memorabilia.' The historical work of the late academician Lehrberg is also highly deserving of attention. The first volumes of Karamsin's long expected History

of Russia are now about to make their appearance. Professor Strojceev has given to the literary world, *A View of the Mythology of the Russian Sclavonians*. Another recent and interesting publication is the *Essai Critique sur l'Histoire de Livonie*, by Count de Bray, the Bavarian Ambassador. The learned and munificent author has presented the whole edition to the University of Dorpath, in order that the profits accruing from it may be expended in procuring historical works for the library of the University. Among those works which, although not professedly historical, nevertheless contain much important information respecting recent public events, may be noticed Feodor Glinke's *Letters of a Russian Officer*. The most remarkable among the books of travels that have of late appeared, are Captain Golownin's *Journal*, and Ricord's *Narrative of Golownin's Liberation from Captivity*. Nor ought we to forget the 'Essay towards a picturesque Tour through North America,' by Swinjiv, the travelling companion of General Moreau, on his return from America to Europe.

Denmark.—In this country there are, according to Professor Olufsen's Statistical View, 1,630,000 inhabitants on 964 square miles; a population that he affirms might be extended to 2,200,000, or 2,800,000. Among these 1,630,000, there are 56,000 paupers, or every twenty-fourth person; and Copenhagen and Altona alone contain 12,000 of these latter.

A Copenhagen Journal, entitled *Skilderien*, (Pictures,) gives the following examples of the vicissitudes experienced by ancient dwellings, and of the singular contrasts which many present between their former and their present occupants. A mansion in Copenhagen, formerly the residence of a Danish minister, is at present inhabited by a sadler: that once belonging to a nobleman of high rank is tenanted by a carter; while the building, which was once the proud palace of the mighty Sigbritt and Dyvecke, has been converted into a shop. But similar changes are experienced in other countries; thus it is not many years ago since a chairman occupied, in the Old Town of Edinburgh, the house formerly belonging to Lord Drummond. A coach-

maker that of the Duke of Douglas ; and a stick-maker, the Marquis of Argyle's. A sheriff's officer tenanted the room that once possessed Cromwell as its inmate : while in Calmar, the hall in which the Union was concluded, is now used as a kind of prison for criminals. Many an impressive lesson, and much interesting instruction, might be derived from studying these minor revolutions, which mark the changes of manners and habits in a nation. At the same time they powerfully inculcate that mutability of human events, from which not even the palace and the princely castle seem exempted. Οὐδὲν ἀλλὰ Τυχὴς is an expression of which we feel the full force, while contemplating such marked but not very uncommon instances of the transitoriness of human grandeur.

Bibliomania.—Judging from recent symptoms we may assert that this literary disease does not rage with so much virulence as it did some few years since. The very same edition of Caxton's *Faytes of Armes*, which sold in the Roxburgh Collection for 350*l.* fetched but 60*l.* at the sale of Lord Spencer's duplicates, by Mr. Evans ; and at one by Mr. Sotheby, last month, prodigious to relate, a copy was knocked down at so low a sum as seven guineas ! Is this a proof of the declension of Literature ; of a recovery from a morbid taste ; or of the poverty of purchasers, and the distressed state of the country ?

New Volcano.—Another of these natural phenomena has appeared in Portugal, where it has burst out in the loftiest summit of a ridge of mountains near Leiria : in regard to latitude, therefore, it is nearly midway between Vesuvius and Etna. It first occurred at the high rise of the Douro, and, when the latest accounts came away, was raging with full violence ; but had fortunately taken a direction in which it will occasion little damage. This tract of sterile country is that through which Wellington passed when pursuing the French under the command of Massena.

Modern Greek Literature.—A journal is about to be established at

Chios, the object of which will be the diffusion of popular instruction. The inhabitants have been strenuously urged, by Ambrosius Argentis, a youthful student at the Great College,* to direct their attention more particularly to maritime commerce, as the most permanent source of their future opulence and prosperity. Extraordinary energies are putting forth in the same island for the advancement of literature ; and much encouragement is given to the press, recently established there. Professor Koumass, of Smyrna, has produced an elementary work on philosophy, which has been received with considerable enthusiasm.

A Dictionary of Ancient and Modern Greek, intended to occupy six large folio volumes, is now printing at Constantinople ; the first has already appeared. Another useful project, now carrying into effect in that Metropolis, is a fund for the support of indigent students.

Clennell's Battle of Waterloo.—The committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen who undertook the cause of the family of Clennell, the painter, have announced that the engraving of the *Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo* is now ready for publication. A print executed with more energy—with more artist-like feeling and effect, has rarely appeared ; and the committee do not doubt its success. They rely on the taste, patriotism, and humanity, of the British public. The mental disorder with which poor Clennell has been so long afflicted, still continues without abatement or change. On the extensive circulation of this print must mainly depend the support of his bereft and helpless little ones.

Living English Authors.—M. Jacobsen, of Hamburg, who was some time since in this country, for the purpose of collecting materials for his work, has published an account of the living poets and prose writers of both sexes, in Great Britain, illustrated with portraits, of which a German journal speaks in terms of high commendation, describing those of Byron, Scott, Lady Morgan, &c. as very characteristic.

* This institution, containing nearly 500 students, may be considered as a species of university. A rich Greek merchant, named Varvati, has presented to it a collection of books from Paris, and a sum of 30,000 francs.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XIV.

On Monday, February 26, the Philharmonic Society held their first Concert. Sir George Smart conducted, and Mr. Spagnoletti was the leader. The music commenced with Beethoven's *Sinfonia*, No. 7, which was performed with such power, precision, facility, and expression, as can be ascribed to no other band in this country. A *Fantasia* by Hammel, (piano-forte obligato, performed with admirable delicacy and execution by Mr. Neate); an Overture by Ries, (Don Carlos); Haydn's *Symphony*, No. 8; a Quartet of Beethoven's, and Cherubini's Overture, *Des Abencerages*, formed the instrumental selection. Upon the whole, it was thought heavy, principally, however, in consequence of Beethoven's two long pieces. We confess we are not so far gone in the extravagance of the present day, as to relish the unconnected vagaries which some admire in the works of Beethoven. The first seemed to us crude, though forcible—and tiresome, though fanciful. The only redeeming portion was the passage led by the basses, and taken up by the various lighter instruments in succession. Upon the merits of the quartet we agree entirely with the silent but sensible adjudication of a lady of rank, who slept profoundly from the beginning to the end of it. The vocal parts of the Selection were from Mozart, Rossini, and Winter; and were supported by Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, and Mr. Begrez. The two latter performers are greatly improved; and in the duet from *Il Don Giovanni*, 'Fuggi Crudel,' Miss Goodall sung with fine science and beautiful expression. It is curious that Mr. Begrez, who has now obtained so very respectable a rank amongst the foreign vocalists, should have come to this country with a view to enter the profession as a violinist, and has only since his arrival in England, cultivated his talents as a singer with ardour.

The first Concert of ancient music, under the direction of his Grace the Archbishop of York, was on the 28th ult. Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss

Travis, are all engaged this season, presenting an almost unequalled combination of ability. Mr. Vaughan is the tenor, Mr. William Knyvett the counter tenor, and Mr. Bellamy, in the lamented absence of Mr. Bartleman, the principal bass. It is the attribute of this establishment to be immutable in practice, as well as in principle. It is, indeed, the depositary of the classical purity of music, and whether we speak of the austere chastity of the selections, or the precision of the orchestra, it is alike the subject of just admiration. Madame Camporese (the wife of a gentleman named Giustiniani) affords the novelty of the season. She sang an aria of Gluck's, and another of Bach's; but although trained to orchestra singing, having only been the chamber singer to Buonaparte, before she visited this country in 1817, she does not appear to such advantage as on the boards of the Opera house. Her style is legitimate; but her voice has neither the richness, the sweetness, the compass, nor the facility of the other female singers with whom she here competes. We observe, she changes passages frequently, to avoid such notes as F and G (where her falsette commences) which, although done scientifically, yet speaks a consciousness of want of power, where a female ought to be as much at ease as in any parts of her scale. Indeed her middle notes are by far her best. Miss Stephens sung *Ye Sacred Priests* with unabated beauty of tone, and, as it struck us, with improved expression. These Concerts have gone on weekly, and at the second, Mrs. Salmon gave *Sweet Bird* with a degree of delicacy, finish, imagination, and art, that decidedly places her above any singer in this country. Miss Travis has a full, delightful voice, and is a well taught genuine English singer, perhaps the only example now existing. But the most extraordinary part of the ancient Concerts is the chorus, which exceeds in force and effect, in consent, in precision, in the pianos and fortes, every thing to be heard elsewhere. At almost all other places a chorus may be defined, a congre-

gation of voices, not one of which would be endured alone. At the ancient Concert, it is a finely regulated ebb and flow of vocal harmony, uniting all that is to be expected from a combination of such vast power, with the intelligence and discrimination that bestows, upon solo singing, the principles of grandeur in expression.

At the charitable Concert, held at the Mansion House, on the 1st of March, patronized by the Queen, an audience to the immense number of about 2,300 persons assembled. The performance was more a *spectacle* than a Concert, for the necks of all present were stretched to gaze on her Majesty, rather than to listen to the music; the most extraordinary part of which was a trio for the horn, clarinet, and harp, by Puzzi, Willman, and Bochsä. Neither Miss Corri, Miss Stephens, nor Mr. Braham were able to attend; the first being seriously ill, and the two last prevented by their engagements at the theatres.

On Saturday, the 10th of March, the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, was opened with Rossini's Opera, *La Gazza Ladra*. Mr. Ebers, the bookseller of Bond-street, has been induced to try this hitherto unprofitable adventure, and has chosen Mr. Ayrton (of whose eminent talents we have before spoken) to superintend the stage management. It is said that a sum of 4,000*l.* has been presented to Mr. Ebers, by certain noblemen and gentlemen, as an encouraging *douceur* to undertake the enterprise. He is the lessee for one season only; and consequently, it is to be hoped, will not be engulfed in those perilous law and chancery suits, by which the receipts of the concern, since the erection of the present house, have been nearly swallowed up. His scheme of management is spirited; his assistants, in the leading departments, men of ability; and the performers engaged, persons of first-rate reputation. His chance for success, therefore, is placed upon the surest foundations, that foresight, energy, and talent can design.

We shall prefer introducing to our readers the several performers as they appear, to parading the names at once—a course which will enable us to describe their several merits more justly than we could find space

to do in one article, besides giving us the advantage of prolonging the interest. The band is led by Spagnolletti, and comprehends nearly all the most distinguished instrumentalists. *La Gazza Ladra* is the *Maid and the Magpie* of our stage, and was originally taken from the French. The story therefore is too well known to need repetition. In the Italian, the great outlines are faithfully preserved; and where the piece differs from ours at all, it is in the adaptation to national manners, which a drama must necessarily undergo, to fit it for reception amongst people whose property it becomes by adoption. For, though in consequence of the supremacy in music which Italy bears, other nations are content to receive her musical dramas in their entire state: that privilege can scarcely be said to be enjoyed by any other people, and is doubtless the attribute of her unrivalled sovereignty in the art.

This Opera has been esteemed amongst the most scientific of Rossini's compositions; and, if this remark be true, *La Gazza Ladra* affords another proof that science and interest are not synonymous terms; for we think the music is deficient in that property which has hitherto diffused such a lustre over the works of this brilliant composer—namely, in those bright melodies which fill the fancy, and attach themselves to the memory. With the exception of *Di piacer*, there is not a song that has the smallest claim to fix the imagination, or awake the feelings, and the concerted pieces are by no means of the highest order. In them and in the duets, especially, Rossini has attempted (as indeed he has before) to describe agitation of mind by various *arpeggie*,—combinations the least favourable to vocal expression. And although we dare not pronounce that he has failed, particularly when we call to mind the duo, *E ben per mia memoria*, between Pippo and Ninetta in the second act; yet we entertain the strongest doubts, whether the ear can be reconciled to the difficulties and apparent abruptness of such passages, however philosophically consonant the expedient may be to the theory by which music is held, to raise emotions by analogies and resemblances. On a whole,

then, we think far less of this Opera than *Il Tancredi*, or even *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; for it neither rises to the grandeur, visible in many parts of the first, nor to the lightness, vivacity, and spirit of the last; but rather halts, like the language of some of our heavy sentimental plays, between the dignity of Tragedy, and the animation of Comedy.

What *La Gazza Ladra* wants in musical excellence, is, however, made up in dramatic interest, particularly in the beautiful personification of Ninetta, by Madame Camporese. This lady's countenance cannot perhaps be esteemed handsome, either in its individual features, or in its general contour; but never, surely, did any face possess such power of instantly expressing, by sudden and beautiful transitions, the passing emotions that may be supposed to affect a mind of extraordinary sensibility, under the variety of situation and of feeling incident to the character of the unfortunate Ninetta. Our eyes were rivetted to her features, and we had no desire to remove them; indeed, while Camporese was upon the stage (which is nearly from the beginning to the end of the Opera) we scarcely saw or heard any thing else.

Madame Vestris (in male attire) supports the character of Pippo, a fellow servant with Ninetta. Her voice is a contralto, but is scarcely entitled to the high commendations lavished upon it. Nor has her style (originally imperfect) been improved by acquaintance with the English Theatres.

M. De Ville is the only singer really new to the town. He is a bass, and his voice is tolerably powerful, but a little coarse; and his manner of bringing it forth, by no means of the best kind. His mouth exhibits any shape, except that of the *bocca ridente*. He took the part of the father of Ninetta, but neither the music nor his singing were calculated to make any very strong impression. Rossini has filled this character with florid passages, which none but the lightest voices can execute with effect. Torri, Ambrogetti, Placci, Romero, and Signora Mori are engaged; and the amiable and accomplished daughter of poor Naldi, is, we understand, to appear

in *Così fan Tutti*, which will be the next Opera produced. The Corps de Ballet is not within our department, but we may barely mention that it comprehends some of the most splendid names in Europe; and that the celebrated *Fanny Bias* will come to England towards the middle of the season. Mademoiselle Noblet is at present the first dancer, a most beautiful and graceful woman.

The Oratorios at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres commenced on the 9th of March; at the former, under the conduct of Mr. Bishop, and on the succeeding Wednesday at the latter, under Sir George Smart. The Selections continue to present the same intermixture of sacred and comic.—Handel and Don Giovanni, as formerly. Why keep up this mockery of *Lent* entertainments?

At Covent Garden, a new grand Triumphal Ode, in honour of the first Anniversary of his Majesty's accession, was performed with *twelve* harps; and at Drury Lane, a requiem with *thirteen*, but the requiem far surpasses the ode. We can very clearly see why Mr. Bochsa, so celebrated a harp player himself, should out of mere love of his instrument, imagine effects, and write for thirteen harps. But why Mr. Bishop should write for twelve, except from some stimulus applied by a knowledge of the fact, that Drury Lane was to exhibit more than one orchestra of harps, is not so conceivable. If our conjecture be founded, it affords a curious proof, not only of the necessity of competition, but of competition in the same line—which managers feel! Concerning the excellence of these performances, nothing need be said. They embrace much the same Selections, and the same principal performers from year to year. The grand improvement would be to shorten their terrific durations; but the million love quantity dearly.

The Vocal Concerts (under the immediate patronage of the King) commenced on the 16th of March, upon the grand scale of former seasons. To the English vocalists, are added, Ambrogetti, Camporese, and Miss Naldi. The performance began with the Commemoration Anthem, and the Selection contained a

new duett, by Mr. W. Knyvett, which was sung by Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens; a new concerto by Lindley, and a new harmonized air by Mr. Greateorex. The rest was classical music, but well (we had almost said too well) known. If the support now afforded to these Concerts declines, it will be because sufficient search after novelty is not manifested, particularly in the songs, duets, and glees. We know how difficult it is to struggle between the claims of novelty and prescription, but with the great mass of hearers, novelty has it hollow.

Poor Bartleman is yet too ill to sing. This reminds us that Madame Feodor is dying at Paris, from having constantly taken acids, with the design of reducing the tendency of her habit to obesity. Europe will thus be deprived of one of its finest vocalists.

The City Amateur Concerts concluded last week, with the eclat that has attended their whole progress. They will certainly be renewed next winter.

Several benefit concerts are announced. Mr. Hawes will have a night on the 2d of April, and Mr. Begrez, on the 17th of May. That of the Cramers is also early in the same month.

Miss Wilson has played Rosetta in *Love in a Village*, with considerable attraction; a Miss Hallande, at Covent Garden, is rising also in estimation. Her voice is sweet and good, and her style at least unpretending.

The publications are scarcely so numerous as usual at this season.

The Old Highland Laddie, arranged as a *rondo* for the piano-forte, by Mr. Griffin. This is a spirited piece, but there is a want of connection, which gives it more the air of a collection of cadences than a regular composition.

Mr. Moss has arranged *Piu dolce e placido*, a chorus in Tancredi, as a duet for the piano-forte, but with no additions of his own.

Mr. Latour has adapted selections from *Il Turco in Italia*, by Rossini, for the piano-forte and flute. The opera was brought out at Paris last year, but is little known in this country. The airs, under their pre-

sent form, bear a strong resemblance to Rossini's most popular compositions. Mr. Watts has also adapted several airs from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for the piano-forte and flute.

Mr. Bochsa has given us a Fantasia for the harp, in which he has introduced *The Last Rose of Summer*, with very elegant variations. He has also arranged *Fra tante angoscie*, with variations for the same instrument, with much spirit; but the air is somewhat obscured in the second and third variations.

The Sisters, a duet for the piano-forte, and an old air with variations by Mr. Cutler, are pieces for beginners. The first is very spirited, and they are both superior to the generality of easy lessons.

Mr. Burrowes is employed in arranging Handel's choruses as duets for the piano-forte. Four numbers have already appeared, containing "Oh the pleasure of the plains," "Welcome mighty King," "The Hallelujah," and "Glory to God."

Four of the songs from *Don John*, or *the Two Violettas*, now performing at Covent Garden, are published,—two by Mr. Bishop, and two by Mr. Ware. *Far from his native mountains torn*, by Mr. Bishop, is a song of pretension, tolerably sustained. It is remarkable for *acadenza concertante*, in which the voice is accompanied by the several wind instruments in succession. All that can be said for this concert is, that it is new, but against it may be urged, amongst many very strong objections, that the composer has left the chance of effecting, at the end, what he ought to have accomplished during the progress of the song. The other songs are just pretty. One of them introduces the very favourite French air from Boieldieu's *Chaperon Rouge*, *Depuis longtemps*, which is incorporated with the English song.

In Celid's Face, a duet for a tenor and bass, by Mr. Webbe, junior, is an elegant imitation of the style of a more classical day than our own, in a line much required; and it will form a valuable addition to the duets for such voices, which are scarce.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

ALL the interest of foreign affairs since our last communication on the subject, consists in the details of the Austrian and Neapolitan contest. The Austrians seem determined to enforce the principles of the Holy Alliance, and the Neapolitans as determined to resist them. Every preparation appears to have been made at Naples to meet the advance of the invaders, such as the cutting down of trees, the breaking up of roads, and the organization both of regular forces and militia. The regular troops of General Pepe are said to amount to 35,000 men, and his militia is also numerous. The forces of General Carascosa are very considerable; but he and Pepe are not in communication. The Austrian General Frimont was on the Abruzzza frontier with an army consisting of no more than 50,000 men; but what this force wanted in number it made up in valour and experience — its soldiers were the select of the imperial army, and had served in all the trying campaigns of the late war. The reserve of the Austrians under General Lederer had remained in their position on the Po. It appears, however, that his Imperial Majesty will have ample occasion for all his troops and Generals, as it was supposed that the Anti-Germanic spirit was very general throughout Italy. Piedmont had actually risen; and it was said, that the forces which the King of Sardinia had assembled at Turin, to check the Piedmontese, had joined the revolutionary cause, and demanded the constitution of the Cortes. The Prince of Carignan and General Gifleuga were dispatched by the King to appease the troops, and attempt a compromise by a tender of the French charter. This, however, was refused; and the Ambassadors themselves appear to have joined in the refusal, and hoisted the revolutionary banner. In the mean time, numbers of French officers have passed the Neapolitan frontier, and

tendered their services to the people of Naples. Such officers, who have served in so many campaigns, must prove of inestimable service in such a crisis. We find this enthusiasm has not been confined to the French. At one of the late sittings of the Neapolitan Senate, one of their principal subjects of discussion was a tender of service from the English General Sir Robert Wilson, which was in the end gratefully accepted; and the rights of citizenship were unanimously conferred on him, preparatory to his receiving an high command. As far as can be collected, it has not transpired that the English Government mean to adopt any party in this struggle. A motion of the Marquis of Landsdown in the House of Lords for an address to his Majesty, praying that he would use his influence with the Allied Sovereigns for their interference to prevent results which might ultimately disturb the peace of Europe, was negatived by a majority of forty-seven. But on the other hand, in answer to a question put in the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh declared, that it was the intention of his Majesty's government to preserve a strict neutrality; and on a motion made by Sir Robert Wilson for the production of a letter written by our Ambassador, Sir William A'Court, to the Duke de Gallo, his lordship further explained, that nothing could induce a breach of that neutrality on our part, except the offer of some violence to the Royal Family of Naples. Since the friendly interview between Morillo and Bolivar, nothing seems to have occurred between the militants in South America. Letters have been received in England from the island of Madeira, stating that a revolution was in progress there, and that the predominant party loudly demanded the constitution of Portugal. At home, affairs have begun to assume the aspect of tranquillity. The storm occasioned by the late trial has hap-

ly blown over; and her Majesty has accepted the fifty thousand pounds a year, voted her by parliament. A new death has occurred in our Royal family, by the decease of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence. The Queen has patronized charitable concert at the Mansion-house, which she honoured with her presence; and his Majesty has, for the first time since his accession, visited Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, at both of which he was very well received. He afterwards commanded an Opera at the King's Theatre, which has opened since our last, under the direction of Mr. Ebers; and also attended the concert of Ancient Music. He has during this month held the first drawing room of the reign. His Majesty's determination to visit his subjects in Ireland seems confirmed, and the excursion is thought will be very splendid. Two courts are to be held in Dublin, at which it is expected the Foreign Ambassadors will attend; and notification has been given to the principal nobility, who have been in the habit of personal attendance on his Majesty, that their presence on the occasion will be expected. Great preparations are making in Dublin for his reception, it being the first Royal visit to Ireland for upwards of a century, and the first ever made by any reigning branch of his family; the Duke of Clarence, who accompanies him, was there many years ago as a midshipman in the navy. A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Lord Holland, for extending to Ireland the provisions of the act of William III. concerning treason and misprision of treason. By this statute, two witnesses are required in England to establish an overt act of treason; but, strange to say, in Ireland this humane provision has been hitherto unknown, and one is sufficient. Several petitions have been presented to the House of Commons, complaining of the great pressure upon the agriculturists of England. The Catholic petition has been introduced into parliament by Mr. Plunket, the member for the University of Dublin, and leave was given him to bring in a bill of relief founded on its prayer. By this bill it is proposed to give various offices

to that sect, from which they have been hitherto excluded; and to guard the constitution from any danger, by imposing restrictions on their clergy, and placing them under the pay of government. This bill has been read a second time, after two long debates, and stands for committal on Friday, the 23d of March. Mr. Grattan once got a Catholic bill thus far, but it was lost in the committee. Several resolutions were moved in the House of Commons by Dr. Lushington, praying the removal of Mr. Ellis, the member for the city of Dublin, from his office of Master in Chancery in Ireland, on the ground that its duties were, on Mr. Ellis's own oath, incompatible with a residence in England—these resolutions were negatived by a majority of sixty. A motion was made by Mr. Western for a repeal of the increased malt duty, and leave was given to bring in a bill to that effect, with a view to relieve the agriculturists. Mr. Canning, who had resigned his office as President of the Board of Control, in consequence of his dissenting from the conduct of his colleagues on the subject of the Queen, has returned from France, at the request of the friends of the Roman Catholic bill, for the purpose of aiding the progress of that measure. The Duke of Northumberland has ordered twenty per cent. to be returned to his tenants, in consequence of the depressed state of agriculture. A gentleman of the name of Hayes, lately deceased, has bequeathed no less a sum than 61,300*l.* in the funds to various public charities in London. Amongst the melancholy catalogue of suicides in England, we recollect few more singular than that of Mr. Dalrymple, of Manchester square:—he had dressed himself for church, and suddenly changing his mind, retired to his apartment, and blew out his brains with a pistol. It was supposed to proceed from grief for the loss of his wife, who had died twenty years ago. He gave directions in his will that his heart should be taken out, and that the picture, which he always wore, should be tied round it, and thus buried; which was done. He left property behind to a considerable amount. The architects appointed to report upon the practicability of

widening the arches of London bridge have pronounced it impossible, and have recommended the erection of a new bridge; the expense of which they estimate, independent of the approaches, at the sum of 450,000*l*. An unfortunate Frenchman, named Lewis Cautre, has flung himself into the crater of Mount Vesuvius; the first instance, we believe, since Empedocles. The army estimates for the present year have been printed; the total number of men now on service amounts to 101,367. A dealer in cheap bread, in the Borough, has been convicted of having an immense quantity of pounded soft stone in his possession, intended for the adulteration of his bread! The Recorder of London is about to retire, on a pension of 500*l*. a year, from the more active duties of his office; and is to be succeeded by the Common Serjeant, as officiating Recorder, assist-

ed by Mr. Arabin: both gentlemen to have proportionate salaries. A bill for the creation of county courts has been brought into parliament by Lord Althorp, the object of which is to render *justice cheap* to the poor; it appears that eighty judges, and an equal number of clerks, criers, and bailiffs, are to be appointed by it. The Noble Lord, in introducing the bill, gave, as an instance of the frightful expense at present attendant upon litigation, the case of one gentleman, who sought to recover 1*l*., and whose bill of costs amounted to 56*l*., while that of his adversary amounted to 15*l*. T. Ferrimond, the Secretary to the York Traitorous Association, was capitally convicted at this spring assizes, and sentenced accordingly. This unfortunate man had a son who pleaded guilty at the previous assizes, and whose sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On Tuesday, March 7, in the House of Commons a motion was made by Mr. Gooch, member for Suffolk, "that the several petitions which had been presented to the House, respecting the present state of agriculture, be referred to a Committee to enquire into the allegations thereof, and to report thereon to the House." The Committee was granted, and the following gentlemen were named as the members:—Mr. Gooch, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. F. Robinson, Lord Althorp, Mr. Banks, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Huskisson, Sir E. Knatchbull, Mr. S. Wortley, Mr. Baring, Sir H. Parnell, Mr. Wodehouse, Mr. Western, Mr. H. Sumner, Mr. Estcourt, Mr. S. Bourne, Mr. Trevelyan, Sir W. Rowley, Mr. Callthorpe, Mr. H. Blair, Mr. Irving, Sir T. Lethbridge, Mr. Littleton, Mr. Ald. Bridges, Mr. N. Callthorpe, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Curwen, Mr. D. Browne.

This list comprehends many of the ablest men in the kingdom, both from the Ministerial and opposite side of the House. From their deliberations and from the different views which the several members of the Committee are known to entertain of this difficult subject, and which they will of course be solicitous to support by evidence, it is to be expected that a powerful light will be thrown upon the question. At present we should say, both from the numerous publications and from the debate, that no one mind had yet taken a luminous or comprehensive view even of the elements.

Ministers were nearly all silent. Mr. Robinson, the President of the Board of Trade, indeed spoke; but he appeared simply to wish to defend himself from the charge of inconsistency, in having last year so firmly denied the investigation he is now so ready to concede. The explanation by which he endeavoured to palliate the change in his opinions, and which was drawn from the more urgent representations of the distresses of the agricultural interest, was, however, coupled with the admission of the necessity for the fullest examination of all the parts of this momentous enquiry. This most important concession is perhaps the sentence of the greatest value in the entire discussion, for the debate consisted merely of desultory opinions and unconnected assertions. It is indeed truly surprising, and proves the aversion which there is to profound thought, and patient toilsome investigation,—that not a single member, not even the honourable opener himself, notwithstanding the long interval and the intense interest of the matter, had prepared any thing approaching to a digested exposition of the several parts of the subject. The speeches of Mr. Curwen and Mr. Ricardo are the most full of fact and argument, but they touch very lightly indeed upon the bearings.

We would solicitously guard our readers against expecting any thing from direct legislative provisions, since the great evils that now threaten to overwhelm the landed

interest, we are fully convinced, have chiefly arisen from the expedients hitherto resorted to, with a view to sustain the natural and artificial elevation which prices had attained, during the impediments and restrictions incident to a state of warfare. It is from considering such elevation as the necessary standard, both as relates to cost and price, that the losses of the tenantry have sprung. At the peace it was obvious that a new ratio must take place, and that the level must be found from our intercourse with the world at large, not from mere domestic regulations. Such a ratio must either become the basis of our future transactions, or the country must be insulated from foreign connexions, to which consideration might be also appended the certain consequence, that an incalculable emigration would be sure to follow a high price of subsistence. The error, therefore, has been in not at once promulgating the general principle on the conclusion of peace; for the farmer had then in reserve his substantial gains during a series of uncommonly profitable years, to balance and provide him against whatever loss he might sustain in returning to the regulations that always have taken place, and always must take place, during peace. But instead of this indispensable preparation, in the very first apprehension of loss, it was attempted to persuade the country that the depression was temporary, and might be repaired by such expedients as the inefficient Corn Bill. Rents, tithes, poor's-rate, and taxes, were, therefore, permitted to absorb the farmer's capital, and every slight and partial rise of price was veiled as the incipient symptom of what was falsely represented as renewed prosperity. At length this access and recess has been repeated so often, and the bulk of the tenantry have been exposed to losses of greater and greater severity, that neither the true causes nor the fatal effects can be longer concealed or palliated, though the remedy yet lies in the same dark obscurity that has hitherto surrounded the subject. At this particular crisis, it may not then seem wholly useless to state our own views of the disease and its cure; because we think the rescue of the farmer's property, which still remains to him, depends mainly upon his perceiving how impossible it is to maintain his present contracts, and how erroneous a notion it is to hope relief from any power which Parliament may be supposed to possess, of raising the price of corn.

The situation of the landed interest, if we were reduced to the level of 1792, by a depression of the elements of expenditure and of price, would be the same as at that flourishing period, except in so much as it is affected by the increase of taxation and the poor's-rate on the one side, and by improved cultivation on the other. These

former are the burdens then which would lie upon the owner and the occupier more heavily, and which would demand to be compensated by increased produce, or increased price. Now the *direct* taxation which the farmer bears is comparatively of small estimation; for we perceive by accounts submitted to the House of Commons, that upon a farm of 100 acres the direct taxes were no more than 25*l*., or about a nineteenth part of the whole expence. But it is the *indirect* taxation that bears so heavily, and, as it appears, so indefinitely, because every tax is connected with the profits superadded for the use of capital, &c. &c. by the various venders and consumers, who are compelled to recompense themselves for extra expenditure by raising the price of whatever they deal in. The farmer is now, however, by the occasional introduction of foreign corn, reduced to the condition of a person of fixed income, and can no longer add the amount he pays in taxes to the price of his commodity.

We observe by the same document, that the poor's-rate amounts to a sum of 49*l*., or something more than one-tenth part of the farmer's whole expence. The same law that governs the effects of indirect taxation, must also govern the effects of a poor's-rate, increased as the poor's-rate of England appears to be since 1792, in the proportion of six to one; and as this estimate is taken from a country pariah, where the burden is by no means so heavy as in manufacturing towns, the rate is probably far below the real average of the kingdom.

In order to understand clearly the effects of taxation, we must consider the total amount imposed in its relation to the total amount of production (from the soil, manufactures, or whatever source), since in point of fact the gross sum gathered in taxes is so much abstracted from the general income. When, therefore, we reflect upon the immense quantity of waste land brought into cultivation,—upon the vast improvements in the practice of agriculture;—when we compute the amazing accumulations of capital, together with the advance of scientific power, and the stimulus universally imparted to intellect and enterprise;—when we see the enormous augmentation of our exports and our imports, we think there is strong reason to doubt, whether the increase of taxation has so far outgone the increase of natural production as is generally supposed. And this our suspicion is supported by the fact, which is corroborated by the statements of the ablest statistical writers, that the taxation is to the production of England as one to nine; while the taxation of France (which stands in the predicament of a *new country* as it were) is as one to ten—a difference so trifling as to be quite unimportant.

To relieve the land owner from the bur-

den of his peculiar and direct taxation, would therefore be a means, but not a very effectual means, of alleviation; and it seems to us yet undecided, whether improved cultivation and increased growth are not already nearly a compensation for this especial cause of suffering. With respect to poor's-rate, the case is different. There is a heavy, and intolerable, and growing evil, for which a remedy must be found.

It should seem, that since 1792 rent and tithes are increased, nearly as two to one; the price of wheat has risen per coomb from 22s. to 33s. 9d., and barley from 12s. to 26s. If then we take the same grounds for our computation as we have hitherto taken, there can be no reason, why rents and tithes should not be brought to the level of 1792, except the effects of taxation and parochial rates. And when subsistence is reduced in the degree that it should seem it must fall to, by the depreciation of the price of corn, the power of living cheaply would counterbalance, in a measure, the weight of taxation upon all orders of the state. It must not, however, be forgotten, that as the particular object of depression is agricultural produce, the landholder and the farmer will suffer in the highest degree of any class, should their proportion of taxation remain nominally the same in amount, but really greater; in consequence of the increased power of money to command a greater quantity of commodities.

The grand object, it is then obvious, must be to take off the weight of taxation generally, and of the poor's-rate; because these being removed, all the rest will find a natural level. The remedy for the first lies in the remedy for the second. Wealth is the production of labour, set to work by means of capital. Now we have superabundant capital, superabundant labour, and waste soil, and unexplored seas, to an extent that, with reference to our immediate wants, may be truly termed, indefinite. If these elements could be combined, the production of the classes, now not only idle, but consuming what the labours of others raise, would not merely add so much to the general total of wealth, but would call into being, from the very nature and law of exchanges, the production of other labourers. It is clear, then, that some measure to give a direction and impulse to those principles is alone wanting; and in a great and perilous crisis it is, we say, imperative

on the Government to do what the energy of individuals fails to effect. A rule is good only so long as it is operative. The "leave trade alone" was good while it balanced demand and supply, and furnished employment. But a succession of years has proved, that this general law has no longer its accustomed force. Trade is affected by continual and ruinous fluctuations, employment is no longer steady, and even the use of capital is become extremely uncertain. It, therefore, behoves the Government to originate some measure for the impartment of that impulse which is indispensable; and it appears to us, that no means are so feasible as the application of the poor's-rate, or a portion of the poor's-rate, to the purpose of raising a capital to give vigour and action to the idle, and which might be commuted for those real, or imaginary claims upon parishes and upon society at large, now so heinously abused. Whatever amount should thus be added to the whole production would lighten, according to its proportion, the burdens of taxation and of the poor's-rate; and at the same time would compensate the reduction in nominal value, occasioned by the depreciation which must of necessity fall upon agricultural commodities. When we say and fall upon them, we refer to the distress raised by the question of our foreign supply. If such a supply be at any time revealed to, we have shown in a former report, that no imaginable duty can raise the average price of wheat much above 56s. per quarter. If on the contrary, as Lord Liverpool avers, the domestic growth exceeds the demand, it is not easy to say, how low the price may fall. But as such a surplus would soon be reduced by the transfer of capital to more profitable employment, we can but consider the average price of foreign corn as the true standard, to which ultimately this country must be brought; not only by its commercial intercourse and in occasional wants, but by the additional and strong fact, that a price of subsistence much above that level would infallibly excite so important a proportion of the capital and the industry of the country, that the ruin of the state would be involved in the elevation of price. These are the reasons which induce us to believe, that the relief of the agricultural distresses must be looked for in the depression of rents, tithes, and expences, rather than in the exaltation of the

* We perceive from a document delivered to Ministers by the Agricultural Committee at Henderson's, that their prayer is changed from a duty graduated according to the price of grain in England to a permanent duty, fixed as high as 40s. per quarter. But even if this proposal were acquiesced in by Parliament, its effects would only be a temporary advantage to the farmer; for either the price of the foreign growth would fall, or capital would be allured to agriculture by large profits, and the domestic supply would soon greatly exceed the demand. In short, no artificial provisions can avail. They can only produce ruinous fluctuations.

price of agricultural produce: and we could this expectation with the hope of some national measure for the employment of the idle, and the increase of production; because it is no less obvious, that unless the defalcation occasioned by the fall of price be compensated by fresh augmentations of the national wealth from new sources, the same burdens cannot be borne, and the engagements with the public creditor cannot be fulfilled. Such are our views; and it will be seen that we treat the subject in its simplest forms, and reduce it, we hope, to plain and intelligible premises, unencumbered with the complications it derives from commixture with the question of the currency, and other political considerations which may affect the justice of present contracts between individuals; but which cannot, as we conceive, interfere to preclude the adjustment of the national interests upon the grand basis we have ventured to lay down.

The weather has been particularly favourable to the farming processes now in progress. It seldom happens that culture has advanced so rapidly and so satisfactorily. The dry frosts have reduced even the stiffest soil to a fine loose tilth: beans and pease

have gone in admirably, and barley is generally sowing to great advantage. Indeed, the benefits of early sowing are now universally acknowledged. The cultivation of Talavera wheat has much increased this year, in the belief that barley will be an unprofitable crop. The knowledge of the drill system, too, is extending almost universally; and some of the most intelligent agriculturists have published their belief, that nothing could have upheld them against the late severe seasons of loss, but the adoption of this admirable system. Turnips have held out so well, that they may be purchased in many parts for less money than they could three months ago. The dry time has been favourable for sheep; and lambing, in consequence, could not have gone on better. The wool trade for long fleeces has been a little brisker, since the last report. In the midland and northern counties, both fat and lean cattle, and sheep, and also fat hogs, are very plentiful, and prices are declined; but in Scotland, it appears, fat stock is in request; but lean is lower, and in slack demand. The prices of all sorts of grain remain nearly the same.

March 20, 1821.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, March 21st.)

Since our preceding report, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought a bill into the House of Commons to enable the Bank of England to return to payments in specie, at an earlier date than formerly fixed by the legislature. Deep and general interest is justly excited by this measure, which must necessarily have a powerful influence on the commerce of the empire. The agitation of the question, and the measures taken to lead to a resumption of cash payments, have deranged the mercantile affairs of the country. There has been lately no measure of value; the consequence has been, that the greater proportion of articles of native production, and of foreign import, have declined far below the value at which they can be brought to market, and of course under their natural price, and what they must ultimately attain; and it is confidently expected that an established currency, which is to measure the value of all articles of traffic, will immediately be followed by the revival of trade, and the general prosperity of the country. It may also be observed, that the effects of this important measure will not be confined to Great Britain, but extend widely on the continent: all countries feeling the drain of specie to England, which makes the circulating medium scarce, and of course prevents the usual buying and selling. It is hoped the

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Bank of England note will still continue a legal tender in the country; otherwise the bankers in the principal towns would be put to serious inconvenience, by the large sums they would necessarily have to keep in specie, to answer the demands which might be made upon them.

The reports respecting war on the continent have as yet had little effect on the commerce of the country: extensive exports of foreign grain have taken place, and the prices of saltpetre have advanced: with these exceptions, there has been no alteration in the markets, and no improvement in the prices of articles which are generally in great demand, and rate high during a war.

The committees on foreign trade, and on the agricultural distress of the kingdom, are proceeding in their labours. Whether the result of them will be such as to point out any means of relieving the distress complained of, to the extent that some persons anticipate, may be fairly doubted; but a great mass of valuable information cannot fail to be accumulated, which will furnish important data for future legislation.—We are happy to learn that a considerable improvement has taken place in the manufacturing districts, as Manchester, Glasgow, Paisley, &c. On the other hand, the unfavourable alterations in the Russian Tariff have had the effect of depressing the

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prices of those articles of colonial produce, which are affected by them. They will be found under the head of St. Petersburg. Negotiations, it appears, are on foot, between the two governments, which, it is hoped, may lead to some arrangement less unfavourable to our mercantile interest. No alteration has taken place in our commercial relations with other countries. The Spanish Tariff appears not to have given satisfaction to the nation; and it is expected that strong representations against many parts of it, will be made to the Cortes, which are now again assembled. The northern provinces of Spain are stated to be inundated, beyond all former example, with contraband goods.

The state of Italy naturally causes a great stagnation of commerce in that country.

The fluctuations in the prices of colonial and other produce having been, on the whole, inconsiderable during the month, we shall rather give the state of the markets during the last week.

Sugar.—The demand for Muscovades last week was steady; the purchases were, however, on a limited scale, and in several instances low browns went at prices a shade under the late currency.

There appears some improvement in the demand for Muscovades this forenoon; there is no alteration whatever in the prices.

There was a good demand for refined goods last week, and the inquiries appear to increase, and the prices to improve; scarcely any lumps are at market for sale, and the lowest quality is held at 87s. Generally there are few goods at market, and should the trade revive, of which there is some appearance, the advance in the prices would be rapid.

The request for foreign sugars has materially improved.

By public sale yesterday forenoon 155 chests 87 barrels Brazil sugar were brought forward; there appeared a very limited demand, and a considerable proportion was taken in: the quantity sold went fully at the previous prices;

White, good colour but not strong
53s. 6d.

Grey, good quality and strength
48s. 6d. a 50s.

Yellow, 30s. 6d. and 31s. 6d.

Brown, 26s. a 28s.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

Feb. 24 36s. 2d.

March 3 35s. 6½d.

10 35s. 9½d.

17 36s. 2½d.

Coffee.—In consequence of the languid demand for Coffee last week, and the extensive arrivals, there were few public sales brought forward, being 273 casks and 720 bags; the whole went off freely,

fully supporting the previous prices, except good middling Demerara, which sold 2s. a 3s. lower; Jamaica being scarce and much wanted, sold 120s. and 120s. 6d. for good ordinary, middling with colour sold so high as 138s.; good St. Domingo went at 119; middling Brazil 126s., fine ordinary 123s.; good middling Demerara, which had previously realised 143s. and 144s., sold at 138s. and 140s.

There were no public sales of Coffee this forenoon: the demand by private contract appears rather to revive.

Cotton.—The favourable accounts from Liverpool (extensive sales at higher prices), appear to have made an impression on the market here; purchases cannot be made on so low terms as during the last week. The sales consist of—duty paid, 476 Pernams 12½d. a 13d. fair to very good; 13 ordinary stained Demerara at 7d; 30 good Smyrna 9½d: and in bond, 350 Pernambuco 11½d. a 12d. fair to good fair; 594 Bengals 5½d. very ordinary to 5½d. and 6d. for good; 216 Surat 5½d. very common, 5½d. fair common, to 6½d. for good fair; and 50 good fair Bowed 9d. a 9½d.

By public sale this forenoon, 158 bags Pernambuco Cotton, middling to good fair, in bond, were all taken in at 11½d. and 12d.

The arrivals of Cotton in the first two months of this year amounted to 64,300 bags, being 24,300 bags below the import in the same period last year, owing to the adverse winds in February.

Tea.—The Tea sale closed on Thursday last; it has gone off freely, and generally at higher prices than the last sale.

Saltpetre.—There has been some briskness in the demand for Saltpetre on account of the appearance of war on the continent: parcels of the late sale have been disposed of currently at a premium of 1s. a 2s. and in some instances 3s.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The accounts respecting the high duty imposed in Russia on Rums had an unfavourable effect upon the market, which was previously heavy, and nearly at nominal quotations: the few purchases made in the last week are at prices fully 1d. per gallon lower.

By public sale 14th inst. 140 purchases Jamaica Rum:—

11 a 13 O. P. 2s. 4d. a 2s. 5d.

16 a 18 2s. 6d. a 2s. 7d.

18 a 21 2s. 9d. a 2s. 10d.

27 a 29 3s. 1d.

The Rum market continues without alteration; scarcely any business has been effected.—Brandies are held with more firmness; but no improvement in the prices can be stated.—Geneva is without variation.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The prices of Tallow have been exceedingly depressed

length of time, and as the market still gradually to give way each succeeding week, several holders seemed deterred to force sales; a large parcel of old candle tallow was in consequence sold off on Thursday so low as 44s. 6d. The report of war on the continent does not improve the demand for Hemp.—Flax without any alteration.

There has been a considerable demand for Whale Oil for export; the market, however, so abundantly supplied, that improvement has taken place in the price: a cargo of Cape Oil is arrived: the supply of Southern has occasioned a depression.—Lined Oil is a shade higher: in the other descriptions there is no change.

Corn.

End-5th	Wheat & Wheat Flour imported into Great Britain from Foreign Countries.	Wheat & Wheat Flour exported from Great Britain to Foreign Countries.
	Quarters.	Quarters.
.....	623,956	109,155
.....	192,449	227,500
.....	209,655	109,165
.....	1,029,038	235,591
.....	1,582,878	50,392
.....	469,658	40,563
.....	587,195	88,523

Account of all Grain, Wheat, Meal, Flour, warehoused under the act co. III. c. 26, and remaining in the houses of Great Britain on the 5th day, 1821; distinguishing the several of grain:—

Grain and Grain.	Quarters.	Bush.
Barley.....	31,422	0
Beans.....	29,770	2
Indian Corn.....	2,749	0
Oats.....	13,369	5
Peas.....	12,606	7
Rye.....	10,712	1
Wheat.....	733,762	0
Total.....	834,391	7

Wheat Meal, and

Flour, cwt. 178,751
Account of the total number of Quarters foreign Oats, admitted into home-consumption in Great Britain, from the 15th inst to the 16th November, 1820:—873 quarters, 2 bushels.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Amburgh, 10 March.—The demand has been pretty brisk, the prices have more steady.—Sugar. Though it has been doing this week in Hamburg refined sugars, the prices are fully sorted. Considerable purchases of raw ls, of almost all descriptions, have been

made in consequence of orders from Berlin; but the temporary animation caused by them has abated within a few days, and the rise in the price of some kinds will probably not be supported as the opening of the navigation approaches. Lumps in loaves, our stock being much reduced, met a ready sale at the late prices; strong middling at 11½d. to 11¼d.; but there was no inquiry for crushed lumps.—Corn. Good old wheat seems to be more asked for, and some purchases have been made for exportation. The sale of Rye is limited to small parcels for home consumption; but good old corn maintains its price.—Fine Barley is sought after, from 1 to 2 rix dollars higher.—Fine Oats would also meet a ready sale, but our stock is small. Rapeseed has again risen, and is rated at 180 to 212 rix dollars, according to quality.

Archangel, 16 Feb.—Our market has become more animated within this last week. Tallow has been sold at 126 r. but the holders will not now sell at that price, some asking 127 to 128 r. and some 130 r. for 10 pood. The last price paid for candles was 16 r. per pood. For mats, first and second sort, 250 r. per 1000. Oats 6 r. per chetwert; for which 6½ to 7 r. are now asked. The prices asked are—for Rye 10½ to 11 r.; for Hemp 70 to 80 r.; for Flax, second sort, 100 r.; for Potashes 75 r.; but these prices are all considerably higher than are offered. 6½ r. are asked for Tar, but it might be had at 6 r. There appears to be some demand for Wheat; and 14½, nay 15 r. per chetwert, are stated to have been offered to-day.

Riga, 23 Feb.—Flax. We have had pretty large supplies this week, which affected the prices, especially of Druania and Thiesenhausen Rackitzer. The prices now asked are—for Marienburg Crown 48 r., ditto cut, 39 r.; Thies. and Druania Rackitzer 42½ to 48½ r.; cut bad stub 37 to 37½ r. Tow 14½ to 15 r.—Hemp. Small parcels of that on the spot have been sold at the following prices:—Ukraine clean 104 r., ditto outshot 84 r.; Polish ditto 90 r. Ukraine Pass. 74 r.; Polish 80 r. There are few purchasers on contract; and paying all the money down purchases might be made as follows:—Ukr. clean 103 r., ditto outshot 79 r.; Pol. ditto 87 r.; Ukr. Pass. 69 r.; Pol. ditto 75 r. For Hemp-oil for delivery 98 r. all paid down are asked. Seeds are less in demand than they have been.—Tallow. 160 r. are asked for yellow crown now on the spot. Purchases for future delivery may be made at 150 r. all paid down.

With the exception of salt, all our import articles are without demand, so that even those articles, the import duty on which is increased, now find no purchasers at the late prices.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 17.—The following are the alterations in the tariff:—

Complete list of Import Articles; the consumption or inland duty on which has been increased.	Old Duty.	Import Duty.	Duty on Consumption.	U. S.
	<i>R. Cop.</i>	<i>R. Cop.</i>	<i>R. Cop.</i>	<i>R. Cop.</i>
<i>Cotton goods</i> per lb. all kinds of white, without gold and silver, as				
a. Per calcs, callicoes, &c.	0 37½	0 13½	0 36½	0 3
The same, coloured.....	0 0	0 13½	0 86½	1 1
The same printed, and the like, as denominated in the tariff of 1820.....	1 40	0 13½	1 36½	1 4
b. Half clear, plain, with white and coloured patterns, worked half muslins, muslinet, &c.....	1 80	0 13½	0 86½	1 4
The same embroidered, with white patterns	1 80	0 13½	1 66½	1 4
c. Cottons, clear.	1 80	0 45	1 35	1 4
Clear and half clear goods, coloured and worked, or embroidered, with coloured patterns; also those called gingham	1 89	0 45	3 15	3 4
The same, printed	3 60	0 45	3 15	3 4
N. B. All cotton goods, with gold and silver, and dresses ready made, pay four times the duty of the stuff of which they are made.				
Ladies' dresses, per lb. (in pieces) cut, embroidered, &c.....	5 0	0 5	9 25	10 0
Coffee per pood, (36 lb.)	2 0	0 30	2 70	3 0
Liquors per anchor. Arrack, rum, &c. below and up to 10 deg.	9 0	0 45½	19 54½	20 0
From 10 to 15 deg.....	—	—	—	30 0
15 deg. and above.....	—	—	—	40 0
The importation by sea is allowed only at St. Petersburg and Riga; but by land every where.				
Rum from beet-root and potatoes.....	9 0	2 79	17 21	20 0
N. B. The strength calculated as above.				
Mead, cyder, and cherry wine.....	2 40	0 93	3 7	4 0
Vinegar of all kinds, except such as are mentioned in the list of apothecaries' goods, per hogshead	20 0	1 39½	28 69½	30 0
Wines, except those below named.....	20 0	1 36	28 64	30 0
Austrian and Hungarian	13 0	1 36	11 64	13 0
Moldavian, Wallachian, and Greek.....	7 50	1 36	13 64	15 0
Cyprian	—	1 36	28 64	30 0
The same wines in bottles, reckoning 13½ bottles to the cimer, per bottle	0 25	0 24	0 37½	0 0
Beer, porter, and cyder, per hogshead.....	20 0	1 39½	23 69½	25 0
Ditto in bottles, the measure reckoned as wine, per bottle	0 8	0	0 14½	0 12
All kinds of ordinary brandies, distilled from corn, or potatoes, and gin, the strength calculated like rum, per anchor	9 0	2 9	17 91	20 0
Liqueurs, as infusions of berries, fruits, and herbs; the measure calculated as wine, per bottle.....	0 50	0 14	0 73½	0 3
Ditto, Dantzick, per bottle	0 50	0 10½	0 64½	0 3
Silk goods per lb. woven, coloured, uncoloured, with and without flowers, and as described at length in the tariff of 1820.....	1 95	1 27½	2 72½	4 0
Ditto, printed	4 0	1 27½	6 72½	8 0
Handkerchiefs and shawls, woven, silk, and half silk	4 0	1 27½	6 72½	8 0
Half silk goods, mixed with wool, cotton, or thread, without distinction of the name and quality	0 75	0 30	1 30	1 5
The same, printed.....	2 0	0 30	3 70	4 0
Silks of all kinds, however named, woven with gold and silver	7 80	1 27½	8 72½	10 0
Sugar per pood. Raw, brown, yellow, or white, not boiled in Europe, by sea.....	0 75	0 40	0 60	1 0
The same, by land	0 60	0 60	0 25	0 5
Refined, powder loaves, lumps, candy, in loaves, pieces, and crushed; by sea.....	3 75	0 40	4 10	4 5
The same, by land	3 75	1 0	3 10	4 0
Treacle (of sugar).....	0 60	0 35	0 65	1 0
Treacle (of beetroot).....	0 60	0 25	0 75	1 0
Treacle (of potatoes).....	0 60	0 45	0 65	1 0

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr. Mill, Author of the History of British India, is about to publish, *Elements of the Science of Political Economy*. The object of the Author, in this Work, is to present such a view of the Evidence of the mutual connection and dependence of the great Doctrines of Political Economy, as may both give a practical command over the principles of the Science to those who are to a certain degree already acquainted with it, and also facilitate the progress of those who are as yet only entering upon this branch of knowledge.

The Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham's Translation of the First Four Books of Horace will very speedily appear.

The Rev. Thos. Brooke Clarke, LL.D. &c. &c. has in the press a work entitled *The Church and State in Danger; or Causes and Effects of the Decline of Religion*, in a Letter to Lord Liverpool. Also, *Plain and Summary Evidences of the Divinity of Christ, and the Doctrine of the Atonement*.

A new Edition of Evans's Sketch of All Religions, being the Fourteenth, will very shortly be published, it will contain some additional matter relative to the Sauds, a Religious Sect in India, analogous to that of the Quakers.

A Translation from the German of Dr. Golis' Practical Treatise on the Hydrocephalus Acutus, is preparing for publication, by Dr. Good.

The admirers of Literary and Antiquarian Curiosities will be gratified in the course of the present month, by the appearance of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin's *Tour in France and Germany*.

Mr. Adam, near Aberdeen, is about to publish a Translation from the Greek of Musæus' Hero and Leander, accompanied by some Original Poems.

Professor Lee is preparing for the Press the late Mr. Martyn's Controversy with the Learned of Persia, on the Sophisms of Mohammedanism; which will be published both in Persian and English.

Quintus Smyrnaeus' Supplement to the Iliad, in Fourteen Books, has been Translated from the Greek, by Mr. A. Dyce, and will shortly be published, illustrated with Remarks and Annotations by the Translator.

A new Journal entitled *The Magazine of the Fine Arts; or, Monthly Review of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture*, is about to be commenced; it is intended to supply more fully and connectedly than has ever before been done, a numerous class of readers, with the most ample intelligence and information respecting the Fine Arts, whether in the British Empire or on the Continent.

An Account of the Interior of Ceylon, by Dr. John Davy, composed from mate-

rials collected by him, during a residence in that Island, may be expected to appear very speedily.

Another Novel, under the title of *The Buccaneer*, is announced, from the fruitful pen of the Author of *Waverley*.

A Tale of the Olden Time, by a Harrow Boy.

An Analogical Enquiry into the probable results of the Influence of Factitious Eruptions in Hydrophobia, Tetanus, Non-Exanthematous, and other Diseases incidental to the Human Body, illustrated by cases.

Dr. Clark Abel is preparing a Translation from the German of Blumenbach's *Elements of Natural History*, comprehending considerable additions.

A History of the Town of Shrewsbury, which possesses very peculiar claims to the notice of the Antiquary and the Historian, is preparing for publication, by the Rev. Hugh Owen, and the Rev. J. Blakeway.

An improved Edition of the *Universal Cambist* will shortly be published. Among other Additions, it will contain the results of a plan for determining the relative contents of the Weights and Measures of all Trading Nations.

Observations on some of the General Principles, and on the Particular Nature and Treatment, of the different Species of Inflammation; by J. H. James, Surgeon to the Devon and Exeter Hospitals, &c.

An Essay on Resuscitation, with a representation and description of an improved apparatus. By T. J. Armiger, Surgeon.

Thomas Hare, FLS. &c. intends to publish a View of the Structure, Functions, and Disorders of the Stomach, and Alimentary Organs of the Human Body, with Physiological Observations and Remarks upon the Qualities and Effects of Food, and fermented Liquors.

Dr. Forbes, of Penzance, is preparing for publication, a Translation of M. Lacennec's late work on the Pathology and Diagnosis of Diseases of the Chest.

Mr. James Moss Churchill, has in the Press, a Treatise on Acupuncture, being a description of a Surgical Operation, originally peculiar to the Japanese and Chinese, and now introduced into European practice; with cases illustrating the success of the operation, and directions for its performance.

Mr. Southey will publish, in the course of April, the Expedition of Argua, and the crimes of Lope de Aguirre.

Mr. Partington, of the London Institution, has announced the completion of his long expected work on Steam Engines. This Treatise will comprise a full and minute description of that stupendous machine in all its various modifications: and

a copious Appendix, annexed to the work, is intended to contain a complete analysis of the patents connected with this branch of mechanic arts to the present time.

A new Work on Steam Engines and Steam Boats, by Mr. John Farey, jun. illustrated with numerous Engravings, by Lowry, is in a state of forwardness.

Letters from Spain, containing some account of the present and past condition of the Peninsula; Details relative to the late Revolution; Observations on Public Characters, Literature, Manners, &c.; by Edward Blaquiere, Esq.

Ismael, or the Arab, an Oriental Romance; Sketches of Scenery, Foreign and Domestic, with other Poems: By the Author of the Novel of Lochiel, or the Field of Culloden.

The First Number of ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, engraved by the most eminent historical engravers, from pictures painted expressly for the work, by Robert Smirke, Esq. R.A. will be published early

in this month. The paucity of this work may fully justify the most sanguine expectations, as the varied scenes of passion and humour in the plays of Shakspeare will afford an ample scope for the extraordinary skill and beauty of his pencil.

Mr. W. D. Robinson will shortly publish Memoirs of the Revolution of Mexico, with a Narrative of the Campaign of General Mina, Anecdotes of his Life, and Observations on the Practicability of connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean by means of navigable Canals.

Dr. Prichard, Physician to the Bristol Infirmary, has in the Press, A Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System, Vol. I. comprising Convulsive and Maniacal Affections. The design of this work is to illustrate by numerous Cases of Epilepsy, Mania Chorea, and the different Forms of Paralysis, the connection between Affections of this Class, and a variety of diseases of the Natural Functions.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.

Historic Notices in reference to Fotheringay; illustrated by Engravings. By the Rev. H. R. Bonney, M.A. Author of the Life of Bishop Taylor, 8vo. 7s. 6d. large paper, 15s.

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Memoirs of the Rev. Mark Wilks, late of Norwich. By Sarah Wilks, his daughter. With an Appendix, containing Sermons, Letters, and various interesting Documents. Portrait by Fry, 12mo. 7s.

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Biographie nouvelle des Contemporains, soit en France, soit dans les pays Etrangers, &c. &c. Par MM. Arnault, Jay, Jouy, Norvins, &c. vol. 1. (A.) 8vo. avec portraits, 14s.

Considerations politiques sur l'Etat actuel de l'Allemagne; Traduction de l'Ouvrage Allemand, intitulé Manuscript aus Deutschland, 8vo. 6s.

Gault de Saint Germain, Abrégé Géographique de l'Histoire de France depuis les Temps héroïques jusqu'à nous, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Les Jeunes Voyageurs, ou Lettres sur la France, en Prose et en Vers, ornées de 88 Gravures, 6 vols. royal 18mo. 88 plates, 2l. 5s.

Chateaufort, Histoire des grands Capitaines de la France, pendant la Guerre de la Liberté (de 1792 à 1802), 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Begin, Principes généraux de Physiologie pathologique, co-ordonnés d'après la Doctrine de Broussais, 8vo. 9s.

Nouvelle Bibliothèque Germanique Médico-Chirurgicale, ou Extrait des meilleurs Ouvrages publiés en Allemagne. Par MM. Brewer et Huet, médecins, et Souscription pour 5 autres, qui seront publiés de mois en mois, 8vo. 16s.

NEW PATENTS.

James Ferguson Cole, of Hans-place, St. Luke, Chelsea, for certain improvements in chronometers.—Jan. 27, 1821.

John Roger Arnold, of Chigwell, Essex, for a new or improved expansion balance for chronometers.—Jan. 27.

Alphonso Doxat, of Bishopegate-street, for a new combination of mechanical powers, whereby the weight and muscular force of men may be employed to actuate machinery for raising water, or other purposes, in a more advantageous manner

than has been hitherto practised, communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad.—Jan. 27.

Phillips London, the younger, of Cannon-street, practical chemist, for a certain improvement in the application of heat to coppers and other utensils.—Feb. 3.

William Aldersey, of Hornorton, for an improvement on steam engines, and other machinery where the crank is used.—Feb. 3.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Archdeacon of Exeter has appointed the Rev. James Duke Coleridge, LL.B. his official and principal surrogate, in the archdeaconry of Exeter.—The Rev. J. Townsend, to the living of Taunton St. James, (vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Lurton,) by Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart.—The Rev. Chas. Ashfield, to the rectory of Doddington by Bridgewater, on the presentation of the Marquis of Buckingham, void by the death of the Rev. John Sealy.

OXFORD.—The Hon. Phillip Henry Abbot, second son of Lord Colchester, and student of Christ Church, elected scholar on the Vinerian Foundation, vacated by the death of Mr. Larkins, of University College.—The Rev. John Dabfield, of Oriel College, admitted Master of Arts.—G. H. W. Henecage, student of Christ Church, admitted Bachelor of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE, March 9.—Three new Craven scholarships, of 50l. per. ann. having been lately instituted, pursuant to a decree of the High Court of Chancery, from the estates bequeathed by Lord

Craven, for the reward of classical learning in the University, subject to the same regulations as the two former Craven scholarships; these prizes have been contested in an examination by 25 candidates; and were adjudged to George Long, Thos. Babington Macaulay, and Henry Malden, all students of Trinity College: their names are mentioned in alphabetical order, it being the opinion of the examiners that their merits were equal. It was also declared that the merits of Mr. W. H. Marriott, of the same college, were hardly inferior to those of the successful candidates.—Stephen Luke, Esq. of Jesus College, admitted Doctor in Physic.

Bachelors in Divinity.—The Rev. T. Boovor, and the Rev. G. C. Gorham, Fellows of Queen's College.—Wm. Brougham, Esq. B.A. of Jesus College, elected Fellows of that Society.

Members' Prizes.—The subjects for the present year are, for the Senior Bachelors, "De Origine et Progressu Idolatriæ, Dialogus."—For the Middle Bachelors, "Oratio in Laudem Musicæ."

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette, Feb. 17. to March 20.

Feb. 17.—Barker, E. Exeter, druggist. [Bratton, 55, Old Broad-street. C.]
Cand, T. R. W. Borough-market, tripe-dresser. [Sheppard, Dean-street, Southwark. T.]
Edwards, M. Rochester, linen-draper. [Rippon, Great Surry-street, Blackfriars-road. T.]
Fisher, J. York, raff-merchant. [Egerton, 3, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
Leeds, T. Chester, cotton-spinner. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.]
Leigh, P. Stockport, cotton-spinner. [Milne, Temple. C.]
Loone, J. Coventry, builder. [Woodward, Token-house-yard. C.]
Newmarch, Chas. Cheltenham, stone-merchant. [King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street. T.]
Parsons, J. Long-acre, coach-lace-manufacturer. [Carter, 7, Staple-inn, Holborn. T.]
Priddy, J. Oxford-street, wine-merchant. [Dawson, Saville-place, New Burlington-street. T.]
Pryme, A. de la, G. Hilton, and R. Hilton, Chorley, Lancaster, cotton-spinners. [Hurd, Temple. C.]
Russell, T. Brighthelmston, builder. [Gwynne, Lewes. C.]
Sidwell, R. Bath, shoe-maker. [Easton, 4, Lambeth-road, Southwark. C.]
Timbrell, And. Old South-sea-house, merchant. [Lowe, Southampton-build. Chancery-lane. T.]
Vipond, T. E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer. [Morton, 7, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
Watts, T. Combe Martin, Devon, dealer. [Bunn, 18, Brook-street, Holborn. T.]
Wilburn, W. F. North Shields, hardwareman. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.]
Wise, J. Wellingborough, Northampton, saddler. [Thompson, Stamford. C.]
Feb. 20.—Bartram, J. Canterbury, linen-draper. [Jones, Gile-street. T.]
Benham, T. Poole, builder. [Alexander, New-inn. C.]
Browne, J. Leeds, woollen-cloth merchant. [Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.]
Cattermole, J. Framlingham, Suffolk, merchant. [Bromley, 3, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
Clark, G. Blackburn, Lancaster, grocer. [Blake-elock, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.]
Coward, J. J. Exeter, spirit-merchant. [Darke, Red-Hon-square. C.]
Dineley, F. Pershore, Worcester, money-scriver. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
Eadlott, J. E. Exeter, builder. [Darke, 30, Red-Hon-square. C.]
Ewing, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Slade, John-street, Bedford-row. C.]

Hebden, W. Leeds, woollen-cloth merchant. [Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.]
Hodges, W. Newington-causeway, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
Ivens, M. Upper Shuckburgh, Warwick, grazier. [Fuller, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street. C.]
Ivens, R. Byfield, Northampton, tanner. [Fuller, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street. C.]
Ivens, W. Flecknoe, Warwick, grazier. [Fuller, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street. C.]
Pullinger, J. Itchingswell, Southampton, tanner. [Allen, Clifford's-inn. C.]
Robertson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, silversmith. [Meggison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. C.]
Wood, R. Kendal, bookseller. [Carpenter, 3, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.]
Feb. 24.—Arnall, G. Leamington, wine-merchant. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
Ashford, J. and E. L. Ireland, Birmingham, dealers. [Egerton, 3, Gray's-inn-sq. C.]
Astley, M. Goswell-street, china and Staffordshire warehousman. [Barton, Bow-church-yard, Cheapside. T.]
Bainbridge, W. Evenwood, Durham, horse-dealer. [Dixon, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
Birks, S. W. Thorne, York, mercer. [Batiye, Chancery-lane. C.]
Candy, R. Wexen-town, Somerset, farmer. [Pekins, 2, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]
Clively, E. Woolwich, draper. [Corry, Basinghall-street. T.]
Downes, S. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, haberdasher. [James, Bucklersbury. T.]
Farrell, J. Prospect-place, Newington-causeway, merchant. [Knight, Basinghall-street. T.]
Fox, E. L. jun. Idol-lane, Tower-street, broker. [Dennett, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-st. T.]
Gurney, R. Stafford-street, Bond-street, picture-dealer. [Fowell, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-st. T.]
Hobbs, H. Chichester, Sussex, farmer. [Sowton, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]
James, W. jun. Abergavenny, cabinet-maker. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
Lawton, J. Delph, York, innkeeper. [Hurd, Temple. C.]
Lea, W. and J. F. Lea, Paternoster-row, ribbon manufacturers. [Watson, 32, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. T.]
Mace, S. Norwich, grocer. [Eyer, Gray's-inn-square. T.]
Newman, J. M. Bromsgrove, Worcester, dealer in wool. [Flaggate, Essex-street, Strand. C.]
Palmer, T. Gutter-lane, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.]
Pitt, D. Fenchurch-street, hoaler. [Noy, Great Tower-street. T.]

Powell, T. Bath, cloth-factor. [Smith, 31, Basinghall-street. C.

Rose, J. Bath, grocer. [Hard, King's-bench-walk. C.

Sarvis, A. Sloane-street, Chelsea, upholsterer. [Rogers, Manchester-build, Westminster. T.

Sheriffe, J. Farnham, Surrey, grocer. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.

Smith, T. Caponfield, Stafford, ironmaster. [Alexander, 36, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Spigrens, J. Chesham, Bucks, draper. [Thomas, Fencourt, Fenchurch-street. T.

Troughton, B. jun. Coventry, silkman. [James, Bucklersbury. T.

Twigg, W. Sheffield, plumber. [Blagrave, Symonds-inn. C.

Warbriek, H. Liverpool, merchant. [Lowes, Temple. C.

Ward, T. Warwick-row, Coventry, silk-manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.

Whaley, J. King's Lynn, Norfolk, gunsmith. [Wright, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.

Wilson, G. Liverpool, linen-draper. [Lowes, Chancery-lane. C.

Feb. 27.—Deakin, F. Upton-upon-Severn, Worcester, grocer. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Harrison, J. Sandwich, Kent, woollen-sampler. [Lodington, Secondaries-office, Temple. C.

Hebfin, A. O. Parliament-street, Westminster, woollen-cloth-merchant. [Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.

Ker, T. Strand, boot and shoe-maker. [Stevens, Gray's-inn-square. T.

Morgan, J. Bedford, draper and tailor. [Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street. C.

Pridlon, E. Horncastle, Lincoln, miller and baker. [Norris, 32, John-street, Bedford-row. C.

Richards, J. and W. Badham, Bromyard, Hereford, dealers in corn. [Taylor, 18, Bartholomew-close. C.

Rogers, J. and C. Rogers, Plymouth, coach-makers. [Andros, 58, Chancery-lane. C.

Skaif, H. Whitby, York, linen and woollen draper. [Bell, Bow Church-yard. C.

Smith, P. sen. P. Smith, jun. and W. Smith, Barnet, Lancashire, muslin-manufacturers. [Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn. C.

Tuck, Benjamin, Thrapston, Northampton, draper. [Forbes, 5, Ely-place. C.

Turner, J. Rotherham, York, engineer. [Taylor, 24, John-street, Bedford-row. C.

March 3.—Billinge, J. Bristol, grocer. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.

Burbury, R. Coventry, silk and trimming-manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.

Dudman, J. Brixthelmston, common-carrier. [Smith, 6, New Basinghall-street. C.

Fry, G. Tunbridge Wells, lime-burner. [Young, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.

Gittins, R. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, cornfactor. [Jenkins, New-inn. C.

Gough, R. Liverpool, tobacco and snuff-manufacturer. [Lowes, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.

Green, I. Lower East-smithfield, baker. [Parnther, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.

Heaton, J. Scholes, York, nail-manufacturer. [Taylor, 24, John-street, Bedford-row. C.

Needs, E. Bristol, shopkeeper. [Hicks, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C.

Noad, S. Birch-lane, bill-broker. [Clutton, High-street, Southwark. T.

Scofield, E. West Bergholt, Essex, publican. [Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. C.

Troughton, J., C. A. Newcomb, J. Troughton, and B. Troughton, jun. Coventry, bankers. [Edmunds, Exchange-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Wood, W. Batley, Chester, cheese-dealer. [Day, 12, Graffon-street, Bond-street. C.

March 6.—Aubrey, G. E. Manchester, merchant. [Willis, Warrford-court. C.

Aubrey, R. jun. Manchester, merchant. [Willis, Warrford-court. C.

Gibbons, H. Islington, dealer. [Jones, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. T.

Gibbons, T. jun. Wells, Norfolk, merchant. [Flexney, Bedford-row. C.

Mason, R. Barfrestone, Kent, miller. [Lodington, 1, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.

Troughton, J., C. A. Newcomb, and J. Troughton, Coventry, bankers. [Pearman, Coventry. C.

March 10.—Alport, T. R. Birmingham, leather-dresser. [Wilde, College-hill. T.

Barker, J. Great Titchfield-street, upholsterer. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.

Benson, J. R. Artillery-place, Finsbury-square, merchant. [Amery, Thrapston-street. T.

Burton, M. Wolverhampton, grocer. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Coates, C. New Bond-street, druggist. [Allison, Freeman's-court, Cornhill. T.

Cooper, J. Eyam, Derby, grocer. [Bartlett, Bartholomew-close. C.

Eggleston, R. Great Driffield, York, plumber. [Speace, Threadneedle-street. C.

Ferns, G. Jun. Stockport, grocer. [Wilson, M. Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.

Fletcher, J. and P. Barton-upon-Irwell, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.

Guy, J. Blackfriars-road, dealer. [Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.

Harrison, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Miles, Temple. C.

Hollis, J. Goswell-street-road, stone-mason. [Tadde, 33, Poultry. T.

Jackson, T. Bishop's Offley, Stafford, maltster. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Jones, W. Handsworth, Stafford, farmer. [Bentham, Freeman's-court, Cornhill. C.

Mallorie, Wm. Leeds, pasteboard-manufacturer. [Hamilton, 2, Henrietta-st. Covent-garden. T.

Matson, R. Barfrestone, Kent, miller. [Lodington, 1, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.

Nicholls, W. A. A. Stephen-street, organ-builder. [Spence, 7, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.

Shepherd, W. Brunswick-st. Hackney-road, baker. [Bromley, New-court, Temple. T.

Windcutt, T. and W. Tavistock, Devon, tallow-mergers. [Wright, Inner Temple. C.

March 13.—Anderson, J. Jun. Whitby, York, merchant. [Bell, Bow-church-yard, Cheapside. C.

Barker, T. Burton, in Lonsdale, York, tripe-manufacturer. [Bell, Bow-church-yard, Cheapside. C.

Bradbury, G. Hadley, Salop, maltster. [Baxter, Gray's-inn-place. C.

Dark, H. Bath, woollen-draper. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house. C.

Durnall, J. Dover, ironmonger. [Stocker, 2, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.

French, J. West Orchard, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.

Frost, L. Liverpool, timber-merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

Jordan, W. Sunbury, victualler. [Lewis, Crutch-ed-frars. T.

Lowe, G. Manchester, cotton-dealer. [Hart, Temple. C.

Macrae, A. Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate, jeweller. [Pullen, Fore-street, Cripplegate. T.

Rayner, J. D. Broad-street, Ratcliff, mast-maker. [Rich, Ratcliff-cross. T.

Wignell, B. Drayton, Leicester, farmer. [Lodington, 1, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.

Wilby, D. Ossett, York, clothier. [Lake, 3, Cat-caton-street. C.

March 17.—Blundell, W. Liverpool, hardware-man. [Baxter, Gray's-inn-place. C.

Burbery, R. Coventry, silk-manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.

Culshaw, W. Warrington, Lancashire, dealer. [Gaskell, Wigan. C.

Danson, J. Millom, Cumberland, dealer. [Blalock, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.

Davies, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.

Johnson, G. R. Chiswell-street, oil and colour-man. [Thomson, George-street, Minster. T.

Monsey, T. Burgh, Norfolk, farmer. [Swain, Old Jewry. O.

Porter, Joseph, Leading Boothing, Essex, farmer. [Eyles, 16, Worship-street-road. T.

Wilkinson, J. W. and B. Smith, Leeds, stuff-merchants. [Few, 2, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. C.

March 20.—Acason, J. Valentine-farm-ridge, Hertford, cow-dealer. [Wigley, 40, Essex-street, Strand. T.

Blair, T. St. Martin's-court, Leloeater-fields, haberdasher. [Newton, 56, High Holborn. T.]
 Browne, J. Bridgewater, Somerset, tailor. [Blake, Cook's-court, Carey-street. C.]
 Croxford, C. jun. Iver, Buckingham. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. T.]
 Cummins, J. Gloucester, mercer. [King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.]
 Dixon, J. Bishopthorpe, York, coal-merchant. [Follambe, Wakefield. C.]
 Field, T. sen. and T. Field, jun. Muscovy-court, Trinity-sq. flour-factors. [Clabon, 76, Mark-lane. T.]
 Flfoot, W. Bristol, baker. [Bourdillon, Bread-street, Cheap-side. C.]
 Freeland, W. Bedhampton, Southampton, miller, [Osbaldeston, London-st. Fenchurch-st. C.]
 Lance, Ben. 6, Capel-court, Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker. [Lundsey, St. Thomas's-street, Southwark. T.]
 Marshall, P. Scarborough, grocer. [Battye, 20, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Partridge, H. M. Newport, Monmouth, ironmonger. [Poole, 12, Gray's-lane-square. C.]
 Sedgwick, M. London, warehouseman. [Fisher, Thälves-inn, Holborn. T.]
 Wilson, J. Macclesfield, Chester, bookseller. [Lowden, 17, Clement's-inn. T.]

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Feb. 17. to March 20.

Russell, A. auctioneer, Glasgow.
 Turner, S. auctioneer, Glasgow.
 Gordon, J. Overlaw, and M. Gordon, drovers, Kirkcudbright.
 Hamilton, J. and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
 Landles, J. and D. Calder, fish-curers, Helmsdale.
 Smith, J. merchant, Leith.
 Green, E. merchant, Montrose.
 Johnston, G. and R. Wight, merchants, Leith.
 M'Farlane, D. cattle-dealer, Argyleshire.
 Campbell, J. merchant, Glasgow.
 Critchton, P. corn-merchant, Dundee.
 Kid, D. fish-curer, Leith.
 Johnston, R. and J. Johnston, cattle-dealers, Kirkcudbright.
 Rattray, J. and D. Rattray, manufacturers, Banockburn.
 Russell, J. grocer, Hamilton.
 Brown, A. grocer, Leith.
 Ainslie, R. underwriter, Edinburgh.
 Brooks, W. and W. Blackie, merchants, Grange-mouth, and at Glasgow.
 Mackay, J. merchant, Thurso.
 Duguid, W. jun. merchant, Aberdeen.
 Harkhill, J. merchant, Aberdeen.
 Johnston, John, cattle-dealer, Troquair, Kirkcudbright.
 Rae, J. cattle-dealer, Uddingston.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 21. At Archeliff Fort, Dover, the lady of Capt. Duncan Grant, Royal Artillery, a son.
 — At the Countess of Dartmouth's, in Berkeley-square, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Paget, a daughter.
 26. At Norwich, the lady of Edmond Wodehouse, Esq. MP. one of the Representatives for the county of Norfolk, a son.
 — In Portland-place, the lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. MP. a son.
 March 6. At his Lordship's house, Lower Brook-street, the lady of Earl Compton, a son.
 9. In Upper Gover-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Dance, 2d Life Guards, a daughter.
 10. Lady Jane Peel, a daughter.
 — At Weymouth, the lady of Col. Horner, of Mells Park, Somerset, a son.
 — At the White Lodge, Richmond Park, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. George Pellew, a daughter.
 11. The Right Hon. Lady Amelia Sophia Boyce, a daughter.
 16. At Castle-house, Great Torrington, Devonshire, the lady of Anthony Wm. Johnson Deane, Esq. a son and heir.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Hopetoun-house, the Countess of Hopetoun, a son.

At Auchencard, the lady of Major Alston, a daughter.
 At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Menslie, 42d regt., a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Santry-house, near Dublin, the lady of Sir Compton Domville, Bart. MP. a son.
 At Salisbury, county of Kildare, the lady of Col. Johnston, a son.
 The Countess of Cavan, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 21. At Longford, by the Rt. Hon. and Rev. the Earl Nelson, Thos. Bolton, Esq. (nephew and heir presumptive to his lordship) to Miss Eyre, daughter and sole heiress of the late John Maurice Eyre, Esq. of Longford-house.
 22. At Beddington, by the Rev. J. H. B. Mountain, AM. the Rev. G. R. Mountain, vicar of North Kelsey, and third son of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, to Katherine, youngest daughter of the late T. Hinchliff, Esq. of Mitcham, Surrey.
 26. At Coleshill, Warwickshire, the Rev. Carew Thos. Ebers, rector of Rishington, Suffolk, and domestic Chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Palmer, Esq. of Coleshill.
 March 1. By Special Licence, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Hen. Penruddocke, Wyndham Wadham Wyndham, Esq. MP. to Anna Eliza, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Slade, of Mansell-house, Somersetshire.
 5. At St. James's Church, by the very Rev. Dean of Canterbury, James Fitzgerald, Esq. third son of the Rev. Gerald Fitzgerald, DD. (late Vice Provost of Trinity College, Dublin) and nephew to the Bishop of Limerick, to Miss King, of North Petherton, Somersetshire.
 6. At Prighton, by the Dean of Hereford, George, youngest son of Thos. Harrington, Esq. of Brighton, to Lucy Catherine, only daughter of Thos. Hill, Esq. of the same place.
 8. At Everton, near Liverpool, Arthur Latham, Esq. to Susanna, third daughter, and John Wallis, Esq. to Eliza, youngest daughter of Geo. Roach, Esq. of Everton, formerly of Lisbon.
 10. At the Abbey-church, Bath, Lieut.-Col. James Johnstone Cochrane, 3d regt. of Guards, to Charlotte, daughter of John Wiltshire, of Shockerick-house.
 12. At St. John's, Southwark, James B. Scott, Esq. of Leith, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. Donaldson, Esq. of Horslydown.
 — At Esher, Surrey, Swynfen Jervis, Esq. of Darlaston-hall, Staffordshire, to Jane, daughter of P. N. Roberts, Esq. of Esher.
 18. At Ormesby, Norfolk, by the Rev. Geo. Lucas, Capt. R. Hockings, RN. to Magdalena, eldest daughter of the late Gerard Montague, of Burleigh-hall, in the same county.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Spott-house, Capt. Alex. Renton Sharpe, RN. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

IN IRELAND.

At Limerick, Sempronius Stratton, Esq. Lieut.-Col. and Major in the 19th regt. to the Hon. Catherine Jane Massey, daughter of the late General, the Right Hon. Lord Clarina, of Elm Park, in the county of Limerick.
 At Dublin, by the Lord Bishop of Ossory, John Ladewese Adlerson, Esq. of Fitzwilliam-square, to Dorothea, eldest daughter of Geo. Rothe, Esq. of Mountjoy-square, and of Mount Rothe, in the county of Kilkenny.
 At Dublin, by the Rev. Mr. Maturin, Lieut.-Col. Ensor, of the Armagh Militia, to Miss Jane Parsons, daughter of John Parsons, Esq. MP. for King's County.

ABROAD.

At Paris, Hugh O'Connor, of Mountjoy-square, Dublin, to Winifred, youngest daughter of Chas. Browne Mostyn, Esq. of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire.
 At Paris, in the English Ambassador's Chapel, Alex. James Munc, Esq. of All Souls College, Oxford, and of the Inner Temple, to Elizabeth,

relict of the late Wm. Markham, Esq. of Becon, in the county of York.
At Paris, at the English Ambassador's, Capt. Pen-
cocke, RN. to Martha Louisa, fourth daughter of
the late Geo. Dacre, Esq. of Marwell-house,
Hants.

DIED.

Feb. 18. John Maclean, Esq. of Keiss, FLS. in his 43d year.

20. Lieut.-Gen. Popham, many years in the East India Company's service.

— At Tunbridge Wells, the Right Hon. Theodosia, Lady Dowager Monson, widow of John, the second Lord Monson, in the 96th year of her age.

— At Bath, Thos. Macdonald, Esq. late first Commissioner of the Board for deciding upon the claims of British subjects on the American Government, and for distributing the sums obtained, among the several claimants.

— Lately, at Combermere Abbey, Cheshire, in his 20th year, the Hon. R. Cotton, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Combermere.

— At Wearcombe-house, the Rev. L. H. Laxton, B.A. Prebendary of Wells, Minister of Taunton St. James and Ash Priors, many years an active magistrate for the county of Somerset, and Vicar of Holcombe Burnell, in the county of Devon.

24. At the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in the 83d year of his age, Lieut.-Gen. Geo. Rochfort, Chief Fire Master to the Royal Laboratory.

— At Deeping St. James, Mrs. Eliz. Cook, aged 100 years.

26. At his house, in Devonshire-place, Sir Chas. Wm. Rouse Bowton, of Downton-hall, in the county of Salop, and Rouse Lench, Worcester-shire.

27. Mrs. Herries, the lady of John Chas. Herries, Esq. of Upper Cadogan-place.

— At his house in Bolton-row, aged 64, Viscount Chetwynd.

— At Chaik Farm, where he had remained since the fatal duel, which took place between him and Mr. Christie, on the evening of the 16th Feb. John Scott, Esq. late Editor of this Magazine, aged 37.

28. At his house in Portugal-street, in the 87th year of his age, Wm. Malins, Esq. many years Member and Chairman of the Quarter Session for the county of Middlesex.

March 1. At an advanced age, John Yenn, FAS. nearly 40 years Treasurer and a Trustee of the Royal Academy. He had been also one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital for 35 years.

2. At Telford, near Newcastle, in his 65th year, the Rev. John Dymoke, rector of Brinkhill, Lincolnshire, second son of the late John Dymoke, Gent. who was heir at law of the Right Hon. Lewis Dymoke, of Scrivelsby, who performed the office of Champion to his late Majesty George III.

— Lately at Bath, Jane, relict of the late George Osbaldestone, Esq. of Hutton, Bushell-hall, Yorkshire.

— In the 74th year of his age, Admiral West.

— Lady Carr, wife of Sir John Carr, of New Norfolk-street, Grosvenor-square.

4. *The Princess Elizabeth.*—The infant daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, expired at about ten minutes past one in the morning. Her Royal Highness, who was born on Sunday, Dec. 10, 1820, was aged two months and 21 days.

5. In Somers Town, at an advanced age, Richard Twiss, Esq. a gentleman well known in literary circles, by several works which attained a considerable share of popularity; of these, his "Travels through Portugal and Spain," written at an early period of his life, excited much notice. His next work was "A Tour through Ireland," a publication distinguished by its humour and originality, and equally so by the freedom of its remarks, which incurred the singularly displayed resentment of the natives (see page 392 of our second volume). He likewise wrote "Anecdotes of Chess," "A Trip to Paris," "Miscellanies," &c. &c. &c. His fortune, which was originally very ample, had been materially injured by an unsuccessful speculation of manufacturing paper from straw.

5. Lately at Bath, Lady Dunsley, mother of the Earl of Charleville, Lord Dunsley, and the Hon. F. Prittie.

7. At Southampton, Caroline, relict of the late John Christopher Ridout, Esq. of Bangham, Hants, and eldest sister of the late Sir John Floyd, Bart.

8. In his 77th year, John Swale, Esq. of Mildenhall, Suffolk.

— At Birchfield-house, near Birmingham, in his 71st year, Mark Sanders, Bart.

9. At his seat, Ham-house, near Richmond, the Right Hon. Wilbraham Tollemache, Earl of Dysart, Viscount Huntingtower, Lord High Steward of Ipswich, &c. &c. By the demise of this nobleman, his sister, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Manners, becomes the representative of the ancient and noble family of the Tollemaches, and succeeds to the titles.

— At Bath, aged 77, Stephen Ram, Esq. of Ramsfort, in the county of Wexford, and Portwood Lodge, Hants, and one of the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

10. At Yarmouth, aged 83, Sarah, widow of the late Rev. Henry Parish, Rector of Cahir and Dunmore, in Ireland.

— At Bath, aged 65, Wm. Meyler, Esq. Proprietor of the Bath Herald, and one of the Magistrates and Senior Common Councilmen of that city.

— At his house, Foley-place, Major Thos. Gamble, aged 66.

11. At his residence in Manchester-square, suddenly, after preparing to go to church, Robert Dalrymple, Esq. a gentleman of distinguished family and considerable fortune: the circumstances connected with his decease were of as awfully melancholy nature.

12. At her house in Curzon-street, May-Fair, the Right Hon. Harriet, Countess Dowager of Essex, in the 87th year of her age.

— At Exmouth, Mary, the wife of Capt. Thomas Young, RN. and third daughter of the late Sir Wm. Jaynes, of Gloucester.

— At Bath, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. James St. Leger.

13. In the 86d year of his age, John Hunter, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the Red.

16. At his house in Stratford-place, after a short illness, Lieut.-Col. P. Donglas, late of the Hon. East India Company's service, on the Bengal Establishment.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Auchindinny, Mrs. Crawford, of Overton, the Lady of Capt. J. Coult's Crawford, RN.

At Edinburgh, Lady Dalrymple Hay, of Park-place.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, the Rev. Thos. Smyth, DD, Rector of Enniskillen, and Vicar of Santry.

At Rockingham, in the county of Roscommon, the seat of Viscount Lorton, in his 86th year, the Hon. Col. King, of Ballina.

ABROAD.

At Rome, of a decline, much prematurely, except for his own reputation, John Keats.

Spiritus, et pressi tacuit sacer Impetus oris!

The name of this impassioned young Bard is not "written in water," though his poetry is certainly steeped in the deepest stream of Castaly's—Vile our Town Conversation for the present moment.
At Calcutta, aged 21, John Simson, Esq. third son of Geo. Simson, Esq. of Sellwood Park, Berks.
At Halifax, Nova Scotia, in his 78th year, the Right Rev. Edmund Burke, Bishop of Sion, and Vicar Apostolic in Nova Scotia.
At Trincomalee, of cholera morbus, aged 18, Mr. Thomas, a Midshipman of the *Leander*, and eldest son of Sir Geo. Thomas, Bart.
The Princess Caroline of Bavaria.
At St. Petersburg, Walter Vennings, Esq. at the house of his brother, John Vennings, Esq.
At the Cape of Good Hope, Wm. Edward Rieu, Esq. of the Bengal Establishment, and second Judge of the Courts of Sudder Dewannee and Nizamut Adawint.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT STRATFORD, MIDDLESEX.

By Mr. R. Howard.

Ma. denotes the Maximum, Mi. the Minimum.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Feb.			9 a.m.						9 a.m.		
1	Ma. 52 30-35 Mi. 44 30-21		68	SW	Fine	17	Ma. 39 30-41 Mi. 28 30-24		80	SE	Cloudy
2	Ma. 50 30-32 Mi. 31 30-21		80	W	Fine	18	Ma. 38 30-38 Mi. 27 30-26		67	NW	Fine
3	Ma. 48 30-25 Mi. 39 30-08		77	W	Fine	19	Ma. 40 30-38 Mi. 22 30-30		66	NW	Fine
4	Ma. 44 30-62 Mi. 25 30-08		70	W	Overcast	20	Ma. 40 30-31 Mi. 30 30-17		63	NW	Frost
5	Ma. 39 30-74 Mi. 24 30-62		67	NW	Fine	21	Ma. 40 30-32 Mi. 27 30-21		79	NW	Cloudy
6	Ma. 43 30-76 Mi. 27 30-69		60	SW	Frost	22	Ma. 42 30-32 Mi. 20 30-30		65	SE	Frost
7	Ma. 45 30-69 Mi. 27 30-61		68	SW	Frost	23	Ma. 37 30-30 Mi. 20 30-21		76	NW	Frost—foggy
8	Ma. 49 30-61 Mi. 21 30-25		55	S	Frost	24	Ma. 37 30-21 Mi. 24 30-15		91	NW	Frost—foggy
9	Ma. 45 30-30 Mi. 29 30-11		73	Var.	Frost	25	Ma. 44 30-15 Mi. 32 30-14		79	NW	Cloudy
10	Ma. 46 30-37 Mi. 29 30-30		78	NE	Cloudy	26	Ma. 35 30-14 Mi. 18 29-02		66	E	Cloudy
11	Ma. 45 30-37 Mi. 27 30-30		61	NE	Cloudy	27	Ma. 38 29-02 Mi. 24 29-45		62	SE	Fine
12	Ma. 49 30-33 Mi. 32 30-28		80	NE	Cloudy	28	Ma. 37 29-44 Mi. 31 29-38		71	SE	Snowy
13	Ma. 39 30-33 Mi. 30 30-28		66	NE	Cloudy						
14	Ma. 34 30-38 Mi. 31 30-26		59	Var.	Cloudy						
15	Ma. 35 30-53 Mi. 21 30-38		74	NE	Cloudy						
16	Ma. 38 30-53 Mi. 26 30-41		71	NE	Lan. corona						

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 20 Mar.	Hamburg. 16 Mar.	Amsterdam 19 Mar.	Vienna. 7 Mar.	Genoa. 10 Mar.	Berlin. 18 Mar.	Naples. 1 Mar.	Lipsig. 12 Mar.	Bremen. 12 Mar.
London.....	25-55	37-4	41-4	10	30½	7-2½	595	6-18½	621
Lisbon.....	—	26½	57½	117½	95½	83½	23-25	79½	17½
Amberg....	181	—	35	142½	43½	152½	42-80	144½	132½
Amsterdam..	58½	105½	—	136	91½	144	49-	138	126½
Bombay.....	254	144½	14½	—	60½	41½	59-80	101½	—
Calcutta....	2½	145½	55½	99½	—	104½	—	99½	110
Frankfurt...	252	144½	36	98½	60½	105½	58-70	100½	—
Geneva.....	478	84	90½	61½	—	—	19-75	—	—
Hamburg.....	—	—	—	—	—	105	—	—	—
London.....	508	89½	96½	—	122½	—	—	—	—
Paris.....	564	37½	41	—	898	—	50-35	—	—
St. Petersburg.	15-10	93½	102	—	625	—	—	—	—
Switzerland..	419	—	79½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Vienna.....	15-30	—	101½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Zurich.....	15-70	95	104½	—	618	—	—	—	—
.....	564	37½	41	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 12 Mar.	Nuremberg 8 Mar.	Christiana. 1 Mar.	Petersburg. 2 Mar.	Riga. 5 Mar.	Stock- holm. 2 Mar.	Madrid. 27 Feb.	Lisbon. 28 Feb.
London.....	152½	fl. 10-6	7Sp. 60	9½	9½	12.8	37	51
Amsterdam..	79½	fr. 118½	35 Sp.	104½	9½	23-0	15-19	548
Bombay.....	145	144½	164	9½	10½	126	—	38
Calcutta....	138½	138½	154	10½	—	120	—	40½
Frankfurt...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	875

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Feb. 23 to March 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-9	12-13
Ditto at sight	12-6	12-10
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-10	12-14
Antwerp	12-10	12-11
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-2	38-5
Altona, 2½ U	38-3	38-6
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-80	
Ditto, 2 U	26-10	
Bordeaux	26-10	
Frankfort on the Main	156	156½
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, rble, 3 U	9½	9¼
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-17	10-15
Trieste ditto	10-17	10-15
Madrid, effective	36	36 ½
Cadiz, effective	35	35 ½
Bilboa	35	35 ½
Barcelona	35	
Seville	35	35 ½
Gibraltar	30	30 ½
Leghorn	46	46 ½
Genoa	43	43 ½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	38	38 ½
Palermo, per. oz.	115	
Lisbon	49	49 ½
Oporto	49	49 ½
Rio Janeiro	49	49 ½
Bahia	58	55
Dublin	7	7 ½
Cork	8	7 ¾-8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 36s. 2½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 10d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Champions	2	10	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	2	0	0	to	2	10	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Feb. 26 to March 19.

	Feb. 26.		March 5.		March 12.		March 19.									
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.								
Newcastle....	34	6	41	3	34	6	42	6	36	9	43	6	31	6	41	6
Sunderland....	42	3	40	0	40	0	40	0	40	0	40	0	31	6	41	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Feb. 17	Feb. 24	Mar. 3	Mar. 10	Mar. 17
Wheat	53 5	53 4	53 5	54 11	54 3
Rye	33 11	34 10	34 7	33 9	33 5
Barley	24 1	23 9	23 6	23 10	24 2
Oats	17 10	17 7	17 7	18 3	18 0
Beans	32 4	30 3	29 9	30 1	30 2
Peas	34 11	32 3	33 0	33 11	32 8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Feb. 19 to March 17.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	22,535	19,065	40	41,640
Barley	29,216	370	—	29,586
Oats	39,726	13,295	—	53,021
Rye	130	—	—	130
Beans	8,874	—	—	8,874
Pease	3,583	—	—	3,583
Malt	25,020	Qrs.	Flour 34,424	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 200 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 56s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	40s. to 56s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	40s. to 56s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.		Clover.		Straw.			
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Smithfield.							
3	0 to 4	4..4	0 to 5	0..1	6 to 1	13	
Whitechapel.							
3	10 to 4	4..4	0 to 5	5..1	8 to 1	14	
St. James's.							
3	0 to 4	10..4	0 to 5	0..1	1 to 1	16	

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	3s.	2d.	to	4s.	2d.
Mutton	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	0d.
Veal	4s.	0d.	to	6s.	0d.
Pork	3s.	8d.	to	5s.	8d.
Lamb	0s.	0d.	to	0s.	0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	0d.
Mutton	3s.	4d.	to	4s.	0d.
Veal	4s.	8d.	to	6s.	4d.
Pork	3s.	8d.	to	6s.	0d.
Lamb	0s.	0d.	to	0s.	0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Feb. 23 to Mar. 19, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
10,620	1,060	73,380	1,230

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(March 22d, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.	Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.	Per Share.
£.	£.	s.	£.	£.	£.	s.	£.
Canals.				Bridges.			
350	100	—	Andover	5	2912	100	—
1432	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	12	4443	40	—
1790	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6	54,000l.	—	5
1004l.	—	2	Do. Bonds	40	5000	100	—
2000	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	550	5000	60	—
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	100	5000	40	—
368	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75	60,000l.	—	5
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90	—	—	—
1500	100	8	Chesterfield	120	—	—	—
500	100	44	Coventry	970	300	100	—
45-18	100	—	Croydon	3	1000	100	5
60	100	6	Derby	135	—	100	5
280-2	100	3	Dudley	58	—	—	—
357-1	128	3	Ellesmere and Chester	64	492	100	1 15
231	100	58	Erewash	1000	2-93	50	—
1237	100	20	Forth and Clyde	1000	65	1	—
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	1000	60	—	—
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	3762	50	1 4	—
11,615-1	100	9	Grand Junction	220	—	—	—
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	58	3900	100	—
8,500l.	—	5	Do. Loan	96	4600	50	2 10
28-40	100	—	Grand Union	24	2000	100	—
40,327-1	—	5	Do. Loan	93	1500	—	2 10
3098	100	—	Grand Western	4	800	100	—
749	150	7	Grantham	130	75-40	—	2
6312	100	18	Huddersfield	13	1360	100	—
26,328	100	18	Kennet and Avon	20	—	—	—
11,689-1	100	1	Lancaster	27	—	—	—
2579-1	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool	287	2000	500	2 10
5-6	—	14	Leicester	300	25,000	50	6
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	300	1000	25
70	—	170	Loughborough	2600	—	250	3
250	100	11	Melfon Mowbray	205	4000	100	2 10
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	—	20,000	50	5
2-90	100	10	Monmouthshire	150	50,000	20	1
8,575-1	100	5	Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000l.	100	6
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50	5
247	—	25 5-18	Neath	410	2-40	500	4 10
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—	8900	25	1 4
500	100	12	Nottingham	—	31,000	25	1
1720	100	32	Oxford	680	2500	100	18
2-00	100	3 1	Peak Forest	63	100,000	20	2
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel	23	745,100l.	—	10
12,20-1	100	2	Regent's	27	—	8 1	—
5631	100	2	Rochdale	41	4000	100	10
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	165	1500	200	1 4
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140	—	—	—
771	50	—	Somerset Coal	—	—	—	—
700	100	40	Stafford & Worcestershire	700	8000	50	4
300	145	10	Stourbridge	210	—	—	—
36-17	—	—	Stourford on Avon	10	4000	50	2 8
—	—	22	Stroudwater	436	1000	100	8
533	100	12	Swansea	190	1000	100	4
350	100	—	Tavistock	90	2500	20	18 4
2870	—	—	Thames and Medway	24 10	1500	20	—
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1800	1000	20	2
1000	100	—	Warwick and Birmingham	220	1000	—	—
1000-1	50	12	Warwick and Napton	210	70	250	—
980	100	11	Wilts and Berks	6	700	300	—
14,328	—	5	Wlabeach	60	—	—	—
138	100	1	Worcester and Birmingham	25	1080	50	1 5
6000	—	—	Docks.	—	1397	100	2 10
2209	145	—	Bristol	—	2299	50	—
28,524l.	100	5	Do. Notes	63	3447	50	—
3132	100	8	Commercial	165	2000	150	1
50,000l.	100	10	East-India	18 10	—	—	—
1038	100	—	East Country	100	—	—	—
114,000l.	100	4	London	100	—	—	—
200,000l.	100	10	West-India	106	—	—	—
				Roads.			
				Barking			
				Commercial			
				East-India			
				Branch			
				Great Dover Street			
				Highgate Archway			
				Croydon Railway			
				Surrey Do.			
				Severn and Wye			
				Water Works.			
				East London			
				Grand Junction			
				Kent			
				London Bridge			
				South London			
				West Middlesex			
				York Buildings			
				Insurances.			
				Albion			
				Atlas			
				Bath			
				Birmingham			
				British			
				County			
				Eagle			
				European			
				Globe			
				Hope			
				Imperial			
				London Fire			
				London Ship			
				Provident			
				Rock			
				Royal Exchange			
				Sun Fire			
				Sun Life			
				Union			
				Gas Lights.			
				Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)			
				Do. New Shares			
				City Gas Light Company			
				Do. New			
				Bath Gas			
				Brighton Gas			
				Bristol			
				Literary Institutions.			
				London			
				Russell			
				Surrey			
				Miscellaneous.			
				Auction Mart			
				British Copper Company			
				Golden Lane Brewery			
				Do.			
				London Commercial Sale			
				Roooms			
				Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class			
				Do. 2d. Class			
				City Bonds			

Daily Price of Stocks, from 23d February to 24th March.

	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Ditto Commer.	Consols for Acc.
23 Feb.	227½	73½	73½	83½	92½	107	19½	72½	230½	42	—	5	—	—	73½
24 —	—	73½	73½	—	92½	107	19½	—	230½	—	—	5	—	—	73½
26 227½	73½	73½	83½	92½	106½	19½	—	—	230½	42	81½	8	—	—	73½
27 227½	73½	73½	83½	92	106½	19½	—	—	230½	42	—	5	—	—	73½
28 226½	73½	73½	83½	92	106½	19½	—	72½	6½	—	43	6	—	—	73½
1 Mar.	1226	73½	73½	83	92	106½	19½	—	230½	44	—	5	—	—	73½
2 226	73½	72½	83	91½	106½	19½	—	72½	—	43	—	6	—	—	73½
3 shut.	shut.	73½	—	shut.	106½	19½	—	—	—	44	—	5	—	—	73½
5 —	74	73½	—	—	106½	shut.	—	—	—	44	—	5	—	—	73½
6 —	74	73	—	—	106½	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	—	—	73½
7 —	73½	72½	83½	—	106½	—	—	—	—	45	—	5	—	—	73½
8 —	73½	72½	—	—	106½	—	—	72½	—	46	—	5	—	—	73½
9 —	—	—	83½	—	106½	—	—	72½	—	46	—	5	—	—	73½
10 —	—	—	83½	—	107	—	—	—	—	47	—	5	—	—	73½
12 —	—	—	—	—	107	—	—	—	—	47	—	4	—	—	73½
13 —	73½	72½	—	91½	106½	—	—	5½	—	50	—	5	—	—	73½
14 —	73½	72½	—	—	106½	19	—	—	—	50	—	5	—	—	73½
15 —	—	—	—	—	107	—	—	—	—	50	—	5	—	—	73½
16 —	73½	72½	—	—	106½	—	—	71½	—	50	—	5	—	—	73½
17 —	—	72 71½	—	90½	106½	18½	—	—	—	50	—	5	—	—	72½
19 —	—	71½ 70	—	—	105½	—	—	—	—	49	—	4	—	—	71½
20 —	—	70½ 69½	—	—	105½	—	—	—	—	42	—	par.	—	—	71½
21 —	—	68½ 69½	—	—	104½	19½	—	69½	—	26	—	4d	—	—	70½
22 —	—	69½ 70½	—	—	105½	18½	—	—	—	30	—	2d	—	—	70½
23 —	71½	70½ 71	—	88½	105½	—	—	70½	—	31	—	1d	—	—	71½
24 —	—	70½	—	—	105½	—	—	—	—	33	—	1d	—	—	71½

IRISH FUNDS.

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS.

										From Feb. 26, to Mar. 23.		
Mar.	Bank Stock.	Government De-benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De-benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 6 per ct.	Royal Canal Stock.	City Dublin Bonds.	Wide Street Certificates.	1821
2	—	79	79½	105½	105½	—	—	68½	—	90	—	Feb. fr. c.
3 221	79½	79½	106	106	—	—	—	68½	—	90	104	26 85 —
5 —	79	79½	106½	106½	—	—	—	68½	—	—	—	28 85 10
6 221	79	79½	106½	106½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28 85 10
8 222	79	79½	106½	106½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28 85 10
9 222	80	79½	106½	106½	—	—	—	70	—	—	—	5 82 90
14 —	80	79½	106	106	—	—	—	70	—	—	—	7 84 10
15 223½	79½	79½	106	106½	—	—	—	69½	23	—	—	10 83 60
16 —	79½	79½	—	—	—	—	—	69½	—	—	—	12 84 —
17 223½	79	80	105½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14 82 75
19 223½	79½	79½	—	—	—	—	—	69½	23½	—	—	17 78 90
												23 78 90

AMERICAN FUNDS.

		IN LONDON.						NEW YORK	
		Feb. 27	Mar. 2	6	9	13	16	23	Feb. 2
Bank Shares.....		23	23	23	23	23	—	23 10	109
3 per cent.....	1812.....	—	—	—	103	103	—	—	108
	1813.....	—	—	—	104	104	—	—	108½
	1814.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	105½	109
	1815.....	107	107	107	107	—	—	—	110
3 per cent.....		70	70	70	—	—	—	—	73½

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MAY, 1821.

VOL. III.

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LONDON :

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

An unusual pressure of matter of a more temporary nature has compelled us to postpone the papers of several highly valued contributors. Among these are "The Traditional Literature;" and the very *savvy* Letter of Humphrey Nixon "*De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.*"

Specs may be assured, that the fact related in the paper in our last Number, signed "Delamore," and dated "Sackville Street," is genuine, with the exception of the name and date. It is the writer's own story.

— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

We thank I. T. C. for his hints relative to the British Gallery, and assure him that if we passed over in silence many pictures deserving of notice, it was solely because our limits would not allow us to be more diffuse. The artists will have the kindness to take the will for the deed; but I. T. C.'s letter calls for a few remarks on the present occasion.

'*The Broken Window*,' (4) Sharp, wants greater attention to colour and drawing, as well as nature and character in the touch. Miss Landseer's little bit of leafy luxury (10) is not yet sold. Has no discerning person eight guineas?—Linton's fine composition (20) is in the same predicament! Out upon ye! pretended patrons of art!—We are told we should have mentioned Collins before (15) with due eulogies, but 'who ever thought of blaming Hercules?'—'*Imogen*,' and '*Miranda*,' (42 and 44) Boaden, show considerable progress. Miss Gouldsmith has a clever landscape (86), and the delineator of 'the Isles,' William Daniel, 'A View on the Thames,' (89) of course well chosen and sweetly executed. 'Dead Game,' (139) Blake, is remarkable for a wonderfully characteristic touch, and altogether ranks high in its class; but when I. T. C. applies the superlative '*Genius*' to an unpretending piece of patient imitation, he only offers another example of a vague, mischievous abuse of terms, tending to the subversion of all precision, either in ideas or speech.—Mr. Hilton has ably expressed 'the negative nature of shade' in his '*Penelope and Ulysses*.' This excellent artist will pardon the unkind remark in our last, which was extorted from us by disappointment at seeing the comparatively insignificant situation which he occupies in the exhibition.—Mr. Bone's Boar of Calydon is very spirited, and shows a fine, true feeling for colour. The landscape part of his picture is Tizianesque; and we know of no higher praise. We wish we could induce him to reconsider his hero, who is not heroic: the cast of Meleager in the Academy will explain our feeling.—We could say a good deal on some of the most meritorious of the remaining pictures, but must be contented to give their bare titles: '*Hawthornden*,' (194) Nanmyth.—'*An Ancient City*,' (195) Hosland.—'*A Mill*,' (207) S. W. Reynolds.—'*A Mill at Dunkirk*,' (212) W. Delamotte, whose capital etchings from nature (4to. 2l. 2s.) ought to be in every amateur's hand.—'*Interior of St. Paul's*,' (219) I. Foggo.—'*Spofforthpepper*,' (241) Hayter.

— 'Fishermen,' (253) Atkinson.— 'Chatelar and Mary of Scotland,' (254) Fradelle.— Too much in the licked manner of, Adrian Vander Werf. The expression of the queen is very elegantly conceived, but we do not admire her love-sick secretary, whose starched, unpliant costume required the tasteful management of Westall, or the admirable Stothard. 'Halbert Glendinning, and the White Lady,' (271), Halls, is a worthy stride out of the common path.— 'A Pastoral Scene,' (272) Bone.— 'A Brook Scene,' (276) Lewis.— 'Cleopatra,' (278) Hayter, A handsome, rich Venetian looking head.— 'A Scene in Windsor Forest,' (281) Linton.— 'Dinant sur Meuse,' (290) Arnald, ARA. is very silvery and chaste; and 'A Fog clearing off,' (293) Davis, deserves praise, if only for the novelty of the attempt.— Of the Sculpture, it is sufficient to say, that Mr. Gott's 'Jacob and the Angel,' (301) has obtained the approbation of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Fuseli; and the best thing we can do for Mr. C. Moore, is to hold our peace and say nothing. If he will give a look at the Michaels of Raffaele and Guido, and the majestic Satans of Fuseli and Lawrence, he will, we trust, duly appreciate our silence. We had nearly forgotten I. T. C.'s complaint of our slight (as he fancies it) of Mr. Martin's perspective achievements. We will answer this accusation by a question. Would I. T. C. think it necessary, in reviewing a poem by Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or Scott, or Keates, to compliment them for having joined their words without violating the rules of Grammar? Now this and linear perspective, are parallel subsidiary sciences; both of them are indispensable, yet both of them are as purely mechanical as Tare and Tret, and infinitely more so than the tying on of a cravat.

We have received Major Parlbys Tragedy of the "Revenge," and should have noticed it amongst our articles of Criticism, had it reached us in any reasonable time after its publication. An interval of two years, however, has somewhat dimmed its freshness; and in such a time, a literary bantling is either in the tomb of the Capulets, or able to walk alone without our assistance. The following is a pretty fair specimen of Major Parlbys poetry.

Epithalamium.

From thy couch of orient pearl,
From thy amber halls arise;
Thy banner, Constancy, unfurl,
Serene as cloudless summer skies.
Thou, whom chaste nymphs delight to sing,
Thy hyacinthine garland bring;
Nor leave the sacred mystic ring,
Apt emblem of unfading spring.
Wake, God of Love, smile on the fair,
And crown with soft delight this noble pair.

With thee bring a heavenly guest,
Modesty in russet vest,
Gently leading young Desire
Curbing with modest look his fire;
Till half-alarm'd, perchance she spy
The wandering of his wanton eye,
And smiling, blushing rosy red,
On thy bosom hides her head.
Wake, God of Love, protect the fair,
And crown, with rapture crown, this noble pair.

E. R. will perceive by our immediate insertion of his poem, how anxious we are for a continuance of his friendship. His future communications will be most thankfully received; and the Editor would do a violence to his own feelings, if he did not gratefully acknowledge the very kind and eloquent expressions which accompanied the promise of further contributions.

Is our friend Clarke really in earnest, when he asks us to commit such a sin against song and pun, as to propagate the following

Impromptu on hearing Miss M. Tree applauded.

That you, fair maid, appear a tree,
The wond'ring world allows—
Where'er you are, we always see
A multitude of boughs. (boughs !)

Can the spirit of poor George Selwyn rest peaceably in his grave after this?

Mr. WILLIE WINKAWAY is informed, that we shall be very happy to accompany him in his tour to Colloden next month. But is he sure that it is quite *in keeping* for his Scotch valet, M'Ivor, to evince such an anxiety to *return to Scotland*? We shall be happy to avail ourselves of his services in every way but as a reviewer. The plan which he proposes is directly opposed to our principle. When we assume the robe of criticism, we have neither friendships nor enmities. "*Fiat justitia,*" is our critical motto.

A fair Correspondent deserves, and, we hope, will always receive every due consideration at our hands ; but our friend in Breconshire must excuse us. Even fifteen years of age cannot render such rhymes as "waters," and "meanders" tolerable. Time, however, may do much ; and there are some lines in the poem on Mrs. Siddons, which render it far from our wish to discourage so young a writer.

We know not well what to say to the "*Exiles of Damascus,*"—we would not willingly hurt the feeling of an author who says he has neither spirits nor health to attempt the revision of his poem. But a poem should not appear without revision—however, we will read it again, and, if we can with justice, we should be glad to smooth the pillow of sickness by even our humble commendation.

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VOL. III.

A MAY DREAM.

Is not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array ?
—Youth's folks pow flockep in every where,
To gather May-baskets and smelling breere,
But we here sitten as drowned in a dream.

Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar.

HAIL to thee once again, fair Maia,
—most gentle Pleiad!—Since we saw
thee last; and did thee 'honour due,'
we have been treading but a weary
journey. Scorching summer has
passed over us, and autumn with
all his floods: winter has swept by
with his frosted locks, lean January
and black December, and March has
blown his stormy trumpet till April
wept; she has now wept herself even
to death, in showers.—We too have
gone our round. We have lived our
year, fairly,—a regular English year:
not a meagre slip of time like the
people of Arcady (their year was
three months only)—nor a poor four
months like they of Spain—nor even
six, as the Carians did; but ours has
been a twelve month's lune—nay, by
Saint Mark, a 'year solary' even,
and here are we again as gay and no
wiser than formerly.

Therefore, once more a gentle wel-
come. Oh! mother of the sly Ca-
lucean, we know thee well. Thou
art bright as thy star-like sisters,
who still remain above us: thy step
is light and springy; thy breath is
perfumed with flowers; thy smile is
soft—sweet—arch, and thy cheek,
soon to be 'by summer half im-
crowned,' is delicate yet. Thou art
it for the humour of the time: the
beauty of the year is all thine own:

enjoy it, but let us be partakers with
thee: thou (like all others) art no-
thing alone.

Happiness was born a twin—

So will we be fraternal unto thee;
as faithful as though Leda had been
our common mother, and we will
show thee, fair sister, in all thy graces
to the world.

Thus mused we some few weeks
ago, after having seen a beautiful
(unfinished) picture by *Leslie*, of
'the Sports of May.' In it, if we
remember aright, was a young girl
right well conceived and delightfully
dressed, listening to the amorous
euphuism of an antiquated knight—
(he might have been of the family
of Ague-cheek, perhaps, or have
quartered his arms with the Shal-
lows)—a cavalier, sitting on the
sward beside a dowager of bulk,
eyed with more anger than was ne-
cessary, the attentions of the ancient
gallant: a third lady, stiff in bro-
cade, was important in the corner,—
a sort of pillar to this pictorial tem-
ple, while the landscape and distant
sports, where gaiety was disguised
in fifty shapes, and folly, happier
than wisdom, was crowned with
flowers, completed one of the plea-
santest works of art that we have
for a long time seen.

Under the influence of this picture we walked, and meditated somewhat in honour of the month of flowers. We thought of something elaborate, and determined on much that was agreeable. Our intentions, in short—ah! whither can they have flown?—Was it not the learned Doctor Samuel Johnson, gentle reader, who said that some place (it is not Heaven, — that is ‘star-paved’) is “paved with good intentions?” If it be so, then is it more honoured than its betters,—more than this ‘goodly earth. What! are all those little infant breathings of virtue embodied and cast down ‘the illimitable gulf?’ are they turned to mere marble and freestone, and begrimed by imps?—they, while Sin lifteth his ‘flourished head’ over them, are they with their ‘wrought mosaic,’ polluted and trodden under foot? It cannot be, even though the Doctor shall have averred it, nay though he should swear it also.

We have been digressing a little, kind reader: bear with us, however. The strait road is the shortest certainly, but for our parts, we love a little aberration: the common path is dusty, and fit only for Harris, and Thomson, and Simpkins, and the rest. We, who are pleasant and anonymous, do not profess to lead thee direct to any of the public-houses of knowledge; the turnpike road is for that end, and it is open to all who come,—but we will take thee by the greenest ways, by ‘hedgerow elms and hillocks green,’ and whisper things to thee as we go along (may we not have done this already?) some of which thou mayst not have heard before.

To return, then,—to May,—to Leslie’s charming picture,—to our good intentions. We thought to have written somewhat (prose or verse) in celebration of all, but we were prevented. Prevented!—and how? why, by a dream, and if thou wilt listen, reader, thou shalt hear of it without more ado. We will speak to thee as sincerely as though

thou wast father Dominic himself—(Is not that his name?—We mean him of ‘capacious soul,’ in the *Duenna*, whose mighty thirst it would be impossible to allay, had he less than a girdle of six feet wherein to contain his potations.)

We dreamed—we almost shudder when we talk or think of dreams, knowing that the ingenious Sir Thomas Browne* is, or was of opinion, that the arch-enemy of mankind is wont to work his purposes ‘by the delusion of dreams.’ We protest that we hate to dream; for if it be unpleasant, it is unpleasant, and therefore not to be desired; and if it be pleasant, then is the waking therefrom a pain. We hate dreams, therefore, as much as the learned knight, though for a reason somewhat unlike that which moved him. “The deceiving spirit,” he says, “by concitation of humours produceth his conceited phantasm, or, by compounding the species already residing, doth make up words which mentally speak his intentions.” [*Vulgar Errors.*]

Now, although we hate dreams, yet are we subject to them, like mortals who are not anonymous,—even as Smith, for instance, who shaveth deal, or Banks who writeth ‘I’ to his opinions, and is at once common and singular. We ‘come like shadows,’ it is true, but we have the appetites and the frailties of flesh: We are as incarnate as Daniel Lambert of huge and itinerant memory, or as Mars, when he fled roaring from Diomed before Troy, and shamed his Olympian birth, and became (after we knew this) to us a mere problem. Oh! thou high and sea-born beauty, didst thou kiss his eyelids then,—or didst thou bid him turn again towards Ilium, and gather up the laurels he had lost? Fair Venus! didst thou—really we shall forget ourselves to verse, if we go on in this manner: we must be tranquil. Let us examine the matter coolly, and try the ‘auxiliary god’ by a court martial: he was as bad as

* It is a curious historical fact, and not generally known, that Sir Thomas Browne, who was a very learned man, full of enquiry, and who devoted a book to the consideration and refuting of ‘vulgar errors,’ should nevertheless have actually given testimony as to the guilt of a person accused of witchcraft. The accused was tried before Sir Matthew Hale, (or some other great lawyer) and was, we believe, convicted on the testimony of Sir Thomas Browne. So much for superstition in the time of Charles II.!

some of our 'auxiliars' at — but for the dream? Ah!—truly, it had escaped us. We were going to be pleasant, but we will refrain.

For the dream then, patient reader:—hearken unto it.

We thought we saw a figure like ourself (ourselves,—this plural is so perplexing), wrapped in a deep sleep. It was a sleep sounder than that of Silenus, when the herdsman caught him flushed and fevered in a forest cave, and the pretty *Ægle* stained his bald forehead with mulberries; not that we did in fancy, more than we do in fact, resemble the aforesaid Silenus, either in person or potatoes. Our laurels, indeed, lay by us, like those of the renowned drinker,—

Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant;
but further the resemblance striketh not. Our hair is luxuriant, though grey, our waist is small even as the eagle's talon; our cheek is pale, and our brain unhurt by wine. We are Anacreontic but seldom; our taste is for modester diluents; even tea is right pleasant to us, and coffee (breakfast powder is a delicacy unknown to our palate) delighteth us as it did Kien Long, of yore. We may write an ode to it yet.

We lay, then, sleeping and ungardened. A crowd of people surrounded us. Some dressed in fantastic habits, and some in those of our olden time,—all were people of another day—the period might be that of our own Elizabeth. In the centre of the group was an arbour of flowers, with a May-crown hung conspicuously above it. Underneath was written "*For the greatest.*"—We—(we mean the figure, our figure) awoke. Instantly numbers of claimants appeared, each asking that the crown might be awarded to himself. We felt it to be a delicate point. "We must know something more of ye, masters," we said. "Who are ye, for we know ye not?"—"How!" said they all, at once, "not know us? then 'by our sufferings but you shall.'"—"Poor ignorant creature," said a damsel of fifty-five. (She was a spinster who had arrived at the then rare distinction of letters, and ungenerously abused her privilege by twisting her mother's tongue into lines of unamiable proportion.) N'importe! we pass her by, to consider

the claimants of the humbler sex, (the males).—

"Who art thou," we said, "whose face bespeaketh riot, and whose glance an extravagant fire? Stand forth, and let us hear thy verse.—Upon that, a gay bold man,

Like a hot amouirist with glowing eye,

stood forward. He shouted dark and appalling words into our ear,—some very musical, and some of mighty sound. There was an unhallowed charm about them all, however,—it was of murder and hate, of communions with the spirit of darkness that he spoke for a time:—but then he turned him to a gentler strain, and told of Helen and her Dardan love, in words such as none but poets ever spoke. "Twas thus he ended—

Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss.—

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

"Are you satisfied?" said *Mallow*, whom we now knew. "Well pleased, in truth," we answered, "but let us hear thy brethren. In the mean time take thou thy station beneath yon branching oak: we will hereafter consider thy petition." We said this with an official air; there was a spice of authority in our mouth, and we warmed into self-importance. The dramatist carelessly sauntered to his place.

And as he retired we marked a man with a pleasant countenance, who had stood beside him. We beckoned, and he approached. He said (and said it smilingly and sotto voce) that he had fallen in love with Grecian fable, and that he had adopted two as his own. "Here is *Endymion*," said he,

The very music of whose name has gone
Into my being;

and here is the contest of *Apollo* and *Midas*.—"Oh! we will hear that by all means," we replied; "for our ears' sakes we will decide on that, lest we on the sudden become changed, and as it were asinine."—My name is *Lyly*," the poet said, "We heed not thy name, friend."—"Pardon me, but I thought

your perfectibility might opine"—
 "Ah! thou strange Euphuist, is it thou?" we answered: "We hope thou hast none of those weeds clinging round this pretty exotic."—
 "None," he returned, "it is as free as my palm." "It is well, master Lyly; it is very well. Proceed then, in God's name, and be pleasant and brief." He smiled, and read the musical contest in a clear and not ungente voice, and brought distinctly before our eyes the rival deities,—the old wood-haunting god with his shrill-toned reeds, and the bright lyrist.

Apollo, as he played
 ('Fore Midas) in the Phrygian shade,
 With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.

Observing, as Lyly retired (he retired with a somewhat courtly step) a steady-looking square-faced man about forty, with a wreath round his head, we enquired what he could possibly want. (A chart being in his hand, we had taken him for a geographer.) He walked towards us with a measured step, and said, that his name was *Drayton*, and that he had "written the *Polyolbion*." "We don't like foreign titles to English books, master Drayton," we answered: "Pray who or what is this same *Polyolbion*?" The poet looked grave, and said that he had "turned the whole island into verse." "Um!" replied we, "a fearful transmutation, in truth; but let us hear."—He looked steadfastly at his chart, and said, "After having gone entirely and particularly through the several counties of Cambridge, Dorset, Devon, Wiltshire, Sussex, Essex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Kent, Oxford, Middlesex, Surrey"—"No more, prythee, no more, master Drayton, or we perish," we exclaimed. "If thy poem be as fearful as thy catalogue—"—"Thou shalt hear," he said, "a passage from another, which toucheth not much on topography. I could have wished, in truth, that this my great work—but as you please." He had a strong voice, but a dry and somewhat pedantic method of reciting his verses: part of them was pleasant however; we rather liked the following stanza, which caught our ear:

The lark that holds observance of the sun
 Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,

And on the river's murmuring base did run,
 While the pleas'd heaven her finest livery wore,

The place such pleasure gently did possess:
 The flowers my smell, the flood my taste to steep,

And the much softness lulled me to sleep.

When in a vision, as it seemed to me,
 Triumphal music from the flood arose,
 As when the sovereign we embarked see—

"Enough!" (we interrupted him,) "enough, master Drayton: God be w'ye—we will consider thy claims, presently, to the crown; content thee awhile beside yon tree; there are two already waiting for our award."—He walked directly towards the oak.

"And now come forward, thou with thy cap in hand. Hast thou bared thy head ready for the bays? I faith but thou must first earn them, friend. Thy name?"—"Tis *Decker*," he answered mildly. "We like thee, Decker, well," we answered, "yet not so well as—but let us hear thee; and, in truth, now we bethink us, thou hast a cunning style, master Decker. Come, let us hear something of Mattheo, and bid madam Bellafront be present to us, and Fortunatus, and the rest."—He recited with a rich voice, and among other things, the following lines. They are the recollections of a penitent harlot.

—When in the street,
 A fair young modest damsel I did meet,
 She seem'd to all a dove when I passed by,
 And I to all a raven: every eye
 That followed her went with a bashful glance;
 At me each bold and jeering countenance
 Darted forth scorn: to her as if she had been
 Some tower unvanquish'd would they all
 Vail;
 'Gainst me sworn rumour hoisted every sail:
 She crown'd with reverend praises pass'd
 by them,
 I, though with face smask'd, could not escape
 the 'Hem!'

There was much more; but he at last ended, and we bade him put on his cap and wait for our award.—He bowed gently and left the circle in silence.

A serious placid-looking man next offered himself to our notice, who called himself *Philip Massinger*. He opened his book quietly, and after turning over two or three leaves, as if considering what he should select,

He began to read a scene from a play. We had looked for something argumentative or didactic, we own; but to our surprise, he read us the confession of a lover. With what an unruffled tone did he recite this pleasant passage!—The Prince of Taranto is telling the story of his early passion.

Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, blest with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily as I thought then,
And blest the house a thousand times she dwelt in.

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,

Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,

And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,

I sued; and served. Long did I love this lady,

Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;

With all the duty of my soul I served her.

We listened attentively, but felt a doubt about his claims. "We will consider—" we said, and waved him towards the tree.

At this moment, we heard a short cough, bespeaking impatience, and noted that it came from a portly-looking man, who stepped a little out of the circle. "We did not call thee, friend," we said; but on catching a closer glance, we knew him at once. "Ha! Ben, we had nigh forgotten thee, indeed: Forgive us, forgive us, excellent Ben, and we will quaff sack with thee another time, in a place where the chimes shall reach us not. Well! we suppose we must hear one of thy pleasant songs too: We had half disposed of the crown amongst yon claimants, and lo! thou art here to dispute it sturdily. Well, drink thy cup, and begin." Ben Jonson (for it was he) first read to us a scene from *Volpone*, and the keen humour shot sideways out of his eyes, as he spoke: then (leaving his tragedies) he proceeded at once to his songs, several of which ("Drink to me only," and others) he sang with a mellow voice. This was part of one of them.

Beauties, have ye seen a toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish;
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss and another.

"Thou art a wag, Ben," we said; "Cease now, for we recollect thy song, and know all that thou canst urge for thyself. Ben then approached to shake hands with us; but we (feeling some apprehension as to our being of shadowy texture) waved him off. He laughed, and walked towards the oak.

"I am"—"Be silent," we interrupted the speaker, "we will call thee by and by—thy name?" "*Edmund Spenser*," he replied in a most melodious voice. "Now, now, honoured and laurelled Spenser; we will hear thee now—we pray thee to begin;—the crown, we foresee, is lost." "Oh! not so, my master," said the poet. "There are many worthy ones here, who may well compete with me." "We wish to listen to thy song, Spenser, begin, begin." "What shall it be?" he said, "Let me recollect."

A gentle shepherd, born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Harmony
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In fairest fields, and *Astrophel* he hight.

"No,—that elegy doth not proceed so well," said he, "I must try again—here is something from another: kindly listen! but I know thou wilt, for it is in praise of 'peerless poesie.'"

Know, deeds do die however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do in themselves decay,

But wise words taught in numbers for to run,

Recorded by the muses, live for aye,
Nor may with storming showers be wash'd away;

Nor bitter breathing winds, nor harmful blast,

Nor age, nor envy shall them ever waste.

But Fame with golden wings doth fly aloft
Above the reach of ruinous decay.

And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
Admired of base born men from far away;
Then, whose will with virtuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweet poet's verse be glorified.

After this, he gave us a passage or two from his divine Faery Queen, and then, of his own accord, left the circle for other competitors.

—"Ha! who art thou who hast such a serious look and sober? Thy suit of black is worn; thou lookest starch and stiff, and like a figure carved for a tomb." We said this in a pleasant vein, and the statue answered, "The clerk of Saint Andrews"—"Zooks, master Webster, is it thou? give us thy hand—(ah! we forget:). We regard thee as a pillar of the state literary; but thou must get another to recite for thee: thy tones, accustomed to church solemnities, are doubtless nasal and prolonged. We have short time to listen, friend, so e'en give thy book to Raleigh here, and he shall lend thee his courtly voice for once."—"Not so, Sir, I must be even mine own expounder, an please you," he said. "It doth not please us, Master Webster," we replied, "but as thou hast said it, and as we know thee to be staunch to thy resolutions, even have thy way, and proceed." He accordingly began his voluntary. The book was the Duchess of Malfy. His voice, which was equal at first, trembled a little, when he came to the following passage: well it might. A brother, who has murdered his sister, speaks:—

Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle:
she died young.

Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had
lived
Her time to a minute.

"Sit thee down, old man. Sit down, John Webster, 'till we hear the rest," we said, when he had finished. "Thou hast stouter claims than many think, to be considered a high and heart-rending poet.—The clerk of St. Andrew's moved deliberately towards his place.

—"And now, who are these" said we, "who step forward with such grace? Sic fratres Helene—twin stars like these, yet scarcely

brighter, surely. Speak, gentles, if ye can, and tell us what ye are. If the inward shame not the outward man, ye are well worth hearing: speak!" "Thou begin, Beaumont," one said, and accordingly the graver of the two opened a volume and began a masque. This was part of his recitation.

Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this fest,
Will summon up, with my all charming
rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whose
wat'ry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and in-
crease)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.
Ye nymphs, who bathing in your level
springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to see them, when their circl'd
heads
Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground
with flowers;
Rise from your wells, and with your nimble
feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these plains you to Alpheus did,
When passing hence, thro' many seas mi-
x'd
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

"Enough! we know ye both, and like ye," we said. "And now, Fletcher, will we hear a few pleasant lines from thee." "Shall it be song or speech?" said he. "Even as you please, master dramatist, so it be quiet and soothing;—something between both,—or neither—whatever pleaseth thee, or thy fair muse," we answered—"Here is one that tasteth of wine," he said:—

God Lyæus ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung;
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine.
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

"Thanks, Master Webster—Fletcher, we would have said, but the fatigues of justice have oppressed us somewhat," we observed. "Thou art tired, my Master," said Fletcher: "Lie down, then, for a short while, and I will try to send thee, for a space, into Elysium."—We sighed—or rather our phantasmas sighed, and drooped its head like a languid poppy. This was Fletcher's charming song:—

Are-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud,
 In gentle show'rs; give nothing that is loud;
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
 Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain,
 Into this prince, gently, O gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

As this song concluded, we ourselves even felt lulled, and, we believe, reposed us awhile, or forgot ourselves. We were awakened, however, by a noise near us, and turning round, noted a quick pleasant-eyed man, who uttered, with a silver voice, the following stanzas: he seemed reciting them to himself.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings away.

But thou, shrinking harbinger,
 Foul pre-cursor of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd king,
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right:—

“Whose verse is that?” we said,
 “‘Tis mine,” he answered—“Dost thou not know me, as well as these others? Then must I try a merrier song—Hast thou heard this, master judge?”

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of plesance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.

He stopped and smiled—“Art thou informed yet?”—“Thou art a merry wag,” we answered, “and we like thee, at least: once more, let us hear thee.”—“Hark, hark,” he said, “Dost thou not hear a storm?”

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,

Having called them from the deep.

“Those lines are surely”—“‘Tis said they are not mine,” he replied and smiled; “but, hush!”

The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.”—

“But Thaisa has died in child-birth, and thou must hear her husband's sorrow, and his blessing on their child.”

Now, mild may be thy life,

For a more blustering birth had never bated;
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou'rt the rudest welcomed to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy, what follows!—

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb.—

—Most wretched queen!—

A terrible child-birth hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd in the ooze;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And eye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,

Lying with simple shells.

“Thou hast said enough. Oth, mighty poet!—Where thou art, peerless SHAKESPEARE, who else may strive with hope?—For us, we dare not award a crown to thee. It is as though the fool of the fable should weigh the merits of the bright Apollo. It is thine without our gift. Look at thy surrounding fellows, who bend them in reverence before thee. We too must bow our knee.” He stooped to raise us, but the touch of his hand seemed like an electric shock, and we—awoke.

“And what is the meaning or end of the dream?”—Kind reader, if thou art pleased with our relation, or with the poets whom we have cited, our end is answered: it hath no hidden purpose. We cover not our morals with allegory or fiction;—there is no concealed drug in the sugar which we proffer to thee. Our object was to please thee. Let us hope that we have not been writing altogether without success.

THEY.

LIVING AUTHORS.

No. V.

CRABBE.

(THE object of Mr. Crabbe's writings seems to be, to show what an unpoetical world we live in: or rather, perhaps, the very reverse of this conclusion might be drawn from them; for it might be said, that if this is poetry, there is nothing but poetry in the world.) Our author's style might be cited as an answer to Audrey's inquiry, "Is poetry a true thing?" If the most feigning poetry is the truest, Mr. Crabbe is of all poets the least poetical. There are here no ornaments, no flights of fancy, no illusions of sentiment, no tinsel of words. (His song is one sad reality, one unraised, unvaried note of unavailing woe. Literal fidelity serves him in the place of invention; he assumes importance by a number of petty details; he rivets attention by being prolix.) He not only deals in incessant matters of fact, but in matters of fact of the most familiar, the least animating, and most unpleasant kind; but he relies for the effect of novelty on the microscopic minuteness with which he dissects the most trivial objects—and, for the interest he excites on the unshrinking determination with which he handles the most painful. His poetry has an official and professional air. He is called out to cases of difficult birth, of fractured limbs, or breaches of the peace; and makes out a parish register of accidents and offences. He takes the most trite, the most gross and obvious, and revolting part of nature, for the subject of his elaborate descriptions; but it is nature still, and Nature is a great and mighty goddess. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." It is well for the reverend author that it is so. (Individuality is, in his theory, the only definition of poetry. Whatever is, he hitches into rhyme.) Whoever makes an exact image of any thing on the earth below, however deformed or insignificant, according to him, must succeed—and he has succeeded.) Mr. Crabbe is one of the most popular and admired of our living writers. (That he is so, can be accounted for on no other principle than the strong ties

that bind us to the world about us, and our involuntary yearnings after whatever in any manner powerfully and directly reminds us of it.) His Muse is not one of the daughters of Memory, but the old toothless mumbler dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood, recounting, *totidem verbis et literis*, what happens in every place in the kingdom every hour in the year, and fastening always on the worst as the most palatable morsel. But she is a circumstantial old lady, communicative, scrupulous, leaving nothing to the imagination, harping on the smallest grievances, a village oracle and critic, most veritable, most identical, bringing us acquainted with persons and things just as they happened, and giving us a local interest in all she knows and tells. The springs of Helicon are, in general, supposed to be a living stream, bubbling and sparkling, and making sweet music as it flows; but Mr. Crabbe's fountain of the Muses is a stagnant pool, dull, motionless, choked up with weeds and corruption; it reflects no light from heaven, it emits no cheerful sound:—his Pegasus has not floating wings, but feet, cloven feet that scorn the low ground they tread upon;—no flowers of love, of hope, or joy spring here, or they bloom only to wither in a moment;—our poet's verse does not put a spirit of youth in every thing, but a spirit of fear, despondency, and decay; it is not an electric spark to kindle and expand, but acts like the torpedo-touch to deaden and contract: it lends no rainbow tints to fancy, it aids no soothing feelings in the heart, it gladdens no prospect, it stirs no wish; in its view the current of life runs slow, dull, cold, dispirited, half-underground, muddy and clogged with all creeping things. The world is one vast infirmary; the hill of Parnassus is a penitentiary; to read him is a penance; yet we read on! Mr. Crabbe is a *fascinating* writer. He contrives to "turn diseases to commodities," and makes a virtue of necessity. He puts us out of conceit

with this world, which perhaps a severe divine should do; yet does not, as a charitable divine ought, point to another. His morbid feelings droop and cling to the earth; grovel, where they should soar; and throw a dead weight on every aspiration of the soul after the good or beautiful. By degrees, we submit and are reconciled to our fate, like patients to a physician, or prisoners in the condemned cell. We can only explain this by saying, as we said before, that Mr. Crabbe gives us one part of nature, the mean, the little, the disgusting, the distressing; that he does this thoroughly, with the hand of a master; and we forgive all the rest!—

Mr. Crabbe's first poems were published so long ago as the year 1782, and received the approbation of Dr. Johnson only a little before he died. This was a testimony from an enemy, for Dr. Johnson was not an admirer of the simple in style, or minute in description. Still he was an acute, strong-minded man, and could see truth, when it was presented to him, even through the mist of his prejudices and his theories. There was something in Mr. Crabbe's intricate points that did not, after all, so ill accord with the Doctor's purblind vision; and he knew quite enough of the petty ills of life to judge of the merit of our poet's descriptions, though he himself chose to slur them over in high-sounding dogmas or general invectives. Mr. Crabbe's earliest poem of the *Village* was recommended to the notice of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and we cannot help thinking that a taste for that sort of poetry, which leans for support on the truth and fidelity of its imitations of nature, began to display itself much about the time, and, in a good measure, in consequence of the direction of the public taste to the subject of painting. Book-learning, the accumulation of wordy commonplaces, the gaudy pretensions of poetical diction, had enfeebled and perverted our eye for nature: the study of the fine arts, which came into fashion about forty years ago, and was then first considered as a polite accomplishment, would tend imperceptibly to restore it. Painting is essentially an imitative art; it cannot subsist for a moment on empty generalities: the critic, therefore,

who has been used to this sort of substantial entertainment, would be disposed to read poetry with the eye of a connoisseur, would be little captivated with smooth, polished, unmeaning periods, and would turn with double eagerness and relish to the force and precision of individual details, transferred as it were to the page from the canvas. Thus an admirer of Teniers or Hobbema might think little of the pastoral sketches of Pope or Goldsmith: even Thomson describes not so much the naked object as what he sees in his mind's eye, surrounded and glowing with the mild, bland, genial vapours of his brain:—but the adept in Dutch interiors, hovels, and pig-styes must find in such a writer as Crabbe a man after his own heart. He is the very thing itself; he paints in words, instead of colours: that's all the difference. As Mr. Crabbe is not a painter, only because he does not use a brush and colours, so he is for the most part a poet, only because he writes in lines of ten syllables. All the rest might be found in a newspaper, an old magazine, or a county-register. Our author is himself a little jealous of the prudish fidelity of his homely Muse, and tries to justify himself by precedents. He brings, as a parallel instance of merely literal description, Pope's lines on the gay Duke of Buckingham; beginning, "In the worst inn's worst room see Villiers lies!" But surely nothing can be more dissimilar. Pope describes what is striking, Crabbe would have described merely what was there. The objects in Pope stand out to the fancy from the mixture of the mean with the gaudy, from the contrast of the scene and the character. There is an appeal to the imagination; you see what is passing from a poetical point of view. In Crabbe there is no foil, no contrast, no impulse given to the mind. It is all on a level and of a piece. In fact, there is so little connection between the subject-matter of Mr. Crabbe's lines, and the ornament of rhyme which is tacked to them, that many of his verses read like serious burlesque, and the parodies which have been made upon them are hardly so quaint as the originals.

Mr. Crabbe's great fault is certainly that he is a sickly, a querulous,

a. *satirists* poet. . . He sings the country, and he sings it in a pitiful tone. He chooses this subject only to take the charm out of it, and to dispel the illusion, the glory, and the dream; which had hovered over it in golden verse from Theocritus to Cowper. He sets out with professing to overturn the theory which had hallowed a shepherd's life, and made the names of grove and valley music in our ears, to give us truth in its stead; but why not lay aside the fool's cap and bells at once, why not insist on the unwelcome reality in plain prose? If our author is a poet, why trouble himself with statistics? If he is a statistic writer, why set his ill news to harsh and grating verse? The philosopher in painting the dark side of human nature may have reason on his side, and a moral lesson or a remedy in view. The tragic poet, who shows the sad vicissitudes of things, and the disappointments of the passions, at least strengthens our yearnings after imaginary good, and lends wings to our desires, by which we, "at one bound, high overleap all bound" of actual suffering. But Mr. Crabbe does neither. He gives us discouraged paintings of things—helpless, repining, unprofitable, unedifying distress. (He is not a philosopher, but a sophist, and a misanthrope in verse: a namby-pamby Mandeville, a Mattheus turned metrical romancer.) He professes historical fidelity; but his vein is not dramatic: he does not give us the *pros* and *cons* of that versatile gipsy, Nature. He does not indulge his fancy or sympathise with us, or tell us how the poor feel; but how he should feel in their situation, which we do not want to know. (He does not weave the web of their lives of a mingled yarn, good and ill together, but clothes them all in the same overseer's dingy linsey-woolsey, or tinges them with a green and yellow melancholy. He blocks out all possibility of good, cancels the hope, or even the wish for it, as a weakness) check-mates Tityrus and Virgil at the game of pastoral cross-purposes, disables all his adversary's white pieces, and leaves none but black ones on the board. The situation of a country clergyman is not necessarily favourable to the cultivation of the Muse. He is set down, per-

haps, as he thinks, in a small curacy for life, and he takes his revenge by imprisoning the reader's imagination in a luckless verse. Shut out from social converse, from learned colleges and halls, where he passed his youth, he has no cordial fellow-feeling with the unlettered manners of the *Village* or the *Borough*, and he describes his neighbours as more uncomfortable and discontented than himself. All this while he dedicates successive volumes to rising generations of noble patrons; and while he desolates a line of coast with sterile, blighting lines, the only leaf of his books where honour, beauty, worth, or pleasure bloom, is that inscribed to the Rutland family! But enough of this; and to our task of quotation. The poem of the *Village* sets off nearly as follows:

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys
boast;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates:
By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as birds will not:
Nor you, ye poor, of better'd scenes complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth and vain;
O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty grief o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the tedious hour?

This plea, we would remark by the way, is more plausible than satisfactory. By associating pleasing ideas with the poor, we incline the rich to extend their good offices to them. The cottage twined round with real myrtles, or with the poet's wreath, will invite the hand of kindly assistance sooner than Mr. Crabbe's naked "ruin'd shed;" for though unusual, unexpected distress excites compassion, that which is uniform and remediless produces nothing but disgust and indifference. Repulsive objects (or those which are painted so) do not conciliate affection, or soften the heart.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake
gown'd o'er,

and the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor :
 from thence a length of burning sand appears,
 There the thin harvest waves its withered ears ;
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye :
 " here thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war ;"
 There poppies nodding mock the hope of soil ;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;
 Or the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
 Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn ;
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose ;
 Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
 Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

This is a specimen of Mr. Crabbe's taste in landscape-painting, of the power, the accuracy, and the hardness of his pencil. If this were merely a spot upon the canvas, which might act as a foil to more luxuriant and happier scenes, it would be well. But our valetudinarian " travels from Dan to Beersheba, and cries it is all barren." Or if he lights " in a favouring hour " on some more favoured spot, where plenty smiles around,

he then turns his hand to his human figures, and the balance of the account is still very much against Providence, and the blessings of the English Constitution. Let us see.—

But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
 Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land :
 Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain

Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain ;
 But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
 Where plenty smiles—alas ! she smiles for few—

And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
 Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
 The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
 Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth ?

Go then ! and see them rising with the sun,
 Through a long course of daily toil to run ;
 See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,†
 When the knees tremble and the temples beat ;

Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er

The labour past, and toils to come explore ;
 See them alternate suns and showers engage,
 And board up aches and anguish for their age ;

Through fens and maraby moors their steps pursue,

When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew,

Then own that labour may as fatal be
 To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Grant all this to be true ; nay, let it be told, but not told in " mincing poetry." Next comes the WORK-HOUSE, and this, it must be owned,

* This is a pleasing line ; because the unconsciousness to the mischief in the child is a playful relief to the mind, and the picturesqueness of the imagery gives it double point and *sauf-à-vie*.

† This seems almost a parody on the lines in Shakespeare.

Not all these, laid in bed majestic,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
 But like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

Henry V.

Who shall decide where two such authorities disagree !

is a master-piece of description, and the climax of the author's inverted system of rural optimism.

This groan the Old, till by disease oppress,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

There is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken

door ;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging,

play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through

the day ;—
There children dwell who know no parents'

care ;
Parents, who know no children's love,

dwell there !
Heart-broken Matrons on their joyless bed,

Forsaken wives and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,

And crippled Age with more than childhood fears ;

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest
they !

The moping Idiot and the Madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,

Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to
grieve,

Where the loud groans from some sad
chamber flow,

Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below ;

Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow
scan,

And the cold charities of man to man ;
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,

And strong compulsion plucks the scrap
from pride ;

But still that scrap is bought with many a
sigh,

And pride embitters what it can't deny.

* * * * *

Such is that room which one rude beam
divides,

And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch

are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between ;

Save one dull pane that, coarsely patch'd,
gives way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day ;
Here on a matted flock, with dust o'er-

spread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid

head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,

Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his
eyes ; *

No friends with soft discourse his pain be-
guile,

And promise hope till sickness wears a
smile.

* * * * *

Now once again the gloomy scene expires.
Less gloomy now ; the bitter hour is o'er.
The Man of many sorrows sighs no more—

Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale be-

low ;
There lie the happy Dead, from trouble

free,
And the glad parish pays the funeral fee :

No more, O Death ! thy victim start to
hear

Churchwarden stern, or kingly Overseer ;
No more the farmer claims his humble bed,

Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants that !

Now to the church behold the Mourners
come,

Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb ;
The village-children now their games suspend,

To see the bier that bears their ancient
friend :

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court ;

The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket were his labours all :

*Him now they follow to his grave, and
stand*

Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore

The mingled relics of the parish-poor ;
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies

round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the

sound ;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,

Defers his duty till the day of prayer ;
And waiting long, the crowd retire dis-

treat,
To think a poor man's bones should lie

unblest.

To put our taste in poetry, and the

fairness of our opinion of Mr. Crabbe's

in particular, to the test at once, we

will confess, that we think the two

lines we have marked in italics,

Him now they follow to his grave, and
stand

Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand—

worth nearly all the rest of his verses

put together, and an unanswerable

condemnation of their general ten-

dency and spirit. It is images, such

as these, that the polished mirror of

the poet's mind ought chiefly to con-

vey ; that cast their soothing, start-

ling reflection over the length of hu-

man life, and grace with their amia-

ble innocence its closing scenes ; while

its less alluring and more sombre

tints sink in, and are lost in an ab-

* And the motion unsettles a tear.—Wordsworth.

porbent ground of unrelieved prose. Poetry should be the handmaid of the imagination, and the foster-nurse of pleasure and beauty: Mr. Crabbe's Muse is a determined enemy to the imagination, and a spy on nature.

Before we proceed, we shall just mark a few of those quaintnesses of expression, by which our descriptive poet has endeavoured to vary his style from common prose, and so far has succeeded. Speaking of Quarle he says,—

Of Hermit Quarle we read, in island rare,
Far from mankind and seeming far from
care;

Safe from all want, and sound in every
limb;

Yes! there was he, and there was care
with him.

Here are no wheels for either wool or flax,
But packs of cards—made up of sundry
packs.

Fresh were his features, his attire was new;
Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue:
Of finest *jean*, his trowsers, tight and trim,
Brush'd the large buckle at the silver rim.

To compare small things with
great, this last touch of minute de-
scription is not unlike that in The-
seus's description of his hounds,—

With ears that sweep away the morning
dew.

Alas! your reverence, wanton thoughts, I
grant,

Were once my motive, now the thoughts of
want.

Women like me, as ducks in a decoy,
Swim down a stream, and seem to swim in
joy.

But from the day, that fatal day she spied
The pride of Daniel, Daniel was her pride.

As an instance of the *curiosa felici-
tas* in descriptive allusion (among
many others) take the following.
Our author, referring to the names
of the genteeler couples, written in
the parish-register, thus “morals”
on the circumstance:—

How fair these names, how much unlike
they look

To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my
book!

The bridegroom's letters stand in row
above,

Tapering yet stout, like pine-trees in his
grove;

While free and fine the bride's appear
below,

As light and slender as her jasmynes
grow—

Mark now in what confusion stoop or stand
The crooked scrawls of many a clownish
hand:

Now out, now in, they droop, they fall,
they rise,

Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise.
Much have I tried to guide the fist along,
But still the blunderers placed their blot-
tings wrong:

Behold these marks uncouth! how strange
that men,

Who guide the plough, should fail to guide
the pen!

For half a mile, the furrows even lie;

For half an inch the letters stand awry!

The *Library* and the *Newspaper*, in
the same volume, are heavy and
common-place. Mr. Crabbe merely
sermonises in his didactic poetry.
He must pierce below the surface
to get at his genuine vein. He is
properly himself only in the petty
and the painful. The *Birth of
Flattery* is a homely, incondite lay.
The writer is no more like Spenser
than he is like Pope. The ballad of
Sir Eustace Grey is a production of
great power and genius. The poet,
in treating of the wanderings of a
maniac, has given a loose to his con-
ception of imaginary and preterna-
tural evils. But they are of a sort
that chill, rather than melt the mind;
they repel instead of haunting it.
They might be said to be square,
portable horrors, physical, external,—
not shadowy, not malleable; they do
not arise out of any passion in the
mind of the sufferer, nor touch the
reader with involuntary sympathy.
Beds of ice, seas of fire, shaking
bogs, and fields of snow, are dis-
agreeable matters of fact; and though
their contact has a powerful effect
on the senses, we soon shake them
off in fancy. Let any one compare
this fictitious legend with the un-
adorned, unvarnished tale of Peter
Grimes, and he will see in what Mr.
Crabbe's characteristic strength lies.
He is a most potent copyist of actual
nature, though not otherwise a
great poet. In the case of Sir
Eustace, he cannot conjure up airy
phantoms from a disordered imagi-
nation; but he makes honest Peter,
the fisherman of the Borough, see
visions in the mud where he had
drowned his 'prentice-boys, that are

as ghastly and bewitching as any mermaid. We cannot resist giving the scene of this striking story, which is in our author's exclusive manner. "Within that circle none durst walk but he."

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,

To wait for certain hours the tide's delay ;
At the same times the same dull views to see,

The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree ;

The water only when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half-cover'd and half-dry ;

The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,

And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks ;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

When tides were neap, and in the sultry day,

Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,

Which on each side rose swelling, and below

The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,

There hang his head, and view the lazy tide

In its hot almy channel slowly glide ;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way

For the warm shore, within the shallows play ;

Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood ;—

Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace

How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race ;

Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye ;

What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,

And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,

Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom :

He nurs'd the feelings these dull scenes produce,

And lov'd to stop beside the opening sluice ;
Where the small stream, confin'd in narrow bound,

Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadder sound ;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,

Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

This is an exact fac-simile of some of the most unlovely parts of the creation. Indeed the whole of Mr. Crabbe's *Borough*, from which the above passage is taken, is done so to the life, that it seems almost like some sea-monster, crawled out of the neighbouring slime, and harbouring a breed of strange vermin, with a strong local scent of tar and bulge-water. — Mr. Crabbe's *Tales* are more readable than his *Poems*. But in proportion as their interest increases, they become more oppressive. They turn, one and all, upon the same sort of teasing, helpless, mechanical, unimaginative distress ;—and though it is not easy to lay them down, you never wish to take them up again. Still in this way they are highly finished, striking, and original portraits,—worked out with an eye to nature, and an intimate knowledge of the small and intricate folds of the human heart. Some of the best are the *Confidant*, the story of *Silly Shore*, the *Young Poet*, the *Painter* ;—the episode of *Phoebe Dawson* in the *Village* is one of the most tender and pensive ; and the character of the methodist parson, who persecutes the sailor's widow with his godly, selfish love, is one of the most profound. In a word, if Mr. Crabbe's writings do not add greatly to the store of entertaining and delightful fiction, yet they will remain "as a thorn in the side of poetry," perhaps for a century to come.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF WILLIAM MEYRICK, WITH SOME OF HIS POEMS.

WILLIAM MEYRICK was born at Birmingham, about the year 1770, and was for some time house apothecary at the Dispensary there. Soon after quitting that situation, he established himself as a surgeon in the village of West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

Here he wrote and published a Novel, or, as he calls it, a Miscellaneous History, in three volumes, entitled "*Wanley Penson, or the Melancholy Man*." The narrative is occasionally interspersed with poetical pieces, some of which have considerable merit. The philosophy of

the following verses forcibly applies in censure of those writers, who affect to exhibit the emotions of sor-

row, in language to which the mind would naturally resort, only in seasons of unembarrassed tranquillity.

From the sad soul, immur'd in grief's deep gloom,
No thought escapes to gather rhetoric's flowers,
Nor yields its cumber'd habitation room,
For art's trim feats, or fancy's sportive powers.
No! not the wretch outstretch'd upon the rack,
Suffers the fleet idea less to roam,
When every straiten'd life-string holds it back,
And pain confines it to its own sad home.

During his residence at West Bromwich, Meyrick also composed and published the Family Herbal, which, not long since, passed through a fresh edition; and had nearly prepared for the press a Tour through Wales, with many beautiful views by a neighbouring artist. Before his labours were completed, however, fortune's frowful interruptions indicated, that medicine and the muses had not effectually co-operated in the attainment of her favour.

From the cause just alluded to, the subject of this Memoir engaged as surgeon of a slave ship, which sailed from Liverpool, October 1799. After the usual traffic on the coast of Africa, the vessel, with a valuable cargo of slaves, arrived at Kingston,

Jamaica, about the middle of July, 1800. Soon afterwards he affectionately informed his family, that his gains on the voyage had been so considerable, as to remove every pecuniary difficulty, and that he should re-imbark for England about the 1st of September; when the Alexander would have completed her homeward cargo. When the ship sailed at the appointed time, Meyrick was unaccountably absent from her. His trunks reached his family, with the journal of his voyage, much mutilated, from which the subjoined Poems are extracted. Meyrick himself has never since been heard of; the most active inquiries have failed to ascertain his fate.

WRITTEN ON ARRIVING AT MADEIRA.

See at length indulgent gales
Gently fill our swelling sails,
Swiftly through the foamy sea,
Shoots our vessel gallantly,
Still approaching, as she flies,
Warmer suns and brighter skies.
Winter, on my native plains,
Robed in clouds and tempests reigns;
Fann'd by Zephyr's gentle wing,
Here I breathe the balmy spring;
Yet, fair Isle, thy lovely shades,
Flowery groves, and tranquil glades;
Nor yon mountain's pride the vine,
Parent of delicious wine,
Mantling o'er its craggy side,
Here shall tempt me to abide;
Still my native plains are dear,
All my joys still centre there.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

Loud howls the wind, the foaming billows dash,
The midnight torrents round me wild descend;
The thunder rolls, the livid lightnings flash:
Relentless elements! why thus contend?
Calm and serene amid yon dread uproar
The buoyant vessel's lofty deck I tread,
And pleased that those I love are safe on shore,
Heed not the tempest bursting o'er my head.

He that directs the storm supports my mind,
 When dangers rise, in Him alone I'll trust,
 Whatever his will, I'll strive to be resign'd,
 And though I perish, own that he is just.

But Hope still whispers he'll my safeguard prove,
 And bring me back to those I fondly love.

TO A BIRD HOVERING ROUND OUR SHIP AT NIGHT—FALL.

Poor wanderer, whither art thou going?
 The rain descends, the wind is blowing,
 The sea runs high;
 Thy pinions droop, thy strength is gone,
 The long dark night is hastening on,
 And ah! no friendly land is nigh.

Here then till morning's dawn repose,
 Thy little wants make known:
 If cold and wet, I'll warm and dry thee,
 If hungry, needful food supply thee;
 And while I sooth thy number'd woes,
 Strive to forget my own.

Perhaps thy mate and helpless young,
 With grief oppress'd,
 Sit brooding in their little nest,
 No more enliven'd by thy song;
 If so, their hopeless lot I'll mourn,
 For ah! to them thou never canst return,
 Instinct will not direct thee to retrace

The vast, immeasurable space:
 In part, our lot's alike severe,
 But thus it differs; thou canst ne'er return,
 While I may roam
 Far as old Ocean's waters roll,
 Beneath the sultry equinoctial—burn,
 Or freeze beneath the pole;
 And yet to all that I hold dear
 Get safely home.

West Bromwich.

W. R.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In every thing that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in king John's days. I know less geography than a school-boy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van

Dieman's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terræ Incognite. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight. I guess at Venus only by her brightness—and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never de-

liberately set down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as *first* in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend M., with great pains-taking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek." I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers—not from the circumstance of my being town-born—for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it in "on Devon's leafy shores,"—and am no less at a loss among purely town-objects, tools, engines, mechanic processes.—Not that I affect ignorance—but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities, as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder, how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; every body is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *tête-à-tête* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.—

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we

were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid—when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield: Now as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject. However he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Folgate, when the sight of some shop-goods *ticketed* freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market—when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution." My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the almshouses beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders;—but, finding me ra-

ther dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole expedition. While I was muttering out something about the panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder, that had been rife about Dalston; and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighbourhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher.

He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish coloured coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilies, and the Linacres: who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a duty. Passing from infancy to age, dreamed away all their days

as in a grammar school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their *Flori* and their *Spici-legia*; in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward Tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Dametas!

With what a savour doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labour; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and groundwork is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Lycurgus") correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!—"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the king majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favourably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmasters." What a gusto in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he [the pupil] can orderly decline his noun, and his verb." *His noun!*

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of every thing, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of any thing. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c. botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractatè on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through greenfields (those natural instructors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. He must in-
sinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora feri*. He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gypsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe,—that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting school-boys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's orrery,

to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-ridden, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.—Even a child, that “play-thing for an hour,” tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations—at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's conversation.—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.—

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it destr-

ble to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stim you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method, by which young gentlemen in his seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not tell out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his co-evals; *his juniors cannot be his friends.*

“I take blame to myself,” said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, “that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but we can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings,* my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holyday is begged for the boys;

the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never love me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence.”

“My wife too,” this interesting correspondent goes on to say, “my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster.—When I courted her, when I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—when I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her, she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna!—When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's*

wife; and she looks up to me, as to the boys' master, to whom all show of fond affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet this—gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I re-

proach her for it?—These kind of complaints are not often drawn from me, I am aware that I am a fortunate, I mean, a prosperous man"—

My feelings prevent me from transcribing any farther.—For the communication of this letter I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

ELIA.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

No need there is, in hymning thee,
 Passionate epithets to borrow;
 Thy requiem should rather be
 A tender strain of gentle sorrow:
 None of the hopeless gloom of woe
 Should cloud the poet's mind who sings thee;—
 At least to me, it seems not so,
 As Memory now thy image brings me.
 'Tis true—that DEATH,—e'en death-like thine
 Is more than slumber's "brief forgetting:"—
 Even summer's suns, how'er they shine,
 May not be cloudless at their setting.
 But, if that setting hour be calm,—
 Those clouds the more enhance its splendour:
 And round thy own is some such charm,
 Making it touching, pure, and tender!
 Young—guileless—gentle—and beloved
 By the small circle who best knew thee;
 Fond recollections, unreprieved,
 When thou art named, still cling unto thee!
 No tears may start:—for Hope supplies,
 For thee, thoughts unalloyed to anguish;
 But pensive looks, and softest sighs,
 Tell how we loved—and for thee languish:
 For me, I own, though months had past,
 Ere thy departure, since I met thee;
 Such spell is round thy memory cast,
 I cannot, gentle friend! forget thee.
 O no! some hours I spent with thee
 Were dear—from various mingled causes;
 Moments from worldly turmoil free,—
 For thought, and feeling,—breathing pauses.
 And they were spent,—not in the din
 Of crowded streets;—their still lapse found us
 Where Nature's charms were sure to win;—
 With fields, and flowers, and sunshine round us.
 Hence, when I think of thee, I seem
 Incapable of mourning for thee,
 Though HE—whose will is love supreme—
 From earth has chosen to withdraw thee.
 I look on thee as one, who, born
 In scenes where peace and virtue blossom;—
 Living—didst those retreats adorn,
 And now sleep'st calmly in their bosom!

B. B.

TO MARY.

It is not alone while we live in the light
 Of Friendship's kindling glance,
 That its beam so true, and so tenderly bright,
 Our purest joys can enhance :—
 But that ray shines on through a night of tears,
 And its light is round us in after years.

Nor is it while yet on the listening ear
 The accents of Friendship steal,
 That we know the extent of the joy, so dear,
 Which its touching tones reveal :—
 'Tis in after moments of sorrow and pain,
 Their echo surpasses music's strain.

Though years have roll'd by, dear Mary! since we
 Have look'd on each other's face,
 Yet thy memory is fondly cherish'd by me,
 For my heart is its dwelling-place ;
 And, if on this earth we should meet no more,
 It must linger there still, until life is o'er.

The traveller who journeys the live-long day
 Through some enchanting vale,—
 Should he, when the mists of evening are grey,
 Some neighb'ring mountain scale,—
 O! will he not stop, and look back to review
 The delightful retreats he has wander'd through?

So I, who have toil'd up life's steep hill
 Some steps,—since we parted last,
 Often pensively pause, and look eagerly still
 On the few bright spots I have pass'd :—
 And some of the brightest, dear Mary! to me,
 Were the lovely ones I enjoy'd with thee.

I know not how soon dark clouds may shade
 The valley of years gone by ;
 Or how quickly its happiest haunts may fade
 In the mists of an evening sky ;—
 But—'till quench'd is the lustre of life's setting sun,
 I shall look back, at times, as I now have done !—
B. BARTON.

SONNET.

'Tis not the sun with all his heavenly light,—
 Nor morning, when its glory first appears,—
 Nor yet the silent, sparkling orbs of night,—
 Nor change of place,—nor Time's revolving years,—
 Nor mighty river,—nor the murmuring stream,
 Nor flowers that bloom upon its verdant sides,
 Nor yet when in it plays the moon's pale beam,
 Nor evening's breath that calmly o'er it glides ;—
 Nor dew-besprinkled grass, that glistens in the ray
 Of morn—but flies the rapid strides of day ;—
 Nor tender trees though sweetly blossoming,—
 Nor birds' soft notes ;—No! nor returning Spring,
 Though dress'd in all its charms, can give relief
 To the sad heart, where dwells deep-rooted grief.

EMILY,

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

by Mary Russell Mitford.
 Persons..... Lord Mowbray.
 Amelia, his daughter.
 Maurice, Amelia's husband.
 William, a Boy of six years old, the son of Maurice and Amelia.

Scene, the inside of a Cottage.

Amelia at work singing, Maurice enters during her Song.

The red rose is queen of the garden bower
 That glows in the sun at noon;
 And the lady lily 's the fairest flower
 Whose white bells swing in the breeze of June;
 But they, who come 'mid frost and flood,
 Peeping from hedge or root of tree,
 The primrose and the violet bud,
 They are the dearest flowers to me.

The nightingale's is the sweetest song
 That ever the rose has heard;
 And when the lark chaunts yon clouds among
 The lily looks up to the heavenly bird;
 But the robin with his eye of jet,
 Who pipes from the bare boughs merrily
 To the primrose pale and the violet,
 He is the dearest bird to me.

Am. Ah, art thou there? I thought I was alone.
 Hast thou been long returned?

Mau.

Even now.

Am.

I'm glad;

For I would feel thy presence,—as I used
 When I, a conscious girl, if thou didst come
 Behind my chair, knew thee without the aid
 Of eye or ear. A wife's love is as strong;
 Her sense should be as quick.

Mau.

But maiden love
 Is mix'd with shame, and doubt, and consciousness,
 Which have a thousand eyes, a thousand ears.
 Amelia, thou art pale. Nay, if thou smilest
 Thou wilt be pale no longer: thy sick smile
 Is fitly wedded to a varying blush,
 That flutters tremulously in thy fair cheek
 Like shivering wings of new caught butterflies.
 Ah, there it is!

Am.

Flatterer!

Mau.

But thou wast pale,
 Stooping so long o'er that embroidery,
 That irksome toil. Go forth into the air.

Am. Not yet; there still is light enough to work,
 I have one flower to finish. Then I'll fly
 To the sweet joys of busy idleness,
 To our sweet garden; I am wanted there,
 So William says; the freshening showers to-day
 Have scattered my carnations; I must raise
 Their clear and odorous beauties from the dark
 Defiling earth.

Mau.

That task is done.

Am.

By thee,

After thy hard day's toil? Oh what a fond

And foolish lover-husband I have got !
Art thou not weary ?

Mau. Only just enough
To feel the comfort, sweetest, of repose,
Of such repose as this, here at thy feet
Extended, and my head against thy knee.

Am. Even as that sweet and melancholy prince,
Hamlet the Dane, lay at Ophelia's feet
His lady-love. Wast thou not thinking so ?

Mau. I was.

Am. And I was likening thee to one—
Dost thou remember—'tis the prettiest moment
Of that most marvellous and truest book—
When her so dear Sir Charles at Harriot's feet
Lay turning up his bright face smilingly ;—
Dost thou remember ?

Mau. Banterer ! Where is William ?

Am. That is a secret. Do not question me,
Or I shall tell. He will be shortly back.

[Sings.]

But they who come 'mid frost and flood,
Peeping from hedge or root of tree,
The primrose and the violet bud,
They are the dearest flowers to me.

Mau. How much thou lov'st that song !

Am. He loves it so,

Our William : If far off within the wood
He do but catch one clear and singing note
Of that wild cheerful strain, he scuds along
With his small pretty feet, like the young brood
Of the hen-partridge to her evening call.

Mau. Well, but where is he ?

Am. Guess.

Mau. Nay, tell me, love.

Am. To-day at noon, returning from the farm,
Where on some trifling errand I had sent him,
He left the path in chase of that bright insect
The burnished dragon-fly, with net-work wings
So beautiful. His shining guide flew on,
Tracing the chanel of the rippling spring
Up to its very source : there William lost him ;
But looking round upon that fairy scene
Of tangled wood and bubbling waters clear,
He found a fairy carpet ; strawberries
Spread all about, in a rich tapestry
Of leaves and blushing fruit, and he is gone
With his own basket that his father made him,
His own dear father, to bring home his prize
To that dear father.

Mau. Prythee, love, say on.

This is a tale which I could listen to
The live-long day.

Am. And will it not be sweet
To see that lovely boy, blushing all over,
His fair brow reddening, and his smiling eyes
Filling with tears, his scarlet lips far ruddier
Than the red berries, stammering and forgetting
The little pretty speech that he has conn'd
But speaking in warm kisses ? Will it not

Be sweet to see my precious William give
 The very first thing he can call his own
 To him who gives him all? My dearest husband,
 Betray me not;—pretend an ignorance,
 And wonder why that cream and bread stand there,
 And why that china bowl. Thy precious boy!
Mau. Thy precious boy! Amelia, that child's heart
 Is like thee as his face.

Am. Liker to thee
 Are both. Our blessing! What a world of love
 Dwells in that little heart!

Mau. Too much! too much!
 He is too sensitive. I would he had
 An airy playmate full of mirth and jests.

Am. Nature's his playmate; leaves and flowers and birds
 And the young innocent lambs are his companions;
 He needs no other. In his solitude
 He is as happy as the glittering beetle
 That lives in the white rose. My precious boy!

Mau. What are these? Tears! My own Amelia,
 Weep'st thou for happiness? What means this rain
 That falls without a cloud. Fy! I must chide thee?

Am. Yes, you are right. Useless—not causeless—tears!
 They will have way.—Forgive me, dearest husband!
 This is our wedding-eve. Seven years ago
 I stole, a guilty wanderer, from my home,—
 My old paternal home!—and with the gush
 Of motherly love another thought rushed in—
 My father!

Mau. My Amelia!

Am. Seven years
 Have past since last I saw him;—and that last!
 The pangs of death were in my heart, when I
 Approach'd to say good night. He had been harsh
 All day, had press'd Lord Vernon's odious love,
 Had taunted at thy poverty—my Maurice!
 But suddenly, when I all vainly tried
 To falter out good night, in his old tone
 Of fond familiar love, and with the name
 Which from his lips seem'd a caress, he said,
 God bless you Emily! That blessing pierced
 My very soul. Oft in the dead of night
 I seem to hear it. Would he bless me now?
 Oh, no! no! no!

Mau. My own beloved wife,
 Think not too deeply—there will come a time—

Am. Oh Maurice! All the grandeur that she left—
 The splendid vanities, ne'er cost thy wife
 A sigh, contented in her poverty,
 Happy in virtuous love. But that kind voice—
 That tender blessing—that accustomed name
 Of fondness!—Oh! they haunt my very dreams:
 They crowd upon my waking thoughts; then most
 When some sweet kindness of my lovely boy,
 Some sign of glorious promise, tells my heart
 How little I deserve—

Mau. My Emily!

Am. No, not from thee, not even from thee, that name;—
 'Tis sacred to those dear and honour'd lips
 Which ne'er will breathe it more.—I am ungrateful
 Thus to repine, whilst thou and our dear boy—

Where can he now be loitering! These dark clouds
Portend a storm.

Mau. Already the large drops
Come pattering on the vine leaves. I will seek—

Enter William.

Am. He's here. My William, wherefore didst thou stay
So long?—And where's the basket?

Wil. Kiss me first.

Am. Now, where's the basket?

Wil. I had fill'd it half,
When a strange gentleman came through the wood
And sat down by me.

Am. Did he eat the strawberries?

Wil. Dear mother, no. He talked to me, and then
I could not gather them.

Am. What said he, dearest?

Wil. He ask'd my name and your's, and where I lived,
And kiss'd me.

Am. And what else?

Wil. Call'd me dear boy,
Said that a storm was coming on, and ask'd
If I would go with him.

Mau. Ha! what said'st thou
To that, my William?

Wil. No. But then I ask'd him
To come with me to my dear home. Look there!
Do you not see that tall man in the porch—
His head against the woodbine? That is he.

Am. Dear Maurice, bring him in.

[*Exit Maurice.*

Wil. I am so sorry
That it is grown so dark, you will not see
What a sweet face he has; only he's older—
I think he's like you, mother; and he kiss'd me
As you do now, and cried.

Am. Oh, can it be!

Re-enter Maurice with Lord Mowbray.

Lord M. If I intrude—

Am. That voice! O father! father!
Pardon! Oh, pardon!

Lord M. Madam!—

Am. I'm your daughter—
Call me so, father! For these seven years
I have not seen your face. Disown me not—
Call me your daughter! Once from your dear lips
Let me hear that dear sound! Call me your Emily,
And bless my dear, dear child! For such a blessing
I'd be content to die. William, kneel here;
Hold up your innocent hands.

Lord M. Rise, Madam, rise.

Am. Oh, call me once your daughter, only once,
To still my longing heart! My William, pray
For your poor mother.

Wil. Oh, forgive us, Sir,
Pray, pray forgive us!

Lord M. Madam, I have sought
A half-hour's shelter here from this wild storm;
And as your guest—I pray you to forbear

These harrowing words. I am but lately risen
From a sick bed.

Mau. My wife, compose thyself;
Retire awhile.

[*Exit Amelia.*]

Please you to sit, my lord.

Lord M. I thank you, Sir.—You have a pleasant cottage
Prettily garlanded with rose and woodbine,
And the more useful vine. Has it been long
Your home?

Mau. Five years.

Lord M. And you have left the army?

Mau. Yes, since the peace. I could not bear to drag
My sweet Amelia through the homeless wanderings
Of a poor soldier's life. This is a nest,
However lowly, warm, and full of love
As her own heart. Here we have been most happy.

[*Re-enter Amelia, with a light and a basket.*]

Mau. [*meeting her.*] Thou tremblest still.

Am. I could not stay away.

It is such joyful pain to look upon him;
To hear his voice;—I could not stay away.
William, there is thy basket. Offer it.

Lord M. No; my dear boy.

Am. Now blessings on his head.

For that kind word!

Lord M. Surely she was not always
So thin and pale!—Your husband says, Amelia,
That you are happy.

Am. I have only known

One sorrow.

Lord M. Ye are poor.

Am. Not that! not that!

Lord M. You have implored my blessing on your son;—
I bless him.

Am. On my knees I offer up
My thanks to Heaven and thee. A double blessing
Was that, my father! on my heart it fell
Like balm.

Lord M. I will do more. Give me that boy,
And he shall be my heir. Give me that boy.

Am. My boy! give up my boy!

Lord M. Why he must be
A burthen. Ye are poor.

Am. A burthen! William!

My own dear William!

Lord M. Miserably poor
Ye are: deny it not.

Mau. We earn our bread
By honest labour.

Am. And to work for him—
Is such a joy! My William, tremble not!
Weep not, my William! Thou shalt stay with me;
Here on my lap; here on my bosom; William!

Lord M. Why thou may'st have another child, and then—

Am. Oh! never one like this—this dearest child
Of love and sorrow! Till this boy was born
Wretchedly poor we were; sick, heart-sick, desolate,
Desponding; but he came, a living sun-beam!
And light and warmth seem'd darting through my breast

With his first smile. Then hope and comfort came,
And poverty, with her inventive arts,
A friend, and love, pure, firm, enduring love;
And ever since we have been poor and happy;
Poor! no, we have been rich! my precious child!

Lord M. Bethink thee for that child, Amelia,
What fortunes thou dost spurn. His father's love
Perhaps is wiser.

Am. Maurice, say.

Mau. My Lord,
'Tis every whit as fond. You have my thanks.
But in a lowly station he may be
Virtuous and happy.

Wil. Mother, let me stay,
And I will be so good.

Am. My darling, yes;
Thou shalt not leave me, not for the wide world.

Lord M. Thou need'st not hug him so against thy bosom;
I am no ruffian, from a mother's breast
To pluck her child.—Amelia, as his arms
Wind round thy neck, so thou a thousand times
Hast clung to mine;—as on his rosy cheeks
Thy lips are sealed, so mine a thousand times
Have prest thy face, with such a love, Amelia,
As thou dost feel for him.

Am. O father! father!

Lord M. Thou wert a motherless babe, and I to thee
Supplied both parents. Many a night have I
Hung over thy sick bed, and pray'd for thee
As thou dost pray for him. And thou, Amelia,
Did'st love me then.

Am. Did love! Oh never, never,
Can such love pass away! 'Tis twined with life.

Lord M. Then after eighteen years of tender care,
Fond hopes and fonder fears, didst thou not fly
From me, thy father, with a light gay youth,
A love of yesterday? Did'st thou not leave me
To die of a broken heart? Amelia, speak!
Did'st thou not?

Am. Father! this is worse than death.

Lord M. Did'st thou not? Speak.

Am. I did. Alas! I did.

Lord M. Oh miserably have my days crept on
Since thou did'st leave me! Very desolate
Is that proud, splendid home! no cheerful meals;
No evening music; and no morning rides
Of charity or pleasure. Thy trim walks
Are overgrown; and the gay pretty room
Which thou did'st love so well, is vacant now;
Vacant and desolate as my sick heart.
Amelia, when thou saw'st me last, my hair
Was brown as thine. Look on it now, Amelia.

Mau. My lord, this grief will kill her. See, she writhes
Upon the floor.

Lord M. Poor heart! I go still desolate;
I might have found a comfort had I had
Something to live for still, something to love;
If she who robb'd me of my child had given
Her child instead—but all is over now—
She would not trust her father!—All—Farewell.

Am. [*Starting up.*] Take him, whilst I have life to bid thee,
take him!

Nay, cling not to me, boy! Take, take him! Maurice?

Wil. I will not leave you, Mother.

Am. Hush! hush! hush!

My heart is breaking, William.—Maurice, speak.

Mau. Dearest and best, be it as thou hast will'd.

I owed thee a great sacrifice, Amelia;—

And I shall still have thee.

Lord M. Thou givest him then?

Mau. I do. But for his own sake, good, my lord,

Let not my son be taught to scorn the father

He never will forget, and let his mother

See him sometimes, or she will surely die.

Am. I shall die now. My William!

Lord M.

Emily!

Am.

Ha!

Lord M. My sweet Emily!

Am.

We are forgiven!

Maurice, we are forgiven!

Lord M.

My own dear child,

My children, bless ye all!—forgive this trial,

We'll never part again.

ETCHINGS OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEN.

No. I.

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn-elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth curl upwards, like a Spaniard's mustachios, unlike Grief's, whose mouth has a "downward drag austere." He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "nairth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He will not see what men have to cark and care for, beyond to-day; he is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is for a new reading of Ben Jonson's old play of "*Every Man in his Humour*," he would have it "*Every Man in Humour*." He leaves money and misery, to misers; ambition and blood, to great warriors and low highwaymen; fame, to court-laureates and lord-mayors; honours, to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death, to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven, to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave, to parish-clerks and undertakers; tombs,

to proud worms; and palaces to paupers.

It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest, where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. If he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and mourn less. Yet he hath tears for the pitiable, the afflicted, the orphan, and the unhappy; but his tears die where they are born,—in his heart; he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will, that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it, which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him

—— the disparity

'Tween poor and rich, and weal and want,
and moves

His heart to ruth, his hands to charity.

He loveth no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serveth him for the whetting of his wit,—as cold flints strike out quick sparks of fire.

His humour shows itself to all things and on all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was politely offering him the retreat honourable, with an "After you, Sir, if you would honour me." I settled the point of etiquette, by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend, for my impatient inhumanity.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of puppyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great coat to be "a *Spenser*, folio edition, with tail-pieces." He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business; because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to prove to the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes your critics to be a species of door-keepers to the temple of fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones; not that they always perform this duty honestly. He calls the sun "the yellow hair'd laddie;" the prince of darkness, "the Black Prince;" or, when he displeases his sense of virtue, "*Monsieur De Vil*." He will ask you, "What is the distinctive difference between a *sigh-heaver* and a *coal-heaver*?" You cannot divine; he tells you, "a *coal-heaver* has a load at his back, which he can carry; a *sigh-heaver* has one at his heart, which he can not carry."

He asserts that the highest delight o' this side the grave, is to possess a pair of bagpipes, and to know that no one within forty miles can play them. Acting on this pleasure, he bought a pair of a Scotch bagpiper, and having pulled down the antlers of his ancestors triumphs, suspended them in their place, to the amazement and amusement of all beholders.

"What i' the name of all the saints but Saint Anthony, have you there over against the wall!" cries his first visitor. "Only an instrument of torture, brought from the Spanish inquisition, by a celebrated traveller: it is used where the rack fails, and it always answers," was his reply. A second questioned him, and it was a surgical instrument, resorted to but in extreme cases of strangury; and then he quoted a celebrated opinion of one Doctor Shylock, something about a certain affection, felt by musical susceptibles, on hearing a bagpipe "sing i' the nose." A third questioner was answered, "It is an instrument of war, used by the highlanders, which, played in the rear of their clans, sews them up to such a desperate determination of getting their lugs out of the hearing of it, that, rushing onward, they overturn every thing opposed to them,—men, horses, walls, towers, and forts." He professes a great respect for rats, because he has been told that if a bagpipe is played where they haunt, they leave the place, either as a matter of taste or decency. He bought these pipes, as I have said before, of a poor Highlander, giving him five guineas for them; which, as he boasts, sent him home like a gentleman to Scotland, where he bought a landed estate, and is in a probable way of coming into parliament for a Scotch borough. And here he somewhat varied the old proverb, by saying, that "It was an ill bagpipe that blowed nobody good." Indeed, if he quotes a proverb at all, it is "with a difference;" such as "Cobler, stick to your *war*,"—a thing more practicable than sticking to his *last*, as the olden proverb adviseth. He will say "What is bred in the bone will not come out *with the skewer*,"—which, to those epicurean persons who have the magpie propensity of prying into marrow-bones, must simplify the proverb to their fat-headed comprehensions. Some one used that very trite old proverb in his hearing, of necessity having no *laws*; upon which, wilfully misunderstanding it, he remarked, "I am very sorry for it: it is surely a pity, considering

* I suspect that there is an English antipathy to Frenchmen, in his selection of the appellation "*Monsieur*."

the number of 'learned clerks' she might give employ to, if she had. Her chancellor would have no sinecure of it, I trow; hearing the petitions of her poor, broken-fortuned, and bankrupt subjects, would take up all his terms, though every term were a year, and every year a term." Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

He is a polite man, though a wit; which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomous weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, got his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil he had designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt you feel for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtesan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any one amiable quality.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is your only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and back-bending, very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was off, and the bow was returned with an old school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would, perhaps, have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow-muttet notions of manners. In this spirit, I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants, as he passed by St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend Hobbes or Dobbs (I know not which) what was the hour? Before Hobbes could reply, the giants had informed him: "Thank you, gentlemen," said he,

bowing to them with a graceful humour.

I have said he is a humane man. He once detected an unintrusive cat picking his cold mutton, "on a day, alack the day!" for he was then too poor to spare it well. Some men would have thrown a poker at her; others would have squandered away a gentlemanly income of oaths; and, then have sworn by private subscription; an absent man, had he been present, would perhaps have thrown his young son and heir, or his gold watch and seals, at her; another, perhaps, his wig;—he contented himself with saying, "I have two or three doubts, (which I shall put forth as much in the shape of a half-crown pamphlet as possible), as to the propriety of your conduct in eating my mutton;" and then he brushed her off with his handkerchief, supped on half a French roll and a gooseberry, and went happy to bed.

Some of his jokes have a practicality about them; but they neither have the quarter-staff jocoseness of Robin Hood, that brake heads let them be never so obtuse and profound; nor the striking effect of that flourishing sprig of the green Isle, that knocks down friend and foe with a partiality truly impartial.

He is no respecter of persons: the beggar may have a joke of him, (and something better), though they do not happen to apply exactly "between the hours of eleven and four." Those handmaids of Pomona, who vend her fruits about our streets, seem, by their voices, to be legitimate daughters of old Stentor; none especially shall I specify those damsels who sell *walnuts*. To one of these our humourist once addressed himself "to the effect following:"—"Pray, Mrs. Jones, will you crack me fifty walnuts with the same voice you cry them with?"

At dinner, there is purposely but one glass on the table; his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence;—"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing, he will request you, as you love clean shoes on a

lord-mayor's day, to make no *thumb-and-butter* references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "*art of book-keeping*," which has superseded the "*Italian method*," viz: of never returning the books you borrow?

He has a very ingenious mode of putting names and significations on what he calls the *brain-rack*, and dislocating their joints into words: thus tortured and broken into pieces, *Themistocles* loses his quality, but increases his quantity, and becomes the *Miss Tokeleys*; the *Cyclades*, by the same disorder, become *sick ladies*; a "*delectable enjoyment*" is a *deal-legged-table* pleasure; &c. &c. pun without end. These are what he denominates *punlings*.

For his puns, they fall as thick from him as leaves from autumn-bowers. Sometime since, he talked of petitioning for the office of *pun-purveyor* to his Majesty; but ere he had written "*and your petitioner shall ever*" *pun*, it was bestowed on the yeoman of the guard. He still, however, talks of opening business as "*pun-wright* in general to his Majesty's subjects," for the diffusion of that pleasant small ware of wit; and intends to advertise "*puns* wholesale, retail, and for exportation. N. B. 1.—A liberal allowance made to captains, and gentlemen going to the East or West Indies. Hooks, Peakes, and Pococks, supplied on moderate terms. Worn-out sentiments and clap-traps taken in exchange.—N. B. 2. May be had in a *large* quantity in a *great deal* box, price five acts of sterling comedy, per packet; or in small quantities in court-plaister-sized boxes, price one melodrama and an interlude, per box.—N. B. 3.—The genuine are sealed with a *Munden grin*; all others are counterfeits. *Long live Apollo!*" &c. &c.

His wit is what he describes the true wit to be: it is brilliant and playful as a fencing-foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not; it

is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to pourtray my humorous friend, so that all who run may know him. His likeness cannot be taken: you might as well hope to paint the *cameleon* of yesterday by the *cameleon* of to-day; or ask it as a particular favour of a flash of lightning to sit for a whole-length portrait: or Proteus to stand while you chiselled out a personification of Immutability. He is ever-changing, and yet never changed. I cannot reflect back, by my dim mirror, the "*flashings* and *out-breakings* of his fiery mind," when he is in what he terms "*excellent fooling*" (but it is, to my thinking, true wisdom); sparkle follows sparkle, as spark followed spark from the well-bethumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan. I give up the attempt.

This is the humorous, and therefore happy, man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek? When Fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her: it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully,—it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, one-hearted Selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself, and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.

As he has walked up the hill of life with an equal pace, and without any breathless impatience for, or fear at, the prospect beyond, and the journey has been gentle and serene, so, I have no doubt, will be the end of it. Wishing him, and all who contribute to the happiness of their fellow-men, either by good humour, or goodness of any kind, the same silent conclusion to a noiseless life, I shake his and their hands; and, while the journey lasts, may they have May for their weather, and as many flowers for the roadside as Flora can afford to those who will stoop for them: and inns of plenteousness and joy, at which to sojourn, &c. &c.

C. W.

MAJOR SCHILL.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL.

IN the year 1813 I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany. From the Elbe to the Isle of Rugen my route lay through the country which had been the principal scene of the celebrated Schill's operations. The peasantry were full of the recollection, and when they were not afraid of finding a spy, or smarting under a recent visit from the French, they were boundless in their histories of the miraculous achievements of "the Brandenburg Hussar."—Those narratives had gradually grown romantic, little as romance was to be expected from a boor on the edge of the Baltic. But the valour and eccentricity of Schill's attempt, his bold progress, and his death in the midst of fire and steel, would have made a subject for the exaggerations and melancholy of romance in any age.

A thousand years ago a German bard would have seen his spirit drinking in the halls of Odin, out of a Gaelish skull, and listening to the harps of the blue-eyed maids of Valhalla, bending around him with their sweet voices, and their golden hair. Arminius might have been no more than such a daring vindicator of his country; and, but for his narrower means, and more sudden extinction, Schill might have earned from some future Tacitus the fine and touching panegyric, "*Liberator haud dubie Germanie, et qui non primordia populū Romani, sicut alii reges ducesque, sed florentissimum imperium la- cesserit; prœliis ambiguus, bello non victus, septem et triginta annos vitæ explevit. Canitur adhuc barbaras apud gentes, Græcorum annalibus ignotas, qui sua tantum mirantur, Romanis haud perinde celebris, dum vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi.*" Schill was thirty-six, but a year younger than Arminius at his death. The rude prints and plaster images at the German fairs, gave him a vigorous figure, and a bold physiognomy. He was active in his exercises, superior to fatigue, and of acknowledged intrepidity; fond of adventure in the spirit of his corps, and his natural enthusiasm

deepened and magnified by some intercourse with the *Secret Societies* of Germany, which, with much mysticism, and solemn affectation of knowledge, certainly inculcated resistance to the tyrant of Europe, as among the first of duties.

He was said to be more distinguishable for bravery than for military knowledge or talent. But the man who could elude or overpower all opposition in the heart of an enemy's conquest for months together, must have had talent as well as heroism. Schill's first operation was to pass over the Elbe, and try the state of the public mind in the country round Magdeburgh.

It is still difficult to ascertain, whether his enterprize had a higher authority. The situation of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, was one of the most deplorable suffering. The loss of independence, the loss of territory, the plunder of the public property, and the ruin of the Prussian name in Europe were felt like mortal wounds. But the personal insolence of the French, who have always lost by their insolence what they had gained by their rapine, struck deeper into the national mind. The innumerable private injuries to honour and feeling, the gross language, and the malignant tyranny of the French military, inflamed the people's blood into a fever of impatience and revenge. I have often expressed my surprise, on hearing those stories of French atrocity, that no German had taken up the pen to transmit them as a record and a warning to posterity. One evening, standing on the banks of the Elbe, and overlooking the fine quiet landscape of the islands towards Haarbürg, I remember to have made the observation, after hearing a long detail of the sufferings of the peasantry, whose white cottages studded the scene at my feet. "My dear sir," said an old German officer, "My countrymen are like that river; their whole course has been through sandbanks and shallows, but they make their way to the end at last." Then, indulging

his metaphor, and waving his hand as if to follow the windings of the stream, "I am not sure but that this very habit of reluctance to unnecessary exertion, may have allowed them to collect comforts by the way, which neither Englishman nor Frenchman would have been calm enough to gather. If that river had been a torrent, should we now be looking on those islands?" There may be some experience in the old soldier's answer, but if Germany is slow to give a history of her misfortunes, she ought not to leave her heroes in oblivion. Schill deserves a better memoir than a stranger can give.

In this fermentation of the public mind, the North of Germany was suddenly denuded of troops to form a part of the grand imperial army, marching against Austria. Slight garrisons were placed in the principal towns, and the general possession of the open country was chiefly left to the gendarmerie. Schill, then major of one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, the Brandenburg hussars, one morning suddenly turned his horse's head towards the gate of Berlin, on the dismissal of the parade, gave a shout for "King and Country," and at the head of this regiment burst from the Glacis. Though the whole garrison of Berlin, French and Prussian, were on the parade, there was no attempt to intercept this bold manoeuvre. They were thunderstruck, and by the time that orders were determined on, Schill was leagues off, galloping free over the sands of Prussia. The officers of his corps were among the best families of Brandenburg, and some fine young men of rank joined him immediately. It is uncertain, to this hour, whether he was not secretly urged by his court to make the experiment on the probabilities of insurrection. But Napoleon was too near to allow of open encouragement, and at the demand of De Marsan, the French ambassador, who was, as Trinculo says, "Viceroy over the King," Schill was proclaimed an enemy to the state.

His first attempt was the surprize of Magdeburgh, the principal fortress of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and famous to English ears for the imprisonment of Trenck. He ad-

vanced to the gates, and after sustaining a vigorous skirmish with the garrison, in which the French were on the point of being cut off from the town, was forced to abandon an enterprize, which was probably undertaken merely as a more open mode of declaring, that "war in precinct" was levied against the oppressors of the population. He then plunged into Westphalia. His plans in this country have been often canvassed; for the Germans are, in a vast proportion to the English, military disputants; and the names of their highest soldiers, from Frederic down to Blucher and Bulow, are discussed without mercy and without end. Schill shares the common fate, and all the armies of Germany would not have been enough to fill up the outline of the campaign, which I have heard sketched for him round the fire of a table d'hôte in the north. According to those tacticians he should have marched direct upon Cassel, and made himself master of Jerome Buonaparte. He should have charged up to the gates of Berlin, and delivered the country. He should have attacked the rear of the grand army, and given time for the arrival of the Arch-duke. He should have made an irruption into the French territory in its unguarded state, and compelled Napoleon to consult the safety of Paris. To all this the natural answer was, that Schill had but from four to six hundred hussars, and a few infantry, deserters from the line. With those he remained for nearly three months master of the communications of Westphalia, continually intercepting officers, functionaries, and couriers, and either eluding or beating every detachment sent to break up his flying camp. In one of his expeditions he took Marshal Victor with his suite and despatches, on his way to join the army before Vienna. But it affords an extraordinary evidence of the apathy, or the terror of Germany, that, during this period of excitement, his recruits never amounted to two hundred men. It, however, grew obviously perilous to leave this daring partizan free to raise the spirit of the country, and a considerable force was despatched against him. A corps from Cassel

moved in direct pursuit, while another, composed of Dutch and Danes, turned towards his rear. It was now time to fly. The experiment on Westphalia was completed; and an escape into Sweden was the only course of safety. Schill has been blamed for lingering on this retreat. But a gentler estimate, and probably a truer one, would have attributed his tardiness to the natural reluctance of a brave man to leave the ground while there is a chance of disputing it. Every hour was full of change; a battle on the Danube might alter the whole fortunes of Germany within an hour, and Prussia would have been the first to raise the standard. But Schill suffered no advantage to be taken of his delay. His marches were regular, he fixed his head-quarters for ten or twelve days at Domnitz, a small town on the Mecklinburgh side, which he fortified so far as to be secure from a surprise. He abandoned it only on the approach of the enemy, to whom he left nothing but his sick,—advanced to Stralsund, the strongest fortress in Pomerania, dismantled by the French, but still in their possession, and capable of defence against an ordinary hazard; stormed the gates; drove the French before his cavalry into the great square; and was in possession of the town after a brisk engagement of less than an hour. On the road to Stralsund I was shown the remains of a field fortification where a French detachment had attempted to stop the hussars. It was a rude work, a parapet of earth and a trench filled with water. The gates and guns had probably fallen into the hands of the peasantry. Schill, on proposing a capitulation to those men, had been fired on. He immediately charged at the head of his regiment, leaped the trench, and got into the fortification on horseback. All the French were killed or taken.

Pomerania (in German, Pommern) is one vast flat, which probably was once at the bottom of the Baltic. It is fertile, and was, when I passed through it, covered with a carpet of springing corn. But on my approach to the sea the prospect on the side of the Island of Rugen became diversified. The sea between the island and the main land looked

like a broad river, tranquil and glassy, with a low rich border of vegetation, leading the eye across to the woods and picturesque rocks that crown the shore of Rugen. The country was thinly peopled, but those were times of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The Swedish army, under the Crown Prince, going to fight his countrymen, were now moving down from Sweden. A strong corps had just landed at Stralsund, where the head-quarters were now established. As I approached Stralsund from a bend of the shore, I at once saw the dome of the great church and heard the sound of a trumpet, as if to announce its appearance. Then, military sights and sounds followed in quick succession; a squadron of Swedish gun-boats were lying off the shore, with the yellow cross brightening in the sunset. Chaloques and rafts were passing with troops and stores. A line of huge pontoon waggons stood on the shore of Rugen like the bastions of a fortress; the flags of all nations in the harbour were displayed in honour of the presence of royalty; and on driving round to the glacis, I was dazzled by the glare of a whole host of muskets and sabres flashing in a lovely setting-sun, at the close of a review before the Duke of Brunswick, then on his way to the camp of the allies.

But the military spirit of my reception was not yet complete. At the gate I found the Burgher guard of the town returning from their evening parade; and was led to my hotel in the midst of a gallant dissonance of clashing cymbals, drums, trumpets, and restive horses caroling and curvetting under the uneasy heroism of all the chief warriors of the corporation of Stralsund.

Schill had found the principal works destroyed, but yet not to be gained without fighting, and it was not till after a sharp contest that he forced his way over the ramparts.

On his march he had baffled the Dutch general, Gratien, whose express commission was to extirpate him in the field. Schill out-manœuvred the general, and was master of Stralsund a week before he saw the face of a pursuer. There can be no doubt that he might, in

that interval, have made good his retreat into Sweden. But the reluctance to leave Germany was strong upon him at all times. In addition to this, he was now master of a city; the sea was at his back; the state of Germany was hourly fluctuating; and his position still served as a rallying point, if the old genius of Prussia was at length to shake the ashes from her head. Such might have been among the motives for this apparent imprudence in a man who had hitherto taken his measures with equal conduct and intrepidity. In this period of inaction he appears to have lost his habitual temper, and, like Richard before Bosworth, to have given an ill omen by his melancholy. He was said to have indulged in drinking, and to exhibit altogether the aspect of a man expecting ruin. But in his dejection he omitted none of the usual arrangements for defence. He set the peasants at work upon the approaches to the town, collected ammunition, planted a battery to command the principal entrance, I believe, borrowing the guns from the merchant ships, and seems to have neglected nothing but the means of retreat.

Stralsund is a city of much interest for its share in the "thirty years war;" and Wallenstein, the wonder of arms in his day, brought some disgrace on the standard of his imperial master, by his repulse before the walls. Its position renders it the key of Pomerania, on the side of Sweden, and the Crown Prince was now busy in repairing its fortifications to cover his retreat, if the campaign should turn in favour of Napoleon. It has a tolerable commerce, and some of its buildings exhibit the old ponderous magnificence of the time when German traders made head against princes. The principal streets are wide, and the square in the centre, which serves, as in all the German towns, for all imaginable public purposes,—a mart, a parade, and a place of justice,—has the picturesque look of English architecture in the days of Elizabeth. It was in this spot that Schill drew up his reserve on the morning of the attack. Among the accounts of the fight, to be received from persons who, during the day, were hiding

in their cellars from the shots that still had left many a fracture on the front of the buildings, exactness was not to be expected. But the battle seems to have begun about mid-day, and to have continued with desperate determination till three or four in the afternoon. The Dutch division advanced to the great gate, and were repeatedly driven back. Grätien, however, was responsible to a master who never forgave, and the assault was continued under the fire of Schill's only battery. The Dames were embarked in some gun-boats, and landed on the unprotected side of the town. It was said that their red uniforms deceived the Prussians, and that they were looked on as British troops coming to their assistance. This attack took Schill in flank, and his purpose, from this time, was obviously to sell his life as dearly as he could. His corps were gradually forced from the square, down a narrow street leading to the sea-gate, which I often trod with the sentiments not unnatural to the spot where a hero and a patriot fell. The struggle here was long and bloody, from the narrow front which the enemy were compelled to observe. The Prussians were finally pushed through the gate, and the engagement ceased without their surrender. Grätien's loss was supposed to exceed two thousand in killed and wounded. A striking instance of the gallantry of his opponents, whose force did not equal half the number. Of Schill nothing had been known for some time before the close of the battle. He had exposed himself with conspicuous bravery during the day, and had been twice wounded. About an hour after the square was taken, he was seen standing on the steps of a house in the narrow street, with the blood streaming down his face, and cheering the troops with his sabre waving. In the confusion of the next charge he disappeared. In the evening he was found under a heap of dead near the steps, with two musquet wounds on his body, and a sabre cut on his forehead. The remnant of his band of heroes, chiefly cavalry, had retreated to a neighbouring field, and were there found exhausted and unable to move farther. An adjutant of General Grätien, sent out to propose their sur-

render, was answered that they had determined not to receive quarter. Some messages followed between them and the general, but they refused to give up their swords while Schill lived. On their being told of his fall, they obtained leave to send two officers to see the body. The officers were brought to the hall where the corpse had been drawn from the slaughter: they recognised it at once, and at the sight burst into lamentations and tears. On their taking back this melancholy intelligence, the cavalry, then reduced to a small number, surrendered at discretion.

The further history of these brave men is almost still more melancholy. A generous enemy, or even any man with a human heart would have honoured their devoted gallantry.—But Napoleon ordered them for execution. They were taken to Wesel, and the only favour which they could obtain, was that of dying by each other's hands. Some had made their

escape on the way through Germany, but twenty-two, by one account, and twelve or fourteen by another, remained to glut the tyrant's appetite for murder. They were taken to a field on the glaciés of Wesel, and there, standing in a line behind each other, each shot the comrade before him, the last shooting himself. Two sons of General Wedel, the Prussian, were among the victims. This was said to be the sole act of Napoleon; those young soldiers were subjects of Prussia, and amenable only to their own sovereign. It is next to impossible to avoid a feeling of indignation and abhorrence at the nature which could have thus rioted in gallant blood; and hoping that, sunk and punished as their enemy is at this hour, he may be destined to exhibit a still deeper example of justice to the world.*

The following is the translation of a popular song, which I met in the original in Mecklenburg:—

SCHILL.

Es zog aus Berlin ein muthiger Held.

Who burst from Berlin with his lance in his hand?
Who ride at his heel, like the rush of the wave?
They are warriors of Prussia, the flower of the land,
And 'tis Schill leads them on to renown, and the grave.

Six hundred they come, in pomp and in pride,
Their chargers are fleet, and their bosoms are bold,
And deep shall their lances in vengeance be dyed,
Ere those chargers shall halt, or those bosoms be cold.

Then, through wood and through mountain, their trumpet rang clear,

And Prussia's old banner was waved to the sun,
And the yager in green, and the blue musketeer,
By thousands they rose, at the bidding of one.

What summon'd this spirit of grandeur from gloom?
Was he call'd from the camp, was he sent from the throne?
'Twas the voice of his country—it came from his tomb,
And it rises to bless his name, now that he's gone.

Remember him Dodendorf: yet on thy plain
Are the bones of the Frenchmen, that fell by his blade;—
At sunset they saw the first flash of his vane,
By twilight, three thousand were still as its shade.

Then, Domnitz, thy ramparts in crimson were dyed,
No longer a hold for the tyrant and slave.
Then to Pommern he rush'd, like a bark on the tide,
The tide has swept on to renown and the grave.

* We would not make any change willingly in any communication from so valued a correspondent as the author before us. But he is a classical man, and we would simply ask him whether—"Parcere victis, debellare superbis," is not a precept as heroic as it is classical.—ED.

Fly slaves of Napoleon, for vengeance is come ;
Now plunge in the earth, now escape on the wind ;
With the heart of the vulture, now borrow its plume,
For Schill and his riders are thundering behind.

All gallant and gay they came in at the gate,
That gate that old Wallenstein proudly withstood,
Once frowning and crown'd, like a King in his state,
Though now its dark fragments but shadow the flood.

Then up flash'd the sabre, the lance was couch'd low,
And the trench and the street were a field and a grave ;
For the sorrows of Prussia gave weight to the blow,
And the sabre was weak in the hand of the slave.

Oh Schill ! Oh Schill ! thou warrior of fame !
In the field, in the field, spur thy charger again ;
Why bury in ramparts and fosses the flame
That should burn upon mountain, and sweep over plain !

Stralsund was his tomb ; thou city of woe !
His banner no more on thy ramparts shall wave ;
The bullet was sent, and the warrior lies low,
And cowards may trample the dust of the brave.

Then burst into triumph the Frenchman's base soul,
As they came round his body with scoff and with cry,
" Let his limbs toss to heaven on the gibbet and pole,
In the throat of the raven and dog let him lie."

Thus they hurried him on, without trumpet or toll,
No anthem, no pray'r echoed sad on the wind,
No peal of the cannon, no drum's muffled roll,
Told the love and the sorrow that linger'd behind.

They cut off his head—but your power is undone ;
In glory he sleeps, till the trump on his ear
In thunder shall summon him up to the throne ;
And the tyrant and victim alike shall be there.

When the charge is begun, and the Prussian hussar
Comes down like a tempest with steed and with steel,
In the clash of the swords, he shall give thee a prayer,
And his watchword of vengeance be " Schill, brave Schill !"

6Y.

ON THE WRITINGS OF MR. MATURIN, AND MORE PARTICULARLY HIS "MELMOTH."

WE consider ourselves in some degree culpable for having so long deferred some notice of a writer who has, in its various departments, occupied such a space in contemporary literature as Mr. Maturin. However, the rapid succession of his productions in some degree diminishes our reproach, by rendering the present period as suitable as any other, for the consideration of his pretensions. It is now, we believe, some years since he appeared before the public, under the uninviting appellation of *Jasper Murphy*, a name in itself almost an insurmountable impediment to fashionable im-

mortality. "Unbribed" too, it is to be feared, it "left Hibernia's land," for *Montorio* did but little, and the *Wild Irish Boy* and the *Milesian* still less. To this unpropitious baptism, however, their ill success is principally attributable ; for undoubtedly, the same wild genius, which has flashed a splendour around the muse of *Bertram*, flits occasionally amid the ruined abbeys and spectral creations of *Montorio*. It is impossible to read this last romance without being struck with the powerful capabilities of its author. Full of incident, striking, though incredible—fruitful in imagination, perverted,

but magnificent, it covers its extravagance and its paradox with a robe of eloquence sufficient to adorn, if not to hide, its manifold infirmities. In the language of Mr. Maturin, indeed, many of his errors find a species of redemption—it is clearly the phrase of an informed mind, often elevated, but seldom inflated—copious, and at times, perhaps, even redundant, but totally divested of meagreness and vulgarity. It is at once classical and natural, teeming with allusions which “smell of the lamp,” and with graces to be acquired only in good society—it is the diction of a man who has groped all day amid the dust of the learned, and shaken it off at night on the threshold of the drawing-room. His language, however, is almost the only symptom which he deigns to give of ever having either studied, or associated with, humanity. He glories in caverns—falls in love with goblins—becomes naturalized amid ruins, and revels in the grave. The Devil is a prodigious favourite with Mr. Maturin. He is a principal figure in all his performances; and his sable majesty must be uncompromising indeed, if he feels not compensated by the poem and the romance for the occasional and professional ill usage of the pulpit. It is, perhaps, not generally known, that, in the original outline of his popular tragedy, *Bertram*, who was, in the hands of Mr. Kean, the prince of misanthropes, was, in Mr. Maturin's conception, the “prince of darkness;” and, under the appellation of the *Black Knight*, plunged the whole dramatis personæ into the crater of Vesuvius! A noble poet, however, to whom the tragedy was entrusted, protested against any invasion of his monopoly; but old predilections are not easily eradicated, and the author is scarcely yet persuaded that the devil, to be consistent, must have damned his tragedy.

To be serious, however, we consider this as one of the author's most objectionable propensities. There are some subjects too sacred, and some too accursed, for familiarity. The name before which the world bends, and the name at which the world shudders, are not the legitimate topics of romance. Their interest is too awful for contact—their mystery

is too sublime for penetration—even the veil that shadows them is too intensely bright for human vision to gaze upon and live. Mr. Maturin, perhaps, imagines that, because his hand is consecrated he may touch the ark; but he should remember, that his possession was a trust, and its home was the temple. There exists throughout his writings a continual dalliance with other subjects of the same class, though of less solemn import. The novel writer has world enough without encroaching on these confines. The passions, dispositions, adventures, and varieties of man—the pleasures and perplexities of life—the countless modifications of human character—the vices, virtues, incidents, and phenomena of earth, leave no excuse for any intrusion on the topics of eternity—in our most solemn hours we are not serious enough to estimate them—in our gayest, we should never, for a moment even, forget them; but they are too real for romance, and too sacred for pastime. There is no sectarian rigidity in these remarks. We can enjoy, as much as any one, the ideal, but amusing, world of the novelist. “We also” have dreamed sweet dreams in the visionary bower, and wooed the “airy shape,” and wrapt our senses in the substanceless elysium. And this we have done, and hope to do again, without any fear that we are incurring punishment, or accumulating guilt. But far are we from ridiculing the scruple which dissents from us—we respect even the idle prejudice, if it be honest, and should consider ourselves guilty of little less than a crime, did we make faith, however fastidious, the subject of reproach. We are far from sanctioning the blasphemous amalgamation of religion and romance; and though we bow with delight before the spell of the enchanter, his fanciful creations would lose all their potency, if the wand which awoke them was torn from a pulpit, and the hand which waved it was that of an apostle. There are many in the world who carry this feeling farther, and object altogether to the interference of clergymen in these pursuits. They think it profanes the sanctity of the character, and consider any approach to the gay regions of fancy, or of fashion, as

forbidden by the more solemn avocations of their office. Perhaps, however, this objection is too rigid. If any relaxation is to be allowed to such men, and religion is not so "harsh and crabbed" as to deny it, we cannot conceive a relaxation, at once more innocent, and more elegant, than that which the blandishments of literature present to them. Nay more, we can fancy them, in such pursuits, seconding, and not unsuccessfully, the more sacred objects of their calling. There are thousands upon thousands whose eyes will become suffused, and whose hearts will be softened, by the moral interest of a play or a poem, whose ears would be closed with wax to the monotonous *memento mori* of an homily. Few men think the worse of Bishop Hoadley for having written a play, or of Mr. Home's moral character for the fine poetry of Douglas: the Christian must be much more ascetic than charitable who would visit the "Revenge" as a sin on Doctor Young, or postpone the decorated morality of the "Night Thoughts" to the orthodox drawl of many a "drum Ecclesiastic."

But to the performance of all such works, coming indeed from any one, but more especially from a minister of the gospel, we would annex the indispensable condition, not only of a moral effect, but that such effect should be produced by means the most unexceptionable. It is no excuse for a life of pleasure lusciously represented, and tricked out in all the brilliant colouring which genius can bestow on it, that its inevitable end is penitence and affliction—it is no apology for the painted display of adultery, or seduction, that its artificial tints should be finally washed away by the tears of the criminal—there are but too many minds from which the precept will fade, without carrying away with it the prurient introduction by which it was inculcated. Whether this ought to be so, is another question, but the constitution of human nature cannot, by us at least, be altered. Our difference with Mr. Maturin, in this respect, is two-fold. We object to him, that, in some instances, he is too much the divine—in others, not enough so—that, when he is not controverting, he is seducing—that he is alter-

nately the sectarian or the sensualist. The German school had taught us to endure much. The mixture of sentiment and crime—of nature and diabolism—of pathos and villany, all confounded together by the hand of genius, had also in some degree confounded our judgment and our passions, and made it difficult to condemn where there was so much to admire. When we beheld Mrs. Haller, and heard her provocation, and thought on her youth, and saw the bitter tears of her repentance, our hearts were too busy to let us dwell on her criminality. This was bad enough, but still there was some decorum in her guilt—all who mentioned, shuddered at it—it was the result of deep laid artifice and fraud; and even the victim in her very fall believed herself as much "sinned against, as sinning."—But it was reserved for Mr. Maturin to introduce adultery almost before the curtain—an adultery committed in the face of a providential interference for the preservation of the criminal—an adultery deduced not more from the incitement of sexual passion than from the deadly and revolting instigation of revenge; agreed upon by the parties, in the hearing of the audience; and afterwards not detected, or discovered, but shamelessly proclaimed by the adulteress herself, telling all mankind that she had been true to her appointment—that

They met in madness, and in guilt they parted.

There can be no palliation or apology for this. The beauty of the language, the splendour of the imagery, the strength of the descriptions, only serve to aggravate it. The flowers, beneath which such turpitude is sought to be concealed, are worse than the dead-sea fruits which tempt and fall to ashes—they survive and poison. This is our most serious charge against Mr. Maturin. For his theological discussions, perhaps, excuses may be suggested—we can imagine, but do not admit them. Works like these are not their proper theatre—a novel is no place for a polemical disquisition—the acerbities of sects, and the subtleties of theologians, are quite opposed to the levities of a romance—they are like the passing of a thung

er cloud, dark, and heavy, and eath-fraught, athwart the tinted sky of an autumnal evening. But, indeed, the author before us is not so much argumentative as intolerant—he scarcely condescends to discuss—his weapon is sarcasm, and when he is not sneering, he is denouncing.—This is sometimes carried so far, that we have frequently been inclined to doubt which is his real character, a sceptic or a zealot—a bigot or a philosopher. In his exposure, or rather, reproof, of some obnoxious heresy, the primitive faith itself becomes endangered, and we have almost imagined we saw Voltaire in disguise, when we were undeceived by the bitter earnestness of the expostulation, or the animated and indignant sincerity of the invective. Most cordially do we acquit Mr. Maturin of the intention, but with equal truth do we reiterate its tendency. The attacks upon a sect from which he differs, and, of some of whose doctrines, perhaps, we agree with him in disapproving, are not reconciled to us even by the tender, sweet, and nearly angelic, *Eva*, in her own person a more than sufficient atonement for almost all the heterodoxies of her associates. But it is difficult to expose, still more so to ridicule, the peculiarities of a sect, without in some degree involving the faith upon which all sects are founded; and it is both unfair and perilous to collect together the excrescences of a doctrine, and hold them up to the world as the original substance. Mr. Maturin may abjure, indeed he seems almost to abhor, the primitiveness of Methodism—he may despise the abominations of the “lady of Babylon” with all the contempt of a genuine monkish adversary; but he has no right to hold up their absurdities as so many specimens of their un mutilated belief—he has no right to make a rigid family sit for the portraiture of an entire sect, or represent the cruel, hellish, and malignant bigotry of a dark age, and a demoniac system, as the perfect exhibition of a creed with whose genuine principles they are, perhaps, utterly at variance. It is always both unjust and intolerant—generally dangerous, and in such works as the present, peculiarly out of place.

But, the mention of *Eva* almost

arrests our pen—with an angel grace she intercedes for her parent, and holding up *her letter*—that letter, for feeling, for eloquence, for heart-touching resignation, and impassioned grief, almost unique in the language—she asks us, is it not an atonement for a thousand imperfections? We admit it is so; and we only wonder how a mind, which could imagine such a character, could harbour the generation of fiends which it has since unchained upon the world! *Eva*, on her bed of death, heart-broken, but resigned—suffering, but patient—so young, so lovely, so afflicted, and so forgiving, seems not so much a being of this world, as an embodied spirit of that into which she is departing—*Immalie* in her isle of flowers and melody—to whom the rose had given colour, the violet breath, and the nightingale a cadence—*Immalie*—fantastic if you will—but still born of beauty, nursed by nature, and inspired by innocence—that vision of the morning—that creature of the spring—who could believe that incarnate dæmons shared the womb of their parent, too frightful for deformity to own, almost too malignant even for charity to tolerate! Yet such is the combination which Mr. Maturin continually presents to us; now shaping forth the purest images of loveliness and virtue; and now stealing, not the fire from heaven, but the fire from hell, to animate his worse than infernal incarnations.

If all this be done to prove the versatility of his talent, we admit he has succeeded, but most earnestly do we deprecate such a triumph. There is, indeed, a terrible fidelity—a murderous consistency in his delineations—but they have no prototype except in his own brain—nature disowns them, and history holds up the monsters, whom every brow has frowned on, and every age abjured, as angels in the comparison. It is a serious fault, we had almost said crime, in Mr. Maturin, that he should not only body forth such creations, but inspire them with such potency of evil; that he should give them talent in proportion to their crimes, and energy commensurate with their malignant dispositions. By way of preserving their consistency, he not only fills them with demoniac propensities, but

demoniac powers, and seizes upon every opportunity, to put both in ferocious and active operation. His manifold demons have a restlessness of mischief, which not even the author of all mischief could surpass, and genius quite adequate to their horrible ambition. To be sure, all this may be consistent. But why create such characters at all, and then, for the purpose of their foul consistency, collect all that infidelity has poured out against religion, all that desperate sophistry has urged for vice, and all that discontented depravity has flung upon the institutions of civilized society, and give them additional circulation and publicity through such perverted and culpable instrumentality. That those characters are contradistinguished from others, who endeavour to oppose and contravene their tenets, is no apology at all. There is no use in raising such disquisitions. The scaffold and the dungeon exhibit every day to crime the practical tendency of its doctrines; and if these and the pulpit are not sufficient, there can be no use in combating them through the medium of romances,—and not merely combating them, but taking care to provide them with weapons for the conflict, sufficient almost to endanger victory. There is a burning eloquence—a sarcastic bitterness—an insidious plausibility about all Mr. Maturin's murderers and demons which well might have been spared. The taunts against religion are too keen, the invectives against society too terrible, the spirit of malignant discontent against the order of things established, is too subtle, too ascetic, and too sustained, to be quite affected; and though we believe that this author, both in his heart and in his life, contradicts such doctrines, he may rest assured that the eloquence with which he enables his devils to enforce them must offend, though it cannot harm, the virtuous; and may, perhaps, but too fatally, mislead many who are as yet hesitating upon the Rubicon of crime.

Having said thus much, generally, on Mr. Maturin's writings, we will proceed to consider his romance of

Melmoth; and if any one should regard our criticism as unmerited, to that work we refer for its justification. It is a most characteristic epitome of all his productions. Genius and extravagance—nature and prodigies—angels and devils—theology and libertinism, contest every line of every page of these volumes, and leave us in doubt, at last, whether we should most admire, or deplore, the perverted talent which they indisputably discover. The idea of the work, we are told in the preface, is taken from a passage in one of the author's sermons—the passage runs thus: "at this moment, is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would at this moment accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation? No—there is not one—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!" And thus—those sacred truths which as the representative of Christ he has but just promulgated from the pulpit, the moment he descends from it, are converted into the theme of a romance. We marvel much that he waited till he came down, and should marvel less if the congregation doubted what it was he was about to deliver when he went up.—

But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a song—
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *BURNS.*

We acquit Mr. Maturin, however, of every thing, except the affectation of this impiety. The novel is not taken from any sermon, but from the *Faustus* of Goethe; upon which, in our eighth number, the reader will find a copious and able dissertation. Melmoth is Doctor Faustus, under the title of the "Wanderer," and closely resembles him, not only in his life and fate, but in many of his adventures. It is a much closer imitation even than the *Manfred* of Lord Byron, who, though he borrowed the idea, has clothed it in a magnificence which is all his own.* The story is that of a wretched being, who has

* Perhaps, however, both the German, the English, and the Irish moderns have all derived their idea of this character from old Christopher Marlowe, one of our early English dramatists, who preceded Shakspeare. Doctor Faustus lives "in Marlowe's

sold himself to the enemy of man for the sake of a protracted existence, during which he is to be omnipotent on earth—gifted with unfading youth—with boundless wealth—with the faculty of traversing an hemisphere at a wish—with a spell of persuasion which is perfectly irresistible, and, in short, with every thing except dominion over memory, which embitters all, by perpetually recurring to the price at which they have been purchased. The hero of such a tale must manifestly be possessed of great advantages, which, we think, however, the author has surrendered, by dividing the narrative into several distinct stories, having no very obvious connection, and, of course, losing much of their interest. These stories are told by a Spaniard, who has been wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, and who has been saved by young Melmoth, a descendant—a *coeval* descendant—of the Wanderer. Before the appearance of the Spaniard, however, there is a terrible delineation of a miser's death-bed, drawn with great power, and with great local accuracy. It is a most faithful portraiture of Irish manners in low life, and an awful one of a departing spirit, frightfully struggling between the fascination of earth's crimes, and the horror of eternity's retribution.

The first of these stories is the Spaniard's own, which, the preface tells us, a *friend* has censured, as tending too much to revive the terror-striking school of Mrs. Radcliffe. He must, indeed, have been a *friend* who made the objection—a much more serious one was obvious. The

tale is tainted throughout with the sins to which we have adverted, and contains descriptions sufficient to terrify a martyr. It is the narrative of the younger son of a Spanish grandee, who, in order to gratify the sordid ambition of his family, and the still more sordid avarice of the priesthood, is half forced, half swindled, into a convent. The details of this convent—the horrors and vices of monastic life—the crimes of the Catholic church, and the hypocrisy of her clergy (with some candid hints that it is not confined to *hers*) are occasionally interspersed with episodes, at which the heart freezes. A few extracts from this first tale will speak much more eloquently than any description of ours. The following passage thus describes the crime of a monk, and the conduct of his superiors.

Some one, it was said, had committed a slight breach of monastic duty. The *slight breach* was *fortunately* committed by a distant relation of the Archbishop of Toledo, and consisted *merely* in his *entering the church intoxicated*, (a rare vice in Spaniards), attempting to drag the matin preacher from the pulpit, and failing in that, getting astride as well as he could on the altar, dashing down the tapers, overturning the vases and the pix, and trying to scratch out, as with the talons of a demon, the painting that hung over the table,—uttering all the while the most horrible blasphemies, and even *soliciting the portrait of the Virgin* in language not to be repeated. A consultation was held. The community, as may be guessed, was in an uproar while it lasted. Every one but myself was anxious and agitated. There was much talk of the inquisition,—the scandal was so atrocious,—the outrage so unpar-

mighty line;” and the play, under the title of “The Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus,” was first published in 4to. in 1604. The reader may judge for himself by the following parallel passages, from the Doctor's last words, as given by Marlowe, and from Melmoth's dying speech, from the pen of Mr. Maturin.

Faustus. Gentlemen, away lest you perish with me.

Second Scholar. Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

Faustus. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

Third Scholar. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

First Scholar. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

Faustus. Aye, pray for me—pray for me—and whatever noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.”

MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS, p. 83.

Melmoth. Leave me—I must be alone for the few last hours of my mortal existence—men retire—leave me alone—whatever noises you hear in the course of the awful night that is approaching, come not near this apartment, at the peril of your lives.”

MELMOTH, Vol. iv. p. 448.

feasible,—and moment so impracticable. Three days afterwards the archbishop's mandate came to stop all proceedings; and the following day the youth who had committed this sacrilegious outrage appeared in the hall of the Jesuits, where the Superior and a few monks were assembled, read a short exercise which one of them had written for him on the pithy word "Ehrietas," and departed to take possession of a large benefice in the diocese of the archbishop his relative.

The following is from the lips of a parricide, who undertakes to rescue the Spaniard from the convent, and who, while they are benighted in its cemetery, thus in a dream discloses his crime to his companion.—The reader must recollect that he is speaking in his sleep.

"Secure the purse, I know the drawer of the cabinet where it lies, but secure him first. Well, then, you cannot,—you shudder at his white hairs, at his calm sleep!—ha! ha! that villains should be fools. Well, then, I must be the man, it is but a short struggle with him or me,—he may be damned, and I must. Hush,—how the stairs creak, they will not tell him it is his son's foot that is ascending?—They dare not, the stones of the wall would give them the lie. Why did you not oil the hinges of the door?—now for it. He sleeps intensely,—aye, how calm he looks!—the calmer the fitter for heaven. Now,—now, my knee is on his breast,—where is the knife?—where is the knife?—if he looks at me I am lost. The knife,—I am a coward; the knife,—if he opens his eyes I am gone; the knife, ye cursed cravens,—who dare shrink when I have griped my father's throat? There,—there,—there,—blood to the hilt,—the old man's blood; look for the money, while I wipe the blade. I cannot wipe it, the grey hairs are mingled with the blood,—those hairs brushed my lips the last time he kissed me. I was a child then. I would not have taken a world to murder him then, now,—now, what am I: Ha! ha! ha! Let Judas shake his bag of silver against mine,—he betrayed his Saviour, and I have murdered my father. Silver against silver, and soul against soul. I have got more for mine,—he was a fool to sell his for thirty. But for which of us will the last fire burn hotter?—no matter, I am going to try."

This demon, (for we will not profane the name of man by extending it to him,) thus describes to the Spaniard, the treachery which he had practised upon two unhappy lovers of whose escape from the convent he had undertaken to be the instrument,

and whom he had inveigled to the subterranean vault, which is the scene of his narrative.

Once I turned the lamp, on pretence of trimming it, to catch a glimpse of the devoted wretches. They were embracing each other,—the light of joy trembled in their eyes. They were whispering to each other hopes of liberation and happiness, and blending my name in the interval they could spare from their prayers for each other. That sight extinguished the last remains of compunction with which my horrible task had inspired me. They dared to be happy in the sight of one who must be for ever miserable,—could there be a greater insult? I resolved to punish it on the spot. This very apartment was near,—I knew it, and the map of their wanderings no longer trembled in my hand. I urged them to enter this recess, (the door was then entire) while I went to examine the passage. They entered it, thanking me for my precaution,—they knew not they were never to quit it alive. But what were their lives for the agony their happiness cost me? The moment they were inclosed, and clasping each other, (a sight that made me grind my teeth) I closed and locked the door. This movement gave them no immediate uneasiness,—they thought it a friendly precaution. The moment they were secured, I hastened to the Superior, who was on fire at the insult offered to the sanctity of his convent, and still more to the purity of his penetration, on which the worthy Superior piqued himself as much as if it had ever been possible for him to acquire the smallest share of it. He descended with me to the passage,—the monks followed with eyes on fire. In the agitation of their rage, it was with difficulty they could discover the door after I had repeatedly pointed it out to them. The Superior, with his own hands, drove several nails, which the monks eagerly supplied, into the door, that effectually joined it to the staple, never to be disjoined; and every blow he gave, doubtless he felt as if it was a reminiscence to the accusing angel, to strike out a sin from the catalogue of his accusations. The work was soon done,—the work never to be undone. At the first sound of steps in the passage, and blows on the door, the victims uttered a shriek of terror. They imagined they were detected, and that an incensed party of monks were breaking open the door. These terrors were soon exchanged for others,—and worse,—as they heard the door nailed up, and listened to our departing steps. They uttered another shriek, but O how different was the accent of its despair!—they knew their doom.

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It was my penance (no,—my delight) to watch at the door, under the pretence of precluding the possibility of their escape, (of which they knew there was no possibility); but, in reality, not only to inflict on me the indignity of being the convent gaoler, but of teaching me that callousity of heart, and induration of nerve, and stubbornness of eye, and apathy of ear, that were best suited to my office. But they might have saved themselves the trouble,—I had them all before ever I entered the convent. Had I been the Superior of the community, I should have undertaken the office of watching the door. You will call this cruelty, I call it curiosity,—that curiosity that brings thousands to witness a tragedy, and makes the most delicate female feast on groans and agonies. I had an advantage over them,—the groan, the agony I feasted on, were real. I took my station at the door—that door which, like that of Dante's hell, might have borne the inscription, "Here is no hope,"—with a face of mock penitence, and genuine—cordial delectation. I could hear every word that transpired. For the first hours they tried to comfort each other,—they suggested to each other hopes of liberation,—and as my shadow, crossing the threshold, darkened or restored the light, they said, "That is he;"—then, when this occurred repeatedly, without any effect, they said, "No,—no, it is not he," and swallowed down the sick sob of despair, to hide it from each other. Towards night a monk came to take my place, and to offer me food. I would not have quitted my place for worlds; but I talked to the monk in his own language, and told him I would make a merit with God of my sacrifices, and was resolved to remain there all night, with the permission of the Superior. The monk was glad of having a substitute on such easy terms, and I was glad of the food he left me, for I was hungry now, but I reserved the appetite of my soul for richer luxuries. I heard them talking within. While I was eating, I actually lived on the famine that was devouring them, but of which they did not dare to say a word to each other. They debated, deliberated, and, as misery grows ingenious in its own defence, they at last assured each other that it was impossible the Superior had locked them in there to perish by hunger. At these words I could not help laughing. This laugh reached their ears, and they became silent in a moment. All that night, however, I heard their groans,—those groans of physical suffering, that laugh to scorn all the sentimental sighs that are exhaled from the hearts of the most intoxicated lovers that ever breathed. I heard them all that night. I had read French romances, and all their unimaginable nonsense. Madame Sevigné herself says she would have been

tired of her daughter in a long tête-à-tête journey, but clap me two lovers into a dungeon, without food, light, or hope, and I will be damned (that I am already, by the by) if they do not grow sick of each other within the first twelve hours. The second day hunger and darkness had their usual influence. They shrieked for liberation, and knocked loud and long at their dungeon door. They exclaimed they were ready to submit to any punishment; and the approach of the monks, which they would have dreaded so much the preceding night, they now solicited on their knees. What a jest, after all, are the most awful vicissitudes of human life!—they supplicated now for what they would have sacrificed their souls to avert four-and-twenty hours before. Then the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk from the door, and grovelled apart from each other. *Apart!*—how I watched that. They were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other,—oh what a feast to me! They could not disguise from each other the revolting circumstances of their mutual sufferings. It is one thing for lovers to sit down to a feast magnificently spread, and another for lovers to couch in darkness and famine,—to exchange that appetite which cannot be supported without dainties and flattery, for that which would barter a descended Venus for a morsel of food. The second night they raved and groaned, (as occurred); and, amid their agonies, (I must do justice to women, whom I hate as well as men), the man often accused the female as the cause of all his sufferings, but the woman never,—never reproached him. Her groans might indeed have reproached him bitterly, but she never uttered a word that could have caused him pain. There was a change which I well could mark, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they clung together, and every movement I felt was like that of one person. The next the man alone struggled, and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night,—how shall I tell it?—but you have bid me go on. All the horrible and loathsome excruciations of famine had been undergone; the disunion of every tie of the heart, of passion, of nature, had commenced. In the agonies of their famished sickness they loathed each other,—they could have cursed each other, if they had had breath to curse. It was on the fourth night that I heard the shriek of the wretched female,—her lover, in the agony of hunger, had fastened his teeth in her shoulder;—that bosom on which he had so often luxuriated, became a meal to him now."

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"Monster! and you laugh?"—"Yes, I laugh at all mankind, and the imposition they dare to practise when they talk of

hearts. I laugh at human passions and human cares,—vice and virtue, religion and impiety; they are all the result of petty localities, and artificial situation."

Now we would ask the reader, who has had nerve enough to peruse the preceding extract, whether we have been unwarrantable in the comments which we have made on the tendency of such a production? If this were a solitary passage, shocking as it is, we should have been inclined to hesitate—but it is not—it is only one monster out of a den, all animate with the same creation. Melmoth teems with this unsightly progeny—there is scarcely a page on which crime is not written in letters of blood, and in language of desperate and ferocious exultation. If the following passage had issued from the insane pen of French infidelity, we could easily have accounted for it—but coming from a Christian clergyman! the mystery, we confess, is beyond our solution.

"What, wretch!" he cried;—"Do you think it was for your masses and your mummeries, your vigils, and fasts, and mumbling ever senseless unconsoling beads, and losing my rest all night watching for the matins, and then quitting my frozen mat to nail my knees to stone till they grew there,—till I thought the whole pavement would rise with me when I rose,—do you think it was for the sake of listening to sermons that the preachers did not believe, —and prayers that the lips that uttered them yawned at in the listlessness of their infidelity,—and penances that might be hired out to a lay-brother to undergo for a pound of coffee or of snuff,—and the vilest subserviences to the caprice and passion of a Superior,—and the listening so men with God for ever in their mouths, and the world for ever in their hearts,—men who think of nothing but the aggrandizement of their temporal distinction, and scenes, under the most revolting affectation of a concern in spiritualities, their ravening cupidity after earthly eminence:—Wretch! do you dream that it was for this?—that this *atheism of bigotry*,—this creed of all the priests that ever have existed in connexion with the state, and in hope of extending their interest by that connexion,—could have any influence over me? I had sounded every depth in the mine of depravity before them. I knew them,—I despised them. I crouched before them in body, I spurned them in my soul. With all their sanctimony, they had hearts so worldly, that it was scarce worth while to watch their hypocrisy, the secret developed

itself so soon. There was no discovery to be made, no place for detection. I have seen them on their high festivals, prelates, and abbots, and priests, in all their pomp of office, appearing to the laity like descended gods, blazing in gems and gold, amid the lustre of tapers and the floating splendour of an irradiated atmosphere alive with light, and all soft and delicate harmonies and delicious odours, till, as they disappeared amid the clouds of incense so gracefully tossed from the gilded censers, the intoxicated eye dreamed it saw them ascending to Paradise. Such was the scene, but what was behind the scene?—*I saw it all.* Two or three of them would rush from service into the vestry together, under the pretence of changing their vestments. One would imagine that these men would have at least the decency to refrain, while in the intervals of the holy mass. No, I overheard them. While shifting their robes, they talked incessantly of promotions and appointments,—of this or that prelate, dying or dead,—of a wealthy benefice being vacant,—of one dignity having bargained hard with the state for the promotion of a relative,—of another who had well-founded hopes of obtaining a bishoprick, for what? neither for learning or piety, or one feature of the pastoral character, but because he had valuable benefices to resign in exchange, that might be divided among numerous candidates. Such was their conversation,—such and such only were their thoughts, till the last thunders of the hallelujah from the chancel made them start, and hurry to resume their places at the altar. Oh what a compound of meanness and pride, of imbecility and pretension, of sanctimony so transparently and awkwardly worn, that the naked frame of the natural mind was visible to every eye beneath it,—that mind which is "*earthly, sensual, devilish.*" Was it to live among such wretches, who, all-villain as I was, made me hug myself with the thought that at least I was not like them, a penurious prone reptile,—a thing made of fumes and dressings, half satin and shreds, half *are's* and *credo's*,—bloated and abject,—creeping and aspiring,—winding up and up the pedestal of power at the rate of an inch a day, and tracking its advance to eminence by the flexibility of its writhings, the obliquity of its course, and the filth of its slime,—was it for this?"—he paused, half-choaked with his emotions.

It is no apology for this to say, that it is the language of an atrocious villain—at war with society—steeped to the lips in crime—upon whose brow parricide is branded, and who, with a most profane license, is described by the author to be "*beyond the redemption of a Saviour!*"

Personages should not be created by a novelist, whose deeds to be characteristic must be criminal, and whose phrase to be consistent must be blasphemous. The moral judgment revolts at such appalling and mischievous fidelity, and the heart of no person can be the better for the initiation. If youth are to be seduced from the more rugged steeps of literature, into its parterres and gardens, it is a sort of literary treason thus to interasperate their path with the *spring runs* of an insidious and death-inducing philosophy.

The other stories of which Melmoth is made up, consist of the "Tale of the Indians," the "Story of the Walbergh Family," and the "Lovers Tale." The first of these is very fantastic, but parts of it are extremely beautiful. The whole sketch of Immalie, in her island—the worship of the peasantry—the innocence of her infancy, and the sad reverses of her maturity, are all finely and powerfully described. Such a being, to be sure, never was, nor can be; but improbability is not an objection to a romance, and, least of all, to a romance of Mr. Maturin's. We cannot avoid transcribing the following description of the "island goddess," though we are aware that an injustice is done to the author, by any fragment of his imagination.

"The sole and beautiful inmate of the ale, though disturbed at the appearance of her worshippers, soon recovered her tranquillity. She could not be conscious of fear, for nothing of that world in which she lived had ever borne a hostile appearance to her. The sun and the shade—the flowers and foliage—the tamarinds and figs that prolonged her delightful existence—the water that she drank, wondering at the beautiful being who seemed to drink whenever she did—the peacocks, who spread out their rich and radiant plumage the moment they beheld her—and the loxia, who perched on her shoulder and hand as she walked; and answered her sweet voice with imitative chirpings—all these were her friends, and she knew none but these.

"The human forms that sometimes approached the island, caused her a slight motion; but it was rather that of curiosity than alarm; and their gestures were so expressive of reverence and mildness, their

offerings of flowers, in which she delighted, so acceptable, and their visits so silent and peaceful, that she saw them without reluctance, and only wondered, as they bowed away, how they could move on the water in safety; and how creatures so dark, and with features so unattractive, happened to grow amid the beautiful flowers they presented to her as the productions of their abode. The elements might be supposed to have impressed her imagination with some terrible ideas; but the periodical regularity of these phenomena, in the climate she inhabited, divested them of their terrors to one who had been accustomed to them, as to the alternation of night and day—who could not remember the fearful impression of the first, and, above all, who had never heard any terror of them expressed by another,—perhaps the primitive cause of fear in most minds. Pain she had never felt—of death she had no idea—how, then, could she become acquainted with fear?

"When a north-wester, as it is termed, visited the island, with all its terrific accompaniments of midnight darkness, clouds of suffocating dust, and thunders like the trumpet of doom, she stood amid the leafy colonnades of the banyan tree, ignorant of her danger, watching the cowering wings and drooping heads of the birds, and the ludicrous terror of the monkeys, as they skipt from branch to branch with their young.* When the lightning struck a tree, she gazed as a child would on a fire-work played off for its amusement; but the next day she wept, when she saw the leaves would no longer grow on the blasted trunk. When the rains descended in torrents, the ruins of the pagoda afforded her a shelter; and she sat listening to the rushing of the mighty waters, and the murmurs of the troubled deep, till her soul took its colour from the sombre and magnificent imagery around her, and she believed herself precipitated to earth with the deluge—borne downward, like a leaf, by a cataract—engulphed in the depths of the ocean—rising again to light on the swell of the enormous billows, as if she were heaved on the back of a whale—deafened with the roar—giddy with the rush—till terror and delight embraced in that fearful exercise of imagination. So she lived like a flower amid sun and storm, blooming in the light, and bending to the shower, and drawing the elements of her sweet and wild existence from both. And both seemed to mingle their influences kindly for her, as if she was a thing that nature loved, even in her angry mood, and gave a commission to the storm to nurture her, and to the deluge to

* This is not natural—even the instinct of the brute teaches him to fear these terrible phenomena.

spare the ark of her innocence, as it floated over the waters. This existence of felicity, half physical, half imaginative, but neither intellectual or impassioned, had continued till the seventeenth year of this beautiful and mild being, when a circumstance occurred that changed its hue for ever."

Mr. Maturin says that "the wife of Walbergh lives, and *long may she live.*" With this single line we will dismiss that story. If Mr. Maturin really means—what he seems to insinuate—we should be inclined to drop our pen, and weep over the misfortunes of a man of genius, instead of scrutinizing his errors. The reader of the Walbergh family will understand us.

We have already extracted so largely from this extraordinary work, that we have only room for "the Wanderer's Dream," of his death—a death which is described in the next chapter, and which concludes the romance. Our readers are, of course, aware that for a stipulated term of existence (150 years), young and healthy, and with the faculties we have before described, he had sold himself to the powers of darkness—his hour was now come.

The Wanderer's Dream.

He dreamed that he stood on the summit of a precipice, whose downward height no eye could have measured, but for the fearful waves of a fiery ocean that lashed, and blazed, and roared at its bottom, sending its burning spray far up, so as to drench the dreamer with its sulphurous rain. The whole glowing ocean below was alive—every billow bore an agonizing soul, that rose like a wreck or a putrid corpse on the waves of earth's oceans—uttered a shriek as it burst against that adamantine precipice—sunk—and rose again to repeat the tremendous experiment! Every billow of fire was thus instinct with immortal and agonizing existence,—each was freighted with a soul, that rose on the burning wave in torturing hope, burst on the rock in despair, adding its eternal shriek to the roar of that fiery ocean, and sunk to rise again—in vain, and—for ever!

Suddenly the Wanderer felt himself flung half-way down the precipice. He stood, in his dream, tottering on a crag midway down the precipice—he looked upward, but the upper air (for there was no heaven) showed only blackness unshadowed and impenetrable—but, blacker than that blackness, he could distinguish a gigantic outstretched arm, that held him as in sport

on the ridge of that infernal precipice, while another, that seemed in its motions to hold fearful and invisible conjunction with the arm that grasped him, as if both belonged to some being too vast and horrible even for the imagery of a dream to shape, pointed upwards to a dial plate fixed on the top of that precipice, and which the flashes of that ocean of fire made fearfully conspicuous. He saw the mysterious single hand revolve—he saw it reach the appointed period of 150 years—(for in this mystic plate centuries were marked, not hours)—he shrieked in his dream, and, with that strong impulse often felt in sleep, burst from the arm that held him, to arrest the motion of the hand.

In the effort he fell, and falling grasped at aught that might save him. His fall seemed perpendicular—there was nought to save him—the rock was as smooth as ice—the ocean of fire broke at its foot! Suddenly a groupe of figures appeared, ascending as he fell. He grasped at them successively;—first Stanton—then Walberg—Elinor Mortimer—Isidora—Moncada—all passed him,—to each he seemed in his slumber to cling in order to break his fall—all ascended the precipice. He caught at each in his downward flight, but all forsook him and ascended.

His last despairing reverted glance was fixed on the clock of eternity—the upraised black arm seemed to push forward the hand—it arrived at its period—he fell—he sunk—he blazed—he shrieked! The burning waves boomed over his sinking head, and the clock of eternity rung out its awful chime—"Room for the soul of the Wanderer!"—and the waves of the burning ocean answered, as they lashed the adamantine rock—"There is room for more!"—The Wanderer awoke.

Such is the conclusion of "the Wanderer," and our limits warn us that it is time to bid Mr. Maturin farewell. We do so with a sincere admiration of his genius—with a thorough conviction of his great powers, and their great misapplication—with profound regret that he is obliged to write romances at all, since he chooses to write them in the spirit which he does; and with a most hearty wish that no domestic necessity had ever compelled him to cater to a corrupted taste, or diverted him for a moment from the paths of that profession which we understand he sustains, by the virtues of his private life, and which we are quite sure he might eminently adorn by the proper exertion of his uncommon talents.

SPRING.

From soft Favonius' mild retreat,
 Where whispering zephyrs love to meet,
 Yet trembling from the stormy north,
 Behold the Spring come blushing forth!
 She comes in freshening fragrance gay,
 Borne on the balmy breeze of May;
 Around she casts her humid eyes,
 She breathes, and flagging Auster flies.
 Where'er she moves, her breath inspires
 Soft loves and elegant desires;
 Where'er her dewy footsteps tread,
 The snow-drop rears its trembling head.
 Around her (emblems of her power,
 Light mingling with the blossomed shower)
 All bright and fleeting, fair and gay,
 Ten thousand radiant flutterers play:
 Pale as the primrose' palest hue,
 Soft as the violet's softest blue;
 Or glowing with imperial pride,
 With wings in purple splendours dyed.

And hark, beneath yon bursting thorn,
 The blackbird cheers the opening morn;
 Up springs the lark with carol clear,
 Wild warbling to the shepherd's ear;
 Whilst from the elm, the cuckoo's voice,
 Bids the slow labouring hind rejoice.
 Now from the copse that skirts the vale
 Lone sings the love-lorn nightingale,
 Soft woos her mate the murmuring dove,
 All fragrance breathes, and life, and love.

O! lover's wish, O! poet's song,
 O! prime of seasons, linger long;
 Long let me trace thee in the glade,
 Where dew-drops gem the impervious shade,
 Long let me trace thee by the rill,
 When brighter suns embrown the hill.
 Now from thy latest footstep glows
 The radiant bloom that decks the rose;
 And now the deepening tints appear,
 That mark the swift revolving year.
 From ardent gales, from glowing skies,
 Thy freshening hour of fragrance flies—
 Fast fades each softer, gentler spell,
 Hail, prime of Seasons! and farewell!

RUSTICA.

LIFE.

It is the birth of morn: the dreary hours
 Of silence and repose have pass'd away,
 And not a trace of night's dark reign exists;
 Save in the burning records crime has penn'd,
 Of deeds which sought the shelter of her gloom,
 To hide the fearful guilt the day would blush at:
 The earth is studded with those crystal gems,
 Like diamonds scatter'd o'er an emerald bed,
 Which shed their dewy evanescent light,
 In mimic semblance of the orbs of Heaven.

The sun bursts forth, and lo ! Earth's tiny stars
 Shrink for concealment in each flower's recess,
 To hide them from the glance of that bright eye,
 Before whose lustre they must melt away.
 Oh ! who that gazes now on Nature's face,
 And sees the radiant garb, the joyous smile
 It wears while basking in yon glorious beam,
 Would deem so brief a space had intervened,
 Since mourning nature wore the hue of death.
 Thus do the seasons change, and ever thus
 Does man's existence vary in its course,
 From happiness to woe, from grief to joy.
 Awhile the soul, sunk in affliction's gloom,
 Seems like the earth, dark, desolate, and joyless,
 And finds, like it, relief in tears alone.
 The hours glide onward, and the twilight meets
 That shadowy bond which links the day and night,
 Smiles faintly on the world, and whispers soft
 The welcome tale, that morn is nigh at hand.
 Thus days roll by, and months steal slowly on,
 And with them bear away a portion small
 Of that dull weight of misery and pain,
 Which seem'd to mock the power of time to lessen.
 Anon Hope's light appears—but, Oh ! so pale,
 Like the first tint of dawn, that scarce the mind
 On which it shines can feel its blessed ray.
 Still fly the years, and though their wings are tinged
 With something of the hue of former gloom,
 Yet from that ris'n star they've caught a gleam,
 So splendid, yet so calm, that as they wave
 Their pinions blazing in the sweet effulgence,—
 Above, the drooping sufferer's wasted heart,
 That shrine of bliss and woe, touch'd by the beam,
 Flings off the clouds which cast their shadows o'er it,
 Becomes illumin'd with a brilliant light,
 And is once more the seat of peace and joy.

London, April 5, 1821.

E. R.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET J. KEATS.

Sic pereunt Violæ.

AND art thou dead ? Thou very sweetest bird
 That ever made a moonlight forest ring,
 Its wild unearthly music mellowing :
 Shall thy rich notes no more, no more be heard ?
 Never ! Thy beautiful romantic themes,
 That made it mental Heav'n to hear thee sing,
 Lapping th' enchanted soul in golden dreams,
 Are mute ! Ah vainly did Italia fling
 Her healing ray around thee—blossoming
 With flushing flow'rs long wedded to thy verse :
 Those flow'rs, those sunbeams, but adorn thy hearse ;
 And the warm gales that faintly rise and fall
 In music's clime—themselves so musical—
 Shall chaunt the Minstrel's dirge far from his father's hall.

1821.

TABLE TALK.

No. X.

ON ANTIQUITY.

THERE is no such thing as Antiquity in the ordinary acceptation we affix to the term. Whatever is or has been, while it is passing, must be modern. The early ages may have been barbarous in themselves; but they have become *ancient* with the slow and silent lapse of successive generations. The "olden times" are only such in reference to us. The past is rendered strange, mysterious, visionary, awful, from the great gap in time that parts us from it, and the long perspective of waning years. Things gone by and almost forgotten, look dim and dull, uncouth and quaint, from our ignorance of them, and the mutability of customs. But in their day—they were fresh, unimpaired, in full vigour, familiar, and glossy. The Children in the Wood and Percy's Relics were once recent productions; and Auld Robin Gray was, in his time, a very common-place old fellow! The wars of York and Lancaster, while they lasted, were "lively, audible, and full of vent," as fresh and lusty as the white and red roses that distinguished their different banners,—though they have since become a bye-word and a solecism in history.

The sun shone in Julius Cæsar's time just as it does now. On the road-side between Winchester and Salisbury are some remains of old Roman encampments, with their double lines of circumvallation (now turned into pasture for sheep), which answer exactly to the descriptions of this kind in Cæsar's Commentaries. In a dull and cloudy atmosphere, I can conceive that this is the identical spot that the first Cæsar trod,—and figure to myself the deliberate movements, and scarce perceptible march of close-embodied

legions. But if the sun breaks out, making its way through dazzling, fleecy clouds, lights up the blue serene, and gilds the sombre earth, I can no longer persuade myself that this is the same scene as formerly, or transfer the actual image before me so far back. The brightness of nature is not easily reduced to the low, twilight tone of history; and the impressions of sense defeat and dissipate the faint traces of learning and tradition. It is only by an effort of reason, to which fancy is averse, that I bring myself to believe that the sun shone as bright, that the sky was as blue, and the earth as green, two thousand years ago as it is at present. How ridiculous this seems: yet so it is!

The dark or middle ages, when every thing was hid in the fog and haze of confusion and ignorance, seem, to the same involuntary kind of prejudice, older and farther off, and more inaccessible to the imagination, than the brilliant and well-defined periods of Greece and Rome. A Gothic ruin appears buried in a greater depth of obscurity,—to be weighed down and rendered venerable with the hoar of more distant ages,—to have been longer mouldering into neglect and oblivion, to be a record and memento of events more wild and alien to our own times, than a Grecian temple.*—Amadis de Gaul, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, with me (honestly speaking) rank as contemporaries with Theseus, Pirithous, and the heroes of the fabulous age. My imagination will stretch no farther back into the commencement of time than the first traces and rude dawn of civilisation and mighty enterprise, in either case; and in attempting to force it upwards by the

* "The Gothic architecture, though not so ancient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagination, with which the artist is more concerned than with absolute truth."

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, vol. ii. p. 138.

Till I met with this remark in so circumspect and guarded a writer as Sir Joshua, I was afraid of being charged with extravagance in some of the above assertions. *Percent isti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.* It is thus that our favourite speculations are often accounted paradoxes by the ignorant,—and by the learned reader are set down as plagiarisms.

scale of chronology, it only recoils upon itself, and dwindles, from a lofty survey of "the dark rearward and abyss of time," into a poor and puny calculation of insignificant cyphers. In like manner, I cannot go back to any time more remote and dreary than that recorded in Stow's and Hollingshed's Chronicles, unless I turn to "the wars of old Assaracus and Inachus divine," and the gorgeous events of eastern history, where the distance of place may be said to add to the length of time and weight of thought. That is old (in sentiment and poetry) which is decayed, shadowy, imperfect, out of date, and changed from what it was. That of which we have a distinct idea, which comes before us entire, and made out in all its parts, will have a novel appearance, however old in reality,—and cannot be impressed with the romantic and superstitious character of antiquity. Those times, that we can parallel with our own in civilisation and knowledge, seem advanced into the same line with our own in the order of progression. The perfection of arts does not look like the infancy of things. Or those times are prominent, and, as it were, confront the present age, that are raised high in the scale of polished society,—and the trophies of which stand out above the low, obscure, grovelling level of barbarism and rusticity. Thus, Rome and Athens were two cities set on a hill, that could not be hid, and that every where meet the retrospective eye of history. It is not the full-grown, articulated, thoroughly accomplished periods of the world, that we regard with the pity or reverence due to age; so much as those imperfect, unformed, uncertain periods, which seem to totter on the verge of non-existence, to shrink from the grasp of our feeble imaginations, as they crawl out of, or retire into, the womb of time,—and of which our utmost assurance is to doubt, whether they ever were or not!

To give some other instances of this feeling, taken at random.—Whittington and his Cat, the first and favourite studies of my childhood, are, to my way of thinking, as old and reverend personages as any recorded in more authentic history.

It must have been long before the invention of triple bob-majors, that Bow-bells rung out their welcome never-to-be-forgotten peal, hailing him Thrice Lord Mayor of London. Does not all we know relating to the site of old London-wall, and the first stones that were laid of this mighty metropolis, seem of a far older date (hid in the lap of "chaos and old night,") than the splendid and imposing details of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire?—Again, the early Italian pictures of Cimabue, Giotto, and Ghirlandajo are covered with the marks of unquestionable antiquity: but the Greek statues, done a thousand years before them, shine in glossy, undiminished splendour, and flourish in immortal youth and beauty. The latter Grecian Gods, as we find them there represented, are to all appearance a race of modern fine gentlemen, who *led the life of honour* with their favourite mistresses of mortal or immortal mould,—were gallant, graceful, well-dressed, and well-spoken; whereas the Gothic deities long after, carved in horrid wood or misshapen stone, and worshipped in dreary waste or tangled forest, belong, in the mind's heraldry, to almost as ancient a date as those elder and discarded Gods of the pagan mythology, Ops and Rhea and old Saturn,—those strange anomalies of earth and cloudy spirit, born of the elements and conscious will, and clothing themselves and all things with shape and formal being. The Chronicle of Brute, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, has a tolerable air of antiquity in it: so, in the dramatic line, the Ghost of one of the old kings of Ormus, introduced as Prologue to Fulke Greville's play of *Mustapha*, is reasonably far-fetched, and palpably obscure. A monk in the *Popish Calendar*, or even in the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, is a more questionable and out-of-the-way personage than the Chiron of Achilles, or the priest in Homer. When Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cressida*, makes the Trojan hero invoke the absence of light, in these two lines:—

Why proffer'st thou light me for to sell?
Go tell it them that smallé sele's grave!

he is guilty of an anachronism; or at least I much doubt whether there

was such a profession as that of seal-engraver in the Trojan war. But the dimness of the objects and the quaintness of the allusion throw us farther back into the night of time, than the golden, glittering images of the *Iliad*. The Travels of Anacharsis are less obsolete at this time of day, than Coryate's *Crudities*, or Fuller's *Worthies*. "Here is some of the ancient city," said a Roman, taking up a handful of dust from beneath his feet. The ground we tread on is as old as the creation, though it does not seem so, except when collected into gigantic masses, or separated by gloomy solitudes from modern uses and the purposes of common life. The lone Helvellyn and the silent Andes are in thought coeval with the globe itself, and can only perish with it. The Pyramids of Egypt are vast, sublime, old, eternal: but Stone-henge, built, no doubt, in a later day, satisfies my capacity for the sense of antiquity: it seems as if as much rain had drizzled on its grey, withered head, and it had watched out as many winter-nights: the hand of time is upon it,—and it has sustained the burden of years upon its back, a wonder and a ponderous riddle, time out of mind, without known origin or use, baffling fable or conjecture, the credulity of the ignorant, or wise men's search.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle,
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's
shore

To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty
pile,

T'entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's
guile:

Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human
gore,

Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic
lore:

Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage
spoil,

To victory's idol vast, an unbewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap, or in thy hallow'd
ground

Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were
crown'd;

Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale re-
nown'd.

Warton.

tween the real and apparent progress of time, both in the events of our own lives and the history of the world we live in.

Impressions of a peculiar and accidental nature, of which few traces are left, and which recur seldom or never, fade in the distance, and are consigned to obscurity,—while those that belong to a given and definite class, are kept up, and assume a constant and tangible form, from familiarity and habit. That which was personal to myself merely, is lost and confounded with other things, like a drop in the ocean: it was but a point at first, which by its nearness affected me, and by its removal becomes nothing: while circumstances of a general interest and abstract importance present the same distinct, well-known aspect as ever, and are durable in proportion to the extent of their influence. Our own idle feelings and foolish fancies we get tired or grow ashamed of, as their novelty wears out: "when we become men, we put away childish things:" but the impressions we derive from the exercise of our higher faculties last as long as the faculties themselves. They have nothing to do with time, place, and circumstance; and are of universal applicability and recurrence. An incident in my own history, that delighted or tormented me very much at the time, I may have long since blotted from my memory,—or have great difficulty in calling to mind after a certain period: but I can never forget the first time of my seeing Mrs. Siddons act;—which is as if it had happened yesterday: and the reason is, because it has been something for me to think of, ever since. The petty and the personal, that which appeals to our senses and our appetites, passes away with the occasion that gives it birth. The grand and the ideal, that which appeals to the imagination, can only perish with it, and remains with us, unimpaired in its lofty abstraction, from youth to age; as, wherever we go, we still see the same heavenly bodies shining over our heads! An old familiar face, the house that we were brought up in, sometimes the scenes and places that we formerly knew and loved, may be changed, so that we

So it is with respect to ourselves also: it is the sense of change or decay that marks the difference be-

hardly know them again: the characters in books, the faces in old pictures, the propositions in Euclid, remain the same as when they were first pointed out to us. There is a continual alternation of generation and decay in individual forms and feelings, that marks the progress of existence, and the ceaseless current of our lives, borne along with it; but this does not extend to our love of art or knowledge of nature. It seems a long time ago since some of the first events of the French Revolution: the prominent characters that figured then have been swept away and succeeded by others: yet I cannot say that this circumstance has in any way abated my hatred of tyranny, or reconciled my understanding to the fashionable doctrine of Divine Right. The sight of an old newspaper of that date would give one a fit of the spleen for half an hour: on the other hand, it must be confessed, Mr. Burke's Reflections on this subject are as fresh and dazzling as in the year 1791; and his Letter to a Noble Lord is even now as interesting as Lord John Russell's Letter to Mr. Wilberforce, which appeared only a few weeks back. Ephemeral politics and still-born productions are speedily consigned to oblivion: great principles and original works are a match even for time itself!

We may, by following up this train of ideas, give some account why time runs faster as our years increase. We gain by habit and experience a more determinate and settled, that is, a more uniform notion of things. We refer each particular to a given standard. Our impressions acquire the character of identical propositions. Our most striking thoughts are turned into truisms. One observation is like another, that I made formerly. The idea I have of a certain character or subject is just the same I had ten years ago. I have learnt nothing since. There is no alteration perceptible, no advance made; so that the two points of time seem to touch and coincide. I get from the one to the other immediately by the familiarity of habit, by the undistinguishing process of abstraction.—What I can recal so easily and mechanically does not seem far off: it

is completely within my reach, and consequently close to me in apprehension. I have no intricate web of curious speculation to wind or unwind, to pass from one state of feeling and opinion to the other: no complicated train of associations, which place an immeasurable barrier between my knowledge or my ignorance at different epochs. There is no contrast, no repugnance to mark the interval: no new sentiment infused, like another atmosphere, to widen the perspective. I am but where I was. I see the object before me just as I have been accustomed to do. The ideas are written down in the brain as in the page of a book—*totidem verbis et literis*. The mind becomes *stereotyped*. By not going forward to explore new regions, or break up new grounds, we are thrown back more and more upon our past acquisitions; and this habitual recurrence increases the facility and indifference with which we make the imaginary transition. By thinking of what has been, we change places with ourselves, and transpose our personal identity at will; so as to fix the slider of our improgressive continuance at whatever point we please. This is an advantage or a disadvantage, which we have not in youth. After a certain period, we neither lose nor gain, neither add to, nor diminish our stock: up to that period we do nothing else but lose our former notions and being, and gain a new one every instant. Our life is like the birth of a new day; the dawn breaks apace, and the clouds clear away. A new world of thought and sense is opened to our view. A year makes the difference of an age. A total alteration takes place in our ideas, feelings, habits, looks. We outgrow ourselves. A separate set of objects, of the existence of which we had not a suspicion, engages and occupies our whole souls. Shapes and colours of all varieties, and of gorgeous tint, intercept our view of what we were. Life thickens. Time glows on its axle. Every revolution of the wheel gives a new aspect to things. The world and its inhabitants turn round, and we forget one change of scene in another. Art woos us; Science tempts us into her intricate labyrinths; each step unfolds new vistas, and

closes upon us our backward path. Our onward road is strange, obscure, and infinite. We are bewildered in a shadow, lost in a dream. Our perceptions have the brightness and the indistinctness of a trance. Our continuity of consciousness is broken, crumbles, and falls in pieces. We go on learning and forgetting every hour. Our feelings are chaotic, confused, strange to each other and to ourselves. Our life does not hang together,—but straggling, disjointed, winds its slow length along, stretching out to the endless future—forgetful of the ignorant past. We seem many beings in one, and cast the slough of our existence daily. The birth of knowledge is the generation of time. The unfolding of our experience is long and voluminous; nor do we all at once recover from our surprise at the number of objects that distract our attention. Every new study is a separate, arduous, and insurmountable undertaking. We are lost in wonder at the magnitude, the difficulty, and the interminable prospect. We spell out the first years of our existence, like learning a lesson for the first time where every advance is slow, doubtful, interesting: afterwards, we rehearse our parts by rote, and are hardly conscious of the meaning. A very short period (from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty) includes the whole map and table of contents of human life. From that time we may be said to live our lives over again, repeat ourselves,—the same thoughts return at stated intervals, like the tunes of a barrel-organ; and the volume of the universe is no more than a form of words and book of reference.

Time in general is supposed to move faster or slower, as we attend more or less to the succession of our ideas, in the same manner as distance is increased or lessened by the greater or less variety of intervening objects. There is, however, a difference in this respect. Suspense, where the mind is engrossed with one idea, and kept from amusing itself with any other, is not only the most uncomfortable, but the most tiresome of all things. The fixing our attention on a single point makes us more sensible of the delay, and

hangs an additional weight of fretful impatience on every moment of expectation. People in country places, without employment or artificial resources, complain that time lies heavy on their hands. Its leaden pace is not occasioned by the quantity of thought, but by vacancy, and the continual, languid craving after excitement. It wants spirit and vivacity to give it motion. We are on the watch to see how time goes; and it appears to lag behind, because, in the absence of objects to arrest our immediate attention, we are always getting on before it. We do not see its divisions, but we feel the galling pressure of each creeping sand that measures out our hours. Again, a rapid succession of external objects and amusements, which leave no room for reflection, and where one gratification is forgotten in the next, makes time pass quickly, as well as delightfully. We do not perceive an extent of surface, but only a succession of points. We are whirled swiftly along by the hand of dissipation, but cannot stay to look behind us. On the contrary, change of scene, travelling through a foreign country, or the meeting with a variety of striking adventures that lay hold of the imagination, and continue to haunt it in a waking dream, will make days seem weeks. From the crowd of events, the number of distinct points of view, brought into a small compass, we seem to have passed through a great length of time, when it is no such thing. In traversing a flat, barren country, the monotony of our ideas fatigues, and makes the way longer: whereas, if the prospect is diversified and picturesque, we get over the miles without counting them. In painting or writing, hours are melted almost into minutes: the mind absorbed in the eagerness of its pursuit, forgets the time necessary to accomplish it; and, indeed, the clock often finds us employed on the same thought or part of a picture that occupied us when it struck last. In fact, there are several other circumstances to be taken into the account in the measure of time, besides the number and distinctness of our ideas, or in considering "whom time ambles withal, whom time gallops withal, and whom

he stands still withal.* Time wears away slowly with a man in solitary confinement; not from the number or variety of his ideas, but their weary sameness, fretting like drops of water. The imagination may distinguish the lapse of time by the brilliant variety of its tints, and the many striking shapes it assumes: the heart feels it by the weight of sadness, and "grim-visaged, comförtless despair!"

I will conclude this subject with remarking, that the fancied shortness of life is aided by the apprehension of a future state. The constantly directing our hopes and fears to a higher state of being beyond the present, necessarily brings death habitually before us, and defines the narrow limits within which we hold our frail existence, as mountains bound the horizon, and unavoidably draw our attention to it. This may be one reason among others, why the

fear of death was a less prominent feature in ancient times than it is at present; because the thoughts of it, and of a future state, were less frequently impressed on the mind by religion and morality. The greater progress of civilization and security in modern times has also considerably to do with our practical effeminacy; for though the old Pagans were not bound to think of death as a religious duty, they never could foresee when they should be compelled to submit to it, as a natural necessity, or accident of war, &c. They viewed death, therefore, with an eye of speculative indifference and practical resolution. That the idea of annihilation did not impress them with the same horror and repugnance as it does the modern believer, or even infidel, is easily accounted for (though a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* thinks the question insoluble) † from this plain reason, viz. that not being

* "*Rosalind*. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles with.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves."—*As You Like It*, Act III. Scene II.

† "On the other point, namely, the dark and sceptical spirit prevalent through the works of this poet (Lord Byron), we shall not now utter all that we feel, but rather direct the notice of our readers to it as a singular phenomenon in the poetry of the age. Whoever has studied the spirit of Greek and Roman literature, must have been struck with the comparative disregard and indifference, wherewith the thinking men of these exquisitely polished nations contemplated those subjects of darkness and mystery which afford, at some period or other of his life, so much disquiet—we had almost said so much agony, to the mind of every reflecting modern. It is difficult to account for this in any very satisfactory, and we suspect altogether impossible to do so in any strictly logical, manner. In reading the works of Plato and his interpreter Cicero, we find the germs of all the doubts and anxieties to which we have alluded, so far as these are connected with the workings of our reason. The singularity is, that those clouds of darkness, which hang over the intellect, do not appear, so far as we can perceive, to have thrown at any time any very alarming shade upon the feelings or temper of the ancient sceptic. We should think a very great deal of this was owing to the brilliancy and activity of his southern fancy. The lighter spirits of antiquity, like the more mercurial of our moderns, sought refuge in mere *gaieté du cœur* and derision. The graver poets and philosophers—and poetry and philosophy were in those days seldom disunited—built up some airy and beautiful system of mysticism, each following his own devices, and exiting

taught from childhood a belief in a future state of existence as a part of the creed of their country, the supposition that there was no such state in store for them, could not shock their feelings, or confound their imagination, in the same manner as it does with us, who have been brought up in such a belief; and who live with those who deeply cherish, and would be unhappy without a full conviction of it. It is the Christian religion alone, that takes us to the highest pinnacle of

the temple, to point out to us "the glory hereafter to be revealed," and that makes us shrink back with affright from the precipice of annihilation that yawns below. Those who have never entertained a hope, cannot be greatly staggered by having it struck from under their feet: those who have never been led to expect the reversion of an estate, will not be excessively disappointed at finding that the inheritance has descended to others. T.

EDINBURGH.

[We cannot prove our sense of Mr. Young's kindness more clearly, than by an immediate insertion of his entertaining letter, and we hope to find him, hereafter, as punctual a Correspondent as he promises to be a pleasant one. Though born upon this side the Tweed, we have an high admiration of—

Scotia's darling seat ;

and with a slight transposition of the words of one of her most charming poets, we sincerely hope that—

Wealth still may swell the golden tide,
As busy trade his labour plies—
While architecture's noble pride,
Bids elegance and splendor rise ;
May justice from her native skies
High wield the balance and the rod ;
And learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seek science in her coy abode.

To Dr. L. M. Allan, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, London.

Edinburgh, 5th March, 1821.

DEAR DOCTOR,—You have yet to experience the indescribable feelings of returning, as a man, to a place which you knew only as a boy. Not to use any of the common cant upon such occasions about scenes of childhood, early associations, youthful sports, &c. &c. the fact of being a stranger in your native place, is most bewildering and whimsical.—I walk about the streets acquainted with nobody, yet knowing, and seeming to be known by, every body. I am often stared at like a vision,—ad-

dressed in accents of doubtful recognition, by people with whom I was as intimate as I am with you,—steady faced personages, who after a tremulous salutation *proprio nomine* stammer out my nickname at school, and leave me, doubtful of their names or quality, with an invitation to dinner. I was grinned at yesterday by a tall collegian with a strong squint, and this morning he came up to me and asked, if I had forgot the bursting of a penny mortar in our back green when he was about nine years

the erection to his own peculiarities of hope and inclination ; and this being once accomplished, the mind appears to have felt quite satisfied with what it had done, and to have reposed amidst the splendours of its sand-built fantastic edifice, with as much security as if it had been grooved and rivetted into the rock of ages. The mere exercise of ingenuity in devising a system furnished consolation to its creators, or improvers. Lucretius is a striking example of all this ; and it may be averred that, down to the time of Claudian, who lived in the fourth century of our era, in no classical writer of antiquity do there occur any traces of what moderns understand by the restlessness and discomfort of uncertainty, as to the government of the world and the future destinies of man."

Edinburgh Review, vol. xxx. p. 96, 97. Article, Child Harold, Canto 4.

old, which bursting blew his unfortunate eye into its present uncouth shape!—I am stultified at every turn with the total alteration of appearance, character, and manners of men and things. Imagine our fifth form at the high school, sitting gravely down to dinner with their wives and children, talking of politics, city government, property and security!—the tatterdemalions, who, when I last saw them, were squabbling for the first place at the *jib-house*, or *hallooing* for the *brue* at a *bicker*. I know as well as you do, that the change is no more wonderful than a calf growing to a cow, or a young donkey to a jack-ass; but it is, nevertheless, most ludicrous and *apparently* wonderful. The town itself has kept pace with its inhabitants in growth, and its character also seems to have undergone a similar change. It is now, in its manhood, morally and physically the finest specimen of civilization in the world. The local beauties of Edinburgh bid defiance to poetry itself: the sublime, the beautiful, the wild, the cultivated, the antique, the elegant, all that the historian dwells upon, all that the painter delights in, are here the common occurring objects of the place.—One is lost in contemplating excellencies of nature and art: come and see it; for no description whatever can give you an idea of its beauties.

The *morals* of Edinburgh is likewise of the very highest order—its literary character is acknowledged to be most justly merited; although, probably, that part of its peculiarity is becoming daily of a more questionable nature, as regards a consequent amiability or real intelligence among the inhabitants. Literature, somehow, is degenerating into a kind of staple article of trade in Edinburgh, just as calico is in Glasgow, or metal in Birmingham.—People come here to *make books*, and book-making is, consequently, the *manufacture* of the place:—Only look at the publications from Constables, Blackwood, &c.—Observe the Godwins and Maturins coming from their own country to publish here, and consider the value attached to a book *published in Edinburgh*, and you will agree with me, that it is in danger of becoming like a razor from Birmingham or a

printed gown-piece from the Gorbals.

There is here a *Monde* of Literature, as there is in London, of *fashion*.—A literary Grosvenor-square, Bond-street, and St. James's,—abundance of literary *swells*,—and there is most certainly a literary Cheapside, Hounsditch, and Wapping Old Stairs. In the first circle (to keep to my comparison) it is as dead vulgar to know or to speak of any thing out of the pale of criticism, taste, or literary information, as it is in the same grade of fashion in London, to transgress in conversation the limits of the turf, the tandem, the ring, or the card table.—Among the literary *bloods*, you are queered with theories and dogmas upon cause and effect (*offener causes and effects*) discussions upon the merits of the lecturer on moral philosophy, the reviewers, lawyers, and public meeting men.—You hear a glib-tongued younger begin his remarks with “the last time I spoke to Jeffrey on the subject,”—or “Playfair once remarked to me!”—Another will speak of his friend Sir Walter, and murmur his disapprobation of the way in which people take liberties with his name; and a third will tell you of an old grudge he bears to the Edinburgh Review, ever since they gave him such a “cutting-up,” in the “*Musæ Edinensis*!”

“Literary *Canaille*,” is not the most intelligible phrase in the world, but it expresses what I wish to call a tribe of students, young advocates, clerks, and apprentices, who are to the truly learned what the inhabitants of Cheapside, &c. are to the truly fashionable. These people have as good persons, clothes, nay, sometimes as good manners as the upper ranks in London, but they are never mistaken for them by any body at all practised in observing, even on the streets—just so with the worthies of this place, a race composed of the half-educated darlings of Mamma, who will be all their lives in the leading strings of learning, although they think themselves long past maturity,—of the sweepings of the colleges of Aberdeen and Glasgow, and a highland host from the confines of Forfar, Dundee, Aberbrothwick and Lochaber—a shallow set, who happen to have been put

o the Grammar school at eighteen pence a quarter, besides coal money; and conceive themselves as well entitled to fill up a hole in a lecture room, in the pit of the theatre, or the parliament house, as other very patriarchs of literature!

That same Parliament House, by the by, is a most delightful place, and I know of no institution, if I may so call it, which at all resembles it. It is here that the united talent of Edinburgh, under the general appellation of the "College of Justice" is to be met with.—You enter a beautiful, large, gothic-looking room, with a gigantic statue of the late Lord Melville at one end, and sundry niches or recesses in the wall, called *bars*; and up and down this room you see—walking and lounging, and lolling, and reading, and speaking,—members of "the college," of every grade, from the senator to the fag of a writer's apprentice.—And who do you see?—professors, poets, reviewers, historians, members of parliament, editors, pamphleteers, &c. &c.—All members of the college—some in gowns and wigs, some in gown and no wig, and some in neither gown nor wig—and you have every day the power of bringing together a knot of men, which I am quite sure no city in the world can equal:—this too as easily and naturally (and much more frequently) as you can bring your friends together to your table. I do think that this circumstance alone, sets Edinburgh far above London for society. The continual intercourse, in a professional way, of men of talent, the common-placeness (excuse a vile word) of what in London is made, as you know, a matter of favour and difficulty, certainly give a facility of being in *good company*, which overgrows London, even with its *Row* dinners and Hampstead parties, never can afford. You cannot turn, Sir, but you behold clusters of genius, known and unknown; and acquainted, as I have the good fortune to be, with many of the notables, I have opportunities of joining little corner parties, which the very first of your dinner-givers might congratulate themselves on being able to bring together once in a twelvemonth.

Who should I see *caspering* in a quadrille at an advocate's party, but

our old friend C——, a fellow, who, when we last saw him, seemed as unlikely ever to be in such a situation, as I believe he is now ever to be again what we knew him!—He is an absolute *Esquimaux*; and if I did not see it exemplified in more instances than his, I should not believe it possible that a man of so much real knowledge and profound erudition, could degenerate into the walking-stick, by turns, of an antiquated *Bat-bieu* of 1793, and of a Parnassian turned eagle of the school of the mountains,—but there is here a most complete refutation of the *beau idéal* of a man of letters, and the affectation of peculiarity in dress or manner; nay, the sensibility of it, is quite antediluvian. Your author, your reviewer, lecturer, philosopher, poet or prosy, farbish up their "good bodies," with a taste and carefulness that would do honour to the very *pinus* of Leadenhall-street, or the bark of St. Clement's. I wish I could sacrifice my honesty to my gallantry, so far as to award an equal care (or rather an equal knowledge) of the duties of the toilette to my fair countrywomen.—You recollect *Simkinson's* eternal jabber, that the *Scotch women* could not put on their clothes, (and I recollect your arch reply to him,—that that is from the point)—there is really more in it than we would ever allow.—I declare that I have not been wrong above once in twenty times, in guessing that such and such a lady was either English, or had resided in England, merely from her dress. But you are tired, and so am I, and so like two poor single devils as we are, we break up our *communings*, as they say here, whenever the more amiable (query—*aimable*) part of the creation come about us.

From all that I can at present see I shall remain here above a month, but my next letter will tell you my motions; and if you like the *taste* of this, you may perhaps have some more of the same *calibre*, comme dit miladi Morgan.

Write on receipt, and tell me all the prattle about Hampstead, Tavistock-square, &c.

Yours, ever,

My dear Doctor,

Most sincerely,

TOM YOUNG.

THE LAMENT.

If nations weep when kings or princes great,
 Who long have lived, and reign'd in equity,
 Yield to the still greater sovereign—Death,
 And leave their titles—riches—splendour—all—
 To be possess'd by others: if nations weep
 When dies the statesman, who in honour's path
 Has trod for years—whose theme was liberty:—
 If nations weep when the brave warrior falls,
 Wrapp'd in a robe of glory, on the field,
 Where Victory stands to place upon his head
 Her laurell'd crown of never-dying fame,
 Whose name is heard upon the infant's tongue,
 By parent taught—and that too with its prayers;—
 Though in the general sorrow I would share,
 And mourn th' unhappy loss—yet more I mourn
 For him who dies in private life, beloved
 For virtues and for talents rarely seen:—
 And when I know that round the cheerful hearth
 (Once cheerful) he no longer sits; ah, no!
 And see the widow's garb of woe—and orphans too,
 Who look into her face with glistening eye,
 And say, "Where's father gone?"—"how long he stays!"
 And "when will he come back?"—poor little dears,
 I sorrow for your sakes—for he is gone
 Where you ne'er think upon—and you are left
 On the world's ocean, and without a hand,—
 A father's hand,—to guide. I weep for her
 Who was a solace in his darkest hour,
 And who companionless is left on earth:—
 But when I think upon a heaven above,
 And that the wise and good are happy there,
 I dry my tears—and bid the widow look
 To that blest place of rest, where not a sigh
 Shall ever once escape the lips of those
 Who meet—but all be happiness and love.

Acton Place.

M. M.

THE GUITAR.

WHEN Lælia waked that wild guitar,
 Each string that own'd her raptur'd touch
 Gave music to the listening air,
 And taught the melting heart too much;
 But now its deep melodious swell
 Is harshest discord to my ear,
 For every tone is but the knell
 Of moments spent with Lælia here.
 Yet Sylvia's hand might charm the Fates,
 For she can act a Syren's part,
 But oh! the notes her skill creates,
 Though sweet, they never reach my heart:
 The cause it is not mine to tell,
 But this I know,—were Love to do it,
 He'd say, the *guitar* sounds as well,
 But Lælia's smile is wanting to it.





SKETCH FROM MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF
CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

Now exhibiting in Pall-Mall.

WE have prefixed to the present number an engraved outline of this picture (which we hope will be thought satisfactory), and we subjoin the following description of it in the words of the artist's catalogue.

Christ's Agony in the Garden.—The manner of treating this subject in the present picture has not been taken from the account of any one Apostle [Evangelist] in particular, but from the united relations of the whole four.

The moment selected for the expression of our Saviour is the moment when he acquiesces to (in) the necessity of his approaching sacrifice, after the previous struggle of apprehension.

Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.

It is wished to give an air of submissive tenderness, while a quiver of agony still trembles on his features.—The Apostles are resting a little behind, on a sort of garden-bank; St. John in an unsound dose—St. James in a deep sleep—St. Peter has fallen into a disturbed slumber against a tree, while keeping guard with his sword, and is on the point of waking at the approach of light.—Behind St. Peter, and stealing round the edge of the bank, comes the mean traitor, Judas, with a centurion, soldiers, and a crowd; the centurion has stepped forward from his soldiers (who are marching up) to look with his torch, where Christ is retired and praying; while Judas, alarmed lest he might be surprised too suddenly, presses back his hand to enforce caution and silence, and crouching down his malignant and imbecile face beneath his shoulders, he crawls forward like a reptile to his prey, his features shining with the anticipated rapture of successful treachery.

It is an inherent feeling in human beings, to rejoice at the instant of a successful exercise of their own power, however despicably directed.

The Apostles are supposed to be lit by the glory which emanates from Christ's head, and the crowd by the torches and lights about them.

The printed catalogue contains also elaborate and able descriptions of Macbeth, the murder of Dentatus, and the judgment of Solomon, which have been already before the public.

We do not think *Christ's Agony in the Garden* the best picture in this collection, nor the most striking effort of Mr. Haydon's pencil. On the contrary, we must take leave to say, that we consider it as a comparative failure, both in execution and probable effect. We doubt whether, in point of policy, the celebrated artist would not have consulted his reputation and his ultimate interest more, by waiting till he had produced another work on the same grand and magnificent scale as his last, instead of trusting to the ebb of popularity, resulting from the exhibition of *Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem*, to float him through the present season. It is well, it may be argued, to keep much before the public, since they are apt to forget their greatest favourites: but they are also fastidious; and it is safest not to appear always before them in the same, or a less imposing, attitude. It is better to rise upon them at every step, if possible (and there is yet room for improvement in our artist's productions), to take them by surprise, and compel admiration by new and extraordinary exertions—than to trust to their generosity or gratitude, to the lingering remains of their affection for old works, or their candid construction of some less arduous undertaking. A liberal and friendly critic has, indeed, declared on this occasion, that if the spirits of great men and lofty geniuses take delight in the other world, in contemplating what delighted them in this, then the shades of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, can find no better employment than to descend again upon the earth, once more teeming with the birth of high art, and stand with hands crossed, and eyes uplifted in mute wonder, before Mr. Haydon's picture of *Christ's Agony in the Garden*. If we believed that the public in general sympathised seriously in this sentiment, we would not let a murmur escape us to disturb it;—the opinion of the world, however erro-

neous, is not easily altered; and if they are happy in their ignorance, let them remain so;—but if the artist himself, to whom this august compliment has been paid, should find the hollowness of such hyperbolic commendation, a hint to him, as to its cause in the present instance, may not be thrown away. The public may, and must, be managed to a certain point; that is, a little noise, and bustle, and officious enthusiasm, is necessary to catch their notice and fix their attention; but then they should be left to see for themselves; and after that, an artist should fling himself boldly and fairly into the huge stream of popularity (as Lord Byron swam across the Hellespont), stemming the tide with manly heart and hands, instead of buoying himself up with borrowed bloated bladders, and flimsy newspaper paragraphs. When a man feels his own strength, and the public confidence, he has nothing to do but to use the one, and not abuse the other. As his suspicions of the lukewarmness or backwardness of the public taste are removed, his jealousy of himself should increase. The town and the country have shown themselves willing, eager patrons of Mr. Haydon's **AT HOME**:—he ought to feel particular obligations not to invite them by sound of trumpet and beat of drum to an inferior entertainment; but, like our advertising friend, Matthews, compass “sea, earth, and air,” to keep up the eclat of his first and overwhelming *accueil*!—So much for advice; now to criticism.

We have said, that we regard the present performance as a comparative failure; and our reasons are briefly and plainly these following:—First, this picture is inferior in size to those that Mr. Haydon has of late years painted, and is so far a falling-off. It does not fill a given *stipulated* space in the world's eye. It does not occupy one side of a great room. It is the *Iliad* in a nutshell. It is only twelve feet by nine, instead of nineteen by sixteen; and that circumstance tells against it with the unenlightened many, and with the judicious few. One great merit of Mr. Haydon's pictures is their size. Reduce him within narrow limits, and you cut off half his resources.

His genius is gigantic. He is of the race of Brobdingnag, and not of Lilliput. He can manage a *groupe* better than a single figure: he can manage ten *groupes* better than one. He bestrides his art like a Colossus. The more you give him to do, the better he does it. Ardour, energy, boundless ambition, are the categories of his mind, the springs of his enterprises. He only asks “ample room and verge enough.” Vastness does not confound him, difficulty rouses him, impossibility is the element in which he glories. He does not concentrate his powers in a single point, but expands them to the utmost circumference of his subject, with increasing impetus and rapidity. He must move great masses, he must combine extreme points, he must have striking contrasts and situations, he must have all sorts of characters and expressions; these he hurries over, and dashes in with a decided, undistracted hand;—set him to finish any one of these to an exact perfection, to make “a hand, an ear, an eye,” that, in the words of an old poet, shall be “worth an history,” and his power is gone. His *forte* is in motion, not in rest; in complication and sudden effects, not in simplicity, subtlety, and endless refinement. As it was said in the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Haydon's compositions are masterly sketches:—they are not, as it was said in Blackwood's Magazine, finished miniature pictures. We ourselves thought the Christ in the triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, the least successful part of that much admired picture: but there it was lost, or borne along in a crowd of bold and busy figures, in varied or violent actions. Here it is, not only the principal, but a solitary, and almost the only important figure: it is thrown in one corner of the picture like a lay-figure in a painter's room; the attitude is much like still-life; and the expression is (in our deliberate judgment) listless, feeble, laboured,—neither expressing the agony of grief, nor the triumph of faith and resignation over it. It may be, we are wrong: but if so, we cannot help it. It is evident, however, that this head is painted on a different principle from that of the Christ last year. It is wrought

with care, and even with precision, in the more detailed outlines; but it is timid, without relief, and without effect. The colour of the whole figure is, as if it had been smeared over, and neutralized, with some chalky tint. It does not stand out from the canvas, either in the general masses, or in the nicer inflections of the muscles and surface of the skin. It has a veil over it, not a glory round it. We ought, in justice, to add, that a black and white copy (we understand by a young lady) of the head of Christ has a more decided and finer apparent character. To what can this anomaly be owing? Is it that Mr. Haydon's conception and drawing of character is good, but that his mastery in this respect leaves him, when he resigns the port-crayon; and that, instead of giving additional force and beauty to the variations of form and expression, by the aid of colour and real light and shade, he only *smudges* them over with the pencil, and leaves the indications of truth and feeling more imperfect than he found them? We believe that Mr. Haydon generally copies from nature only with his port-crayon; and paints from conjecture or fancy. If so, it would account for what we have here considered as a difficulty. We have reason to believe that the old painters copied form, colour,—every thing, to the last syllable,—from nature. Indeed, we have seen two of the heads in the celebrated Madonna of the Garland, the Mother, and the fine head of Joseph, as original, finished studies of heads (the very same as they are in the large composition) in the collection at Burleigh-house. By the contrary practice, Mr. Haydon, as it appears to us, has habituated his hand and eye to giving only the contour of the features or the grosser masses:—when he comes to the details of those masses, he fails. Some one, we suspect from the style of this picture, has been advising our adventurous and spirited artist to try to finish, and he has been taking the advice: we would advise

him to turn back, and consult the natural bent of his own genius. A man may avoid great faults or absurdities by the suggestion of friends: he can only attain positive excellence, or overcome great difficulties, by the unbiassed force of his own mind.

The crowd coming, with Judas at their head, to surprise our Saviour, is not to our taste. We dislike mobs in a picture. There is, however, a good deal of bustle and movement in the advancing group, and it contrasts almost too abruptly with the unimpassioned stillness and retirement of the figure of Christ. Judas makes a bad figure both in Mr. Haydon's catalogue, and on his canvas. We think the original must have been a more profound and plausible-looking character than he is here represented. He should not grin and show his teeth. He was, by all accounts, a grave, plodding, calculating personage, usurious, and with a cast of melancholy, and soon after went and hanged himself. Had Mr. Haydon been in Scotland when he made this sketch? Judas was not a laughing, careless wag; he was one of the "Melancholy Andrews."—The best part of this picture is decidedly (in our opinion) the middle ground, containing the figures of the three Apostles. There is a dignity, a grace, a shadowy repose about them which approaches close indeed upon the great style in painting. We have only to regret that a person, who does so well at times, does not do well always. We are inclined to attribute such inequalities, and an appearance of haste and unconcoctedness in some of Mr. Haydon's plans, to distraction and hurry of mind, arising from a struggle with the difficulties both of art and of fortune; and as the last of these is now removed, we trust this circumstance will leave him at leisure to prosecute the grand design he has begun (the Raising of Lazarus) with a mind free and unembarrassed; and enable him to conclude it in a manner worthy of his own reputation, and that of his country!

PARIS IN 1815,

A POEM, BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, A.M.

Part the Second.

MR. CROLY is already well known in literature, by his beautiful poem of the *Angel of the World*, and by the first part of the work now before us. Having long since given our opinion of his high deserts, we are happy to say, there is nothing in the present production to detract from them. Far from it. The second part of *Paris* must add considerably to its author's reputation. The same lofty conception—the same gorgeous imagery—the same eloquent and copious diction which distinguished the poet of *Arabia*, are here, every where discernible. Nor are the graces of its language, and the splendours of its description, the sole, or even principal recommendations of this poem: they are accompanied by a pure strain of moral feeling—a clear and deep gush of patriotism and piety, that do as much honour to Mr. Croly's principles as its intellectual excellencies do to his understanding. In a day like this, when we see some of our noblest spirits flying to the bowers,

Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at
fame—

or rising on an impious wing, to brave the very source of their prostituted inspiration, it is delightful to see the poet and the Christian thus meet together, to consummate the sacred union of genius and religion—and it is wise. The loveliest, and the most lasting wreath, which human toil can weave, will surely wither, unless the rose of Sharon consecrates its foliage.

The first part of *Paris* touched upon the principal events of the French Revolution; and the second dwells upon its consequences to the French capital, and its final close, by the victorious entry of the allies, and the restoration of the Bourbons. The death of Louis XVI, the spoliation of the Louvre, the characteristic beauties of the deathless names whose works adorned its walls, the reign and overthrow of Napoleon, and the solitary and unshaken firmness of England during the awful contest which led to it, are all

sketched with the hand of a master. These interesting and inviting topics are ushered in by a preface, which yields to no part of the poem, either in energy or splendour. Indeed the prose of Mr. Croly is striking and peculiar: he seems to possess an unlimited command of language; and his vocabulary is as select as it is copious: there is a loftiness, both of style and thought about it, which is very singular, and an union of learned lore, and of natural observation, which mark not merely the "child of song," but the child of study. He seems to have drunk deeply both of the Pierian spring and of the waters of Sion. He has manifestly communed with prophets, as well as poets; and, even when ascending the highest summit of Parnassus, his eye is raised to a more celestial and loftier elevation. This is as it should be: studies thus sustained, and thus directed, rather adorn than detract from, his profession; when David strikes the harp, he should not forget his sanctity.

The following extract from the preface, gives an awful, and but too faithful picture of the mad progress of the French revolutionists.

The *Sovereign people* established on its throne, instinctively chose murderers for its ministers; Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, three heads that might have kept the gates of Tartarus. Then began the day of tribulation. The king's blood was spilled; from that hour, the scaffold was red for years. France was delivered over to a reprobate mind, and she rushed out into a drunken prodigality of crime. She had no Sabbath, no Scripture, no soul, no God! But she had one abomination to astonish the world, a crime to which even the darkness of heathenism had never stooped; in the presence of mankind, by a solemn act of her legislature and her people, she worshipped a public harlot. This was religion in the hands of the populace; their philosophic government more cruel than tyranny—their philosophic religion more benighted than paganism. The guilt of France was now accomplished. She was suffered, and spared no more. The hope of freedom was torn from her. She was abandoned to the inflictions of a despotism, that, worse than the Egyptian

lague, smote her first born from year to year. An evil phantom of glory was sent afore her, only to lead her deeper into the desert. The final retribution came. That spectral and ominous shape of military fame sank into the earth; and the infidel strength, that had defied the living God, was driven back with protracted defeat and misery, with innumerable wounds streaming in succession upon her, step after step, tripped of armour and spoils, and renown and courage, till at last the corpse was flung into the grave. This was the dominion of the populace urged to its consummation. The noblest contrast of the prosperity of a religious and loyal people was to be found by its side.

This appears to us not to be less powerful than true: as a contrast to her appalling picture, we are proud and happy to be able to present, by the same author, a glorious compendium of England's conduct during his convulsion.

England was the only nation, that, in the midst of universal overthrow, never suffered a signal casualty in arms. She went on, till protected. She had the blessing of the prophet; in the midst of her warfare, "peace was within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces." She purchased her renown by no interruption of her native pursuits, and she did not draw back a single step in science, in accomplished literature, in noble discovery, in munificent charity, in the purity of her laws, in the sincerity of her established faith; while her walls were beleaguered with the warfare of the world, she held her gates open, day and night, to the exile and the alien. Like an earthly providence, "she cared for all." In the very whirlwind of her power, she provided for the world's wealth—her fleets of war spread the Scriptures round the globe! To those who saw that time of the distress and perplexity of nations—the universal polity, like a sea upturned by storms, men's hearts failing them for fear, the mighty of the earth calling to the caves and mountains to hide them;—England—stately and unshaken, standing in a towering and solitary splendour, which grew with the deepening of the storm, her hand stretched out unweariedly to save, and her serene eye fixed on heaven—might have looked less like a being that felt hourly exposed to the common convulsion and decay, than the minister and angel of a superior throne—a being beyond the touch of casualty, impassive and immortal. The triumphs of peace followed the triumphs of war. Her old rival was destined to receive the king only at her hands. The usurper of France was destined to be given up to her only, as her slave. She was yet to wear the noble crown of moral glory. She

had abolished the slave trade. As the crowning and consummation of her fame, she was delegated to abolish Christian captivity among the infidels. Those are the monuments by which she has been permitted to make her name memorable to all time—her two great pillars, the limits to man's progress in that boundless sea of humanity, hitherto reached by no other nation, and if to be passed, to be passed only by her own illustrious adventure.

We will not apologize for giving these two admirable prose extracts in our review of a poem; and we pity the Englishman who cannot look with pleasure on the picture presented by the last. Whatever may be the infestine strifes or trifling, and let us hope, transient differences, which ruffle the fair current of our domestic history, it is a duty to let them cease, though only for a moment, that we may see in its clear and lucid surface so fair a reflection of our country's glory. Mr. Croly has not only told the truth in eloquent and energetic language, but he has most skillfully selected only those prominent and glorious features upon which all parties must look with unmingled admiration. The diffusion of the Bible, in the midst of a war, necessary and inevitable—the abolition of the slave trade—the rescue of Christians from an infidel captivity—these are exploits upon which both royalist and radical may look, and feel his country warm within him, as he holds them. When all recollection of the war shall vanish, and the French Revolution shall no longer blot the page of freedom, or fright the memory of tyrants; such deeds as these shall associate themselves with our island throne, at once ennobling itself, and consecrating the homage of which it is the object.

The poem opens with an apostrophe to the Carrousel, and proceeds to a minute and very poetic description of the Louvre, then daily restoring to Europe the spoils of which it had deprived her. The Venetian horses have their due share of honour from the poet, and not undeservedly: perhaps, there was no one trophy of the war,—we might go farther—and say, not one dynasty which waged it, which had withstood so many revolutions, and survived through such convulsions; as those far-famed steeds. Torn from Corinth by the Consul

Mummian, they were transferred to Rome, which capital they graced for nearly *five hundred years*. They then went with Constantine to his new metropolis, and for *eight hundred years* more adorned Constantinople; from this latter city, they were by the Latins, in 1204, transferred to Venice, whence, after a sojournment of *six hundred years*, Napoleon carried them to Paris, and now Venice has again received them as her ancient property! We question much, whether even Bucephalus himself has ever received the homage of so many potentates. It was Caligula, we believe, who threatened to make his horse a consul; but what was that dignity, compared to the rival love of kings, and emperors, and republicans! It would be a curious subject of speculation to discover what future chieftain shall next yoke them to his car of victory! Venice, however, is the only city which has had the honour hitherto of twice possessing them;—

Back to the Adriatic queen have gone
The steeds, with princes glorying in their
train.

We could linger long with Mr. Croly, amid the "living minds," which breathed throughout the Louvre, and almost wish we could with him have witnessed, its just, perhaps, but melancholy dismemberment.

Strange scene! of wanderer's hasting to
and fro,
And soldiers on their posts parading
slow,
And the fix'd native with his livid
glare,
And woman with her ready burst of
woe,
And eager artists, scaffolded in air,
Catching its pomp before that gorgeous
wall is bare.

We do not wonder at it, and are more than inclined to doubt the stern justice which disrobed that wall, and thereby for ever deprived art of an asylum for study, such as human ingenuity had never formed before. The world had never witnessed such a pantheon of genius—

Corregio, Titian, Raphael, Angelo,
Who made their age a wonder and despair
To all the future—

might by their combination have inspired some youthful genius to a no-

ble rivalry. Those who have risen to eminence, almost in every profession, have generally had to struggle, at the commencement, with the *res angustæ domi*, and to such, the sight almost of any one of those masters is now out of the question. The loss to the world may be irreparable. Of course, we do not mean to doubt the *justice* of the reprisal; but it was at best, a little *peddling* reprisal; and it disfigured much the spectacle of assembled Europe triumphing, as they said, in the cause of humanity and freedom, to see her mightiest potentates struggling, and almost squabbling, about their division of the booty. When Napoleon plundered, he made his spoliation subservient to the cause of intellect and art. When the Allies reclaimed the spoil, they thought of nothing, except a mercenary appropriation. But we hurry from this subject to one, which we doubt not, will be more agreeable to the reader, as well as to ourselves. We mean to the fine poetry, in which a kindred spirit is thus apostrophised.

Resplendent Titian! What a host of
thoughts,
What memories of stars and midnight
moons,—
And long hours passed beneath the emerald
vaults
Of forests; and the sweet eve's thousand
tunes,
When the breeze rushes through the vine
festoons,
Show'ring their dew-drops; are concen-
trated here!
And forms of prince and knight, in proud
saloons,
And dames, with dark Italian eyes, that
ne'er
Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's be-
witching tear.

Prometheus of the pencil! life and light
Burst on the canvass from thy mighty hand.
All hues sublime that ever dazzled sight,
Where tempests die on Heaven, or ever
waned
On hills, the evening's azure thrones, or
stained
Ruby or beryl in their Indian cells,
Or glanced from gosh-drept wing or blue
sum veined,
Or tinged in Ocean-caves the radiant shell,
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their
fountains swell.

After describing all the masterpieces of the pencil—particularly,

Guido's "Penitence of Peter," for which the artist had

Flung down his maddening game,
Startling the revellers, who saw his eyes
Flashing with thoughts that like the light-
nings came,

And his brow clouding, as the visioned
cries

Of PETER woke his own repentant ago-
nies.

the transfiguration of Raphael,

— as not with hands
Of human weakness wrought;

the "Peter Martyr" of Titian, and
the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by
Corregio,

Painter of the heart;

he passes on to the hall of sculp-
ture, where "The Apollo," "Lao-
con," "Venus," and "Dying Gla-
diator," are thus taken leave of in a
strain of as fine moral poetry as per-
haps even the muse of Young ever
consecrated. We quote them with
pleasure, because, splendid as they
are, they are indicative of better
things, even than genius.

Are they but stone! Aye, many an age the
wave

Has beat on beds as precious, and the
sheep

Has nibbled the wild vine roots round the
cave

Where their white beauty slept, and still
might sleep,

Had not the master-chisel plunging deep,
Awoke the living image from the stone.

Was their Creator born to swell the heap
Of earth's decay—be measured by a
moon?

The soul's supremacy decrees the soul its
throne.

Tombs are deceivers—what a mass of mind
Were churchyards,—if the chambers of the
brain

Dungeon'd the spirit.

There lies the house of bondage, let it lie—
The ransom'd slave's gone forth—his free-
dom was to die.

I have descended to the ancient vault,
And held communion with the remnants
there.

What saw I then? I saw the velvet rot;
I saw the massive brass like cobwebs tear,
Showing within its rents a shape of fear,

A wreck of man; from which the reptile
stole,

Scared by the light.—Decaying slumberer,
The thunders on thine ear unheard might
roll!

Is this pale ruin, the tomb, the temple of
the soul?

Oh misery if it were: that gliding worm
Might make its mock of us—it feeds, and
then
Is full and happy.

But the freed spirit's gone;—upon the floods
The rolling of whose waves is life, 'tis gone?
And it has mingled with the distem'd
crowds

That wing not in the light of star or sun,
It lives at last—its being has begun!
Aye, from the moment that its clouded eye
Shut on the chamber hush'd, and taper dun,
It gazed on things unutterable, high
Above all height—all thought—on immor-
tality.

This we conceive to be very finely
imagined, and very finely express-
ed. But comments upon such pas-
sages are superfluous: The reader's
heart must make its own comments
upon subjects of this nature, and
there is no heart, be it ever so insen-
sible, by which they will not, at
some time, make themselves felt;
and few, be they ever so libertine,
into which they can intrude, without
advantage. The following two stan-
zas are in a different style, and give
a very picturesque description of the
motley military crowd, which, fatally
for Paris, fulfilled the prophetic slang
of her revolution; and, for the time,
did indeed make her inhabitants,
however unwillingly, *citizens of the
world*.

That crowd itself a wonder; half the world
Seem'd to have sent it for some final deed.
There gazed the deep brow'd Calmuck, that
unfurl'd

His flag by China's wall:—in wolf skin
weed,

The bearded Bashkir with his lance of
reed;—

There the bold hunter, nursed beneath
thy sky,

Blue Tyrol; there the Austrian's high
plumed head;

There the dark Prussian—vengeance in
his eye,

Till the last debt is paid to bitter me-
mory.

There the green Russian, that across thy
wave,

Wild Euxine! shoots his glance of wrath
and scorn;

On the proud Sultany, stupendous grave!
Where power sits throned in shadowy

pomp forlorn,
Beneath the crescent's swift-declining horn.

There, towers, in gold and scarlet har-
nesses,

The GODLESS to the earth, no more to rise!

Champion of man and heaven! the ransom'd world's his prize.

These two or three last lines remind us of almost the only topic in these pages, on which we feel inclined to remonstrate with Mr. Croly; we allude to the incessant and rancorous abuse of Bonaparte. We can feel as proudly as any one, the signal and glorious triumph of our country; but we would not sully that triumph by any ungenerous denunciation of a prostrate adversary.

But from this subject we turn with great pleasure to one upon which no Briton can differ from our poet, and which every Briton should be proud to see so represented.—We allude to the following beautiful description of the virtues, afflictions, and funeral of George the Third. We earnestly recommend its universal perusal.—After lamenting the misfortune which deprived the king of a personal participation in the triumphs of the alliance, he goes on—

It was in mercy! thou hast spared the blow,
Worse than the worst that bruised our victor's crest:

Thou didst not see her beauty pale and low,
Whose infancy was to thy bosom prest.
She bloom'd before thee, and thine age was blest.

And it was spared the after pang that wrung
An empire's heart, and she was laid to rest,
Beneath the banner on thy turrets hung;
Thou knew'st not that she slept, thy beautiful, thy young.

Thou didst not stand and mourn beside the bed

That held the dying partner of thy throne.
Thou didst not bend a father's hoary head
In hopeless sorrow o'er thy princely son.
Servant of God! thy pilgrimage was done!
And dreams of heaven were round thy lonely tower;

Still lived to thee each loved and parted one;
Till on thine eye-ball burst th' immortal hour,
And the dead met thy gaze in angel light and power.

We talk not of the parting rites—the pomp—
Our heart above our father's grave decays.
Yet all was regal there; the silver trump.
The proud procession through the Gothic maze,

The silken banner, thousand torches blaze,
Gilding the painted pane, and imaged stone;
The chapel's deeper glow,—the cresset's rays,

Like diamonds on the wall of velvet shown,
And, flashing from the roof, the helm, and gonfalon.

Yet still the thought is hallow'd; and the train

Of solemn memories o'er the mind will come
With long and lofty pleasure, touch'd by pain.

I hear the anthem: now as in the tomb
Dying away;—then, through the upper gloom

Roll'd, like the judgment thunders from the cloud,

Above that deep and gorgeous catacomb,
Where sat the nation's mightiest, pale, and proud,

Thron'd in their dim alcoves, each fix'd as in his shroud.

Still lives the vision of the kingly hall,
The noble kneeling in his canopy,
The prelate in his sculptured, shadowy stall.
The knight beneath his falchion glittering high,

All bending on a central pall the eye,
Where melancholy gleams a crown of gold,
An empty crown, 'tis sinking, silently,
'Tis gone! yet does the living world not hold

A purer heart than now beneath that crown is cold.

Raise we his monument! what giant pile
Shall honour him to far posterity?
This monument shall be his ocean-isle,
The voice of his redeeming thunders be
His epitaph upon the silver sea.
And million spirits from whose necks he tore

The fetter, and made soul and body free;
And unborn millions from earth's farthest shore

Shall bless the Christian king, till the last sun is o'er.

There are some minor poems which our limits will not allow us to transcribe, but which will amply repay the perusal of the reader. The following little stanzas close a volume, which we can safely recommend to the lovers of poetry for its genius, and to the lovers of virtue for its high and dignified morality.

The Lily of the Valley.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean

Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow,

Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,

An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lover's thing,

The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

HAZLITT'S TABLE TALK.*

THIS work contains some of the most valuable of those treasures which its author has produced from his vast stores of feeling, and of thought. Admirable as his critical powers are, he is, perhaps, most felicitous when he discusses things rather than books—when he analyzes social manners, or fathoms the depths of the heart,—or gives passionate sketches of the history of his own past being. We are acquainted with no other living writer, who can depict the intricacies of human character with so firm and masterly a hand—who can detect with so fine an intuition the essences of opinion and prejudice—or follow with so unerring a skill the subtle windings of the deepest affections.

The most distinguishing quality of Mr. Hazlitt's essays is that which makes them, in a great degree, creations. They have in them a body of feeling and of wisdom, rarely to be found in the works of a professed observer. They do not merely guide us in our estimate of the works of others, or unravel the subtleties of habit, or explain the mysteries of the heart; but they give us pieces of sentiment in themselves worthy of a high place in the chambers of memory. He clothes abstract speculations with human thoughts, hopes, and fears. He embodies the shadowy, and brings the distant home to the bosom. If he gives a character of a favorite book, he not merely analyzes its beauties, but makes us partakers of the first impression it left on his own heart, recalling some of the most precious moments of his existence, and engrafting them into our own. We, too, seem to have been stunned with him on the first perusal of the *Robbers*, to have luxuriated with John Bunce, to have shed over the *Confessions* of Rousseau delicious tears, to have "taken our ease at our inn," on the borders of Salisbury Plain, and "shaken hands with Signor Orlando Frescobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance we have." There is no other critic who thus makes his comments part of our-

selves for ever after, as is the poet's sweetest verse, or the novelist's most vivid fiction. His hearty manner of bringing before us the finest characters of romance, as Don Quixote, Parson Adams, Lovelace, Clariissa, and Sir Charles Grandison, has stamped them with a more assured reality than they had to us, before he wrote. There is the same *substantiality*, or even more, in his metaphysical speculations; and in his remarks on men and things. In the first, if he does not, like Rousseau, puzzle us amidst flowery paths, and thickets of freshest green; or, like Coleridge, bewilder us in golden mazes; still less does he, like the tribe of philosophers, lead us up a steep and stony ascent, to a cold eminence above the mists of error, and the warmth of humanity. He not only defines the dim verge of the horizon of our being, but fills all the foreground with busy hope, with stately recollection, with forms of old and undying love. He puts a heart into his abstrusest theories. No other writer mingles so much sturdiness with so much pathos; or makes us feel so well the strength of the most delicate affections. He estimates human nature in all its height, and breadth, and depth. He does not, with some who regard themselves as the only philanthropists, think of it as mighty, only in reference to certain glittering dreams of its future progress;—but takes into his account all it *is* and *has been*. With him it is not like the fairy bean-stalk, sprung up in a day from a little root, slender in its stem, and bearing out of sight at its top, an enchanted castle, but rooted far in the earth by innumerable fibres, and lifting up a noble trunk, the more venerable because it has outlasted "a thousand storms, a thousand winters."

Of all Mr. Hazlitt's acknowledged works, that which is now before us is the best example of the hasty character we have ventured to sketch of his powers. It is, we think, the most substantial of any that he has

written. There is not so much alloy of waywardness, or of splendid trifling, and full as much sense and feeling in it as in the best of his former essays. We will just pass over its leading titles; but it is manifestly impossible thus to convey any adequate idea of a work which is in itself only an index to a world of thoughts.

We shall say but little of the first article "On the Pleasure of Painting," because it has already appeared in our Magazine,* and is, we are assured, well remembered by our readers. Nothing of the kind, we think, can be more exquisite than the author's own early aspirations and toils after eminence in his beloved art which he here gathers up and embalms. The spirit of long-crushed hope breathes tenderly through every line, and gives a nicer accuracy to every fine distinction, and a deeper beauty to every image.

Though we do not agree with those who regard Mr. Hazlitt as usually a defender of paradox, we think he has appeared in this character in his second essay "On the Past and the Future." He has, in this most eloquent disquisition, attempted to prove that the past is, at any given moment, of as much consequence to an individual as the future—that he has no more interest in what is to come than in what is gone by, except so far as he may think himself able to avert the former by action—that it is as well to have lived and enjoyed, as to have life and enjoyment yet in store. Now we may, without presumption, affirm that this is untrue, even though we should not be able to detect its fallacy. The error seems to us to consist in excluding from the argument all that properly appertains to individual being. The past and future, taken abstractedly, are quite different from the past and future, as they refer to the conscious life of each man;—and Mr. Hazlitt's reasoning appears to us to exist only in confounding these two senses of the terms. He, one moment, takes a stand apart from humanity, and the next speaks from an individual heart. Thus he says, and says most truly—

"a Treatise on the Millennium is dull; but who was ever weary of reading the fables of the golden age?"—But then we have no more personal concern in one than in the other, and where this is the case, we prefer that which human hearts have long been wont to yearn over, which the nurses of our own childhood have talked of, and over which antiquity has spread its mighty wings. Perhaps both the golden age and the Millennium are better as objects of distant contemplation, than of personal interest—for we do not heartily wish to realize either—but, were it otherwise, and the one were just over, and the other just beginning, should we hesitate which to choose, the past or the future? Or, to take a less refined and questionable example—would it be the same to us whether we had just spent a fortune, or were just adopted as a miser's heir? Then, again, Mr. Hazlitt differs from a person who would not like to have been Claude, because then all would be over with him, on the ground that it cannot signify when we live, save the present minute, because the value of human life is not altered in the course of centuries. But that present minute—and the feeling that its consciousness will last—is every thing. Our author forgets that the very desire to have been Claude is part of our present being. The vivid feeling which thus grasps past and future, and throws itself into other existences, refutes his own theory. The past itself has no real being to us except in the present. When it actually was, it had none of those attributes which it assumes now that it is gone. Like a young sapling, we have, at first, as slender roots as stem;—we strike deeper as we advance; and have a mightier hold within the soil as we spread out above it. The recollection of the past not only gives value to the present, but to the future;—because we feel that we cannot lose it till our heart and flesh shall fail us. For this, if for nothing else, we would live on. When it is "all over with us," the past is nothing. Mr. Hazlitt's own examples seem to us to be decisive against him. He

* In an advertisement prefixed to the work, Mr. Hazlitt informs us that this Essay, and that on the Ignorance of the Learned, have appeared in periodical works. The others are now first published.

instances the agitation of criminals before their trial, and their composure after they are convicted, as proofs that when a future event is certain, "it gives us little more disturbance or emotion than if it had already taken place, or were something to happen in another state of being, or to another person." But is this the secret of their stillness? Is there no distinction between indifference and despair? Because men are less agitated when hope has fled, are they, therefore, at peace? Can it be gravely asserted, that if a man were called on to decide between the recollection of the rack a year ago, or the certain prospect of enduring its agonies in a year to come, he would have no preference! The question may surely be left on this practical issue. It is not, however, fairly stated by our author. The past and the future have both an existence in the present moment,—the first in recollection, the last in hope—and taking the mere value to the *imagination* of the two, the past is incomparably the richest; that is, the definite abstractedly considered as mere matter of contemplation, is better than the visionary; but the latter is of more *value* to us, because another kind of existence is reserved for it—that which the past once had—and which it will one day lose, to take its place in the majestic background of our being.

Though we thus differ from the author on the main doctrine of this essay, we admit that it is full of the deepest sentiments, and of the stateeliest truths. How pregnant is the following refutation of the usual complaints of the brevity and worthlessness of life!

Though I by no means think that our habitual attachment to life is in exact proportion to the value of the gift, yet I am not one of those splenetic persons who affect to think it of no value at all. *Que peu de chose est la vie humaine*—is an exclamation in the mouths of moralists and philosophers, to which I cannot agree. It is little, it is short, it is not worth having, if we take the last hour, and leave out all that has gone before, which has been one way of looking at the subject. Such calculators seem to say that life is nothing when it is over, and that may in their sense be true. If the old rule—*Respicere finem*—were to be made absolute, and no one could be pronounced fortunate till the day of his death, there are few among us

whose existence would, upon those conditions, be much to be envied. But this is not a fair view of the case. A man's life is his whole life, not the last glimmering snuff of the candle; and this, I say, is considerable, and not a *little matter*, whether we regard its pleasures or its pains. To draw a peevish conclusion to the contrary, from our own superannuated desires or forgetful indifference, is about as reasonable as to say, a man never was young because he is grown old, or never lived because he is now dead. The length or agreeableness of a journey does not depend on the few last steps of it, nor is the size of a building to be judged of from the last stone that is added to it. It is neither the first nor last hour of our existence, but the space that parts these two—not our exit nor our entrance upon the stage, but what we do, feel, and think while there—that we are to attend to in pronouncing sentence upon it. Indeed it would be easy to show that it is the very extent of human life, the infinite number of things contained in it, its contradictory and fluctuating interests, the transition from one situation to another, the hours, months, years spent in one fond pursuit after another; that it is, in a word, the length of our common journey and the quantity of events crowded into it, that, baffling the grasp of our actual perception, make it slide from our memory, and dwindle into nothing in its own perspective. It is too mighty for us, and we say it is nothing! It is a speck in our fancy, and yet what canvas would be big enough to hold its striking groups, its endless subjects! It is light as vanity, and yet if all its weary moments, if all its head and heart aches were compressed into one, what fortitude would not be overwhelmed with the blow! What a huge heap, a "huge, dumb heap," of wishes, thoughts, feelings, anxious cares, soothing hopes, loves, joys, friendships, it is composed of! How many ideas and trains of sentiment, long, and deep, and intense, often pass through the mind in only one day's thinking or reading, for instance! How many such days are there in a year, how many years in a long life, still occupied with something interesting, still recalling some old impression, still recurring to some difficult question, and making progress in it, every step accompanied with a sense of power, and every moment conscious of "the high endeavour or the glad success;" for the mind seizes only on that which keeps it employed, and is wound up to a certain pitch of pleasurable excitement or lively solicitude, by the necessity of its own nature.

The following apostrophe of the author to the scenes of his early raptures, "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires," is not, to our

feeling, inferior to the finest passages in Rousseau's Confessions.

Ye woods that crown the clear lone brow of Norman Court, why do I revisit ye so oft, and feel a soothing consciousness of your presence, but that your high tops waving in the wind recall to me the hours and years that are for ever fled, that ye renew in ceaseless murmurs the story of long-cherished hopes and bitter disappointment, that in your solitudes and tangled wilds I can wander and lose myself as I wander on and am lost in the solitude of my own heart; and that as your rustling branches give the loud blast to the waste below—borne on the thoughts of other years, I can look down with patient anguish at the cheerless desolation which I feel within! Without that face pale as the primrose with hyacinthine locks, for ever shunning and for ever haunting me, mocking my waking thoughts as in a dream, without that smile which my heart could never turn to scorn, without those eyes dark with their own lustre, still bent on mine, and drawing the soul into their liquid mazes like a sea of love, without that name trembling in fancy's ear, without that form gliding before me like Oread or Dryad in fabled groves, what should I do, how pass away the listless leaden-footed hours? Then wave, wave on, ye woods of Tuderley, and lift your high tops in the air; my sighs and vows uttered by your mystic voice breathe into me my former being, and enable me to bear the thing I am!

The two Essays "On Genius and Common Sense," are distinguished by an extraordinary power of observation and analysis, of which we cannot here give examples. But we must lay before our readers the following character of the poet Wordsworth,—chiefly for that noble bursting out of the old love, in the midst of political enmity, with which it does the heart good to sympathize.

I am afraid I shall hardly write so satisfactory a character of Mr. Wordsworth, though he, too, like Rembrandt, has a faculty of making something out of nothing, that is, out of himself, by the medium through which he sees, and with which he clothes the barrenest subject. Mr. Wordsworth is the last man to "look abroad into universality," if that alone constituted genius: he looks at home into himself, and is "content with riches fineness." He would in the other case be "poor as winter," if he had nothing but general capacity to trust to. He is the greatest, that is, the most original poet of the present day, only because he is the greatest egotist. He is "self-involved,

not dark." He sits in the centre of his own being, and there "enjoys bright day." He does not waste a thought on others. Whatever does not relate exclusively and wholly to himself, is foreign to his views. He contemplates a whole-length figure of himself, he looks along the unbroken line of his personal identity. He thrusts aside all other objects, all other interest, with scorn and impatience, that he may repose on his own being, that he may dig out the treasures of thought contained in it, that he may unfold the precious stores of a mind, for ever brooding over itself. His genius is the effect of his individual character. He stamps that character, that deep individual interest, on whatever he meets. The object is nothing but as it furnishes food for internal meditation, for old associations. If there had been no other being in the universe, Mr. Wordsworth's poetry would have been just what it is. If there had been neither love nor friendship, neither ambition, nor pleasure, nor business in the world, the author of the Lyrical Ballads need not have been greatly changed from what he is—might still have "kept the noiseless tenour of his way," retired in the sanctuary of his own heart, hallowing the Sabbath of his own thoughts. With the passions, the pursuits, and imaginations of other men he does not profess to sympathize, but "finds tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." With a mind averse from outward objects, but ever intent upon its own workings, he hangs a weight of thought and feeling upon every trifling circumstance connected with his past history. The note of the cuckoo sounds in his ear like the voice of other years; the daisy spreads its leaves in the rays of boyish delight, that stream from his thoughtful eyes; the rainbow lifts its proud arch in heaven but to mark his progress from infancy to manhood; an old thorn is buried, bowed down under the mass of associations he has wound about it, and to him, as he himself beautifully says,

"The meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears."

It is this power of habitual sentiment, or of transferring the interest of our conscious existence to whatever gently solicits attention, and is a link in the chain of association, without rousing our passions or hurting our pride, that is the striking feature in Mr. Wordsworth's mind and poetry. Others have felt and shown this power before, as Withers, Burns, &c. but none have felt it so intensely and absolutely as to lend to it the voice of inspiration, as to make it the foundation of a new style and school in poetry. His strength, as it so often happens, arises from the excess of

his weakness. But he has opened a new avenue to the human heart, has explored another secret haunt and nook of nature, "sacred to verse, and sure of everlasting fame." Compared with his lines, Lord Byron's stanzas are but exaggerated common-place, and Walter Scott's poetry (not his prose) old wives' fables. There is no one in whom I have been more disappointed than in the writer here spoken of, nor with whom I am more disposed on certain points to quarrel: but the love of truth and justice, which obliges me to do this, will not suffer me to blench his merits. Do what he can, he cannot help being an original-minded man. His poetry is not servile. While the cuckoo returns in the spring, while the daisy looks bright in the sun, while the rainbow lifts its head above the storm—

"Yet I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me!"

We must, we find, make short work with the rest of the volume. The "Character of Cobbett," is worthy of the subject, and will probably be the most popular of these essays;—though, for our own part, we prefer those in which the author takes a wider range of majestic contemplations. His article on "People with one Idea," is a piece of admirable sarcasm, and contains, among many palpable hits, a sketch of Mr. Owen to the life: The next, "On the Ignorance of the Learned," is a masterly dissection of the mere scholastic character; but we admire Mr. Hazlitt more when he vindicates the majesties of the heart, or the grandeurs of antiquity, than when he exposes the emptiness of pretension. In the paper entitled, the "Indian Jugglers," he has written very finely on bodily and mental accomplishments, —and has finally left the question of their relative value nearly where he found it. In that on "Thought and Action," he has, in the same way, given full weight to the claims of poets and heroes—and has eloquently rebuked those who would institute impertinent comparisons between them. He has, in another paper, given an amusing and instructive exposure of "Paradox and Common Place," detecting the inward weakness of Mr. Shelley's vagaries, and crushing Mr. Canning's taudry nets for the understanding, into atoms. We will not follow him through his proofs of the identity of vulgarity with affectation—or his elaborate exposures of the inconsis-

tencies of Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses—but will conclude with a picture of a dreaming, contemplative existence, from the article "On Living to One's-self," which, we think, is in Mr. Hazlitt's finest style, and which is steeped in intense recollection of his own being.

What I mean by living to one's-self is living in the world, as in it, not of it: it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it: it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men, calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor once dreamt of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. "He hears the tumult, and is still." He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him, without putting himself forward to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons, the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring; starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while he is taken up with other things, forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He feels the truth of the lines—

"The man whose eye is ever on himself,
Doth look on one, the least of nature's
works;

One who might move the wise man to that
scorn

Which wisdom holds unlawful ever"—

he looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of nature, and takes an interest

beyond his narrow pretensions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Woe be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is contented with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves, he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment. I can speak a little to this point. For many years of my life I did nothing but think. I had nothing else to do but solve some knotty point, or dip into some abstruse author, or look at the sky, or wander by the pebbled sea-side—

“To see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.”

I cared for nothing, I wanted nothing. I took my time to consider whatever occurred to me, and was in no hurry to give a sophistical answer to a question—there

was no printer's devil waiting for me. I used to write a page or two perhaps in half a year; and remember laughing heartily at the celebrated experimentalist, Nicholson, who told me that in twenty years he had written as much as would make three hundred octave volumes. If I was not a great author, I could read with ever fresh delight, “never ending, still beginning,” and had no occasion to write a criticism when I had done. If I could not paint like Claude, I could admire “the witchery of the soft blue sky” as I walked out, and was satisfied with the pleasure it gave me. If I was dull, it gave me little concern: if I was lively, I indulged my spirits. I wished well to the world, and believed as favourably of it as I could. I was like a stranger in a foreign land, at which I looked with wonder, curiosity, and delight, without expecting to be an object of attention in return. I had no relations to the state, no duty to perform, no ties to bind me to others: I had neither friend nor mistress, wife nor child. I lived in a world of contemplation, and not of action.

LORD BYRON'S MARINO FALIERO, &c.*

WE cannot speak in terms of very enthusiastic praise of this historical play. Indeed, it hardly corresponds to its title. It has little of a local or circumstantial air about it. We are not violently transported to the time or scene of action. We know not much about the plot, about the characters, about the motives of the persons introduced, but we know a good deal about their sentiments and opinions on matters in general, and hear some very fine descriptions from their mouths; which would, however, have become the mouth of any other individual in the play equally well, and the mouth of the noble poet better than that of any of his characters. We have, indeed, a previous theory, that Lord Byron's genius is not dramatic, and the present performance is not one, that makes it absolutely necessary for us to give up that theory. It is very inferior to Manfred, both in beauty and interest. The characters and situations there, were of a romantic and poetical cast, mere creatures of the imagination; and the sentiments such, as the author might easily conjure up by

fancying himself on enchanted ground, and adorn with all the illusions that hover round the poet's pen; “prouder than when blue Iris bends.” The more the writer indulged himself in following out the phantoms of a morbid sensibility, or lapt himself in the voluptuous dream of his own existence, the nearer he would approach to the truth of nature, the more he would be identified with the airy and preternatural personages he represented. But here he descends to the ground of fact and history; and we cannot say, that in that circle, he treads with the same firmness of step, that he has displayed boldness and smoothness of wing, in soaring above it. He paints the cloud, or the rainbow in the cloud; or dives into the secret and subterraneous workings of his own breast; but he does not, with equal facility or earnestness, wind into the march of human affairs upon the earth, or mingle in the throng and daily conflict of human passions. There is neither action nor reaction in his poetry; both which are of the very essence of the Drama. He does

* Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice. An Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. With the Prophecy of Dante. A Poem, by Lord Byron.—Murray, London.

not commit himself in the common arena of man ; but looks down, from the high tower of his rank, nay, of his genius, on the ignobler interests of humanity, and describes them either as a dim and distant phantasmagoria or a paltry fantoccini exhibition, scarce worth his scorn. He fixes on some point of imagination or of brooding thought as a resting-place for his own pride and irritability, instead of seeking to borrow a new and unnecessary stimulus from the busy exploits and over-wrought feelings of others. His Lordship's genius is a spirit of necromancy or of misanthropy, not of humanity. He is governed by antipathies, more than by sympathies ; but the genius of dramatic poetry is like charity which "endureth much, is patient, and by humbling itself, is exalted." Lord Byron, for instance, sympathises readily with Dante, who was a poet, a patriot, a noble Florentine, an exile from his country : he can describe the feelings of Dante, for in so doing, he does little more than describe his own : he makes nothing out of Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, and cares nothing about him, for he himself is neither a warrior, a statesman, nor a conspirator. Lord Byron can gaze with swimming eyes upon any of the great lights of Italy, and view them through the misty, wide-spread glory of lengthening centuries : that is, he can take a high and romantic interest in them, as they appear to us and to him ; but he cannot take an historical event in her annals, transport us to the time and place of action, give us a real, living interest in the scene, and by filling the mind with the agonizing hopes, and panic-fears, and incorrigible will, and sudden projects of the authentic actors in the world's volume, charm us of ourselves, and make us forget that there are such half-faced fellows as readers, authors, or critics in existence. Lord Byron's page has not this effect ; it is modern, smooth, fresh from Mr. Murray's, and does not smack of the olden time. It is not rough, Gothic, pregnant with past events, unacquainted with the present time, glowing with the spirit of that dark and fiery age : but strewn with the lowers of poetry and the tropes of historic. The author does not try

to make us *overhear* what old Faliero, and his young wife and his wily, infuriated accomplices would say, but makes them his proxies to discuss the topics of love and marriage, the claims of rank and common justice, or to describe a scene by moonlight, with a running allusion to the pending controversy between his Lordship, Mr. Bowles, and Mr. Campbell, on the merits of the natural and artificial style in poetry. "That was not the way" of our first tragic writers, nor is it (thank God) that of some of the last. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin :"—one line of Webster, Decker, or Ford, (to say nothing of Shakespeare) is worth all the didactic and descriptive paraphrases of what would neither be seen nor felt by men in a state of strong agitation as they occur in this play. We cannot call to mind, after reading it, a single electric shock of passion ; not a spark of genius struck out of the immediate occasion, like fire out of the flint ; not one revelation of our inmost nature, forced from the rack of restless circumstance. But this is all that is truly dramatic in any tragedy or poem : the rest is but a form of words, an imposing display of ingenuity, or understanding, or fancy, which the writer (however excellent he may be in any of these respects) might as well or much better make in his own person. We think most highly of Lord Byron's powers "on this side of idolatry ;" but we do not think those powers are dramatic, nor can we regard the present work as a splendid exception to that general opinion. But enough of prefatory remark.

Marino Faliero is without a plot, without characters, without fluctuating interest, and without the spirit of dialogue. The events hang together very slenderly and unaccountably. Steno (one of the Senate) has slandered the Doge's wife, Angiolina, and is adjudged by his peers to a month's imprisonment only, which is considered by the haughty Faliero as equivalent to an acquittal and a deliberate insult to himself ; and he resolves to revenge it, by destroying the senate and overturning the state. His lady endeavours to pacify him under this indignity, says she is very indifferent to the matter herself, and

a long, cool, dispassionate argument follows, in which she enters into her sentiments of virtue and honour, and gives her reasons at large for marrying the Doge (who is an old man but choleric withal), which amount to this, that she did not care at all about him. The whole of her connection with the play is a very Platonic sort of business. She neither precipitates nor retards the plot, is neither irritated by the imputation on her own character, nor overwhelmed by her husband's fate. She is a very fair, unsullied piece of marble. Just at the moment that the Doge has received this mortal affront from the senate, Israel Bertuccio (an old fellow-soldier and retainer of his) has been struck by a Venetian nobleman, and comes to his patron "with blood upon his face" to supplicate for revenge. This facilitates the object of the Doge. Israel Bertuccio is commander of the arsenal, and it so happens, that a conspiracy is already hatching there, among the officers and workmen, to redress the wrongs of the state, and cut the throats of reverend rogues in office. These things fall out luckily together: there is no connection between them, but they serve as a peg to hang the plot on. The Doge is introduced to their council and becomes their leader; but, though he is represented as a fiery, untameable character, a rough soldier, he pules and whines through the rest of the piece, is continually reproaching his companions with his own scruples of conscience, making out that they have nothing to do with them, because they are only base plebeians, not knit to the senate by the ties of honour and friendship; but yet he persists in carrying into effect his purpose of revenge, and in assisting theirs of patriotism and justice. This is not very natural nor very interesting. The plot is defeated by the old trick of one of the conspirators being a little softer-hearted than the rest, and the Doge ends his inauspicious career by an elaborate denunciation of the senate, and prophetic view of the fall of Venice. Lord Byron has taken no advantage of Otway's *VENICE PRESERVED* to heighten his plot, though the outline is much the same; nor is there any tendency to plagiarism from other authors, ex-

cept an unaccountable pilfering of single phrases from Shakspeare. We will just give a few of these.

————— *There's no such thing.*

• • • • •
We will find other means to make all even.
• • • • •

————— *To pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics.*

————— *In the olden time
Some sacrifices asked a single victim.*

Thine's blood upon thy face.

I am a man, my lord.

Groan with the *strong conception of their wrongs.*

But let that pass.—*We will be jocund.*

The same sin that overthrew the angels.

————— *But I have set my little left
Of life upon this cast.*

It is our knell, or that of Venice.

We will not scotch, but kill.—&c. &c.

And calmly wash those hands *incarnadine*.

Among the poetical passages in this play, we might instance the following as some of the most striking. The Doge, in addressing his nephew on the cause of their revenge, says passionately—

—Aye, think upon the cause—
Forget it not:—When you lie down to rest,
Let it be black among your dreams; and
when

The morn returns, so let it stand between
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud
Upon a summer-day of festival:
So will it stand to me.

Angiolina's description of her husband is also very graceful.

—Would he were return'd!
He has been much disquieted of late;
And Time, which has not tamed his fiery
spirit,
Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,
Which seems to be more nourish'd by a
soul

So quick and restless that it would consume
Less hardy clay.—Time has but little power
On his resentments or his griefs. Unlike
To other spirits of his order, who,
In the first burst of passion, pour away
Their wrath or sorrow, all things wear in
him

An aspect of eternity: his thoughts,
His feelings, passions, good or evil, all
Have nothing of old age: and his bold brow
Bears but the scars of mind, the thoughts
of years,
Not their decrepitude: and he of late
Has been more agitated than his wont.

Would he were come ! for I alone have
 power
 Upon his troubled spirit.

We do not think the Noble Author has, in the sequel, embodied this *Titianesque* conception of his hero, Faliero. On the contrary, he is tetchy and wayward, sceptical, querulous, and full of the gusts and flaws of passion. As an instance of mere haste and irascibility, arising out of nothing, and subsiding into nothing, take his captious assumption of an agony of rage at the mention of his son, or what he chuses to interpret as such.

Israel Bertuccio. You must come alone.

Doge. With but my nephew.

Israel Bertuccio. Not were he your son.

Doge. Wretch ! darest thou name my son ? He died in arms

At Sapienza for this faithless state.

Oh ! that he were alive, and I in ashes !

Or that he were alive ere I be ashes !

I should not need the dubious aid of strangers.

Israel Bertuccio. Not one of all those

strangers whom thou doubtest,

But will regard thee with a filial feeling,

So that thou keep'st a father's faith with them.

Doge (answers.) *The die is cast. Where is the place of meeting ?*

There is very little of keeping, or of "the aspect of eternity," in this.

Angiolina and Marianna, her friend, thus moralize very prettily on the distinction between virtue and reputation.

Marianna. — Yet full many a dame, Stainless and faithful, would feel all the wrong

Of such a slander ; and less rigid ladies, Such as abound in Venice, would be loud And all-inexorable in their cry For justice.

Angiolina. This but proves it is the name And not the quality they prize : the first Have found it a hard task to hold their honour,

If they require it to be blazon'd forth ; And those who have not kept it, seek its seeming,

As they would look out for an ornament Of which they feel the want, but not because

They think it so ; they live in others' thoughts,

And would seem honest as they must seem fair.

The Doge presently after addresses his wife to the following purpose.

— Well I know

'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream Of honesty in such infected blood, Although 'twere wed to him it covets most : An incarnation of the poet's god In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or The demi-deity, Alcides, in His majesty of superhuman manhood, Would not suffice to bind where virtue is not, &c.

To say nothing of the allusion to Shakspeare in the above passage, it is Lord Byron speaking in the 19th century, and not the Doge of Venice in the 14th. The author has *virtu* running in his head, more than virtue. There are several of these anachronisms of style and sentiment scattered throughout. We have neither space nor inclination to quote them. The following speech of the Doge, giving directions for the first raising the alarm of insurrection, is as spirited as any thing in the play.

— By different routes

Let your march be directed, every sixty

Entering a separate avenue, and still

Upon the way let your cry be of war

And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn * Discern'd before the port ; form round the palace,

Within whose court will be drawn out in arms

My nephew and the clients of our house, Many and martial ; while the bell tolls on, Shout ye, " Saint Mark ! — the foe is on the waters ! "

It is no wonder that Calendars, after this, exclaims—

I see it now—but on, my noble lord.

This is what we mean by dramatic writing. In reading such lines as these, we not only read fine poetry, but we feel, see, and hear the genius of the place, the age, and people, stirring within us and about us. Dramatic poetry, as Shakspeare says of war, should be " lively, audible, and full of vent."

Among the passages calculated for action and stage-effect, are the Doge's tearing off and trampling on the ducal bonnet in the first act, his presentation to the conspirators in the third, and the entrance of the *Signor of the Night* to arrest him as a traitor.

tor just as he is expecting the signal for the destruction of the senate in the fourth. As he is waiting for the tolling of the bell, he hears other noises.

—Hark! was there not

A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial unison?

Then

Enter a Signor of the Night, with Guards.
Doge, I arrest thee of high treason, &c.

As a specimen of the political and practical tone of the tragedy, we shall select only one passage.

Israel Bertuccio. We have them in the
tails—it cannot fail!

Now thou'rt indeed a sovereign, and wilt
make

A name immortal greater than the greatest:
Free citizens have struck at kings ere now;
Cæsars have fallen, and even patrician hands
Have crush'd dictators, as the popular steel
Has reach'd patricians; but until this hour,
What prince has plotted for his people's
freedom?

Or risk'd a life to liberate his subjects?

For ever, and for ever, they conspire
Against the people, to abuse their hands
To chains, but laid aside to carry weapons
Against the fellow nations, so that yoke
On yoke, and slavery and death may whet,
Not glut, the never-gorged Leviathan!
Now, my lord, to our enterprise; 'tis great,
And greater the reward; why stand you
rapt?

A moment back, and you were all im-
patience!

Doge. And is it then decided? must they
die?

Israel Bertuccio. Who?

Doge. My own friends by blood and
courtesy,

And many deeds and days—the senators?

Israel Bertuccio. You passed their sen-
tences, and it is a just one.

Doge. Ay, so it seems, and so it is to you;
You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus—
The rebel's oracle—the people's tribune—
I blame you not, you act in your vocation;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and
despised you;

So they have me: but you ne'er spake with
them;

You never broke their bread, nor shared
their salt;

You never had their wine-cup at your lips;
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd,
nor wept,

Nor held a revel in their company;

Ne'er smiled to see them smile, nor claim'd
their smile!

In social interchange for yours, nor trusted
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as
I have:

These hats of mine are grey, and so are
theirs,

The elders of the tutuail; I remember
When all our locks were like the raven's
wing,

As we went forth to take our prey around
The isles, wrung from the false Mahometan;
And can I see them dabbled o'er with
blood?

Each stab to them will seal my suicide.

We agree with Israel Bertuccio,
who interrupts him here—

Doge! Doge! this vacillation is unworthy
Of a child, &c.

It is not the proper way of *backing
his friends*. We had intended to give
Lioni the Senator's description of a
Venetian moon-light; but it is too
long, and the public are all but
glutted with the abstract beauty and
dazzling power of Lord Byron's pen.
There are some strange inversions of
style in different parts of the work,
and two instances of bad English.

And in my mind, there is no traitor like
He whose domestic treason plants the
poignard

Within the breast which trusted to its truth.

Lady! the natural distraction of

Thy thoughts at such a moment wake the
question

Merit forgiveness, &c.

The Doge of Venice, which is to
be brought out this evening (April
25th) at Drury-lane, will hardly
make a popular acting play.* Any
thing written by Lord Byron, must
be read.

The Prophecy of Dante, appended
to the tragedy, is a rhapsody in his
Lordship's manner, but not in his
best manner. The description of
Italy, as it bursts upon the traveller
from the brow of the Alps, is ad-
mirable; but it is such as might
come from the lips of a stranger, a
native of the frozen North, like Lord
Byron, rather than from the old poet
Dante, who had bathed from his
youth in her vales and azure skies,
and was "native and endued unto
that sunny element." The author
speaks of continuing and completing
this fragment, if he meets with en-
couragement to do so. But is it not
for him to write what he pleases, and
for the public to read in spite of
themselves?

* It was acted, but did not succeed.

OLD STORIES.

No. IV.

TRUTH NOT TO BE TOLD AT ALL TIMES; OR,
THE MORAL ENCHANTER.

IN those days, when magicians were rife on earth,—doubtless very delightful times, for even now the mere relation of the wonders which were then common, retains a spell, and a potent charm against the ennui of a long winter's evening—in those days there lived an enchanter, who must himself have been bewitched, being possessed not only by the wish of curing, but by the hope of being able to cure, mankind of their foibles, vanities, and follies, by means of the resources of his art. Many were the astonishing proofs which he is reported to have given of his skill; some of them, indeed, so astonishing as to be incredible even to those, who are not startled at the utmost licentiousness of fiction, or all the wonders of fairy-land. One instance of what he is said to have thus effected, will convince the reader that his repute was not greater than it merited to be. Almaforatati—for such was the imposingly sonorous name of our philosophic magician—almost endued of itself with necromantic power,—had discovered that the female tongue generally acquires an additional and very formidable impetus after marriage; and that the musical tones of a maiden's dulcet voice frequently become shrill and discordant from the same cause: in short, he discovered that another magician, of very capricious temper, and named Gegamos, took a malignant pleasure in frequently transforming the most beautiful nymphs, angels, and goddesses, into shrews and scolds; a more lamentable metamorphosis than any recorded in that delightful romance, written by the Ariosto of antiquity.* Against these most diabolical transformations, the benevolent Almaforatati contrived a potent talisman—but, unfortunately for posterity, the secret of this talisman was confided to a woman; and therefore, as the sex are as little celebrated for their retention of secrets, as they are for their retention of tongue, I presume that it has long since been lost. Reader, art thou married? Should such happen to be the case, thou wilt

appreciate the benevolence of Almaforatati as it deserves.—It is not my intention, however, to record all that this humane enchanter did for the improvement and amelioration of mankind; since excellent as he was, and excellent as his history could not fail to be when written by myself, it might be somewhat prolix—I will not employ that ominous word *t tedious*. For the present, therefore, I shall confine myself to the relation of one of those many cures which he effected by the judicious employment of his necromantic skill.

There was, among others, whom he attempted to bring to reason, a certain Biribissi: this person was afflicted with a most inconvenient and ugly disorder, which was a perpetual source of embarrassment to himself and others; for the poor man was determined, on every occasion, to *speak his mind*, and to manifest by his actions his thorough contempt for what he termed the sophisticated and artificial forms of society. This he frequently did, to the utter disregard of the feelings of every one else. Almaforatati considered him, therefore, as a very fit object of compassion, and resolved to remove, if possible, so desperate a folly; and what can be more egregiously so, than an exposure of one's undisguised sentiments on every occasion, and that, too, in the most wanton and gratuitous manner. In order to accomplish this laudable purpose, Almaforatati transported Biribissi to an enchanted domain; where, upon his arrival, he proceeded towards a spacious edifice, on which was an inscription, purporting that it was the Palace of Unsophisticated Sincerity; and that, within its walls, no restriction was imposed upon either words or actions. Biribissi was enraptured at this discovery, and immediately entered, hoping to be able, for once, not only to speak truth himself, without offending others, but likewise to hear it from them. After passing through many noble and magnificent halls, where there was no one either to receive or welcome him, he found

himself in a splendid saloon, filled with a numerous company.

The din and confusion which prevailed here, tended in some degree to dispel the pleasure he had experienced in contemplating the splendour of the other apartments, and in anticipating the enjoyment arising from a complete rejection of those eternal insincerities which are a stain upon social intercourse. Having entered, he soon discovered that each individual was acting with as little restraint as if he were completely alone. Some were gesticulating before the large mirrors that adorned the walls, and throwing themselves into strange attitudes, and each expressing aloud his unqualified admiration of his own person. Others, who held manuscripts in their hands, were extolling the beauties of their own composition, and appeared to be lost in ecstasy at the contemplation of their own genius. Some were dancing—but all singly;—some singing; others talking aloud to themselves, and expressing, very unreservedly, their opinions of the rest of the company; every one, in short, was manifesting his perfect disregard of all form or restraint.

At first, Biribissi was delighted at what he considered to be liberty, freedom, ingenuousness, candour, and a love of veracity; in a short time, however, he was disgusted at their extravagance, particularly as they did not scruple to make certain observations on his person, which, notwithstanding his enthusiasm for sincerity, he could very well have spared; the more so, as his features and countenance were not altogether formed to call forth expressions of admiration. So irritated, indeed, did he at length become, in consequence

of some comments on his figure, very candidly offered to him, that he aimed a blow at the commentator himself, for the purpose of convincing him, not logically, but manually—of the exceeding bad taste of his critique, and how little it was relished. But, lo! no sooner had he struck him, than the whole scene vanished, and he found himself standing in the presence of Almaforatati, who expressed his admiration at his vehemence, by a countenance not of the sternest cast for a magician. “Biribissi,” exclaimed he, “you appear to be somewhat disturbed? How! has any thing occurred within the Palace of Sincerity, that could possibly excite your displeasure?” But the astonished, the indignant, the abashed Biribissi replied not. “Well,” continued Almaforatati, “unless all my science has forsaken me, I may venture to predict that, henceforward your unqualified admiration of unqualified sincerity will be considerably diminished—will be less fervent, less romantic. The lesson you have just received, and the scene you have just been witnessing, must convince you that the forms against which you exclaim as being incompatible with liberty, as abridging—and they undoubtedly do—the freedom of each individual, are precisely that which preserves social intercourse, and polishes down its asperities, rendering it less harsh, and less likely to wound the tenderness of self-love. The insincerity which you so much decry is but that decent veil, without which truth itself disgusts; while the candour you have hitherto affected to admire, is but too often a mere disguise, beneath which may be detected, obstinacy, rudeness, and selfishness.”

THE WATER LADY—A LEGEND.

THERE is a mystery in these sombre shades,

A secret horror in this dark, deep flood:

’T seems as if beings of another race

Here lurk invisible, except what time

Eve’s dusky hour, and night’s congenial gloom,

Permit them show themselves in human guise.—

Men say that fays, and elves, and water spirits,

Affect such haunts—and this is surely one.

On the banks of one of the streams falling into the Inn, are the remains of an old castle, not far from a nar-

row defile or glen, where the waters, being hemmed in, rush with impetuosity through fragments of rock

impeding their course. Of these, the following legend is related. The last possessor of the castle, which had not been inhabited for several centuries, was Count Albert, a youthful nobleman, descended from an illustrious ancestry; daring, enthusiastic, and addicted to study; but his studies were of such a nature that they incurred for him, among his credulous dependants, the imputation of holding unhallowed intercourse with supernatural beings. Independently, however, of the censures his conduct occasioned in this respect; he was admired by all for possessing, in an eminent degree, personal courage and prowess, qualities so necessary, and therefore so highly prized, in those ages. Yet even those who were most forward to commend his undauntedness could not forbear blaming the indiscretions of his curiosity, which led him to venture into scenes that would, by the fancied horror attached to them, have appalled the bravest of his followers. During the most stormy weather, when the spirits of the air were supposed to be wreaking their fury on the elements—in the depth of night, at what hour the departed were supposed to revisit the earth, and forms obscure and terrific to appear to the unfortunate traveller who should be bewildered on his way,—even at such seasons would Albert venture into the recesses of the woods, enjoy the conflict of nature on the blasted heath, and explore the wildest solitudes around his domain.

Such practices occasioned much conjecture and rumour—and many prophesied, that some terrible visitation would overtake the man, who, if not actually leagued with the powers of darkness, delighted in all that was terrific and appalling; nor did the less scrupulous or the more imaginative hesitate to relate, with particular circumstance and detail, the dreadful mysteries he was reported, at such times, to have witnessed.

In the defile, which, as has been stated, was in the immediate vicinity

of the castle, it was said that a fairy, or spirit, named by the peasantry the Water Lady, had been heard by night, singing within a cave hollowed in the rock, just above the most dangerous part of the current.

Albert was determined to ascertain the truth, and, if possible, obtain an interview with the supernatural inhabitant of the *Black Water Vault*. Such a daring project excited the horror of all who heard it; since many were the tales respecting persons having been enticed to listen to the strains of the spirit, and afterwards perishing in the foaming waters: for she was said to delight in attracting the unwary, and the curious. But though the design of the young Count appeared so fraught with danger, and obstinate temerity, nothing could induce him to abandon the enterprize; neither the entreaties of his friends, nor those of Bertha, his betrothed bride, whom he was shortly to conduct to the altar: it rather seemed as if all obstacles and dissuaves did but irritate his unhallowed curiosity. One evening, the third of the new moon, the Count, attended by two companions, whom he had prevailed upon to assist him in rowing his boat, and steering it among the eddies of the torrent, departed for the scene of research.—They proceeded in silence, for Albert was buried in thought, the others were mute from apprehension. No sooner did they approach the narrow pass where the foaming and congregated waters dash furiously through the contracted channel, than was heard the voice of one within the cavern.

The music was so strangely sweet and fascinating, that, although struck with awe at the supernatural sounds, they were induced to advance. A form was soon dimly descried: it was that of a female arrayed in floating drapery, but her features they might not discern, as she wore a thick veil. They continued to approach the spot so as to be able to catch distinctly the following words, which were chaunted in a tone of solemn adjuration.

By the treasures of my cave,
More than avarice could crave,
More than Fortune yet e'er gave,
I charge thee, youth, appear.

Here I wait thy will and hest,
 Here with me thou'lt safely rest,
 Thou art he, my chosen guest ;—
 Then enter thou, nor fear.

Mortal, now, in dead of night,
 Magic spell of friendly sprite,
 To favour thee, hath bound aright
 Aught that would thee harm.
 Hither, hasten, youthful rower :
 In my secret, inmost bower,
 Thou shalt find a worthy dower ;—
 Defy not, then, my charm.

By this time they had arrived opposite to the cave: Albert motioned to his companions to stay the bark, and scarcely had they obeyed, when having leapt into the flood, he was soon descried by them climbing up the jutting crags below the cavern—he entered beneath its low-browed opening, and disappeared. Gazing upon each other with looks of dread, and fearing to speak, lest there should be horror in the tones of their own voices, they retired to some distance, waiting in the hope that the adventurer might re-appear: at length, they returned to the castle, in the same silence of terror as they had hitherto observed. “Where was their companion, the Count—had he perished?—How had they lost him—what had they beheld?” These and similar questions were put to them by the terrified inmates: their replies were brief, vague, incoherent, but all of dreadful import; and no doubt remained as to the youth’s having become the victim of his own temerity.

The following morning when the family were assembled, and preparing to commence their matin repast, Lord Albert advanced into the hall, and took his wonted station at the table, with the usual salutations. All started as if a spectre had stood before them—yet, strange to say, no one dared to address him as to his absence, or his mysterious return—for he had apparently but just quitted his chamber, clad in his wonted morning apparel: every one was as spell-bound, since no sooner did any attempt to question the Count, than he felt the words die away upon his lips. There sat a wondrous paleness on his brow, yet was it not sad; there was, too, a more than common fire in the expression of his eye;

he was thoughtful—at times abstracted, but instantly roused himself, and essayed to animate the conversation. If the silence of the others was singular, that of Albert himself was equally so, for he took no notice whatever of the occurrences of the preceding evening. No sooner had he quitted the hall, than every one began to inquire of his neighbour, if he knew when, or how the Count had returned—to wonder at their own silence on this topic, and impute it to some magic charm. Day after day did they continue to express to each other their astonishment, their surmises, their apprehensions; but even his most familiar friends did not venture ever to speak a syllable to him on the subject of their curiosity: among other circumstances, which were whispered about, it had been remarked, that instead of the ring the Count used to wear, which was of great value and family antiquity, he now had one, of which the circle itself, and not the ornament, was apparently cut out of a single piece of emerald, and, as some averred, who had taken the opportunity of examining it, unperceived by its wearer, inscribed with mystic characters.

In time, however, these circumstances ceased to be the theme of conversation, and even appeared forgotten during the preparations for the approaching nuptials between the Count and the Lady Bertha; and were never mentioned during the gaieties attendant upon their solemnization. On the evening after the bridal day, while the Count was conversing apart with one of his guests, in the recess of an oriel window, the faint beam of the new moon fell upon his face—he looked up aghast, as if struck by some sudden, dreadful re-

collection, and, dashing his hand against his forehead, rushed wildly out of the apartment. Consternation seized all who witnessed this dreadful burst of dismay, of which none could tell the cause.

Retired from his guests, the Count was hastily pacing to and fro, in a long gallery leading to his private apartments, when Bertha broke in upon him. She did not notice his extreme disorder, being herself hardly less agitated; but informed him, that on the preceding night, a figure, veiled in long flowing drapery, had been seen standing at their chamber door, and the next morning a ring picked up by her attendants on the very spot where this mysterious appearance had been observed. She then gave the ring to her Lord—it was that which he had formerly worn. “Fatal, fatal night! Listen, Bertha!” exclaimed he, in a tone of anguish. “Impelled by curiosity, I visited the cave of the ‘Water-Lady;’ it was on the third of the moon. She compelled me to an interchange of rings: from her it was that I received this fatal one, which you observe on my finger, and which I am bound by a solemn vow never to lay aside. I vowed also,”—he shuddered as he spoke—“to consent to receive a visit from her on the third of the moon—this I was obliged to do, or incur all the consequences of her wrath, while yet in her power: from that fatal period, I have been obliged to submit to these intercourses with a strange being—the consequence of my unhallowed curiosity. Last night was due to her!” Bertha listened in horror—the Count looked on his finger, the circlet of emerald was gone; how he knew not, but he hoped

that he was now released from his terrible vow, yet felt a strange presentiment of impending misfortune. Bertha, notwithstanding her own distress, endeavoured to cheer him, but became alarmed herself at the ashy paleness of his countenance: he tried to persuade her he was not so disturbed as she imagined, and turned to a mirror, for the purpose of seeing whether his features wore the deadly aspect she fancied—but a cry of horror issued from his lips; the mirror had reflected his dress, but neither his hands nor his face. He felt that he was under the bann of that mysterious being, with whom his fate was so strangely linked. A deadly chill darted through his heart; he rushed to his chamber, but no sooner had he laid his fingers upon the bolt of the door, than he felt them grasped by a cold icy hand. “Albert,” cried a voice, “thou hast broken the compact so solemnly ratified between us. Last night was the third of the moon: know that spirits may not be trifled with.” Bertha had followed her bridegroom: she had heard the awful voice—she felt that some strange visitation was at hand, yet was not therefore deterred from entering the apartment.

The next day, no traces of either Albert or Bertha could be discovered, they were never seen again; and all agreed that they had perished by the revenge of the “Water-Lady.” The castle was deserted; became a ruin—and the peasantry used ever afterwards to point out with dismay the fatal cavern of the Black Water Vault, and to relate to the traveller the legend of the Water-Lady.

THE DRAMA.

No. XVI.

We must make short work of the drama this month. The managers have been sparing of novelties, and we must necessarily have something to write upon: we must have thread whereon to string our glittering conceits, or they and our readers would speedily be in ‘gay confusion,’ to the utter discredit of us and our magazine.

When a man is about undertaking to write, with little or nothing for a subject, it behoves him to make a pause,—and to weigh the chances of his saying little or nothing upon it. We have none of that faculty, so good at a pinch, which enabled an ingenious* person to make ropes out of sea-sand, to the utter dismay of an

* *Diabolus*:—this is Latin, and for gentlemen only.—The story wants confirmation.

insolent sceptic. We cannot build our castle on air, nor present our readers with visions of our own, instead of honest matters of theatrical fact. We might indeed feign that certain plays had been acted, and proceed to dissect them, without more ado, and offer up their mangled limbs to the keen appetites of our country readers, but we should be 'found out' in the end; and—like the Barmecide, who, in the spirit of princely fun, proffered to his guest his shadowy refectory, we might get our box o' the ear, as soundly as the Persian did, for our pains.

We must be even brief therefore.

The only plays which have been lately represented are '*Venice Preserved*,'—'*The Duenna*,'—and one or two others of ancient date: and there has been a new melo-drama also, called '*Undine*,' and two interludes. We will say a few words upon each.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Venice Preserved has been brought forward in order that Miss Dance (the new actress) might attempt the character of Belvidera.—This tragedy is almost the only one (perhaps the only one) which may be considered to have broken the dull list of mediocrity, which connects our living dramatic writers with those of the Elizabethan age. It has faults, doubtless, and very great faults of language; but there is a nerve and a strength about it, and a redeeming dramatic power also, which lifts it beyond all the other tragedies which have been written since the restoration of Charles the Second. Southern's diction was generally in better taste than that of Otway, but his muse was weaker, and his dramatic skill was less. Finer images might be selected, perhaps, from the extravagant writings of Lee, but he had the pomp rather than the power of poetry, and he had not that tact for character, nor had he the good keeping of Otway.

Yet *Venice Preserved*, with all its merits, has scenes which are insufferably tedious: it has some tumid and much unnatural writing: Jaffier and Belvidera are too much spread and beaten out, as it were: they say so much to (and of) each other, that

they do not say a great deal that is profound. There is little of that concentrated style of speech,—that pith of expression for which the writers of the time of Elizabeth were so remarkable, and less of their simplicity. Pierre, indeed, is a bold and striking figure, who stands out, like a rock, from amidst that sea of sorrow which Belvidera and her weak and vacillating husband pour forth. He is, in fact, the hero of the play; and, like a pleasant discord in music, he saves it from the monotony which would otherwise attend it. If the character of Jaffier had been more condensed, it would have been very good, for it is good in the conception; but it is eked out too much, and Otway (who had not a very great poetical faculty) has given him too much of flowery phrase to render him altogether pleasant to any one besides his wife. Still, Jaffier has great passion and great tenderness; though, in representation, he shrinks before the firm and more masterly spirit of Pierre.—To give the reader an idea of what we object to, we will quote a passage, from the first act, which is supposed to be spoken by Jaffier. The first three lines may well have been uttered by an exulting husband or lover; but what shall we say of the simile that follows?—is it not misplaced and most tediously prolonged?—is it not dull, unnatural?

Reign, reign ye monarchs, that divide the world;

Busy rebellion ne'er will let ye know

Tranquillity and happiness like mine!

Like gaudy ships the obsequious billows fall

And rise again to lift you in your pride;

They wait but for a storm and then devour you;

I, in my private bark already wreck'd,

Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,

That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure

In one dear casket, and saved only that:

Since I must wander further on the shore,

Thus hug my little but my precious store.

Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.

Pierre is less metaphorical, and so (properly so) is Belvidera, though she complaineth too much at large. Miss Dance's acting (which, in the tenderest parts of a character, that

is, almost entirely tender, was very pleasant), did not convince us of the contrary. This young lady excels in gentle expression, and in the utterance of those trembling, half-stifled tones of anguish and love, with which the character of Otway's heroine abounds. Thus she gave the celebrated words, "Remember twelve!" with great effect; and in the mad scene, where she supposes that she has caught her husband in her arms, and says, "I have him, father," her tones were really heart-touching. But she is not at present of age to wear the crown, and wield the sceptre of tragedy: she does not look the matron or the queen, or (as Mrs. Siddons, who was all and each by turns)

Like the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods.

She wants, in short, that depth and magnificence of voice, that serious and proud dignity of person, and the knowledge to use or subdue both to her purposes, which we have once seen exemplified, and never but once, upon the English stage.—Miss Dance may, nevertheless, in a certain range, excel, as a graceful and touching actress; and, indeed, she may in time (for she is yet young on the stage) accomplish even more than we will now venture to prophesy on her behalf.—Mr. C. Kemble's Jaffier is quite excellent, but it is well known, and we will not therefore dilate upon it. Mr. Macready's Pierre (we saw him on the second night of its performance) was a high and sternly striking portrait. It did him and Otway honour.

The Duenna is one of the best operas in the world. The wit (which is Sheridan's) is pleasant, and the songs are pleasant also: they have much of character in them, and are not thrust in upon all occasions, like the songs of our present operas, or the jokes of our modern farces. There are the celebrated songs of "Had I a heart for falsehood framed."—"Adieu, thou dreary pile;"—and "Oh! the days when I was young;" and also that renowned glee and chorus, where the reverend Father Paul and his co-adjutors are discovered mortifying themselves with wine.—It is very edifying, as well as the dialogue that follows it.

Glee and Chorus.

The bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets, that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

There is, moreover, a capital piece of wit in this play, of which we wish to apprize the uninformed reader. "Isaac Mendoza," a stupid half-converted Jew, conjectures that he is in love with, and asks in marriage, the daughter of Don Jerome. The father is willing, but the daughter and her brother rail against Isaac in his absence. One says that he has "left his religion for an estate;" to which the lady answers—"But he stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament."

Miss Hallande played Carlos, and sung the songs delightfully; her tones are almost matchless. We heard one of the first singers and best judges of the day say truly, that the stream of her voice was like balm. Why do not the managers cause her to be placed under some eminent teacher? It would surely answer their purpose to do so. Miss Stephens performed Clara, and gave the difficult air of "Adieu, thou dreary pile," very felicitously; though she, like Miss Hallande, excels in simpler strains. When they sing together they are like a pair of nightingales.

Virginius, (Mr. Knowles's excellent Tragedy) has been revived for the benefit of the holiday-makers. George Barnwell reposes at last, safe from the jeers of the critics in the pit, and unaffected by the riotous inattention of the galleries; and the Roman Virginius has been brought forward, and the pale Virginia martyred, in dumb show, in order that the revellers of Easter may be satisfied. The Gods (as they are called) of the gallery, like the pagan deities of old, require that tragedies shall be presented to them on their gay and gaudy days; they will not come to see comedy, or opera, or farce; and tragedy, which they do come to see, they will not hear. This was not

altogether the case, however, on Easter Monday, though it generally is the case. On the contrary, we heard the play indifferently well, and saw Miss Beaumont perform the part of *Virginia*, which she did very agreeably. She does not look so pretty as Miss Foote was wont to do, neither did she play it on the whole so well, but she was nevertheless very agreeable; (that is the word which we arrive at, again;—excellent is too much, and respectable is not enough.) Mr. Macready's *Virginius* is well known, and it deserves to be known. Mr. C. Kemble was a spirited *Scilius*.

Undine, or the Spirit of the Waters, is a melodrame, which followed the representation of *Virginius*. It is founded on a beautiful tale, written by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, but it is scarcely adapted to terrestrial machinery. Some liberties had been taken with the original, even by the translator, Mr. Soane; but the melodrame-wright (this word may be forgiven us,—at least, by manufacturers of melodrame) has departed much from the tale of La Motte Fouqué. Even a goblin of Sir Walter Scott's has been pressed into the service; and has been drafted from Scotland to Germany, in full possession of his alarming qualities. This personage (the same who used to shriek—*tint—tint*—in the forests of Reedsdale) was well acted by Grimaldi.

That dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Thro' all the border:

And it must be owned, that he lost none of his brightness in the hands of our peerless clown. There was no alloy—no approach to humanity or beauty; but, wild as the woods from which he sprung, when he first showed himself to Henry of Crans-toun, the goblin page stood confessed before the eyes of all the marvellers of Easter Monday. Miss Dennet was a graceful *Undine*, and Farley, in crystal sandals, the terrible *Kuhl-born*. The melo-drame is worth seeing, if it be only for its scenery, and Mr. Soane's translation of the story is an exceedingly interesting little book.

The London Stars. This is merely an interlude, written for the purpose of displaying Yates's mimicry, in which he is really clever.

DRURY-LANE.

Jane Shore.—At the time our theatrical article went to press, nothing new (of any importance) had occurred at this theatre. The tragedy of Lord Byron, *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, was announced only; but as we have given a review of that work in our present number, our readers will be glad, perhaps, that the criticism on the acted play is postponed. It must be materially curtailed.—‘*Jane Shore*’ has introduced Mr. Wallack to the public, as the Duke of Gloster, and Mr. Cooper as Hastings, and Mrs. West as the penitent mistress of Edward. Mr. Wallack is always a respectable actor, and sometimes a very good one; but the vein does not run through an entire character. Mr. Cooper never offends us, and, it must be owned, seldom pleases us. If Mrs. West would spare herself and her auditors a little, she would be a very respectable actress; but her tones are too much in the ‘*Ercles*’ key, and are painfully prolonged. Her voice resembles an instrument where one note keeps ringing in the ear until the next is struck, and there is no cessation of sound till the song be ended. We do not know how this may be in music, but, in speaking, it is bad, and we recommend Mrs. West to reform the habit. With all her faults, however, Mrs. West is an effective actress: a certain part of the house admires her, and the rest forgive her, and so it is very well.

Giovanni in London. Miss Cobitt has appeared, instead of *Madame Vestris*, in this after-piece; but she is not equal to her predecessor, who sings delightfully, and has a good deal of comic talent.

Mytification, a brief entertainment, seems to have ended its course. As this is the case, we shall forbear any criticism upon it; and we now mention it only for the sake of putting it on our records.

Town Conversation.

No. V.

MR. MATURIN'S FORTHCOMING POEM.

CIRCUMSTANCES have, we understand, delayed for a time the publication of the "Universe," by Mr. Maturin, which we last month announced to be forthcoming. We have, however, been gratified by a perusal of the poem, and have much pleasure

in presenting a passage or two as specimens to our readers. It is in three parts, and evinces poetic genius of a very high order. The following passage, describing the instability of human affairs, seems to us finely expressed:

— here the joyous train,
Zephyrs, and sunbeams, and young flowers of Spring
Breathe life and gladness;—desolation there,
Wan smiling on the landscape, with her cold
Sepulchral index, points from her grey throne
Of most prevailing ruin, to the sweet
Young vales of April, and, with hollow voice,
Taunts the young spirit of delight, with tales
Of other times! Until the gazer feels
The future in the mournful past, and—while
His lonely footsteps strike sounds, deadlier
Than silence, o'er the paths of ancient men,—
Thinks, how—within those proud and populous halls
Where neighbours, kindred, and compatriots dwell,—
How may the same dead echoes be returned
In springs of ages more remote—by sons
Of far posterity! As gentle night
Once veiled the desert, with her silent wings
Most beautiful,—upon the dusky air,
A sound of awful burthen, rose from far
Over my spirit;—'Twas the voice of Time!
Another arch had fall'n, among the towers
Of lone Palmyra:—and the Syrian land,
From its wide, echoing wastes of regal ruins
And shattered citadels, replied aloud.
Far startled in his lair, the desert beast
Howled his long hymn of desolation, up
To the starr'd brow of night—who still, o'er head,
Wore her bright silver frontlet, unperturb'd!

As a companion to the above, we select a description of the comparative permanency of the works of nature.

Come ye! who, wrapt in some peculiar lore,
Self-dazzled—call it wisdom—ye, who think
The pomps of pride worth gazing—or who love,
In distant lands, to hunt for monuments
Of fallen empire, and are struck with awe
By pillar, arch, or pile,—who stand transfix'd
Where old Pantheon, beautifully vast,
Uplifts its airy concave—or sublime,
The sky-aspiring dome of Angelo!
Come, and behold this Temple:—when still night
Hath silenced the loud hum of wakeful hours—
And the lone pulses beat, as if it were
The general pulse of nature: then, with eye
Of fix'd and awe-struck meditation, look
From world to world! See yonder in the South,
How, with its vast and bright diameter,
The proudest of the planets seems afar
Diminish'd to a point: yet there, perchance.

very much the appearance of being raised on a coloured ground, yet with a certain undefineable peculiarity of look that sufficiently distinguishes them so as to form another species of ornament.

Antwerp.—The Literary Society of this city have announced their intention of bestowing a gold medal for the best paper, in the Dutch language, on their distinguished countryman Rubens. Another of equal value to the author of the best dissertation on the following subject, viz. "Whether the vernacular tongue ought to serve as the basis for the study of foreign languages and the sciences; also, how far it may be usefully employed for this purpose?" A silver medal is offered for the best poem (of not fewer than 150 or more than 400 lines) the subject of which is to be "The Union of the seventeen Provinces and of the Netherlands in 1814 into one Kingdom." These papers are to be sent in, before the 1st of July.

Russia.—Karamsin has nearly finished the ninth volume of his History of Russia, which will contain many important details relative to the reign of Ivan Vassilievitch, surnamed the Terrible. The events of this interesting period are said to be narrated with the finest eloquence of History, and the style to be remarkable for its precision, elegance, purity, and force.

A new romantic Poem, in ten Cantos, entitled Roustan and Ludmila, has appeared at St. Petersburg, and is highly spoken of by those best able to appreciate it. The story, which is national, is founded upon the most popular narratives from the time of Vladimir: its beauties are said to be of the first order; the style frequently energetic, always pure and correct; altogether, it is a production of extraordinary merit, and augurs well for the future reputation of its youthful author, Pouchkin, who is not more than twenty-two years old.

Improved Printing-press.—M. Hellfarth, a printer at Erfurth in Germany, has contrived a press capable of printing eight sheets at a time, and of throwing off seven thousand copies of each sheet in the space of twelve hours; which amount altogether, to no fewer than fifty-six

thousand sheets printed on both sides. The machinery is put into motion by a single horse, and three men are able to supply the paper and remove it. Each sheet perfects itself.

Views in the Ionian Islands.—The first number of an interesting publication of Views in these islands, has just appeared. The publication will be complete in four numbers, each to contain four highly coloured fac-simile engravings, executed by Messrs. Havell, from drawings, by Cartwright. Independently of their worth, as exhibiting the scenery of these celebrated places, these plates are valuable, as showing the costumes, manners, and usages of the inhabitants as far as it was possible to do. Coloured engravings ought not to be decried so violently as they generally are, as an illegitimate and spurious branch of art; since, although but an imperfect substitute for painting, they may be a very adequate one for tinted drawings, especially when so carefully executed as to present nearly fac-similes of them.

Tenerani.—The name of this sculptor will be more generally known throughout Europe than it is at present. He is a native of Carrara: was first a pupil of Canova, and subsequently of the no less celebrated Thorvaldsen. The exquisite figure of Psyche, which he has produced, would alone suffice to stamp his reputation, displaying, as it does, powers that promise a rich maturity of genius. This statue has been greatly admired at Rome, and in the opinion of some connoisseurs it possesses greater purity, simplicity, and beauty, than are to be found in any of the works of the two eminent men, his instructors in the art.

Architecture.—Two interesting Architectural Works are now publishing in Germany. One of these, which is by the Architect Gärtner, appears at Munich, and contains views, measurements, and details of the best preserved Grecian monuments extant in Sicily. The engravings are accompanied with concise letter-press descriptions, and explanations. The other publication is a series, in outline, of Schinkel's Architectural Designs, either of such buildings as he has already executed,

or of such as are intended to be erected: among these, are designs for the completion of the Town Hall, or *Rathhaus*, at Berlin.

Venetian Architecture.—“Le piu conspicue fabbriche di Venezia misurate, &c. &c.” This truly magnificent and splendid work, consisting of two volumes in large folio, embellished with 250 plates, cannot fail of interesting every lover of art, and every traveller, who has visited that romantic city. As a pledge for the accuracy of the measures and delineations, it may be sufficient to state, that the drawings and engravings were made by the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, of which the celebrated Cicognara is President; and that the work enjoyed all the advantage of his direction and superintendence. An excellent chronological table of the different buildings will be found of admirable utility to those who study architecture historically: it is divided into æras; the first comprises all the buildings anterior to the fourteenth century; the second, those of the fifteenth; the third, the edifices erected at the commencement of the sixteenth; the fourth, those of Sanmicheli, Sansovino, Palladio, Scamozzi, &c.; lastly, the fifth exhibits all the buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The architecture of Florence, Genoa, and Milan, is now illustrating on a similar plan.

Scientific Travels in Brazil.—Drs. Spix and Martin, Members of the Academy of Sciences, at Munich, returned last autumn from their travels in Brazil, undertaken for the purpose of exploring the natural curiosities of that region. They brought home with them a very extensive collection of rare specimens in natural history, the fruit of their researches; and the publication of their travels is looked forward to, with considerable expectation, by naturalists, and men of science.

Lord Byron's Corsair.—A German Translation of this powerful and interesting poem, appeared last year at Altona: it is by Mad. E. F. von Hohenhausen; but, though the production of a female pen, it possesses all the vivid energy of the original, while the character of the heroine has received some touches of delicate and graceful sensibility that add to

its former interest. This version is, in fact, distinguished by a spirit, rarely to be found in the best translations—which is no slight merit, and such an excellent copy of an admirable original, cannot fail to add to the reputation of its author, who is esteemed one of the most charming female writers that Germany possesses.

Egyptian and Nubian Antiquities.—About three years ago M. Gau, of Cologne, began to explore the most remote districts of Egypt—that land of prodigy and antiquity—in search of hitherto undiscovered monuments, for which purpose he commenced his researches where those of other travellers have generally terminated. His attention was directed to antiquities extant in Nubia, and between the first and second cataract of the Nile. On his return to Rome last year, he immediately began to prepare for publication an account of his researches, which cannot fail to excite much interest, since, from his professional knowledge as an architect, and his talent for drawing landscapes and figures, his delineations of the objects he beheld may be depended upon for the utmost accuracy and fidelity. His drawings, which will exhibit specimens of whatever he discovered most remarkable in architecture, painting, and sculpture, are now engraving by a number of the best artists at Rome. It is expected that M. Gau's work will throw considerable light on the state of art and civilization in those countries. Many of these antiquities have never been before examined at all, and many but imperfectly; the most ancient of these are those at Girah, Essebua, and Abusambul. They consist of extensive excavations, containing colossal and half colossal figures hewn out of the rock, decorated also with a vast number of hieroglyphics, and historical representations; both in relief and *en creux*, the greater part of which are painted: one of the most conspicuous subjects is a temple, which was discovered and cleared away by M. Gau himself. The first volume will comprise all the Nubian antiquities; the second will consist of a selection from those of Egypt, to which will succeed a third, or supplementary volume, containing the ancient monuments of Jerusalem.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XV.

ON Saturday, the 14th of April, the Opera of *Il Tancredi*, introduced to the stage and to an English audience Signora Marinoni, who sustained the character of the Hero. The part is written for a low soprano, and was first performed at Venice by Madame Adelaide Malnotti. Bellocchi was the original hero, *Il Tancredi* having been brought out for her benefit last season. Bellocchi, though her voice was a little on the decline, was a singer of fine science and admirable execution, in the manner of the best schools: she had great command and mastery in her art, both as an actress and a musician. Signora Marinoni had therefore not only to contend with the disadvantage of a first appearance, but to combat the recollections of her successful and accomplished predecessor. Her voice and style are not greatly above mediocrity. The part requires compass, power, energy, elocution, and elegant facility. There is scarcely to be found a recitative and air, demanding all these attributes in higher perfection than *O Patria*, and the fascinating air which follows, *Tu che accendi*. Signora Marinoni, in the dearth of contraltos, may be a useful, but she is not a great singer. Of the merits of the Opera we have before spoken at large (vol. ii. p. 94). The new tenor, Signor Curioni is arrived in this country, and appears for the first time in Garcia's character, the Count in *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*, or in an Opera of Mozart. He has a good figure, a very pleasing, fair, English physiognomy; possesses graceful action, a voice powerful and of excellent quality, and a manner purely Italian. The manager is reported to be in treaty with other performers of acknowledged talent, and every thing indicates that the conduct of the house will be as spirited and successful as might be anticipated from the enterprise and ability now employed in the direction. Signora Corri, whom we cannot but esteem to be a singer of exquisite polish, is not yet engaged, and Miss Naldi is about to return, we understand, immediately to the Continent.

The chorus has this season been particularly an object of attention, and consists of thirty-six carefully selected voices.

Mr. Kiesewetter, a violinist of the first rank, played at the Philharmonic Concert of March 26, and since at the Oratorios, and is considered as a very great performer. His superiority is, however, attributable rather to exquisite polish, neatness and brilliancy, than to extraordinary force. His intonation is admirable, particularly in the very highest notes, which he takes with a delicacy and precision peculiarly his own. There were passages in the slow movement of his Concerto, which excited enthusiastic approbation; but while he is esteemed by some to be the finest player yet heard in England, very good judges do not class him on the whole above our admirable Mori. A boy is just arrived from Paris, who is said to be a very extraordinary player on the violin. At the same Concert, M. Tulou, a professor from Paris, performed on the flute, but with subordinate effect; his playing is extremely neat and pleasing, but his execution is very far short of that of Drouet; and in his tone, he is considered to be inferior to Nicholson.

The conductors of the Oratorios have enjoyed a successful season, but not more than commensurate with their uncommon exertions. The predominating charm, besides the diversity of first-rate performers, has been in the application of harp accompaniments upon the extended orchestral scale which we noticed in our last, to a variety of pieces. Mr. Bechsa's *requiem* is a magnificent composition, and he has also produced a new grand National Cantata, entitled *Peace*, accompanied by three orchestras of harps. The bills at both theatres were principally made up of selections from Mozart's and Rossini's popular Operas, not was the grand battle Sinfonia entirely forgotten. Sacred music undoubtedly made only a secondary figure. But the public "will have it so," and conductors must yield. Sir George Smart endeavoured, in a former year,

to sustain the formulary characteristic of the Lent performances, and Handel's glorious composition, *Israel in Egypt*, was attentively and strongly got up. But it failed altogether to attract, and after the second or third night it was laid aside. This season terminates the subsisting engagement both of Sir George Smart and Mr. Bishop with the two theatres, and it seems both were desirous of concluding their reign with eclat.

Vocal science has lost one of its greatest ornaments in Mr. Bartleman, who died on Sunday the 15th of April, after an illness of several years, which had subjected him to various painful operations, and had been attended with gleams of hope, brief and fallacious. He was a member of the Chapel Royal and other choirs, a scientific and erudite musician, and as a bass singer, has raised the art of expression to a higher pitch than any of his predecessors. He revived the music of Purcell, and supported the school of Handel, indeed the ancient schools generally, with a degree of energy, purity, and effect, for which the musical world may now long look in vain. With this imaginative and energetic singer, the traditionary manner of such things, as Purcell's *Let the dreadful engines*, *The frost scene* in *King Arthur*, and *Saul and the Witch of Endor*, will, we apprehend, be entirely lost. His voice had power and richness, yet these were joined with a lightness that is seldom met with in singing. He was, perhaps, the first Englishman who endeavoured to relieve the mechanical effects before his time considered inalienable from basses, and to inform this part with spirit, fancy, finish, and a certain portion of elegance; and he was, perhaps, as successful in the addition of these attributes to the native majesty and volume of tone that are the foundations of bass singing, as any man ever was or ever will be. His style was strictly English, both in the formation of his tone, and in his elocution, which was highly animated, and full of effective transitions. The test of his peculiar excellence appears to be, that no one has succeeded in follow-

ing or imitating his manner, nor, indeed, has he left behind him any successor sufficiently strong, by many, many degrees, to buckle on his armour. In private life, Mr. Bartleman was refined and informed, lively in conversation, and enthusiastically fond of his art; he lived amongst the best society, was one of the first ornaments of his profession, and he dies universally esteemed and lamented.*

At this season of the year, composers, like trees, put forth their leaves, and little less numerously. The selections from operas, &c. are abundant. We need only enumerate them. Paer's overture to *Leonora*, is arranged as a duet for the piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute and violincello, by Rimbault. The airs from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Watts. The second book of selections from *Il Turco in Italia*, by Latour,—selections from *Il Tancredi* for the harp, by Boehsa, all with flute accompaniments. Mr. Rophino Lacy has arranged the overtures to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as a quintett for two violins, flute, viola, and violincello: Novello has given us the first number of selections from Himmels' Opera of *Fanchon*, arranged as duets for the piano-forte, and Mr. Burrowes has again arranged the Hallelujah chorus as a duet for the harp and piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute and violincello, being the first number of a series that promises great excellence.

The second Book of French Romances, arranged as easy lessons for the harp, by Dizi; *La nouvelle Tyrolienne*, with variations for the harp, by Horn; the subject is very sweet, and well preserved throughout eight variations which are light and brilliant, though far from difficult.

The Tyrolean Waltz, with variations; and a French Air, also with variations, by Dussek, are lessons for the harp. They afford practice in the usual arpeggio passages, &c. without rising to much difficulty, and are very agreeable.

A Polonoise for the Pianoforte, by Kalkbrenner, is an original, and somewhat singular composition. The

* A more expanded account of this singer's powers and accomplishments will be found at page 661 of our second volume.

rhythm gives it great lightness, and it contains some very melodious passages, the effect of which is heightened by the rapidity of execution which the piece requires.

Trois Sonates avec l'accompagnement d'un Violon et Violoncelle, by Leopold Kozeluch, are in a light, easy style, and contain much imagination and elegance.

No. 7, of the *Operatic Airs*. The theme is from Sebastian and Leonora (better known as the Portuguese Air, *Flow on thou shining river*, selected by Mr. Moore, for the National Melodies) and is arranged with variations, by Kiallmark. The introduction is effective, but the variations are very common-place, and in the old, tiresome forms. Their chief merit lies in preserving the subject. This number is the easiest and the worst of the set.

No. 4, of the *Quadrille Rondos*, is by Rawlings. The composer has not been very fortunate in the choice of his subject. The introduction is good, and the Rondo playful, and somewhat graceful, notwithstanding an evident deficiency in air, which is chiefly owing to the poverty of the theme.

From the vocal list, we select (for our limits allow us only to select) the recitative and beautiful, singular, and florid canon, *M' affretto di mandarvi i contrasegni*, from *La Gazza*

Ludra. This is a composition of fine science, and great genius: It includes all the novelty in the adaptation of ornamental passages to the purposes of expression, which we venture to prophecy, will hereafter become the grand characteristic of Rossini's inventive faculty. It is for two basses and a soprano, and requires considerable execution, and very peculiar powers of expression; but is well worth the study it will cost to attain.

Mr. and Mrs. John Byng Gattie give us two compositions, the first, *Hope thou Nurse of Young Desire*, (originally by Weldon, in 1699) arranged for three voices, two trebles, and a bass. Good trios for these voices are rather scarce, and this will form an elegant addition to the society stock. Mrs. Gattie's work is a very light, pleasing, and fanciful canzonet, upon the errand of Puck, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is highly creditable both to her imagination and her judgment.

There are two ballads from Mr. Wesley Doyle, (the words by Mrs. Opie) both elegant, expressive, and in good modern taste. *O that I could re-call the Day*, is, however, to be greatly preferred to *I know you False*. Indeed, we think it is excelled by few in true feeling and effect.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

During this "piping time of peace," but little variety can be expected in our foreign relations, and in fact very little has occurred of interest since our last. The Neapolitan insurrection is at an end. Never, since insurrection first began to affright the dreams of legitimacy, did any hostile threat upon the part of a people evaporate into such "thin air" as that of the loud and timorous inhabitants of Naples. Menace, and proclamation, and gasconade, chased each other in quick succession—but the moment an enemy appeared, they all proved

themselves "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The Austrians traversed the territory in a sort of military triumph, and entered Naples without having discharged a single musket. Whether this is to be imputed to cowardice, or treachery, or a mixture of both, we are yet to learn. General Pepe, the leader of the insurrection, has issued a proclamation severely upbraiding his countrymen for their conduct, disclaiming alike their soil and their association, and indignantly declaring himself a voluntary but virtuous exile.

Another, and as it appears a formidable, rising has, however, taken place in the Greek provinces under the dominion of the Porte. This originated at first in Little Wallachia, under the guidance of a person named Theodore, who had been an officer in the Russian service; and was afterwards much more widely and seriously extended by the efforts of a young prince called Ypsilanti, the son of a former Hospodar of Moldavia, and a Major General in the same service with Theodore. On the 7th of March this prince issued proclamations to the inhabitants both of Moldavia and Wallachia, declaring himself called upon by many thousands of the Greeks to effect their liberation from the thralldom of the Turks, and invoking the assistance of these provinces in the great work of emancipation. The style of these proclamations is eloquent, and even poetic; and they are said to have produced a corresponding effect upon the people to whom they are addressed. Documents have been issued by the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, disclaiming all participation in these events, declaring their intention of preserving a strict neutrality, and avowing their policy to be alien to every intrigue which may threaten the tranquillity of any country whatever. In confirmation of this, Prince Ypsilanti has been deprived of all rank and emolument in the Russian service; and severely reprehended by the Emperor for an enterprise, which, however, he chiefly attributes to his youth, and the rashness which is supposed to be its natural characteristic. In the meantime Ypsilanti proceeds every day in the organization of his troops, and the recruiting of his adherents, in both of which he is represented as very successful. The struggle promises to be serious and interesting, and the impotency evinced by the Porte in the contest with Ali Pacha renders it extremely critical.

A dreadful account has arrived of a massacre of the strangers at Manilla by the Indians, excited, as the report goes, by Spanish interference. It took place on the 9th of October, and was perpetrated under the eyes of the Captain General and all the constituted civil and military authorities, without the slightest opposition whatever! There seems to have been

no favour or affection shown; and English, French, and Chinese fell indiscriminately before the savage and murderous banditti. The plunder, of the French alone, amounted to 212,000 dollars, and that of the Chinese is estimated at a much larger sum. A considerable number of French and English, including ten of our seamen and eighty-five Chinese, are known to have fallen. It is to be hoped that the respective governments, whose subjects have been thus inhumanly plundered and sacrificed, will insist on the punishment of so horrible a breach of religion, humanity, and social order. There appears never to have been an outrage at once more sanguinary and more unprovoked.

The naval power of Tunis has experienced a signal, and, as it would almost seem, a providential visitation. It appears that the Bey had long meditated an extensive piratical expedition, and for that purpose had concentrated the flower both of his navy and army in a particular port. They were well prepared for the purposes for which they were destined—the brass cannon alone amounted to 300 pieces, and the military force to 3000 effective men, distributed among nineteen ships of war. The 6th of the month was the day appointed for their departure, and on the morning of the 6th the exulting barbarian saw them, in grand review, exhibit the skill and prowess which he hoped would soon freight them with the spoils of Christendom. On the night of the 5th, however, a tremendous hurricane incidental to those climates arose, and the day, which was to dawn upon their departure, showed the disappointed Pirate the entire and utter annihilation of his insidious armament. Never was there desolation more sudden and more universal—not a sail—not an individual, escaped the fury of the raging element; and the dungeons of Tunis are, we hope, to remain long untenanted by Christian captives.

A new heir has succeeded to the throne of China, and the will of the late Emperor exhibits a characteristic specimen of the arrogant simplicity of those lords of the "celestial empire." After enumerating all he has done for his subjects, and detailing the principles of general policy by which his reign was guided, he mentions that

he fears he is about to die in the hunting lodge from which the will is dated. "But," says he, "my ancestors visited this lodge annually, and therefore why should I be *indignant at dying here.*"

The debates of Parliament during the last month embraced some questions of much national importance. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which, for the first time had passed the Commons, was thrown out in the House of Lords, upon the second reading, by a majority of thirty-nine.

Mr. Western's Malt Tax Repeal Bill has also been lost on the second reading in the House of Commons; and the debate, on Mr. Lambton's Reform motion, was disposed of by a premature division.

Mr. Hume submitted to the House of Commons a statement of the expenses incurred by England during the year 1819, for the detention of Napoleon Buonaparte in the island of St. Helena. The estimate amounted to 439,674*l.* which, as it was not disputed by Ministers, we may presume to be accurate.

Sir James Macintosh, who seems to have succeeded the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly in an attempt to ameliorate the penal code, has introduced three bills for rendering the offences of forgery, stealing on canals and navigable rivers, and house robberies, liable to a lighter punishment than at present existing. The debates, however, upon those, and indeed almost every other important subject, have been deferred through courtesy to Lord Castlereagh, who has been obliged to vacate his seat in the House, in consequence of the death of his father, the Marquis of Londonderry, who expired, a few days ago, at the advanced age of eighty-three. As the Marquis was not an English Peer, the Noble Lord, now Marquis, is of course again eligible to a seat in the House of Commons, and means have been taken for his immediate re-election. The representation, however, of the county of Down, vacant by this demise, is likely to be tediously and warmly contested. The Marquis of Downshire's interest is very considerable; and from his family the principal opposition is expected to spring. The Marquis of Londonderry, in consequence of the delay inevitable on such

a contest, does not dispute the representation in his own person, but comes in for a ministerial borough. The preceding are the principal topics of parliamentary interest, and the Houses have adjourned during the Easter recess.

We have seldom had to record a case of more melancholy, and indeed romantic domestic affliction, than one which has lately occurred in the Isle of Man. A Miss Fell, a beautiful young lady, resident on that Island, walked out to amuse herself on the cliffs, near Douglass Head, from one of which she fell, and was precipitated upon a shelving rock, at a considerable distance below. She was much bruised by the fall, the sea almost surrounded her, and the part on which it was bounded by the land was so precipitous, that escape was impossible. Here she remained from the 10th till the 23d, unnoticed by the few boats which passed so far beneath her, that she could not have appeared larger than a bird, and her voice quite gone by her repeated attempts to render herself audible. A small well of spring water, which she fortunately found upon the cliff, afforded her only nourishment. On the 23d, however, the waving of her handkerchief attracted the notice of a boatman, who rowed towards her, and found her almost insensible, on her knees, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her voice scarcely strong enough to disclose her residence. She was carried home, where she found her wretched mother worn out by her brother's illness, and her own absence, and was only just in time to receive her dying breath. The wretched young lady, agonized and exhausted, terminated her existence in a fit of insanity.

The preparations for the coronation are again resumed, and going rapidly forward. A day, however, has not yet, we believe, been fixed for that magnificent ceremonial. The King's coronation robes are most splendid, and his mantle is said to have cost 20,000*l.* Some decay having been suspected in the roof of Westminster Hall, a general survey of it was ordered, and the cherry-tree rafters, being found unsound, were taken down, and replaced. It is curious enough that the oak, which, according to popular tradition, was

imported into this country from Ireland, by William Rufus, was perfectly undecayed. It is said to be the property of this timber to kill the worms which eat into other kinds of wood. Six weeks must occur between the issuing of the coronation proclamation, and the celebration of the ceremony. A rumour is again in circulation, that his Majesty intends in the course of the summer, to visit not only Ireland, but Hanover. It is, however, as yet, merely rumour.

Mr. Keap is so popular in the United States of America, that the box tickets of the Boston theatre have been put up to auction, and sold on an average at four dollars each, a thing unprecedented, we believe, in theatrical annals.

A duel took place, within the last week, between Lord Petersham and Mr. Webster Wedderburne, in consequence of a misunderstanding of a very delicate nature. After an exchange of two shots each, the parties separated, no mischief having taken place.

In consequence of the unfortunate issue of the meeting between the late

Mr. Scott and Mr. Christie, the latter gentleman, and his friend, Mr. Trall, underwent their trial at the Old Bailey, and were acquitted.

Colonel Berkeley has had a verdict of 1,000*l.* given against him at the last assizes of Gloucester, for criminal conversation with the wife of a Mr. Waterhouse. The defendant read the letters of the lady in evidence, to prove that he was not guilty of a deliberate seduction, but that the passion originated on her part.

An abrupt, and let us hope, salutary incursion was made during the month, by a Bow-street patrol, upon one of those Pandora boxes at the West End of the Town, called gaming houses. No less than fifty fashionables were *had up* to the office at two in the morning, and the assemblage afforded a truly ludicrous exhibition. Squires, lawyers, M. P's, pigeons and rooks, Greeks and Romans, were all held to bail, very much to the annoyance of some who had been left little *looseable*, except their characters. One gentleman tried to escape by jumping out of the window, and broke his leg.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On Wednesday the 21st of March Mr. Western moved the House of Commons for the repeal of the last duty of one shilling and twopence per bushel upon malt. He insisted strongly on the benefits to be derived from assenting to his motion. He showed that the sum raised to the state from barley, in the several forms of malt, beer, and spirits, amounted to no less than ten millions per annum. In 1780, the duty on malt was no more than ten shillings and sixpence per quarter; since that period additions had been made, by which every acre of land that produced four quarters of barley was now subjected to a taxation amounting to an aggregate of fifty-two pounds. During Mr. Pitt's administration the impost of ten shillings and sixpence had never been increased. An addition of threepence per bushel had, indeed, been consented to as a temporary measure; but so convinced was parliament of the evil tendency of this tax, that in 1792 it was repealed. In England the average consumption of the last five years, as compared with that of 1791, had decreased five millions of bushels, or something more than one sixth part of the whole. In Scotland the diminution was even greater.

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The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed these statements, by asserting that the inferences were unfairly drawn, and that of late the consumption had not declined; for since 1819, when Mr. Peel's act was passed, it had increased upwards of a million of bushels. The House, however, supported Mr. Western's proposition, and the motion was carried by 149 against 125.

But on the second reading of the bill, Lord Castlereagh opposed it upon the general principles, that the repeal of the tax could afford no relief to agriculture, and that such a diminution of revenue would compel the government to depend upon precarious loans raised upon a ruined exchequer. His lordship thought the agricultural distresses had been too highly coloured in some parts, while in others no description could exceed the reality. It was not, however, the taxation, but the reduction of the price of his commodity, that had involved the farmer. *It was proved*, Lord Castlereagh said, *that if the whole amount of taxation could be withdrawn from his expenses, he would hardly be eased by it.* The House yielded, and the bill was thrown out by a division of 242 to 144.

In the mean time, the committee, intrusted to enquire into the agricultural petitions, are very earnestly prosecuting their investigations. Mr. Edman, junior, and Mr. Webb Hall have been examined at great length, the latter gentleman, during two entire mornings. Mr. Baring and Mr. Ricardo appear to be extremely vigilant in guarding the commercial interests. Since this committee sat, the repeal of the tax on horses used in husbandry has been brought before the House of Commons, but the motion was superseded, under an admission from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that if relief from this impost be amongst the measures recommended by the committee in their report, it should be taken off, although he knew not how to replace the 500,000*l.* which must thus be lost to the revenue.

Our curiosity is strongly turned towards the development of facts, which so elaborate an investigation as the committee is engaged in must elicit, though we entertain not the most remote hope or belief, that the landed interest, and especially the farmer, can be benefited by legislation. A great advantage will, however, be deducible from the facts which the evidence will convey. The report may be expected early in May.

On the 9th and 10th of April the first annual cattle show, instituted by the Board of Agriculture, took place in Aldridge's yard, Upper St. Martin's-lane. A large number of noblemen, distinguished patrons of agriculture, together with a more numerous body of practical breeders and farmers, were present. Ten bulls, nine cows and heifers, several fat steers and cows, seven pens of Leicester and Cotswold rams and ewes, twelve of Downs, and nine or ten of Merinos, were exhibited, together with several boar and sow pigs. As a curiosity, a ram from the south of Italy was also shown; it had very long horns, a narrow back, flat shaggy sides, and wool resembling the coat of a polar bear.

Several implements were also produced, and the seedsman to the Board attended with samples. A carcase of mutton so immensely fat that each quarter weighed 60*lbs.* was shown.

T. Tower, Esq. sent with his excellent show of pigs, a carcase of his Essex breed crossed with a Neapolitan boar (presented to him by Mr. Coke) to prove that their dark lead colour is not imparted to the skin when dead. A sow of this breed, which had produced three farrow in the year, was shown, with some of her progeny. Three of them (one the carcase above mentioned, and two alive) weighed from 40 to 45 stone each. The premiums for bulls were adjudged to W. B. Thomas, Esq. Lady Ongley, and John Hutchinson,

Esq. For cows and heifers, to John Wetherall, and Richard Griffin, Esqrs.; for fat steers, to Sir J. Sebright; Messrs. John Walker and Willan, for stallion horses; to Mr. Hasell, for rams (long wooled); to Mr. Faulkner, Sir Thomas Dike (South Downs); John Fane, Esq. Marinos; for ewes, H. J. Nichols, Esq. (long wooled); Mr. Stephen Grantham (short wooled); and Thomas Henty, Esq. (Merinos); for boars, to C. C. Western, and C. T. Tower, Esqrs.; Messrs. Daniel Brown, William Hayward, A. H. Chambers, and Stephen Grantham. For sows to C. T. Tower, Esq.; Messrs. W. Hayward, H. Hayward, W. Warrel, and A. H. Chamberlin. About fifty gentlemen dined together, the Earl of Macclesfield in the chair. Some misunderstanding having arisen respecting the objects of the premiums, a memorial was handed in and read, but withdrawn on the recommendation of Mr. Curwen, whose conciliatory speech composed all differences. The premiums were presented, and the evening was passed with great harmony. Topics very interesting to agriculture were discussed; but Mr. Tower anticipated the extinction of the Board, auguring that the public funds hitherto appropriated to its support would be withdrawn.

The weather has been variable and wet, and, on the whole, not very propitious for out-door operations; but a great breadth was sown early in February, which left less to be done.

In the eastern part of the kingdom, a larger quantity of Talavera and spring wheat has been sown this year, than was ever before remembered. The effect upon the price of barley, is not, however, likely to be much felt, as it is almost ascertained that the stocks in hand will be more than sufficient for this year's supply, and will go some way towards meeting the demand of next. The turnip crop is fast disappearing, except the Swedes, which are still found in preserved stores, and amply repay the care and expence. The wheats have been kept back by the variability of the weather; but upon the whole do not look ill. A considerable superiority is, however, observable in those which are drilled, over those (now annually rapidly decreasing) sown broadcast. Stock is selling very low, and we have heard several instances of careful and excellent graziers, who have lately sold cattle, in admirable condition, for less money than they bought in fur, last May and June. Wool is improving in value, but the county reports still continue their grievous complaints, pointing their hopes towards the result of the labours of the agricultural committee. All sorts of grain have declined in value; nor do we see the most remote chance of their doing otherwise.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, April 31st.)

While the government is still engaged in obtaining, by means of Committees of both Houses of Parliament, information on various subjects interesting to the commerce of the empire, we can but hope that they may lead to some permanent legislative measures, calculated to place the commercial relations of the country with other nations on a footing which shall be advantageous and satisfactory to all parties. The contemplated alteration in the duties on timber will, it is hoped, induce Russia to admit British manufactures, and colonial produce, on terms much more favourable than by the tariff now in force, a change which would naturally give a considerable impulse to the export trade. The important report laid before parliament relative to the extensive and lucrative trade carried on for a series of years by the Americans, between India and the continent of Europe, will, most probably, lead to the long wished-for measure of throwing open that trade direct to the British flag, by which great benefits would accrue to our shipping and commercial interest, without any injury to the East India Company, whose just rights nobody, we believe, desires to see infringed. We have, ourselves, had frequent occasion to converse with intelligent American merchants and captains on this subject, both here and abroad; they have almost uniformly expressed their surprise that the British government had never thought of granting its subjects this liberty, it being in their opinion impossible for the East India Company ever to compete on the European Continent, in the Hanse Towns, for instance, with the Americans, who were able to undersell the Company, at least 20 per cent.; from the superior lightness of their vessels, the far shorter time in which they perform their voyages, and the greater economy of their equipments in every respect.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts have been on the whole favourable, and a considerable impulse seems to have been given to articles of colonial produce, connected with them, such as cotton, as will appear in the following details.

Cotton.—The fluctuations in the demand have been considerable during the month that has elapsed since our last. In the first week, the accounts from the manufacturing districts were favourable, stating the labourers to be in full employ, and, in many places, their wages advanced: this, of course, caused an increased demand for the raw material, and the purchases at Li-

verpool for the third week of March, exceeded 18,000 bags. The business done in London was less extensive than it might have been, considering the general demand, if the holders would have accepted of the former prices, which were freely offered, but declined. Yet still the sales, up to the 27th of March, exceeded 4,000 bags. In the succeeding week, (to April 3d) the market continued extremely brisk; and such was the anxiety to purchase, that the sales exceeded 10,000 bags, being more than in any preceding week for two years. The market was, however, checked by unfavourable accounts from Liverpool; the prices in general declined a little, and the market was very heavy at the reduction. The sales at Liverpool had been nearly 14,000 bags, and the arrivals nearly 13,000; in the preceding week they were only 8,000. The following week, to April 10, at London, and 7th, at Liverpool, very little business was done. At London, the only sales were a few good Surats, at 7½ d. and 200 Bengals, good quality, from 8½ d. to 6½ both in bond. At Liverpool, the sales were limited to about 2,100 bags, while the arrivals were 19,500, which, with the addition of news from the United States, that the prices were giving way there, caused almost an entire stagnation in the demand. The market has recovered a little both here and at Liverpool, and the prices are firmer, though without any improvement; the sales at Liverpool, in the second week of April, were 4,550 bags, the arrivals 10,950 bags.

Sugar.—The demand for raw sugars has continued, on the whole, steady during the greater part of the month, especially for such as were fit for refining. Large arrivals about the middle of the month, and considerable public sales being advertised, rendered the market very heavy, but without producing a reduction in the prices. The refined market continued to improve during the three weeks succeeding our last report; the supplies brought forward were not equal to the demand, and several contracts were in consequence made for goods deliverable some weeks hence, at prices higher than the market currency. Late accounts from Hamburgh respecting refined sugars being rather unfavourable, the prices have given way, and lumps may be purchased 1s. lower. Foreign sugars have been declining, and this week hardly any business has been doing. 85 chests, and 50 barrels of Brazil, brought

forward at a public sale on the 19th, went off heavily, at prices rather lower; 385 bags of East India, on Tuesday, sold at high prices. Benares, white, middling, 36s. to 39s. ditto yellow, fine, 32s. to 32s. 6d.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

March 24	35s. ½d.
31	35s. 1½d.
April 7	34s. 6½d.
14	34s. 5d.
21	35s. 1d.

Spices, &c.—The East India Company have declared for the 14th proximo,

Cinnamon	150,000 lbs.
Nutmegs	100,000
Mace	20,000
Ginger	3,900 bags.
Saltetre, Company's ...	1,074 tons.

There is considerable alteration in the quotations of Spices. Cinnamon is lower. Mace a shade higher. There is no Pepper yet declared for sale.

Indigo.—The sale at the India-House, 5912 chests, commenced 9th instant, and finished on Monday. The fine and good Indigos sold from 6d. a 9d. per lb., the good middling and middling qualities from 9d. a 1s. per lb., and the ordinary shipping and consuming kinds full 1s. per lb. higher than the August sale 1820; the common ordinary and low sold at nearly the same prices. The Madras sold from 4d. a 6d. per lb. higher. Only a small quantity has been bought in by the proprietors.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The prices of Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, by private contract, are nearly nominal; scarcely any purchases are reported. Geneva is quite neglected.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—A small impulse was given to the Tallow market by the receipt of country orders, which caused an advance of 6d. a 1s. per cwt.; but the accounts from St. Petersburg not being favourable, the prices declined. The market is now heavy, and prices little varied. In hemp and flax little is doing, and prices are lower.

Corn.—The market has been heavy for some weeks, the supplies having been, in general, large.

Coffee.—This market has been very dull, and declining throughout the month, and the quantities brought forward at public sales have been very generally taken in, on account of the low prices. We add the prices current, as published for 27th of March, and 20th of April, which will be the shortest mode of showing the depression that has taken place. This will, however, have a favourable effect on the export trade.

March 27.

<i>Coffee, per cwt. in Bond</i>		s.	d.
Jamaica Triage	106	a	112
Ordinary	113	a	115
Good	116	a	119
Fine	120	a	122
Middling	123	a	126
Good	120	a	128
Fine	uncertain		
Very Fine			
Dominica Triage	107	a	114
Ordinary	117	a	118
Good	119	a	121
Fine	122	a	124
Middling	125	a	129
Good	131	a	134
Fine			

Berlice, Demerary, &c.

Triage			
Ordinary	116	a	120
Good	121	a	123
Fine	124	a	126
Middling	127	a	131
Good	132	a	136
Fine.....	} 139	a	143
Very Fine ...			

April 20.

<i>Coffee, per cwt. in Bond</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Jamaica Triage	95	<i>a</i>	106
Ordinary	107	<i>a</i>	109
Good	110	<i>a</i>	112
Fine	113	<i>a</i>	115
Middling	118	<i>a</i>	124
Good	126	<i>a</i>	132
Fine	135	<i>a</i>	140
Very Fine			
Dominica Triage.....	96	<i>a</i>	108
Ordinary	108	<i>a</i>	110
Good	111	<i>a</i>	113
Fine	114	<i>a</i>	116
Middling	119	<i>a</i>	125
Good	127	<i>a</i>	133
Fine			

Berlice, Demerary, &c.

Triage			
Ordinary	114	a	116
Good	117	a	119
Fine	120	a	122
Middling	125	a	129
Good	130	a	136
Fine	137	a	141
Very Fine			

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Petersburg. The Emperor has signed an ukase in explanation of the late tariff, to favour the Russian manufacturer of cotton and silk goods.

Riga, March 16.—There is but little doing in colonial produce. Fine ordinary Hamburg refined may be had at 20½ cop. White Havannah sugars are offered at 20 to 20½ cop. yellow at 18 cop. time of payment six months. White Brazil have

been lately bought at 16 cop. ready money, and 16½ cop. at four months, and fine goods still find purchasers at those prices, but there is no sale for ordinary.

March 23.—A very fine lot of yellow Havannah sugar has been sold at 12½ cop. ready money, and another at 13 cop. at six months.

March 30.—*Flax* is rather dearer and in demand.

Thies. and *Dru. Raekitzer* at 41 r. cut *Badstüb* 36½ to 37 r. *Rintenthreeband* 31½. *Hofsthreeband* 37 r. *Tou* 14½ to 15 r. *Hemp.* Clean *Ukraine* has lately been purchased for delivery at the end of May at 102 r. all the money down; and at the end of July at 108 r. with 10 per cent. earnest. *Hemp-oil* is held firmly at 100 n. all down for delivery at the end of May, and 95 r. are in vain offered.—*Takew.* Yellow crown, on the spot, may be already had at 160 r. and for delivery it might even be had at 145 r.—*Corn* is quite without demand. 40 r. have been offered for a parcel of *Courland barley*; but 43 r. are asked for it.—*Tobacco.* Though very little has been doing, the holders are not more eager to sell, and will no longer take 42 r. all down, for delivery in June.

Gothenburg, March 31.—Our road is now quite free from ice, and the navigation very active. Several vessels have cleared out, and several have arrived, among these is the American brig *Triton* from *Copenhagen*, to take in iron. The general price for ordinary iron is now 20 rix dollars banco: on account of the great difference between the prices this and last year, but little has been done at the iron market at *Christiania*, which is just ended; most of the iron will therefore be consigned hither. Contracts have been made at prices to be afterwards fixed, but little has been bought at 17½ to 18 r. dollars banco. The quantity that has been forged is uncommonly large, and there is every appearance that our prices will be low in the course of this year.

Copenhagen, April 14.—Ships are still sought to convey corn to the Netherlands, and also to Spain and Portugal. The corn trade is otherwise dull.

Hamburg, April 7.—*Cotton* has been in good demand this week.—*Coffee* has been more in request at rather lower prices, and several purchases have been made.—*Tea* is sold pretty briskly in small parcels. 300 chests of *Haysanchin* are to be sold by auction on the 18th.—*Sugar.* Our refined have remained unchanged in price with moderate demand; but loaves of all kinds are ½d. higher. Lumps (in loaves) of the ordinary middle quality are still bought by our refiners at 11½d, but crushed lumps

meet with no sale. The business in raw goods has been limited; but dry qualities fit for exportation maintain their prices. Purchasers stand for lower prices, which will probably be acceded to for prompt payment, several holders not liking to sell for time. Several successive auctions of *Brazil sugars* (some slightly damaged) are likely to limit the demand next week.

14th April.—There have been some sales of *coffee* this week at lower prices. *Sugars.* Refined goods have remained exactly as last week; the finer sorts in little request and proportionably lower, but the inferior sought for, and readily sold at the noted prices. Lumps in loaves, good middling quality, are in good demand at 11½. The prices of raw goods, especially of the inferior sorts, seem inclined to give way; fine white Havannah was not to be sold above 14d.

Corn of all descriptions is nearly without demand, and therefore rather lower: a few parcels of wheat have been purchased for exportation.

Genoa, 8th April.—Our commerce has been more lively this week, and we have had some good arrivals from America and elsewhere, especially of coffee and leather. Nothing interesting, however, is doing. The sales in the free port are almost nothing, only a purchase of 15 hogsheds of crushed sugars, at 50l. per 100lbs. is reported. This article, however, keeps up well at the usual rates: coffee is less so, and the holders would readily grant some facilities if they could sell, as the season of the great consumption is nearly over, and our depôt is well provided. *Rice of Piedmont.* 20 liv. 15, in the warehouse, and 22 liv. 5, with the sack free on board for 150lbs. *Nankens.* The season is at hand when this article is most used, and frequent sales are now made, 6000 pieces of narrow have been sold at 4l. 4s. 4d. per piece.

Naples 30th March. Business is still languid: little is doing in exchanges; but it may be presumed that as soon as foreign merchants are made easy respecting the changes that have taken place in our kingdom, confidence and credit will revive. *5th April.* Little has been doing to-day in exchange business. Our funds, however, fully keep up at 60, and are much sought at that price. One of our first houses has purchased to the amount of a million of ducats. Money and credit begin to return. The agio on gold is 3 per cent. The mercantile transactions this week have not been very important, but we have reason to hope that commerce will soon revive, now that tranquillity is re-established.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Rev. James Carlisle, Dublin, has in the press a volume of Sermons on the Nature and Efficacy of Repentance.

A posthumous work of the late J. Scott, Esq. entitled *Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces*, accompanied with an *Essay on the Literature and Writers of France*, is on the eve of publication.

Early in the present month will be published, in two volumes post octavo, with a portrait, *Memoirs of James II. King of England, &c.*

A Translation of a celebrated Comic Hindoo Tale, entitled *The Adventures of Gooroo Noodle*, and his *Five Foolish Disciples*, is preparing by B. Babington, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service. The translation being intended to facilitate the acquirement of the Samul language, will be as literal as possible, and accompanied by the Original Text, a Vocabulary, and an analysis.

Robert Anderson, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service, has nearly ready for publication, a *Grammar of the Tamul Language*; a tongue interesting to the Philologist from its nervous conciseness and singular energy of construction, and valuable as affording access to the Learning and Literature of Southern India.

The Rev. William Yates has announced a *Grammar of the Sanscrit Language*, on a new Plan.

A Series of Portraits, illustrative of the Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*, are preparing for immediate publication.

The Faustus of Goethe, which has been so much the subject of periodical criticism, is about to appear in an English dress. It is the intention of Mr. Soane, the Translator, to depart from the plan adopted by him in *Undine*, and to follow his author with the utmost fidelity. Mr. Soane has also undertaken a translation of "*Sangerliebe*," a Provençal Legend, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; which will appear in the course of a fortnight.

Spectimens of the German Lyric Poets, consisting of Translations from Burger, Goethe, Jacobi, Klopstock, Schiller, &c. accompanied with Biographical Notices, and embellished with Wood-cuts, are nearly ready.

Views and Costumes of the City and Neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, taken in 1819 and 1820, by Lieut. Chamberlain of the Royal Artillery.

The Principles and Doctrines of Assurances, Annuities on Lives, and of Contingent Reversions, stated and explained.

By William Morgan, Esq. FRS. Actuary of the Equitable Insurance Office.

An Enquiry concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland, from the pen of Dr. Wood, author of the *Prize Essay on Irish History and Antiquities*.

Views of America, in a Series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England during 1818-19-20. By an English-woman.

Mr. Swainson is preparing for publication, *Exotic Conchology*, a Work to consist of coloured plates of rare and new-descript shells.

Dr. E. Nares is employed upon a continuation of Professor Tytler's *Elements of General History*, from the deaths of Queen Ann and Louis XIV, to the present time.

Travels in Palestine, in 1816, by J. S. Buckingham, Esq. will speedily appear.

Lucidus Ordo; containing a complete course of studies on Musical Science, with Illustrations, Examples, and Skeleton Exercises, by J. Rolfe, Mus. in Ord. to his Majesty.

The Parisian, a Tale, in 2 vols. fols. cap. 8vo.

Woman in India; a Poem, by John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, and Author of *Orient Harping*.

A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. J. Liefchild, entitled *The Christian Temper, or Lectures on the Beatitudes*.

Monopoly and Taxation Vindicated against the Errors of the Legislation; by a Nottinghamshire Farmer.

The Pleasures of Benevolence; a Poem, by the Rev. Dr. Drummond, intended as a counterpart to the *Pleasures of Hope, of Memory, and of Imagination*.

Cleoni, and other Poems, by B. J. Oscar, author of *Zayda, &c.*

Ismael the Arab; Sketches of Scenery, Foreign and Domestic, with other Poems, by David Carey, Esq. author of *Lochiel, &c.*

A *General History of Birds*, by J. Latham, MD. &c. author of the *Synopsis of Birds, &c.*

The Fossils of the South Downs; or, Outlines of the Geology of the South Eastern Division of Sussex, by Gideon Mantell, FLS.

The First part of a Poem in blank verse, descriptive of the Deluge.

Dr. Turton has in the press a work illustrative of the Conchology of the British Islands. The classifications will be upon principles new and systematical. The Bivalves will be first published.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.

A Walk round Mount Edgumbe, with a Plan, and Eight Views in the Park and Pleasure Grounds. Super-royal 8vo. 1l.

The History of Thirsk, including an Account of its once celebrated Castle, and other Antiquities in the Neighbourhood. 8vo. 5s.

Historic Notices of Fotheringay: with Engravings. By H. K. Bonney, AM. author of the Life of Bishop Taylor. 8vo. 7s. 6d. royal 8vo. 15s.

Biography.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt. By George Tomline, DD. Bishop of Winchester. Vols. I. and II. 4to.

The Life of Wm. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; with his remaining Works. By the Rev. G. D'Oyley, DD. FRS. 2 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait. 1l. 4s.

Memoirs of Wm. Wallace, Esq. descendant of the illustrious Hero of Scotland, late of the 15th Hussars, with a Portrait. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Drama, Novels, &c.

Hamlet, and As You Like It; a Specimen of the New Edition of Shakspeare. By Thomas Caldecott, Esq. royal 8vo. 15s.

A Tale of the Olden Time. By a Harrow Boy. 12mo.

A Legend of Argyle, or, 'Tis a Hundred Years Since. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

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Gros, T. Chatham, hair-dresser. [Dickens, Bow-lane. T.
Dignam, J. Hadlow-street, Burton-crescent, coal-merchant. [Harrison, Bucklersbury. T.
Field, T. White Hart-lane-yard, St. John-street, corn-dealer. [Gray, 126, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
Gunnery, J. Liverpool, dealer. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Harding, J. Great Winchester-street, Jeweller, [Jones, Great Mary-le-bone-street. T.
Haynes, W. Stourbridge, Worcester, currier. [Baxter, Gray's-lane-place. C.
Hollman, A. Mincing-lane, merchant, [Eloke, Aldermanbury. T.
Johnson, Jesse, Leamington, Warwick, druggist, [Arundell, Fumival's-lane. T.
Kenifeek, W. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker, [Myers, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. T.
Macloed, J. Cornhill, boot-and-shoe-maker, [Pullen, Barbers-hall, Monckwell-street. T.
Morris, J. Upholland, Lancaster, tanner. [Taylor, Temple. C.
Phillips, B. Threadneedle-street, vintner, [Bar-bor, 122, Fetter-lane, Fleet-street. T.
Richardson, G. Mecklenburgh-square, and Thos. Vokes, Gloucester-street, Queen's-square, merchants. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
Sedgwick, M. London, warehouseman. [Fisher, Tavies-lane, Holborn. T.
Smith, J. Vauxhall-walk, coal-dealer. [Robinson, 19, Austin-frirs. T.
Taylor, J. Park, Sheffield, iron-founder. [Duncan, 8, Holborn-court, Gray's-lane. C.

Walker, J. Upper Russel-street, Bermondsey, parchment-dealer. [Foulkes, Southampton-street, Covent-garden. T.
Wells, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

March 27.—Allsop, T. Gloucester, linen-draper, [Bowyer, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-lane. C.
Ashcroft, T. Liverpool, timber-merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.
Ayton, W. Macclesfield, Chester, cotton-spinner, [Bell, 9, Bow-church-yard. C.
Backhouse, G. Kendal, Westmorland, iron-monger. [Wilson, Fumival's-lane. C.
Buckland, J. Newcastle-street, Straid, carpenter, [Jessopp, 13, Clifford's-lane, Fleet-street. T.
Clarke, J. Worcester, coach proprietor. [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. C.
Macdonagh, T. Chesterfield, Derby, wine-merchant. [Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.
Mason, J. Liverpool, linen-draper, [John, Palsgrave-place, Temple. C.
Sloper, J. Bath, baker. [Slade, 1, John-street, Bedford-row. C.
Vaughan, Mary, and Catherine Appleton, Liverpool, straw-bonnet manufacturers. [Blackstock, Kings-bench-walk, Temple. C.

March 31.—Bagley, G. Pocklington, York, spirit-merchant. [Beh, Bow Church-yard. C.
Hart, J. Bath, saddler. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.
Kenifeek, P. Tonbridge-place, New-road, merchant, [Myers, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. T.
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Mance, N. Worcester, brewer, [Gellibrand, Austin-frirs. T.
Mutch, J. Queen-Anne-street, Cavendish-sq. upholsterer. [Chester, 3, Staple-lane. T.
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Whitell, S. U. Back-road, Islington, timber-merchant. [Brooking, 84, Lombard-st. T.

April 3.—Bigsby, J. Deptford, brewer. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.
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Gazette—March 27 to April 17.

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Malcolm, W. cooper, Greenock.

Stevenson, R. distiller, Easter-mill-bank, Leathwinnoch.

BIRTHS.

March 23. In Russel-square, the lady of Thomas Denman, Esq. MP. a son.

23. At Rushall, Wilts, Lady Poore, a daughter.

26. The lady of John Forster, Esq. RN. of Twyford-house, Berks, a son.

29. At Telgumouh, the lady of Capt. Forrest, RN. CB. a son.

— In Wimpole-street, the Rt. hon. Lady Bridport, a daughter.

April 1. The lady of Capt. Frith, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, a daughter.

2. Mrs. Whetle, of Woodley-lodge, near Reading, a son.

3. The lady of George Sinclair, Esq. of South Audley-street, a daughter.

5. Lady Theodosia Spring Rice, a son.

6. At Harrow, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Butler, a daughter.

— In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Jane Neville, a daughter.

8. At Telgumouth, the lady of Sir Edwin Francis Stanhope, Bart. a son.

10. In Alpha-road, Regent's Park, the lady of Capt. Wilday, 19th regt. a son.

11. The lady of Capt. C. W. Mackintosh, of the 12th Madras Native Infantry, a daughter.

15. At Alcombury-house, Hunts, the lady of John Newton, Esq. a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Fort Leith, near Edinburgh, the lady of Colonel Walker, a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 19. At Mary-le-bone, Edward, eldest son of Henry Singleton, Esq. of the county of Cavan, to Maria, only daughter of the late Colonel Wade, of the Bengal establishment.

26. At Tenby, John Greene, Esq. 85th King's Light Infantry, to Eliza Phillips, youngest daughter of the late John Phillips Langbarne, Esq. of Arlond, Pembrokeshire.

27. At Louth, by the hon. and rev. the Champion Dymoke, Wm. Reader, jun. Esq. to Jane Dorothea, eldest daughter of Richard Elmthirst, Esq. of Westgate-house, in the county of Lincoln.

29. Gilbert Munro, Esq. of Brighton, in the island of St. Vincent, and of Albemarle-street, London, to Rachael Sophia, daughter of Jonathan Anderson Ludford, MD. of Warwick, Jamaica.

April 2. At St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. Charles Edmund Keene, Fellow of All Souls and Rector of Buckland, Surrey, second son of Benjamin Keene, Esq. of Westhoe Lodge, Cambridge, to Rebecca Frances, daughter of Sir George Shiffner, Bart. of Combe-place, Sussex.

3. The Rev. John D'Arcy Preston, Esq. eldest son of Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Preston, of Ashham, in Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Peter Spence, MD. late of Kensington.

5. John Warburton, MD. of Clifford-street, Bond-street, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Abernethy, Esq. of Bedford-row.

— At Cirencester, by the Bishop of Norwich, the Rt. hon. the Earl of Dartmouth, to Lady Frances Charlotte Chetwynd Talbot, daughter of his Excellency Earl Talbot, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

— At Clewer, James Brooks, Esq. of the county of Devon, late Capt. in the 29th regt., to Catherine, daughter of Lieut. Colonel Basset, of Windsor.

7. Wm. Hayes, Esq. of Southampton-place, to Maria, third daughter of W. J. Reeves, Esq. of Woburn-place, Russel-square.

12. At St. Paul's Covent-garden, Samuel Platt, Esq. of Brunswick-square, to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Gomond Cooke, Esq. of Southampton-street, and of Upper Pool-house, near Herford.

— At Eversby, W. H. T. Hawley, Esq. of West Green-house, Hunts, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of Capt. Broughton, RN. of Eversby.

14. At St. George's Hanover-square, by the Bishop of Lincoln, the Rev. W. Pegus, to the Countess Dowager of Lindsey.

— At Castle Combe, Wilts, George Powlett Thomson, Esq. second son of John Powlett Thomson, Esq. of Waverley Abbey, to Emma, only

daughter and heiress of Wm. Scrope, Esq. of Castle Combe. The bridegroom is to take the name and bear the arms of Scrope.

14. At Fulham, Samuel Charles Weston, Esq. of South Andley-street, to Elizabeth Wood Anderson, eldest daughter of Ferdinando Anderson, Esq. Hammermith.

17. At St. George's Hanover-square, Bryan Cooke, Esq. of Owston, Yorkshire, to Charlotte, daughter of Sir G. Cooke, Bart. of Wheelley, in the same county.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Lockerby-house, Colonel Maxwell, governor of the island of St. Kitts, to Miss Mary Douglas, a near relative of the Marquis and Marchioness of Queensberry.

IN IRELAND.

At St. Anne's, Dublin, Capt. George Berkeley, Roy. Fusiliers, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Beatty, Esq. MD. of Molesworth-street.

ABROAD.

At the Palace of Canino, near Rome, (the residence of Lucian Buonaparte,) T. Wyse, Esq. jun. eldest son of T. Wyse, Esq. of the manor of St. John, near Waterford, to Letitia, daughter of L. Buonaparte, Prince of Canino.

At Paris, James Antoine Hypolite, eldest son of the Baron De Chaband Latour, a member and questor of the Chamber of Deputies, to Miss Pontine Beck, daughter of G. B. Beck, Esq. of Needham Market, in Suffolk.

At Bourdeaux, the Rev. T. Nash, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Doriada Estella, daughter of the late T. W. Brandis, Esq.

DEATHS.

March 21. Mr. M. Bryan, Author of the Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, a valuable work of reference, and executed with great industry. He was also one of the very first connoisseurs of the day in painting, to which art he was enthusiastically attached, nor was his judgment in the art at all inferior to his fondness for it. This gentleman purchased the Orleans Collection for the Earl of Carlisle.

23. At Holkham-house, Norfolk, the seat of T. W. Coke, Esq. MP. Mrs. Blackwell, relict of Sam. Blackwell, Esq. of Alupney Park, Gloucestershire, and sole surviving sister of the late Lord Sherborne and of Mr. Coke.

25. At Cromer, Norfolk, aged 35, Priscilla, youngest daughter of the late John Gurney, Esq. of Earlbam-hall, in the same county.

26. At Merstham-house, Surrey, after a lingering illness, the Rt. Hon. Lady Ann Simpson, relict of John Simpson, Esq. of Bradley-hall, in the county of Durham.

27. At Eton, drowned while attempting to recover one of his oars, which had fallen into the water as he was rowing in a small skiff on the Thames, Mr. Angerstein, son of J. J. Angerstein, Esq. MP. aged 17. The body was not found until the 30th.

— At Hambledon-house, the seat of Charles Scott Murray, Esq. Mrs. Nixon, of Cheltenham, relict of John Nixon, Esq. of Le Bergerie in the Queen's county. This lady was daughter of the late Henry Lyons, Esq. MP. and niece to Robt. Earl Belvedere.

— At the Charter-house, Mary, the wife of Thos. Ryder, Esq. and one of the two surviving sisters of the late Sir Richard Croft, Bart.

28. Catharine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Francis Bedingfield, Esq. of Kirklington-hall, in the county of Cumberland, and of Malburton-hall, in Norfolk.

29. At Exeter, Major George Foljambe, 8th regt. of foot, third son of the late F. F. Foljambe, Esq. of Osberton, Nottinghamshire.

30. Killed near Carmarthen by a fall from his horse, Dr. Parry, late Surgeon of the Havannah frigate, one of the ships which conveyed Buonaparte to St. Helena.

31. Mrs. L. Ludford, eldest surviving sister of J. Newdigate L. Ludford, Esq. of Ansley-hall, Warwickshire, niece of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. and cousin to the late Marquis of Donegal.

31. Suddenly, after retiring to bed in apparently better health than she had enjoyed for some time past, Mrs. Elliston, wife of Mr. Elliston, lessee of Drury-lane theatre.
- At his house in Pall-Mall, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. in the 81st year of his age.
- At Thornton-hall, near Bedall, in his 83d year, Frederick Dodsworth, DD. senior canon of Windsor. Rector of Spelthorne; and Perpetual Curate of Cleasby, in Yorkshire.
- Lately, aged 86, Joseph Austin, Esq. many years proprietor of the Chester and Newcastle theatres, &c. and the last remaining actor mentioned in Churchill's Rosciad.
- April 1. At Brighton, Sir Chas. Edmonstone, of Dunheath, Bart. MP. for the county of Stirling.
- William Box, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Castle Baynard for the last 44 years.
2. At Eltham-house, Kent, Mrs. Aislable, widow of the late Hawson Aislable, Esq.
- After a tedious illness, the Rt. hon. Lady Elizabeth Townsend, wife of Gore Townsend, Esq. of Honington-hall, in the county of Warwick, and sister to the late Earl of Plymouth.
3. Suddenly, Charlotte, second daughter of the Right Hon. Sir James Mansfield, at his house, in Russell-square.
- At Twickenham, Lady Taylor, relict of the late Sir John Taylor, Bart.
4. At her house in Park-street, in her 89th year, Viscountess Pery, relict of Viscount Pery, and mother to Viscountess Northland, and the Hon. Mrs. Calvert.
- At Greenwich-hospital, Admiral Sir John Colpoys. By this event, the Governorship of that National Establishment is become vacant.
5. At her house in Southampton, the Right Hon. Lady Flaminia Jones, aged 46.
- At his seat, Kingswood-lodge, near Egham, after a few days illness, John Reid, Esq.
6. In New Norfolk-street, aged 70, Charles Pieschell, Esq.
- At Bognor, in her 67th year, Mrs. Trowbridge, sister of the late Admiral Sir Thos. Trowbridge, Bart.
- In his 50th year, the Rev. Geo. Ford, upwards of 26 years Rector of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters, at Stepney
7. At Branham-park, Yorkshire, after a few days illness, Jas. Lane Fox, Esq. nephew to George Fox Lane Lord Bingley, in his 65th year.
9. At her seat in Hampshire, in her 82d year, the Right Hon. the Dowager Viscountess Gage.
- At his chambers, aged 69, Alex. Johnson, Esq. Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.
- The Rev. John Myers, of Shipley hall, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Rector of Wyburton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, and one of the Justices of the Peace, and deputy Lieutenants for those counties.
10. At his house, Langham-place, Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq. of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire.
- Aged 16, Mr. Men. Joshua Rowley, son of Admiral and nephew to Sir Wm. Rowley. The death of the deceased, who was a pupil at Westminster school, was occasioned by a fall from a fourth-floor window, in his lodging house on the preceding day: he appeared quite insensible from the time he was taken up till he expired.
11. At his house in St. James's-place, Holst. Calvert, Esq. in his 55th year.
12. At Chislehurst, Kent, aged 86, Mrs. Mary Townsend, sister to the late Lord Visc. Sydney.
- At Bath, aged 72, Thomas Stanhope Bedcock, Esq. one of the Magistrates for the county of Bucks.
13. At Gateshead, Durham, a few days after being delivered of a daughter, the lady of Joseph Hawkes, Esq. aged 38.
- At Stanmore, Lady Caroline Finch, youngest sister to the Earl of Aylesford.
14. At his house in Gloucester-place, aged 53, Major James, Author of the "Military Dictionary," the "Regimental Companion," and other miscellaneous works.
15. At his house in Berners-street, aged 84, Jas. Bartleman, Esq. the celebrated singer. Vide our Musical Report in the present Number.
- At her residence in Cavendish-square, Mrs. Dickson, relict of Col. A. Dickson, and only daughter of the late Sir Henry Moore, Bart. for-

merly Lieut.-Gov. of Jamaica, and Governor of New York.

16. At the Collège of Arms, in his 81st year, Geo. Harrison, Esq. late Clarendon King at Arms, and for nearly 40 years Treasurer of that Corporation.

17. In Sloane-street, Lieut.-Col. Geo. Smith, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in his 88th year.

Longevity. At Camberwell, Surrey, in full possession of all her faculties, Elizabeth Horner, aged 106 years, 56 of which she had been maintained in the workhouse of that parish.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Banff, in his 63d year, the Rev. Abercromby Gordon, Honorary President of the Literary Society of that place.

At Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, the celebrated Physician and Professor of Medicine in the University of that city.

At Torbreck, Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck.

IN IRELAND.

At Belfast, the lady of Major Jas. Dunbar Toovey, on the 22d of March, after having been delivered of a daughter on the 18th, who lived only 6 hours.

At Dublin, Randall Macdonnell, Esq. This gentleman was one of the first merchants in Ireland, and had taken a decided part in Catholic affairs.

At Vine-lodge, near Belfast, Lucinda Matilda, wife of Major Toovey, of the 51st Regiment.

At Dublin, in Fitzwilliam-square, Moore Echlin, Esq.

At Dublin, Mrs. Plunkett, wife of W. C. Plunkett, Esq. MP. the eloquent advocate in favour of the Catholics.

At Summerville, near Cashel, after a short indisposition, the most Rev. Dr. Patrick Everard, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, a Prelate of the very first character for erudition, talent, judgment, and benevolence.

At Castle Stewart, in the county of Down, April 6th, in his 83d year, the Marquess of Londonderry. This nobleman was twice married—to Lady Sarah Frances, sister to the Marquess of Hertford, by whom he had issue, Viscount Castlereagh, (who succeeds to the Marquisate) and to Lady Frances, sister to the Marquess of Camden, by whom he had issue, Lord Stewart, (the present Ambassador at Vienna) and other children. The late Marquess, after representing the county of Down in many Parliaments, was created a Baron in 1789, a Viscount in 1796, an Earl in 1798, and a Marquess in 1816.

At Dublin, Meredith Jenkin, Esq. one of the Aldermen of that City.

At Blesserville, County Kerry, in his 81st year, Sir Rowland Bleanerhasset, Bart.

ABROAD.

At Hanover, A. Herschell, well known in the musical world as an elegant and profound musician, and brother to Sir W. Herschell, the celebrated astronomer.

At Calais, the Hon. Lieut. Col. Irby, late of the Life Guards, son of Lord Boston.

At St. Petersburg, suddenly, in his 76th year, Admiral Sir Geo. Tate, Senator, and Knight of St. Vladimir, St. Alexander Nevskoi, &c. He was a native of England, but had spent the last 33 years of his life in the Russian Service.

At Paris, of an apopleptic attack, John Ramsay Cuthbert, Esq. of Grosvenor-square.

In China, the Hon. Valentine Gardiner, Captain of his Majesty's Ship, *Danatessa*.

At Paris, where he had resided for the last two years, H. H. W. Stephens, Esq. late of Chavange-house, in the county of Gloucester, aged 46.

At Rome, in his 30th year, Wm. Pendrell Waddington, Esq. eldest son of the late Wm. Waddington, Esq. of Brompton, Middlesex.

At Barbadoes, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, James Bowden, Esq. of Bedford-square.

At Florence, Wm. Robt. Broughton, Esq. Post Captain of the Royal Navy; he commanded the Chatham Brig, which attended Capt. Vancouver in his perilous voyage round the world.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT STRATFORD, MIDDLESEX.

By Mr. R. Howard.

Ma. denotes the Maximum, Mi. the Minimum.

Mar.	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
			9 a.m.						9 a.m.		
1	Ma. 48	29.88	94	SE	Cloudy	17	Ma. 55	30.10	79	NE	Fine
	Mi. 32	29.44					Mi. 37	29.57			
2	Ma. 51	29.90	84	SW	Showery	18	Ma. 49	29.57	64	NW	Boisterous
	Mi. 40	29.52					Mi. 35	29.34			
3	Ma. 52	29.82	100	SW	Rainy	19	Ma. 45	29.36	61	NW	Windy
	Mi. 45	29.70					Mi. 34	29.31			
4	Ma. 54	29.83	82	SW	Rainy	20	Ma. 47	29.36	58	NW	Windy
	Mi. 33	29.70					Mi. 35	29.35			
5	Ma. 35	30.02	80	NE	Cloudy	21	Ma. 46	29.71	61	NW	Cloudy
	Mi. 30	29.83					Mi. 34	29.36			
6	Ma. 45	29.89	88	SE	Rainy	22	Ma. 47	30.10	64	NW	Hail
	Mi. 35	29.63					Mi. 26	29.71			
7	Ma. 53	29.63	86	W	Fine	23	Ma. 47	30.10	64	NW	Fine
	Mi. 44	29.35					Mi. 35	29.68			
8	Ma. 52	29.65	83	NW	Fine	24	Ma. 48	29.88	58	S	Showery
	Mi. 40	29.32					Mi. 42	29.47			
9	Ma. 54	29.67	76	W	Showery	25	Ma. 51	29.68	88	SW	Showery
	Mi. 47	29.63					Mi. 32	29.47			
10	Ma. 58	29.84	78	SW	Showery	26	Ma. 50	29.68	67	SW	Fine
	Mi. 40	29.67					Mi. 38	29.39			
11	Ma. 55	29.97	67	SW	Fine	27	Ma. 48	29.39	62	SW	Boisterous
	Mi. 33	29.84					Mi. 33	29.26			
12	Ma. 54	30.05	90	Var.	Fine	28	Ma. 58	29.26	87	SE	Rainy
	Mi. 39	29.97					Mi. 41	29.12			
13	Ma. 56	30.11	89	SW	Fine	29	Ma. 47	29.65	86	SW	Showers
	Mi. 36	30.05					Mi. 34	29.12			
14	Ma. 49	30.38	76	N	Fine	30	Ma. 50	29.65	78	SW	Fine
	Mi. 24	30.11					Mi. 36	29.42			
15	Ma. 51	30.38	78	NE	White frost	31	Ma. 51	29.60	86	SW	Rainy
	Mi. 26	30.30					Mi. 32	29.39			
16	Ma. 53	30.30	80	Var.	Fine						
	Mi. 24	30.10									

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT.

ON	Paris. 20 April	Hamburg. 17 April	Amsterdam 20 April	Vienna. 7 April	Genoa. 7 April	Berlin. 14 April	Naples. 2 April	Leipsig. 13 April	Bremen. 16 April
London.....	25.65	37.3	41.5	10.4½	30.96	7.2½	574	6.19	622
Paris.....	—	26½	58	118½	96½	83½	22.50	80	17½
Hamburg...	180½	—	35½	144	43½	152½	41	144½	132½
Amsterdam.	58	107	—	137½	92½	144	47	138½	125
Vienna.....	252	145½	14½	—	60½	41½	58.00	101	—
Frankfort..	3	146½	56½	99½	—	104½	—	100	110½
Augsburg...	252	145½	36½	99½	60½	105½	57.80	—	—
Genoa.....	479	84½	90½	61½	—	—	19.16	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	146	—	—	—	106½	—	—	110½
Leghorn....	510	89½	97	—	122½	—	—	—	—
Lisbon.....	558	37½	41	—	896	—	50.10	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.50	93½	102	—	626	—	—	—	—
Naples.....	436	—	81	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa.....	15.40	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	16.80	95	195	—	620	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	558	37½	41	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 19 April	Nuremberg 16 April	Christiana. 9 April	Petersburg. 3 April	Riga. 6 April	Stock- holm. 6 April	Madrid. April	Lisbon. 6 April
London.....	153	fl. 10.10	7sp.60	9½	8½	12.8	—	548
Paris.....	79½	fr. 118½	—	100	—	23½	—	—
Hamburg....	145	144	162	8½	9½	125	—	138½
Amsterdam.	138½	138	153	9½	10½	119	—	41½
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	860

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From March 23 to April 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-14	
Ditto at sight	12-11	
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-15	
Antwerp	12-11	
Hamburg, 2½ U	38-7	
Altona, 2½ U	38-8	
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-80	
Ditto .. 2 U	26-15	
Bordeaux	26-15	
Frankfort on the Main }	156½	
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, rble, 3 U.	9½	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M.	10-20	
Trieste ditto	10-20	
Madrid, effective ...	36½	..36
Cadiz, effective	36	..36½
Bilboa	35½	
Barcelona	35	
Seville	35½	
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	46½	..47
Genoa	43½	..44
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	38½	..39½
Palermo, per. oz.	115	
Lisbon	50	..49½
Oporto	50	..49
Rio Janeiro	49	..48½
Bahia	55	
Dublin	8	.. 8½
Cork	8	.. 8½

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	3	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	11½	0	4	11	

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 1d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	3	10	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	2	10	0	to	3	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

(IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.)

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Mar.	Mar.	Apr.	Apr.
	24	31	7	14
Wheat	54 9 54	8 54	1 53	7
Rye	34 10 38	1 36	1 34	5
Barley	24 4 24	1 23	9 23	9
Oats	18 3 18	3 18	2 18	2
Beans	30 0 31	8 30	6 29	11
Pear	32 0 30	10 31	4 30	6

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from March 23, to April 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	23,599	9,928	485	34,012
Barley	21,297	3,955	—	25,292
Oats	49,079	25,470	770	75,319
Rye	17	37	—	54
Beans	5,652	479	—	6,131
Pease	2,427	—	—	2,427
Malt	19,042	Qrs.	Flour 29,457	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 10 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	42s. to	75s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to	63s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to	00s.
Kent, New Pockets	45s. to	75s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to	65s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to	00s.
Farnham, ditto	100s. to	112s.
Yearling Pockets	30s. to	45s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.		
3 15 to 4 10	4 5 to 5 5	5 1 6 to 1 12
Whitechapel.		
3 16 to 4 10	3 5 to 5 5	5 1 6 to 1 14
St. James's.		
3 10 to 4 14	4 0 to 5 0	5 1 5 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8½ lb. at Newgate.—	Beef	2s. 10d. to 3s. 10d.
	Mutton	2s. 8d. to 3s. 8d.
	Veal	3s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.
	Pork	3s. 4d. to 5s. 0d.
	Lamb	6s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—	Beef	2s. 10d. to 4s. 0d.
	Mutton	3s. 0d. to 3s. 10d.
	Veal	4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.
	Pork	3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.
	Lamb	6s. 0d. to 7s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from March 30, to April 23, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,025	1,207	74,170	1,400

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from April 1 to April 23.

	April 2.	April 9.	April 16.	April 23.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle....	34 0 to 48 9	34 0 to 44 9	30 6 to 42 3	30 0 to 41 6
Sunderland...	30 0 to 45 3	32 6 to 45 6	31 6 to 38 6	31 6 to 42 6

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley', Cornhill.

(April 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	
	£.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Canals.					Bridges.					
350	100	—		Andover	5	2912	100	—	Southwark	17
1482	100	—		Ashby-de-la-Zouch	12	4443	40	—	Do. new	15
1700	—	3	10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18
1200	100	—		Basingstoke	6	54,000.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	91
4,000.	—	2		Do. Bonds	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 10
2000	25	21		Birmingham (divided)	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.	27
477	250	5		Bolton and Bury	95	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.	22
366	150	4		Brecknock & Abergavenny	75	—	5		Bonds	100
409	100	5		Cheimer and Blackwater	90					
1500	100	8		Chesterfield	120					
500	100	44		Cowenry	970	300	100	—	Roads.	
4545	100	—		Croydon	3	1000	100	5	Barking	34
600	100	6		Derby	135	—	100	5	Commercial	107
2000	100	3		Dudley	60				— East-India	
3875 1/2	125	3		Ellesmere and Chester	64	402	100	1 15	Branch	100
201	100	58		Erewash	100	2393	50	—	Great Dover Street	32
1287	100	20		Forth and Clyde	500	1000	65	1	Highgate Archway	5
1900	100	—		Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	1000	60	—	Croydon Railway	12
—	60	3		Do. optional Loan	57	3762	50	1 12	Surrey Do.	10
11,815 1/2	100	9		Grand Junction	224				Severn and Wye	31 10
1521	100	3		Grand Surrey	53	3800	100	—	Water Works.	
43,000.	—	5		Do. Loan	95	4540	50	2 10	East London	—
2349 1/2	100	—		Grand Union	24	2000	100	—	Grand Junction	49
19,327 1/2	100	—		Do. Loan	92	1800	—	2 10	Kent	32
3096	100	—		Grand Western	4	500	100	—	London Bridge	50
740	150	7		Grantham	130	7540	—	2	South London	22
6312	100	—		Huddersfield	13	1200	100	—	West Middlesex	48 10
25,328	100	18		Kennet and Avon	20				York Buildings	23 10
11,000 1/2	100	1		LANCASTER	26				Insurances.	
2879 1/2	100	10		Leeds and Liverpool	260	2000	500	2 10	Albion	40
545	—	14		Leicester	290	25,000	50	6	Atlas	5
1806	100	4		Leicester & Northampton Union	88	300	1000	25	Bath	575
70	—	170		Loughborough	2000	—	—	—	Birmingham	360
360	100	11		Melton Mowbray	205	4000	100	2 10	British	50
—	—	30		Mersey and Irwell	—	20,000	50	—	County	30
2400	100	10		Monmouthshire	150	50,000	20	1	Eagle	2 12 6
43,524.	100	5		Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000.	100	6	European	20
700	100	—		Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50	5	Globe	121 10
247	—	25 1/2		Neath	410	2400	500	4 10	Hope	8 5
1770	25	—		North Wilts	—	3500	25	1 4	Imperial	60
500	100	12		Nottingham	200	81,000	25	1	London Fire	24
1730	100	32		Oxford	630	2500	100	18	London Ship	20
2400	100	3 10		Peak Forest	68	100,000	20	2	Provident	17
2020	50	—		Portsmouth and Arundel	30	745,100.	—	10	Rock	1 18
12,294	—	—		Regent's	26	—	8 10	—	Royal Exchange	230
9801	100	2		Rochdale	42	4000	100	10	Sun Fire	—
500	125	9		Shrewsbury	165	1500	200	1 4	San Life	25 10
500	100	7 10		Shropshire	140				Union	33
771	50	—		Somerset Coal	—				Gas Lights.	
700	100	40		Stafford & Worcestershire	700	8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	61
300	145	10		Stourbridge	210				Do. New Shares	40
3647	—	—		Stratford on Avon	10	4000	50	2 8	City Gas Light Company	104
—	—	22		Stroudwater	445	1800	100	8	Do. New	63
535	100	12		Swansea	190	1000	100	4	Bath Gas	19
260	100	—		Tavistock	90	2500	20	18 4	Brighton Gas	16
2670	—	—		Thames and Medway	23	1500	20	—	Bristol	28
1900	200	75		Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1750				Literary Institutions.	
1000	100	12		Warwick and Birmingham	235	1000	78gs	—	London	36
1080 1/2	60	—		Warwick and Napton	215	700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
900	100	11		Wilts and Berks	6	700	30gs	—	Surrey	7
14,298	—	—		Wisbeach	60				Miscellaneous.	
125	100	6		Worcester and Birmingham	24				Auction Mart	21
0000	—	1				1000	50	1 5	British Copper Company	50
Docks.						1207	100	2 10	Golden Lane Brewery	13
2200	140	—		Bristol	—	2290	80	—	Do.	10
203,534.	100	5		Do. Notes	—	8447	50	—	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19
8132	100	3		Commercial	63	2000	150	1	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.	76
430,000.	100	10		East-India	—				Do. — 2d. Class.	—
1000	100	—		East Country	18 10				City Bonds	—
3,114,000.	100	4		London	99					
1,200,000.	100	10		West-India	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th March to 25th April.

821 Mar.	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long An- nuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea New Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26 shut.	shut.	70½	71½	sh.	shut.	106	—	—	—	—	36	—	—	1p	71½
27 —	—	—	71 70½	—	—	106	—	—	—	—	40	—	—	1p	71½
28 —	—	—	70½ 71	—	—	105½	—	70½	—	—	41	—	—	1p	71½
29 —	—	—	71 70½	81½	—	106	—	—	—	—	42	—	—	1p	71½
30 —	—	—	72½ 71½	82½	—	107½	18½	71½	—	—	45	—	—	1p	72½
31 —	—	—	72½ 1½	—	—	106½	—	—	—	—	46	—	72½	2p	72½
Apr. 2 —	—	—	72½ 1½	—	—	107	18½	—	—	—	47	—	—	3p	72½
3 —	—	—	72½ 1½	—	—	107½	19	—	—	—	47	—	—	3p	72½
4 —	—	—	72½ 1½	—	—	107	18½	72	—	—	48	80	—	4p	72½
5 —	—	—	72½ 1½	—	—	106½	—	—	—	—	47	—	—	4p	72½
6 22½	71½	1½	72½ 1½	80½	89	106½	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
7 —	71	1½	72½ 1½	80½	88½	107	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
9 22½	71½	1½	72½ 1½	80½	88½	107	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
10 22½	71½	1½	72½ 1½	80½	88½	107	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
11 22½	71½	1½	72½ 1½	80½	89	107½	18½	71½	—	—	47	—	—	6	72½
12 22½	71½	1½	72½ 1½	80½	89	107½	18½	—	—	229	47	—	—	5	72½
13 22½	71½	1½	72½ 1½	80½	89	107½	18½	71½	—	—	47	—	—	5	72½
14 22½	71½	1½	71½ 2½	—	89	107½	18½	—	—	229½	46	—	—	6	72½
16 22½	71½	1½	71½ 2	80½	89	107½	18½	—	—	229½	46	—	—	5	72½
17 22½	71½	1½	71½ 2½	80½	89	107½	18½	—	—	229½	46	—	—	5	72½
18 22½	71½	1½	72½ 2½	—	89½	107½	18½	71½	—	—	46	—	—	6	72½
19 22½	71½	1½	72½ 2½	81	89½	107½	18½	—	—	230	46	—	—	6	72½
20 Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21 22½	71½	—	72½ 4	—	89½	107½	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	72½
23 Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24 Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25 Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

IRISH FUNDS.

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS.

From Mar. 24,
to Apr. 21.

Mar.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 6 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Wide Street Certificates.	1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
20 —	79½	79½	—	—	106½	—	—	—	69½	—	—	Mar. fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.
23 —	77½	77½	—	—	104½	—	—	—	68	—	—	24 76 25	1470	—
26 220	79	79	—	—	105½	105	—	44	68	—	—	27 78	—	—
27 —	79½	79	—	—	105½	105½	—	—	68½	—	—	30 80 90	—	—
30 221	78½	78½	—	—	105½	105	—	—	68	—	—	Apr. 2 82 25	—	—
Apr. 4 222	79½	79½	—	—	106½	106½	44	—	68½	—	—	6 82 45	—	—
5 222	79½	79½	—	—	106½	106½	44	—	68½	—	—	9 82 20	1542 50	—
7 —	80	79½	—	—	106½	106½	—	—	68½	—	—	12 82 45	1547 50	—
9 223	79½	79½	—	—	106½	106½	—	—	68½	—	—	16 82 10	1545 —	—
13 —	79½	—	—	—	106½	106½	—	—	68½	—	—	18 81 50	1542 50	—
												21 82 25	1542 50	—

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.					NEW YORK.	
	Mar. 27	Apr. 13	Apr. 17	Apr. 19	Apr. 24	Mar. 10	Mar. 26
Bank Shares.....	23-10	23-10	23-10	23-10	23-10	110	110½
5 per cent.....	—	—	101½	101½	101½	101	106½
	—	—	102½	102½	102½	102½	106½
	—	—	104	104	104	104	109
	—	—	104½	105	105	110	110
3 per cent.....	—	—	70½	70½	70½	75	74½

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XVIII.

JUNE, 1821.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



THE LION'S HEAD.

WE have the satisfaction to inform our readers, that arrangements have been completed for the future Editorship of the LONDON MAGAZINE, which enable us to promise an interesting accession to the valuable contributions of our old friends and regular correspondents.

Among the contents of our next Number, we may enumerate :—

An Etching of Mr. Hilton's Picture, in the present Exhibition, of "Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children."

Traditional Literature, No. VII. "*The Death of Walter Selby.*"

A Critical Notice of the Paintings in the *British Institution*. By the bye, we have to apologize for the entire omission in the present Number of the Royal Academy; though we regret, we could not avoid it,—but we trust that our readers will think our article in the next Number will fully apologize for the deficiency in the present.

A whimsical Article entitled "*Fugitive Literature.*"

The Buccaneer, a Tale.

Table Talk, No. XI. which the pressure of more temporary matter prevented us from inserting in the present Number.

Another paper on the interesting subject of the Songs and Ballads of the Northern Nations of Europe.

Sketches on the Road, No. II.

&c. &c. &c.

C. G. says he will thank us to destroy the MS. if his "Little Poems" do not suit us. We are sorry to say we are entitled to his thanks.

Philaulos shall not have occasion to repeat his hint. "The Eye of liquid Blue" is very pretty, but the burden of the poem is too heavy to be borne by such tender little stanzas.

E. R. will perceive by the omission of his poem on "Evening," that we do not think it equal to his former contributions.

In our next Number we shall notice two new volumes of Poems, which will by that time have made their appearance, from the pen of John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant. It will give us the greater pleasure to do this, because it was the First Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE that took the lead in pointing out the simple beauties of the former volume,—and in asserting the genius of its author. We think we shall be able to show that the predictions, on which we then ventured, have been fully realized. We have yet seen only a portion of the work; and as this came into our hands too late for a notice of it to find an appropriate place in the present Number, we cannot refrain from occupying part of the space usually devoted to Correspondence, by a sweet and unaffected little ballad, entitled—

THE REQUEST.

Now the sun his blinking beam
Behind yon mountain loses,
And each eye, that might evil deem,
In blinded slumber closes:
Now the field's a desert grown,
Now the hedger's fled the grove;
Put thou on thy russet gown,
Shielded from the dews, my love,
And wander out with me.

We have met at early day,
Slander rises early;
Slander's tongues had much to say,
And still I love thee dearly:
Slander now to rest has gone,
Only wakes the coarting dove;
Slily steal thy bonnet on,
Leave thy father's cot, my love,
And wander out with me.

Clowns have pass'd our noon-day screen,
'Neath the hawthorn's blossom;
Seldom there the chance has been
To press thee to my bosom:
Ploughmen now no more appear,
Night-winds but the thorn-bough move;
Squander not a minute here,
Lift the door-latch gently, love,
And wander out with me.

Oh the hour so sweet as this,
With friendly night surrounded,
Left free to talk, embrace, and kiss,
By virtue only bounded—
Lose it not, make no delay,
Put on thy doublet, hat, and glove,
Sly ope the door and steal away;
And sweet 'twill be, my only love,
To wander out with thee.

THE
London Magazine.

Nº XVIII.

JUNE, 1821.

VOL. III.

POPE, LORD BYRON, AND MR. BOWLES.*

THIS is a very proper letter for a lord to write to his bookseller, and for Mr. Murray to show about among his friends, as it contains some dry rubs at Mr. Bowles, and some good hits at Mr. Southey and his "invariable principles." There is some good *hating*, and some good writing in it, some coarse jests, and some dogmatical assertions; but that it is by any means a *settler* of the question, is what we are in all due form inclined to doubt. His Lordship, as a poet, is a little headstrong and self-willed, a spoiled child of nature and fortune: his philosophy and criticism have a tincture of the same spirit: he doles out his opinions with a great deal of frankness and spleen, saying, "this I like, that I loathe;" but he does not trouble himself, or the reader, with his reasons, any more than he accounts to his servants for the directions he gives them. This might seem too great a compliment in his Lordship to the public.

All this *pibble-prabble* about Pope, and Milton, and Shakspeare, and what foreigners say of us, and the Venus, and Antinous, and the Acropolis, and the Grand Canal at Venice, and the Turkish fleet, and Falconer's Shipwreck, and ethics, and ethical poetry (with the single exception of some bold picturesque sketches in the poet's best prose-style) is what might be talked by any Bond-street

lounger of them all, after a last night's debauch, in the intervals between the splashing of the soda-water and the acid taste of the port wine rising in the mouth. It is no better than that. If his Lordship had sent it in from Long's, or the Albany, to be handed about in Albemarle-street, in slips as he wrote it, it would have been very well. But all the way from Ravenna, cannot he contrive to send us something better than his own ill-humour and our own common-places—than the discovery that Pope was a poet, and that Cowper was none; and the old story that Canova, in forming a statue, takes a hand from one, a foot from another, and a nose from a third, and so makes out the idea of perfect beauty! (We would advise his Lordship to say less about this subject of *virtù*, for he knows little about it; and besides, his perceptions are at variance with his theories.) In truth, his Lordship has the worst of this controversy, though he throws out a number of pert, smart, flashy things, with the air of a man who sees company on subjects of taste, while his reverend antagonist, who is the better critic and logician of the two, goes prosing on in a tone of obsequious pertinacity and sore pleasantry, as if he were sitting (an unwelcome guest) at his Lordship's table, and were awed, yet galled, by the cavalier assumption of patrician

* Letter to **** ***** on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. Third Edition. Murray.

manners. We cannot understand these startling *voluntaries*, played off before the public on the ground of personal rank, nor the controversial under-song, like the drone of a bag-pipe, that forms a tedious accompaniment to them. As Jem Belcher, when asked if he did not feel a little awkward at facing Gamble the tall Irishman, made answer, "An please ye, sir, when I am stript to my shirt, I am afraid of no man;"—so we would advise Mr. Bowles, in a question of naked argument, to fear no man, and to let no man bite his thumb at him. If his Lordship were to invite his brother-poet to his house, and to eke out a sour jest by the flavour of Monte-Pulciano or Frontinac,—if in the dearth of argument he were to ply his friend's weak side with rich sauces and well-seasoned hospitality, "*Ah! ça est bon, ah! goûtez ça!*"—if he were to point, in illustration of Pope's style, to the marble pillars, the virandas, the pier glasses, the classic busts, the flowering dessert, and were to exclaim, "You see, my dear Bowles, the superiority of art over nature, the triumph of polished life over Gothic barbarism; we have here neither the ghosts nor fairies of Shakspeare, nor Milton's Heaven, nor his Hell, yet we contrive to do without them;"—it might require Parson Supple's command of countenance to smile off this uncourteous address; but the divine would not have to digest such awkward raillery on an empty stomach—he would have his *quid pro quo*: his Lordship would have paid for the liberty of using his privilege of peerage. But why any man should carry the rôle of his Lordship's chaplain out of his Lordship's house, is what we see no reason for,—Lord Byron, in the Preface to his Tragedy, complains that Horace Walpole has had hard measure dealt him by the critics, "firstly, because he was a lord, and secondly, because he was a gentleman." We do not know how the case may stand between the public and a dead nobleman: but a living lord has every reasonable allowance made him, and can do what no one else can. If Lord Byron chooses to make a bad joke, by means of an ill-spelt pun, it is a condescension in his Lordship:—if he puts off a set of smart assertions and

school-boy instances for pithy proofs, it is not because he is not able, but because he cannot be at the pains of going deeper into the question:—if he is rude to an antagonist, it is construed into agreeable familiarity; any notice from so great a man appears like a favour:—if he tells or recommends "a tale of bawdry," he is not to be tied down by the petty rules which restrict common men:—if he publishes a work, which is thought of too equivocal a description for the delicate air of Albemarle-street, his Lordship's own name in the title-page is sufficient to back it without the formality of a bookseller's; if a wire-drawn tragedy of his is acted, in spite of his protestations against such an appeal to the taste of a vulgar audience, the storm of pitiless damnation is not let loose upon it, because it is felt that it would fall harmless on so high and proud a head; the gilded coronet serves as a conductor to carry off the lightning of popular criticism, which might blast the merely laurelled bard; the blame, the disappointment, the flat effect, is thrown upon the manager, upon the actors—upon any body but the Noble Poet! This sounding title swells the mouth of Fame, and lends her voice a thousand circling echoes: the rank of the Author, and the public charity extended to him, as he does not want it, cover a multitude of sins. What does his Lordship mean, then, by this whining over the neglect of Horace Walpole,—this uncalled-for sympathy with the faded lustre of patrician and gentlemanly pretensions? Has he had only half his fame? Or, does he already feel, with morbid anticipation, the retiring ebb of that overwhelming tide of popularity, which having been raised too high by adventitious circumstances, is lost in flats and shallows, as soon as their influence is withdrawn? Lord Byron has been twice as much talked of as he would have been, had he not been Lord Byron. His rank and genius have been happily placed "each other's beams to share," and both together, by their mutually reflected splendour, may be said to have melted the public coldness into the very wantonness of praise: the faults of the man (real or supposed) have only given a dramatic interest to his

works. Whence, then, this repining, this ungracious cavilling, this *got-up* ill-humour? We load his Lordship with ecstatic admiration, with unqualified ostentatious eulogies; and he throws them stifling back in our face: he thanks us with cool, cutting contempt: he asks us for our voices, "our sweet voices," like Coriolanus; and, like Coriolanus, disdains us for the unwholesome gift. Why, then, does he ask us for it? If, as a lord, he holds in contempt and abhorrence the willing, delighted homage, which the public pay to the poet, let him retire and feed the pride of birth in stately solitude, or take his place among his equals: but if he does not find this enough, and wants our wondering tribute of applause to satisfy his craving vanity, and make him something more than a mere vulgar lord among hundreds of other lords, why dash the cup of delicious poison, which, at his uneasy request, we tender him, to the ground, with indignant reckless hands, and tell us that he scorns equally our censure or our praise? If he looks upon both as equal impertinence, he can easily escape out of the reach of both by ceasing to write; we shall in that case soon cease to think of his Lordship: but if he cannot do without our good opinion, why affect all this coyness, coldness, and contempt? If he says he writes not to please us, but to live by us, that only alters the nature of the obligation, and he might still be civil to Mr. Murray's customers. Whether he is independent of public opinion, or dependent on it, he need not be always sending his readers to Coventry. When we come to offer him our demonstrations of good will, he should not kick us down stairs. If he persists in this humour, the distaste may in time "become mutual."

Before we proceed, there is one thing in which we must say we heartily agree with Lord Byron; and that is the ridicule with which he treats Mr. Bowles's editorial inquisition into the moral character of Pope. It is a pure piece of clerical priggism. If Pope was not free from vice, we should like to know who is. He was one of the most faultless of poets, both in his life and in his writings. We should not care to throw the first stone at him. We do

not wonder at Lord Byron's laughing outright at Mr. Bowles's hysterical horrors at poor Pope's platonic peccadillos, nor at his being a little impatient of the other's attempt to make himself a *make-believe* character of perfection out of the "most small faults" he could rake up against the reputation of an author, whom he was bound either not to edit or not to injure. But we think his Lordship turns the tables upon the divine, and gets up into the reading-desk himself, without the proper canonical credentials, when he makes such a fuss as he does about didactic or moral poetry as the highest of all others, because moral truth and moral conduct are of such vast and paramount concernment in human life. But because they are such good things in themselves, does it follow that they are the better for being put into rhyme? We see no connection between "ends of verse, and sayings of philosophers." This reasoning reminds us of the critic who said, that the only poetry he knew of, good for any thing, was the four lines, beginning "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," for that these were really of some use in finding out the number of days in the different months of the year. The rules of arithmetic are important in many respects, but we do not know that they are the fittest subjects of poetry. Besides, Pope was not the only moral poet, nor are we sure that we understand his moral system, or that Lord Byron understands it, or that he understood it himself. Addison paraphrased the Psalms, and Blackmore sung the Creation: yet Pope has written a lampoon upon the one, and put the other in his Dunciad. Mr. Bowles has numbers of manuscript sermons by him, the morality of which, we will venture to say, is quite as pure, as orthodox, as that of the unpublished cantos of Don Juan; yet we doubt whether Mr. Murray, the Mecenas of poetry and orthodoxy, would give as much for the one as for the other. We do not look for the flowers of fancy in moral treatises, nor for a homily in his Lordship's irregular stanzas. The Decalogue, as a practical prose composition, or as a body of moral laws and precepts, is of sufficient weight and authority; but we should not

regard the putting this into heroic verse, as an effort of the highest poetry. That "Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms" is no imputation on the pious raptures of the Hebrew bard: and we suspect his Lordship himself would object to the allegory in Spenser, as a drawback on the poetry, if it is in other respects to his Lordship's taste, which is more than we can pretend to determine. The Noble Letter-writer thus moralizes on this subject, and transposes the ordinary critical canons somewhat arbitrarily and sophistically.

"The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenuous boast,

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moralis'd his song.

He should have written 'rose to truth.' In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the 'forests' that ever were 'walked' for their 'description,' and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly*, even a finer poem than the *Æneid*.

Virgil knew this: he did not order them to be burnt.

The proper study of mankind is man.

"It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination' and 'invention,'—the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant, with a little whiskey in his head, will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect: his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious." P. 42.

Really this is very inconsequential, incongruous reasoning. An Irish peasant, with a little whiskey in his head, would not fall upon more blunders, contradictions, and defective conclusions. Lord Byron talks of the ethical systems of Socrates and Jesus Christ. What made the former the great man he supposes?—The invention of his system—the discovery of sublime moral truths. Does Lord Byron mean to say, that the mere repetition of the same precepts in prose, or the turning them into verse, will make others as great, or will make a great man at all? The two things compared are wholly disparate. The finding out the 48th proposition in Euclid made Pythagoras a great man. Shall we say that the putting this into a grave, didactic distich would make either a great mathematician or a great poet? It would do neither one nor the other; though, according to Lord Byron, this distich would belong to the highest class of poetry, "because it would do that in verse, which one of the greatest of men had wished to accomplish in prose." Such is the way in which his Lordship transposes the common sense of the question,—because it is his humor! The value of any moral truth depends on the philosophic invention implied in it. But this rests with the first author, and the general idea, which forms the basis of didactic poetry, remains the same, through all its mechanical transmissions afterwards. The merit of the ethical poet must therefore consist in

his manner of adorning and illustrating a number of these general truths which are not his own, that is, in the poetical invention and imagination he brings to the subject, as Mr. Bowles has well shown, with respect to the episodes in the *Essay on Man*, the description of the poor Indian, and the lamb doomed to death, which are all the unsophisticated reader ever remembers of that much-talked-of production. Lord Byron clownishly chooses to consider all poetry but what relates to this ethical or didactic truth as "a lie." Is *Lear* a lie? Or does his Lordship prefer the story, or the moral, in *Æsop's Fables*? He asks "why must the poet mean the *liar*, the *feigner*, the *tale-teller*? A man may make and create better things than these."—He may make and create better things than a common-place, and he who does not, makes and creates nothing. The ethical or didactic poet necessarily repeats after others, because general truths and maxims are limited. The individual instances and illustrations, which his Lordship qualifies as "lies," "feigning," and "tale-telling," are infinite, and give endless scope to the genius of the true poet. The rank of poetry is to be judged of by the truth and purity of the moral—so we find it "in the bond,"—and yet Cowper, we are told, was no poet. Is there any keeping in this, or is it merely an air? Again, we are given to understand that didactic poetry "requires more mind, more power than all the descriptive or epic poetry that ever was written:" and as a proof of this, his Lordship lays it down, that the *Georgics* are a finer poem than the *Æneid*. We do not perceive the inference here. "Virgil knew this: he did not order *them* to be burnt.

The proper study of mankind is man."

Does our author mean that this was Virgil's reason for liking his pastoral poetry better than his description of Dido and *Æneas*? But farther, there is a Latin poem (that of Lucretius) superior even to the *Georgics*; nay, it would have been so to any poem now in existence, but for one unlucky circumstance. And what is that? "Its ethics!" So that

ethics have spoiled the finest poem in the world. This is the rub that makes didactic poetry come in such a questionable shape. If original, like Lucretius, there will be a difference of opinion about it. If trite and acknowledged, like Pope, however pure, there will be little valuable in it. It is the glory and the privilege of poetry to be conversant about those truths of nature and the heart that are at once original and self-evident. His Lordship ought to have known this. In the same passage, he speaks of imagination and invention as "the two commonest of qualities. We will tell his Lordship what is commoner, the want of them. "An Irish peasant," he adds, "with a little whiskey in his head, will imagine and invent more than"—(What? Homer, Spenser, and Ariosto? No: but than)—"would furnish forth a modern poem." That we will not dispute. But at any rate, when sober the next morning, he would be as "full of wise saws and modern instances" as his Lordship; and in either case, equally positive, tetchy, and absurd!

His Lordship, throughout his pamphlet, makes a point of contradicting Mr. Bowles, and, it would seem, of contradicting himself. He cannot be said to have any opinions of his own, but whatever any one else advances, he denies out of mere spleen and rashness. "He hates the word *invariable*," and not without reason. "What is there of human, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is *invariable*?"—There is one of the particulars in this enumeration, which seems pretty *invariable*, which is death. One would think that the principles of poetry are so too, notwithstanding his peevish disclaimer: for towards the conclusion of this letter he sets up Pope as a classic model, and considers all modern deviations from it as grotesque and barbarous.

"They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely

*beautiful fabric which preceded,** and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever."

Lord Byron has here substituted his own invariable principles for Mr. Bowles's, which he hates as bad as Mr. Southey's variable politics. Will nothing please his Lordship—neither dull fixtures nor shining weather-cocks?—We might multiply instances of a want of continuous reasoning, if we were fond of this sort of petty cavilling. Yet we do not know that there is any better quarry in the book. Why does his Lordship tell us that "ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry," and yet that "Petrarch the sonneteer" is esteemed by good judges the very highest poet of Italy? Mr. Bowles is a sonneteer, and a very good one. Why does he assert that "the poet who executes the best is the highest, whatever his department," and then affirm in the next page that didactic poetry "requires more mind, more wisdom, more power than all the forests that ever were walked for their description;" and then again, two pages after, that "a good poet can make a silk purse of a sow's ear;" that is, as he interprets it, "can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America?" That's a *Non Sequitur*, as Partridge has it. Why, contending that all subjects are alike indifferent to the genuine poet, does he turn round upon himself, and assume that "the sun shining upon a warming-pan cannot be made sublime or poetical?" Why does he say that "there is nothing in nature like the bust of the Antinous, except the Venus," which is not in nature?† Why does he call the first "that wonderful creation of perfect beauty," when it is a mere portrait, and on that account so superior to his favourite coxcomb, the Apollo? Why does he state that "more poetry cannot be gathered into existence" than we here see, and yet that this poetry arises neither from nature nor moral exaltedness; Mr. Bowles and he being at issue on this very point, viz. the one affirming that the essence of poetry is derived

from nature, and his Lordship, that it consists in moral truth? Why does he consider a shipwreck as an artificial incident? Why does he make the excellence of Falconer's Shipwreck consist in its technicalities, and not in its faithful description of common feelings and inevitable calamity? Why does he say all this, and much more, which he should not? Why does he write prose at all? Yet, in spite of all this trash, there is one passage for which we forgive him, and here it is.

"The truth is, that in these days the grand *primum mobile* of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts, will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the times. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided among themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum." These words should be written in letters of gold, as the testimony of a lofty poet to a great moral truth, and we can hardly have a quarrel with the writer of them.

There are three questions which form the subject of the present pamphlet; viz. What is poetical? What is natural? What is artificial? And we get an answer to none of them. The controversy, as it is carried on between the chief combatants, is much like a dispute between two artists, one of whom should maintain that blue is the only colour fit to paint with, and the other that yellow alone ought ever to be used. Much might be said on both sides, but little to the purpose. Mr. Campbell leads off the dance, and launches a ship as a beautiful and poetical artificial object. But he so loads it with patriotic, natural, and foreign associations, and the sails are "so perfumed that the winds are love-sick," that Mr. Bowles darts upon and seizes it as contraband to art, swear-

* We have "purest architecture" just before; and "the prior fabric which preceded," is rather more than an inelegant pleonasm.

† See Mr. Bowles's Two Letters.

ing that it is no longer the work of the shipwright, but of Mr. Campbell's lofty poetic imagination; and dedicates its stolen beauty to the right owners, the sun, the winds, and the waves. Mr. Campbell, in his eagerness to make all sure, having overstepped the literal mark, presses no farther into the controversy; but Lord Byron, who is "like an Irishman in a row, *any body's customer*," carries it on with good polemical hardihood, and runs a very edifying parallel between the ship without the sun, the winds and waves,—and the sun, the winds, and waves without the ship. "The sun," says Mr. Bowles, "is poetical, by your Lordship's admission." We think it would have been so without it. But his Lordship contends that "the sun would no longer be poetical, if it did not shine on ships, or pyramids, or fortresses, and other works of art," (he expressly excludes "footmen's liveries" and "brass warming-pans" from among those artificial objects that reflect new splendour on the eye of Heaven)—to which Mr. Bowles replies, that let the sun but shine, and "it is poetical *per se*," in which we think him right. His Lordship decomposes the wind into a *caput mortuum* of poetry, by making it howl through a pig-stye, instead of

Roaming the illimitable ocean wide;

and turns a water-fall, or a clear spring, into a slop-bason, to prove that nature owes its elegance to art. His Lordship is "ill at these numbers." Again, he affirms that the ruined temple of the Parthenon is poetical, and the coast of Attica with Cape Colonna, and the recollection of Falconer's Shipwreck, classical. Who ever doubted it? What then? Does this prove that the Rape of the Lock is not a mock-heroic poem? He assures us that a storm with cock-boats scudding before it is interesting, particularly if this happens to take place in the Hellespont, over which the noble critic swam; and makes it a question, whether the dark cypress groves, or the white towers and minarets of Constantinople are more impressive to the imagination? What has this to do with Pope's grotto at Twickenham, or the boat in which he paddled across the Thames to Kew?

Lord Byron tells us (and he should know) that the Grand Canal at Venice is a muddy ditch, without the stately palaces by its side; but then it is a natural, not an artificial canal; and finally, he asks, what would the desert of Tadmor be without the ruins of Palmyra, or Salisbury Plain without Stone-Henge? Mr. Bowles who, though tedious and teasing, has "damnable iteration in him," and has read the Fathers, answers very properly, by saying that a desert alone "conveys ideas of immeasurable distance, of profound silence, of solitude;" and that Salisbury Plain has the advantage of Hounslow Heath, chiefly in getting rid of the ideas of artificial life, "carts, caravans, raree-showmen, butchers' boys, coaches with coronets, and livery servants behind them," even though Stone-Henge did not lift its pale head above its barren bosom. Indeed, Lord Byron's notions of art and poetry are sufficiently wild, romantic, far-fetched, obsolete: his taste is Oriental, Gothic; his Muse is not domesticated; there is nothing *mimmince-pimmince*, modern, polished, light, fluttering, in his standard of the sublime and beautiful: if his thoughts are proud, pampered, gorgeous, and disdain to mingle with the objects of humble, unadorned nature, his lordly eye at least "keeps distance due" from the vulgar vanities of fashionable life; from drawing-rooms, from card-parties, and from courts. He is not a carpet poet. He does not sing the sofa, like poor Cowper. He is qualified neither for poet-laureate nor court-newsman. He is at issue with the Morning Post and Fashionable World, on what constitutes the true pathos and sublime of human life. He hardly thinks Lady Charlemont so good as the Venus, or as an Albanian girl, that he saw mending the road in the mountains. If he does not like flowers and forests, he cares as little for stars, garters, and princes' feathers; for diamond necklaces and paste-buckles. If his Lordship cannot make up his mind to the quiet, the innocence, the simple, unalterable grandeur of nature, we are sure that he hates the frippery, the foppery, and pert grimace of art, quite as much. His Lordship likes the poetry, the imaginative part of

art, and so do we; and so we believe did the late Mr. John Scott. He likes the *sombre* part of it, the thoughtful, the decayed, the ideal, the spectral shadow of human greatness, the departed spirit of human power. He sympathizes not with art as a display of ingenuity, as the triumph of vanity or luxury, as it is connected with the idiot, superficial, petty self-complacency of the individual and the moment, (these are to him not "luscious as locusts, but bitter as coloquintida"); but he sympathizes with the triumphs of Time and Fate over the proudest works of man—with the crumbling monuments of human glory—with the dim vestiges of countless generations of men—with that which claims alliance with the grave, or kindred with the elements of nature. This is what he calls art and artificial poetry. But this is not what any body else understands by the terms, commonly or critically speaking. There is as little connexion between the two things as between the grand-daughters of Mr. Coutts, who appeared at court the other day, and Lady Godiva—as there is between a reigning toast and an Egyptian mummy. Lord Byron, through the whole of the argument, pelts his reverend opponent with instances, like throwing a stone at a dog, which the incensed animal runs after, picks up, mumbles between his teeth, and tries to see what it is made of. The question is, however, too tough for Mr. Bowles's powers of mastication, and though the fray is amusing, nothing comes of it. Between the Editor of *Pope*, and the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, his Lordship sits

——— high arbiter,
And by decision more embroils the fray.

What is the use of taking a work of art, from which "all the art of art is flown," a mouldering statue, or a fallen column in *Tadmor's* marble waste, that staggers and overawes the mind, and gives birth to a thousand dim reflections, by seeing the power and pride of man prostrate, and laid low in the dust; what is there in this to prove the self-sufficiency of the upstart pride and power of man? A Ruin is poetical. Because it is a work of art, says Lord Byron. No, but because it is

a work of art o'erthrown. In it we see, as in a mirror, the life, the hopes, the labour of man defeated, and crumbling away under the slow hand of time; and all that he has done reduced to nothing, or to a useless mockery. Or as one of the bread-and-butter poets has described the same thing a little differently, in his tale of Peter Bell the potter,—

——— The stones and tower
Seem'd fading fast away
From human thoughts and purposes,
To yield to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

If this is what Lord Byron means by artificial objects and interests, there is an end of the question, for he will get no critic, no school to differ with him. But a fairer instance would be a snag citizen's box by the road-side, newly painted, plastered and furnished, with every thing in the newest fashion and gloss, not an article the worse for wear, and a lease of one-and-twenty years to run, and then let us see what Lord Byron, or his friend and "best of human life" will make of it, compared with the desolation, and the waste of all these comforts, arts, and elegances. Or let him take—not the pyramids of Egypt, but the pavilion at Brighton, and make a poetical description of it in prose or verse. We defy him. The poetical interest, in his Lordship's transposed cases, arises out of the imaginary interest. But the truth is, that where art flourishes and attains its object, imagination droops, and poetry along with it. It ceases, or takes a different and ambiguous shape; it may be elegant, ingenious, pleasing, instructive, but if it aspires to the semblance of a higher interest, or the ornaments of the highest fancy, it necessarily becomes burlesque, as for instance, in the *Rape of the Lock*. As novels end with marriage, poetry ends with the consummation and success of art. And the reason (if Lord Byron would attend to it) is pretty obvious. Where all the wishes and wants are supplied, anticipated by art, there can be no strong cravings after ideal good, nor dread of unimaginable evils; the sources of terror and pity must be dried up: where the hand has done every thing, nothing is left for the imagination to do or to attempt: where all is regulated by

conventional indifference, the full-workings, the involuntary, uncontrollable emotions of the heart cease: property is not a poetical, but a practical prosaic idea, to those who possess and clutch it; and cuts off others from cordial sympathy; but nature is common property, the unenvied idol of all eyes, the fairy ground where fancy plays her tricks and feats; and the passions, the workings of the heart (which Mr. Bowles very properly distinguishes from manners, inasmuch as they are not in the power of the will to regulate or satisfy) are still left as a subject for something very different from didactic or mock-heroic poetry. By *art* and *artificial*, as these terms are applied to poetry or human life, we mean those objects and feelings which depend for their subsistence and perfection on the will and arbitrary conventions of man and society; and by nature, and natural subjects, we mean those objects which exist in the universe at large, without, or in spite of, the interference of human power and contrivance, and those interests and affections which are not amenable to the human will. That we are to exclude art, or the operation of the human will, from poetry altogether, is what we do not affirm; but we mean to say, that where this operation is the most complete and manifest, as in the creation of given objects, or regulation of certain feelings, there the spring of poetry, i. e. of passion and imagination, is proportionably and much impaired. We are masters of Art, Nature is our master; and it is to this greater power that we find working above, about, and within us, that the genius of poetry bows and offers up its highest homage. If the infusion of art were not a natural disqualifier for poetry, the most artificial objects and manners would be the most poetical: on the contrary, it is only the rude beginnings, or the ruinous decay of objects of art, or the simplest modes of life and manners, that admit of, or harmonize kindly with, the tone and language of poetry. To consider the question otherwise, is not to consider it too curiously, but not to understand it at all. Lord Byron talks of Ulysses striking his horse Rhesus with his bow, as an instance of the heroic in

poetry. But does not the poetical dignity of the instrument arise from its very commonness and simplicity? A bow is not a supererogation of the works of art. It is almost peculiar to a state of nature, that is, the first and rudest state of society. Lord Byron might as well talk of a shepherd's crook, or the garland of flowers with which he crowns his mistress, as images borrowed from artificial life. He cannot make a gentleman-usher's rod poetical, though it is the pink of courtly and gentlemanly refinement. Will the bold stickler for the artificial essence of poetry translate Pope's description of Sir Plume,—

Of amber-headed snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,—

into the same sort of poetry as Homer's description of the bow of Ulysses? It is out of the question. The very mention of the last has a sound with it like the twang of the bow itself; whereas the others, the snuff-box and clouded-cane, are of the very essence of effeminate impertinence. Pope says, in Spence's Anecdotes, that "a lady of fashion would admire a star, because it would remind her of the twinkling of a lamp on a ball-night." This is a much better account of his own poetry than his noble critic has given. It is a clue to a real solution of the difficulty. What is the difference between the feeling with which we contemplate a gas-light in one of the squares, and the crescent moon beside it, but this—that though the brightness, the beauty perhaps, to the mere sense, is the same or greater; yet we know that when we are out of the square, we shall lose sight of the lamp, but that the moon will lend us its tributary light wherever we go; it streams over green valley or blue ocean alike; it is hung up in air, a part of the pageant of the universe; it steals with gradual, softened state into the soul, and hovers, a fairy-apparition, over our existence! It is this which makes it a more poetical object than a patent-lamp, or a Chinese lanthorn, or the chandelier at Covent-garden, brilliant as it is, and which, though it were made ten times more so, would still only dazzle and scorch the sight so much the more; it would not be attended with a mild train of

reflected glory; it would "denote no foregone conclusion," would touch no chord of imagination or the heart; it would have nothing romantic about it. — A man can make anything, but he cannot make a sentiment! It is a thing of inveterate prejudice, of old association, of common feeling, and so is poetry, as far as it is serious. A "pack of cards," a silver bodkin, a paste buckle, "may be imbued" with as much mock poetry as you please, by lending false associations to it; but real poetry, or poetry of the highest order, can only be produced by unravelling the real web of associations, which have been wound round any subject by nature, and the unavoidable conditions of humanity. Not to admit this distinction at the threshold, is to confound the style of Tom Thumbo with that of the Moor of Venice, or Hurlothrumbo with the Doge of Venice. It is to mistake jest for earnest, and one thing for another.

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

The image here is one of artificial life; but it is connected with natural circumstances and romantic interests, with darkness, with silence, with distance, with privation, and uncertain danger: it is common, obvious, without pretension or boast, and therefore the poetry founded upon it is natural, because the feelings are so. It is not the splendour of the candle itself, but the contrast to the gloom without, — the comfort, the relief it holds out from afar to the benighted traveller, — the conflict between nature and the first and cheapest resources of art, that constitutes the romantic and imaginary, that is, the poetical interest, in that familiar but striking image. There is more art in the lamp or chandelier; but for that very reason, there is less poetry. A light in a watch-tower, a beacon at sea, is sublime for the same cause; because the natural circumstances and associations set it off; it warns us against danger, it reminds us of common calamity, it promises safety and hope: it has to do with the broad feelings and circumstances of human life, and its interest does not assuredly turn upon the vanity or pretensions of the maker or proprietor of it. This sort of art is co-ordi-

nate with nature, and comes into the first class of poetry, but no one ever dreamt of the contrary. The features of nature are great leading land-marks, not near and little, or confined to a spot, or an individual claimant; they are spread out everywhere the same, and are of universal interest. The true poet has therefore been described as

Creation's tenant, he is nature's heir.

What has been thus said of the man of genius might be said of the man of no genius. The spirit of poetry, and the spirit of humanity are the same. The productions of nature are not locked up in the cabinets of the curious, but spread out on the green lap of earth. The flowers return with the cuckoo in the spring: the daisy for ever looks bright in the sun; the rainbow still lifts its head above the storm to the eye of infancy or age —

So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man,
So shall it be till I grow old and die;

but Lord Byron does not understand this, for he does not understand Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and we cannot make him. His Lordship's nature, as well as his poetry, is something arabesque and outlandish. — Again, once more, what, we would ask, makes the difference between an opera of Mozart's, and the singing of a thrush confined in a wooden cage at the corner of the street in which we live? The one is nature, and the other is art: the one is paid for, and the other is not. Madame Fodor sings the air of *Vedrai Carino* in *Don Giovanni* so divinely, because she is hired to sing it; she sings it to please the audience, not herself, and does not always like to be *encored* in it; but the thrush that awakes us at day-break with its song, does not sing because it is paid to sing, or to please others, or to be admired or criticised. It sings because it is happy: it pours the thrilling sounds from its throat, to relieve the overflowings of its own breast — the liquid notes come from, and go to, the heart, dropping balm into it, as the gushing spring revives the traveller's parched and fainting lips. That stream of joy comes pure and fresh to the longing sense, free from art and af-

fastation; the same that rises over vernal groves, mingled with the breath of morning, and the perfumes of the wild hyacinth; that waits for no audience, that wants no rehearsing, that exhausts its raptures, and is still—

Hymns its good God, and carols sweet of love.

There is this great difference between nature and art, that the one is what the other *seems*, and gives all the pleasure it expresses, because it feels it itself. Madame Fodor sings, as a musical instrument may be made to play a tune, and perhaps with no more real delight: but it is not so with the linnet or the thrush, that sings because God pleases, and pours out its little soul in pleasure. This is the reason why its singing is (so far) so much better than melody or harmony, than base or treble, than the Italian or the German school, than quavers or crotchets, or half-notes, or canzonets, or quartetts, or any thing in the world but truth and nature!

To give one more instance or two of what we understand by a natural interest ingrafted on artificial objects, and of the principle that still keeps them distinct. Amelia's "hashed mutton" in Fielding, is one that I might mention. Hashed mutton is an article in cookery, homely enough in the scale of art, though far removed from the simple products of nature; yet we should say that this common delicacy which Amelia provided for her husband's supper, and then waited so long in vain for his return, is the foundation of one of the most natural and affecting incidents in one of the most natural and affecting books in the world.—No description of the most splendid and luxurious banquet could come up to it. It will be remembered, when the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and even the article on it in the last Edinburgh Review, are forgotten. Did Lord Byron never read *Boccaccio*? We wish he would learn refinement from him, and get rid of his hard *bravura* taste, and swash-buckler conclusions. What makes the charm of the story of the Falcon? Is it properly art or nature? The tale is one of artificial life, and elegant manners, and chivalrous pre-

tensions; but it is the fall from these, the decline into the vale of low and obscure poverty,—the having but one last loop left to hang life on, and the sacrifice of that to a feeling still more precious, and which could only give way with life itself,—that elevates the sentiment, and has made it find its way into all hearts. Had Frederigo Alberigi had an aviary of Hawks, and preserves of pheasants without end, he and his poor bird would never have been heard of. It is not the expence and ostentation of the entertainment he set before his mistress, but the prodigality of affection, squandering away the last remains of his once proud fortunes, that stamps this beautiful incident on the remembrance of all who have ever read it. We wish Lord Byron would look it over again, and see whether it does not most touch the chords of pathos and sentiment in those places where we feel the absence of all the pomp and vanities of art. Mr. Campbell talks of a ship as a sublime and beautiful object in art. We will confess we always stop to look at the mail-coaches with no slight emotion, and, perhaps, extend our hands after some of them, in sign of gratulation. They carry the letters of friends, of relations; they keep up the communication between the heart of a country. We do not admire them for their workmanship, for their speed, for their livery—there is something more in it than this. Perhaps we can explain it by saying, that we once heard a person observe—"I always look at the Shrewsbury mail, and sometimes with tears in my eyes: that is the coach that will bring me the news of the death of my father and mother." His Lordship will say, the mail-coach is an artificial object. Yet we think the interest here was not founded upon that circumstance. There was a finer and deeper link of affection that did not depend on the red painted pannels, or the *dyed garments* of the coachman and guard. At least it stikes us so.

This is not an easy subject to illustrate, and it is still more difficult to define. Yet we shall attempt something of the sort. 1. Natural objects are common and obvious, and are imbued with an habitual and

universal interest, without being vulgar. Familiarity in them does not breed contempt, as it does in the works of man. They form an ideal class; their repeated impression on the mind, in so many different circumstances, grows up into a sentiment. The reason is, that we refer them generally and collectively to ourselves, as links and mementos of our various being; whereas, we refer the works of art respectively to those by whom they are made or to whom they belong. This distracts the mind in looking at them, and gives a petty and unpoetical character to what we feel relating to them. When the works of art become poetical, it is when they are emancipated from this state of "circumscription and confine," by some circumstance that sets aside the idea of property and individual distinction. The sound of village bells,—

— The poor man's only music,*

excites as lively an interest in the mind, as the warbling of a thrush: the sight of a village spire presents nothing discordant with the surrounding scenery.

2. Natural objects are more akin to poetry and the imagination, partly, because they are not our own handy-work, but start up spontaneously, like a visionary creation, of their own accord, without our knowledge or connivance.—

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them;—

and farther, they have this advantage over the works of art, that the latter either fall short of their preconceived intention, and excite our disgust and disappointment by their defects; or, if they completely answer their end, they then leave nothing to the imagination, and so excite little or no romantic interest that way. A Count Rumford stove, or a Dutch oven, are useful for the purposes of warmth or culinary dispatch. Gray's purring favourite would find great comfort in warming its nose before the one, or dipping its whiskers in the

other; and so does the artificial animal, man: but the poetry of Rumford grates or Dutch ovens, it would puzzle even Lord Byron to explain. Cowper has made something of the "loud-hissing urn," though Mr. Southey, as being one of the more refined "naturals," still prefers "the song of the kettle." The more our senses, our self-love, our eyes and ears, are surrounded, and, as it were, saturated with artificial enjoyments and costly decorations, the more the avenues to the imagination and the heart are unavoidably blocked up. We do not say, that this may not be an advantage to the individual; we say it is a disadvantage to the poet. Even "Mine Host of Human Life," has felt its palsyng, enervating influence. Let any one (after ten years old) take shelter from a shower of rain in Exeter Change, and see how he will amuse the time with looking over the trinkets, the chains, the seals, the curious works of art. Compare this with the description of Una and the Red Cross Knight in Spenser:

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promis'd aid the tempest to withstand:

Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light

did hide,

Not pierceable with power of any star;
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far;

Far harbour that them seems; so in they enter'd are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,

Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrowded from the tempest's dread,

Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The buidler oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspen good for staves, the cypress funeral.†

* Coleridge.

† Most people have felt the *craux* of being detained under a gateway in a shower of rain. Happy is he who has an umbrella, and can escape when the first fury of the storm has abated. Turn this gateway into a broker's shop, full of second-hand furniture—tables, chairs, bedsteads, bolsters, and all the accommodations of man's life,—the case will not be mended. On the other hand, convert it into a wild natural

Artificial flowers look pretty in a lady's head-dress; but they will not do to stick into lofty verse. On the contrary, a crocus bursting out of the ground seems to blush with its own golden light—"a thing of life." So a greater authority than Lord Byron has given his testimony on this subject: "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Shakspeare speaks of

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares and take

The winds of March with beauty.

All this play of fancy and dramatic interest could not be transferred to a description of hot-house plants, regulated by a thermometer. Lord Byron unfairly enlists into the service of his argument those artificial objects, which are direct imitations of nature, such as statuary, &c. This is an oversight. At this rate, all poetry would be artificial poetry. Dr. Darwin is among those, who have endeavoured to confound the distinctions of natural and artificial poetry, and indeed, he is, perhaps, the only one, who has gone the whole length of Lord Byron's hypercritical and super-artificial theory. Here are some of his lines, which have been greatly admired.

Apostrophe to Steel.

Hail, adamantine steel! magnetic lord,
King of the prow, the ploughshare, and
the sword!

True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
His steady course amid the struggling
tides,

Braves with broad sail the immeasurable
sea,

Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but
thee!

This is the true false gallop of the sublime. Yet steel is a very useful metal, and doubtless performs all these wonders. But it has not, among so many others, the virtue of amalgamating with the imagination. We might quote also his description of the spinning-jenny, which is pronounced by Dr. Aikin to be as ingenious a piece of mechanism as the object it describes; and, according to Lord Byron, this last is as well suited to the manufacture of verses as of cotton-twist without end.

3. Natural interests are those which are real and inevitable, and are so far contradistinguished from the artificial, which are factitious and affected. If Lord Byron cannot understand the difference, he may find it explained by contrasting some of Chaucer's characters and incidents with those in the Rape of the Lock, for instance. Custance floating in her boat on the wide sea, is different from Pope's heroine,

Launched on the bosom of the silver
Thames.

Griselda's loss of her children, one by one, of her *all*, does not belong to the same class of incidents, nor of subjects for poetry, as Belinda's loss of her favourite curl. A sentiment that has rooted itself in the heart, and can only be torn from it with life, is not like the caprice of the moment—the putting on of paint and patches, or the pulling off a glove. The inbred character is not like a masquerade dress. There is a difference between the theatrical, and natural, which is important to the determination of the present question, and which has been overlooked by his Lordship. Mr. Bowles, however, formally insists (and with the best right in the world) on the distinction between passion and manners. But

came, and we may idle away whole hours in it, marking a streak in the rock, or a flower that grows on the sides, without feeling time hang heavy on us. The reason is, that where we are surrounded with the works of man—the sympathy with the art and purposes of man, as it were, irritates our own will, and makes us impatient of whatever interferes with it: while, on the contrary, the presence of nature, of objects existing without our intervention and controul, disarms the will of its restless activity, and disposes us to submit to accidents that we cannot help, and the course of outward events, without repining. We are thrown into the hands of nature, and become converts to her power. Thus the idea of the artificial, the conventional, the voluntary, is fatal to the romantic and imaginary. To us it seems, that the free spirit of nature rushes through the soul, like a stream with a murmuring sound, the echo of which is poetry.

he agrees with Lord Byron, that the Epistle to Abelard is the height of the pathetic.

Strange that such difference should be
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

That it is in a great degree pathetic, we should be amongst the last to dispute; but its character is more properly rhetorical and voluptuous. That its interest is of the highest or deepest order, is what we should wonder to hear any one affirm, who is intimate with Shakspeare, Chaucer, Boccaccio, our own early dramatists, or the Greek tragedians. There is more true, unfeigned, unspeakable, heartfelt distress in one line of Chaucer's tale just mentioned,

Let me not like a worm go by the way,

than in all Pope's writings put together; and we say it without any disrespect to him too. Didactic poetry has to do with manners, as they are regulated, not by fashion or caprice, but by abstract reason and grave opinion, and is equally remote from the dramatic, which describes the involuntary and unpremeditated impulses of nature. As Lord Byron refers to the Bible, we would just ask him here, which he thinks the most poetical parts of it, the Law of the Twelve Tables, the Book of Leviticus, &c.; or the Book of Job, Jacob's dream, the story of Ruth, &c.?

4. Supernatural poetry is, in the sense here insisted on, allied to nature, not to art, because it relates to the impressions made upon the mind by unknown objects and powers, out of the reach both of the cognizance and will of man, and still more able to startle and confound his imagination, while he supposes them to exist, than either those of nature or art. The Witches in Macbeth, the Furies in Æschylus, are so far artificial objects, that they are creatures of the poet's brain; but their impression on the mind depends on their possessing attributes, which baffle and set at nought all human pretence, and laugh at all human efforts to tamper with them. Satan in Milton is an artificial or ideal character: but would any one call this artificial poetry? It is, in Lord

Byron's phrase, super-artificial, as well as super-human poetry. But it is serious business. Fate, if not Nature, is its ruling genius. The Pandemonium is not a baby-house of the fancy, and it is ranked (ordinarily), with natural, i. e. with the highest and most important order of poetry, and above the Rape of the Lock. We intended a definition, and have run again into examples. Lord Byron's *concretions* have spoiled us for philosophy. We will therefore leave off here, and conclude with a character of Pope, which seems to have been written with an eye to this question, and which (for what we know) is as near a solution of it as the Noble Letter-writer's emphatical division of Pope's writings into ethical, mock-heroic, and fanciful poetry.

"Pope was not assuredly a poet of this class, or in the first rank of it. He saw nature only dressed by art; he judged of beauty by fashion; he sought for truth in the opinions of the world; he judged of the feelings of others by his own. The capacious soul of Shakspeare had an intuitive and mighty sympathy with whatever could enter into the heart of man in all possible circumstances: Pope had an exact knowledge of all that he himself loved or hated, wished or wanted. Milton has winged his daring flight from heaven to earth, through Chaos and old Night. Pope's Muse never wandered with safety, but from his library to his grotto, or from his grotto into his library back again. His mind dwelt with greater pleasure on his own garden, than on the garden of Eden; he could describe the faultless whole-length mirror that reflected his own person, better than the smooth surface of the lake that reflects the face of heaven—a piece of cut glass or a pair of paste buckles with more brilliance and effect, than a thousand dew-drops glittering in the sun. He would be more delighted with a patent lamp, than with "the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow," that fills the skies with its soft silent lustre, that trembles through the cottage window, and cheers the watchful mariner on the lonely wave. In short, he was the poet of personality and of polished life. That which was

nearest to him, was the greatest; the fashion of the day bore away in his mind over the immutable laws of nature. He preferred the artificial to the natural in external objects, because he had a stronger fellow-feeling with the self-love of the maker or proprietor of a gewgaw, than admiration of that which was interesting to all mankind. He preferred the artificial to the natural in passion, because the involuntary and uncalculating impulses of the one hurried him away with a force and vehemence with which he could not grapple; while he could trifle with the conventional and superficial modifications of mere sentiment at will, laugh at or admire, put them on or off like a masquerade-dress, make much or little of them, indulge them for a longer or a shorter time, as he pleased; and because while they amused his fancy and exercised his ingenuity, they never once disturbed his vanity, his levity, or indifference. His mind was the antithesis of strength and grandeur; its power was the power of indifference. He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry; he was in poetry what the sceptic is in religion.

"It cannot be denied, that his chief excellence lay more in diminishing, than in aggrandizing objects; in checking, not in encouraging our enthusiasm; in sneering at the extravagances of fancy or passion, instead of giving a loose to them; in describing a row of pins and needles, rather than the embattled spears of Greeks and Trojans; in penning a lampoon or a compliment, and in praising Martha Blount.

"Shakspeare says,

— In Fortune's ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the
brize

Than by the tyger: but when the splitting
wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then
The thing of courage,

As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise;
And with an accent tuned in the self-same
key,
Replies to chiding Fortuna.

There is none of this rough work in Pope. His Muse was on a peace-establishment, and grew somewhat effeminate by long ease and indulgence. He lived in the smiles of fortune, and basked in the favour of the great. In his smooth and polished verse we meet with no prodigies of nature, but with miracles of wit; the thunders of his pen are whispered flatteries; its forked lightnings pointed sarcasms; for "the gnarled oak," he gives us "the soft myrtle;" for rocks, and seas, and mountains, artificial grass-plats, gravel-walks, and tinkling rills; for earthquakes and tempests, the breaking of a flower-pot, or the fall of a china jar; for the tug and war of the elements, or the deadly strife of the passions, we have

Calm contemplation and poetic ease.

Yet within this retired and narrow circle how much, and that how exquisite, was contained! What discrimination, what wit, what delicacy, what fancy, what lurking spleen, what elegance of thought, what pampered refinement of sentiment! It is like looking at the world through a microscope, where every thing assumes a new character and a new consequence, where things are seen in their minutest circumstances and slightest shades of difference; where the little becomes gigantic, the deformed beautiful, and the beautiful deformed. The wrong end of the magnifier is, to be sure, held to every thing, but still the exhibition is highly curious, and we know not whether to be most pleased or surprised. Such, at least, is the best account I am able to give of this extraordinary man, without doing injustice to him or others."

THE SHRIEK OF PROMETHEUS.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN THE SECOND BOOK OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

Fresh was the breeze, and the rowers plied
 Their oars with a simultaneous motion,
 When the Argo sail'd in her stately pride
 By the laurel'd shores of the Pontic Ocean.

The island of Mars with its palmy coves,
 The Sacred Mount, and Aretia's strands,
 And Philyra's Isle with its linden groves,
 And Ophir's flood with its shelly sands,

Swiftly they past—till stretching far,
 On their right Bechiria's coast appears,
 Where painted Sapirians fierce in war,
 Bristle the beech with bows and spears.

At distance they saw the sun-beams quiver
 Where the long-sought towers of Colchos stood,
 And mark'd the foam of the Phasis river,
 As it flung from its rocky mouth the flood.

The Argonauts gaze with hungry eyes
 On the land enrich'd by the Golden Fleece,
 Already in fancy they grasp the prize,
 And hear the shouts of applauding Greece.

Jason look'd out with a proud delight,
 Castor and Pollux stood hand in hand,
 Showing each other the welcome sight;
 While fierce Meleager unsheath'd his brand.

Laocœon bade the rowers check
 Their oars as the sun to the water slanted,
 For Orpheus sate with his harp on the deck,
 And sweetly the hymn of evening chanted,
 While the heroes round, at each pause of sound,
 Stretch'd their right hands to the god of day,
 And fervently join'd in the choral lay.

THE HYMN OF ORPHEUS.

Twin-born with Dian in the Delos isle,
 Which after the Ogygian deluge thou
 Didst first illumine with renovating smile,
 Apollo! deign to hear our evening vow.

CHORUS.

When thou'rt dim, our harp and hymn
 Thy downward course shall follow:
 Hail to thee!—hail to thee!
 Hail to thee, Apollo!

God of the art that heals the shatter'd frame,
 And poetry that soothes the wounded mind,
 Ten thousand temples, honour'd with thy name,
 Attest thy ceaseless blessings to mankind.

CHORUS.

When thou'rt dim, our harp and hymn
 Thy downward course shall follow:
 Hail to thee!—hail to thee!
 Hail to thee, Apollo!

Thy golden bow emits a gushing strain
Of music when the Pythian serpent dies ;
His eyes flash fire—his writhings plough the plain,
Hissing he leaps aloft—then lifeless lies.

CHORUS.

When thou'rt dim, our harp and hymn
Thy downward course shall follow :
Hail to thee !—hail to thee !
Hail to thee, Apollo !

Pan of his pipe and rural science proud,
Dreamt that his music might with thine aspire ;
The mountain Tmolus was the judge—and bow'd
His nodding woods in homage to thy lyre.

CHORUS.

When thou'rt dim, with harp and hymn
Thy downward course we follow :
Hail to thee !—hail to thee !
Hail to thee, Apollo !

From bowers of Daphne on Parnassus' Mount
While Delphic girls their Io Pæans sing,
The gifted Muses by Castalia's fount,
With choral symphonies salute their king.

CHORUS.

When thou'rt dim, with harp and hymn
Thy downward course we follow :
Hail to thee !—hail to thee !
Hail to thee, Apollo !

God of the golden lyre and laurel wreath,
To thee each poet turns with yearning heart
And thoughtful eyes, invoking thee to breathe
Thine inspiration ———

With a start

The minstrel ceased, for over all the bark
A baleful shadow on a sudden spread !
The Argonauts look'd up and saw a dark
And monstrous eagle hovering o'er their head ;
So vast and fearful, that transfix'd and pale
They stood, with wild amaze o'ertaken :—
The vessel trembles, and the shivering sail
Flaps as if with terror shaken.
Entranced they gazed—and silent, till
Phlias, the son of Bacchus, seized his bow,
And would have aim'd it at the feather'd foe,
But Mopsus, gifted with an augur's skill,
Gently held back his arm, and bade him wait
This dread portent—pronounce no word,
Nor dare to challenge Jove's own bird,
The minister of unrelenting fate.

Extending now his oar-like wings,
Twice round the ship the monster swings,
As if prepared to pounce upon his prey ;
His eyes from forth their sable shroud
Shot fire, like lightning from a cloud,
But with a sudden dart he rush'd away,

And clove the northward distance, where
 The heights of Caucasus their barrier throw,
 Where crag on crag, chaotic giants bare
 Their granite foreheads to the sky, and sit
 In desolate state beneath their crowns of snow.
 Within these topmost peaks, there is a pit,
 A dizzy, gaunt, precipitous ravine,
 Upon whose rocky floor environ'd round
 With walls of ice—by every eye unseen,
 With adamantine chains Prometheus lies bound.—

Thither the ravenous wonder wing'd his flight—
 They saw him clear the intervening height,
 And sink behind it;—every eye
 Is fix'd upon the spot, and every heart
 Throbs with expectant agony.—
 But nought is seen—no sounds impart
 The secret of that dread abyss:—
 Still do they gaze, half-willing to dismiss
 Their fears and hopes, for over plain and hill
 And smiling ocean—all is hush'd and still.

Gracious God, what a shriek!
 The monster with his beak
 Is tearing out his victim's heart!
 Lo! as that desolating cry
 Echoes from the mountains nigh,
 And throws its fear afar, a start
 Of horror seems to darken nature's face.—
 Athwart the quaking deep,
 Revolting shudders creep,
 Earth trembles to her very base,
 Air seems to swoon—the sky to frown—
 The sun with ghastly glare shrinks faster down.—

Hark! what a furious clash of chains!
 Victim! thou never can'st unlock
 The brazen bolts that root thee to the rock;
 Vain are thy struggles and convulsive strains.
 Ah me! what dreadful groans are those,
 Wrung from the very depths of agonies;—
 Now weaker moanings rise, till worn with woes,
 The fainting wretch exhausted lies,
 And all again is grim repose.

But still with thrilling breasts and steadfast eyes
 The heroes gazed upon the mountain's peak,
 Till gorged with gore they saw the monster rise
 With blood-stain'd claws, and breast, and beak,
 And as above them he resumed his flight,
 Th' arrested vessel shakes,
 The flapping main-sail quakes,
 And all seem'd turn'd to statues at the sight.
 All but the son of Bacchus, who
 With flashing eyes and visage red,
 Again uprear'd his bow, and drew
 His longest arrow to the head,—
 When from the eagle's beak a drop of gore,
 (The heart's blood of Prometheus,) fell
 Warm on his hand!—upon the vessel's floor
 Down falls his bow—with shuddering yell
 And haggard eyes still staring on the drop,
 He staggers back, clasping the mast to prop

His fainting limbs. Upon the pilot's forehead

The dews of terror stood,

And all in awe-struck mood,

Ponder'd in silence on that omen horrid.

The sun went down, and far into the gloom

The monster shot away,—but none

Of the bewilder'd Argonauts resume

The vessel's guidance as her way she won.—

None spake—none moved—all sate in blank dismay,

Revolving in their minds this dread portent,

And thus, abandon'd to the sway

Of the blind wind and watery element,

Through the whole silent night the Argo bore

Those throbbing hearts along the Pontic shore.

H.

MY RELATIONS.

I AM arrived at that point of life, at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have not that felicity—and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in Browne's *Christian Morals*, where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. "In such a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face in no long time OBLIVION will look upon himself."

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive, my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books, and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were Thomas à Kempis, in Stanhope's translation; and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down,—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me she had read with great sa-

tisfaction the *Adventures* of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman. Finding the door of the chapel in Essex-street open one day—it was in the infancy of that heresy—she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine old *Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at a *repartee*, one of the few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was, the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncles' side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her!—But I have cousins, sprinkled about in Hertfordshire—besides *two*, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These

are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than myself by twelve, and ten, years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives, which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventy-three, years old (I cannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and of none since him, could have drawn J. E. entire—those fine Shandian lights and shades, which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles.—The genuine child of impulse—the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier down of every thing that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in every thing, commends *you* to the guidance of common sense on all occasions.—With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does, or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing any thing absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say so*—for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (whereof he hath amassed a choice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again—that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Dominichino hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much

more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humours, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a travelling Quaker.—He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover—and has a spirit, that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship, than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favourite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's street—where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight—a trying three quarters of an hour to some people. He “wonders at your fidgetiness”—“where could we be better than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*”—“prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion,”—with an eye all the while upon the coachman—till at length, waxing out of all patience, at *your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily that “the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant.”

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes

wild work with logic; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man, as *reason*; and wondereth how man came first to have a conceit of it—enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to him—when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world—and declareth, that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds—*What a pity to think, that these fine ingenious lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous—and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people, who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing.—It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude—or a Hobbins—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips's—or where not—to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must do*—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer holidays—and goes off—Westward Ho!—chanting a tune, to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced, that he has convinced me—while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant again to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honours of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light, till he has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus

of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aerial perspective—though you assure him that to you the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luckless wight, who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present!—The last is always his best hit—his “Cynthia of the minute.”—Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to *come in*—a Raphael!—keep its ascendancy for a few brief moons—then, after certain intermedial degradations, from the front drawing room to the back gallery, thence to the dark parlour,—adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall—consigned to the oblivious lumber-room, go out at last a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti!—which things when I beheld—musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below, hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woeful Queen of Richard the Second—

— set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmass or shortest day.

With great love for you, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel, or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old established playgoer, that Mr. Such-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theatres), is a very lively comedian—as a piece of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity—who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!—He has not much respect for that class of feelings, which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily sufferings exclusively—and rejecteth all others, as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition, of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acute-

ness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An overloaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind—the never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *alive*, will wring him so, that “all for pity he could die.” It will take the savour from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that “true yoke-fellow with Time,” to have effected as much for the *Animal*, as he hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out, his co-adjutors. He thinks of relieving, — while they think

of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of
 * * * * * , because the fervor of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the *Elias* family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry! heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid! — With all the strangenesses of this *strangest of the Elias*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way-consistent kinsman breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget—if you are not already surfeited with cousins—and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with us, on an excursion which we made a summer or two since, in search of *more cousins*—Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.

Till when, Farewell.

ELIA.

SONG.

I SAW her but a lover's hour,
 That beauty without beauty's pride,
 As humble as the wayside flower
 That blushing droops when fondly eyed.
 Her hair was like the golden rays
 That fall on mountain-heads of snow;
 And angels might with wonder gaze
 Upon the whiteness of her brow.
 Her eyes were like twin violets,
 The violets of the sunny south,
 Which dewy Morn delighted wets
 And kisses with delicious mouth;
 Her cheek was pale as the wan moon,
 The young moon of the virgin year,
 When as her night is past its noon,
 And the warm-kissing sun is near.
 Her closed mouth was like a bud
 Full of the balmy breath of May;
 Her voice was like a summer-flood
 That noiseless steals its gentle way;
 Its sound on Memory's ear will start
 Like to a sweet forgotten tune,
 Whose echoes live within a heart
 That what it loves forgets not soon.

G. W. .

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE

No. VI.

ELEANOR SELBY AND THE SPECTRE-HORSEMAN OF SOUTRA.

And she stretched forth her trembling hand,
 Their mighty sides to stroak,
 And ay she reached, and ay she stretched,
 'Twas nothing all but smoak;
 They were but mere delusive forms,
 Of films and sulphry wind,
 And every wave she gave her hand,
 A gap was left behind.

James Hogg.

"A BRIGHT fire, a clean floor, and a pleasant company," is one of the proverbial wishes of domestic comfort among the wilds of Cumberland. The moorland residence of Randal Rode, exhibited the first and second portions of the primitive wish, and it required no very deep discernment to see that around the ample hearth we had materials for completing the proverb. In each face was reflected that singular mixture of gravity and humour, peculiar I apprehend to the people of the north. Before a large fire—which it is reckoned ominous ever to extinguish, lay half a dozen sheep dogs spreading out their white bosoms to the heat, and each placed opposite to the seat of its owner. The lord or rather portioner of Fremmet-ha himself lay apart on a large couch of oak antequely carved, and ornamented like some of the massive furniture of the days of the olden church, with beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks. This settee was bedded deep with sheepskins—each retaining a fleece of long white wool. At each end lay a shepherd's dog—past its prime like its master, and like him enjoying a kind of half ruminating and drowsy leisure peculiar to old age. Three or four busy wheels, guided by as many maidens, manufactured wool into yarn for rugs, and mauds, and mantles. Three other maidens, with bared arms, prepared curds for cheese, and their hands rivalled in whiteness the curdled milk itself. Under the light of a large candlestick several youths pursued the amusement of the popular game of draughts. This piece of rude furniture ought not to escape particular description. It resembled an Etruscan candlebra, and was composed of a shaft, capable of being depressed or elevated by means

of a notched groove, and sunk in a secure block of wood at the floor, terminated above, in a shallow cruse or plate, like a three cocked hat, in each corner of which stood a large candle, which rendered the spacious hall where we sat as light as day. On this scene of patriarchal happiness, looked my old companion Eleanor Selby contrasting, as she glanced her eye in succession o'er the tokens of shepherds' wealth in which the house abounded, the present day with the past—the times of the fleece, the shears, and the distaff, with those of broils and blood, and mutual inroad and invasion, when the name of Selby stood high in the chivalry of the north. One might observe in her changing looks the themes of rustic degradation and chivalrous glory on which she brooded—and the present peaceful time suffered by the comparison—as the present always does in the contemplation of old age. The constant attention of young Maudeline Rode, who ministered to the comfort of her ancient and wayward relative, seemed gradually to soothe and charm down the demon of proud ancestry who maintained rule in her breast; and after interchanging softer and softer looks of acknowledgment and kindness with her fair young kinswoman, she thus proceeded to relate some of the adventures she had witnessed in the time of her youth. These she poured out in a very singular manner—unconscious, apparently, at times of the presence of others—and often addressing herself to the individuals whom her narrative recalled to life, as if they stood life-like, and breathing before her.

'When I was young, like thee, Maudeline Rode, a marvel happened, which amazed many—it is, and will be a lasting tale, and a wonder—for

it came even as a vision, and I beheld it with these eyes. In those days, the crown of this land, which now stands so sure and so shining on the brows of him who rules us, was held as one of ambition's baubles that might be transferred by the sword to some adventurous head; and men of birth and descent were ready with trumpet and with brand to do battle for the exiled branch of the house of Stuart. Rumours of rebellions and invasions were as frequent as the winds on our heaths—and each day brought a darker and more varied tale—of risings in the east, and risings in the west—for the King abroad, and for the King at home—and each relator gave a colour, and a substance to his tidings even as his wishes were. The shepherd went armed to the pasturage of his flocks—the lover went armed to the meeting with his mistress—those who loved silver and gold sought the solitary and silent place, and buried their treasure; the father and mother gazed at their sons and their daughters, and thought on the wrongs of war—and the children armed with hazel rods for spears and swords of lath, carried on a mimic and venturesome war with one another under the hostile banners of the lion and the bonnie white rose. Those who still loved the ancient church, were dreaded by those who loved the new; and the sectarians hated both, and hoped for the day when the jewelled mitre would be plucked off the prelate's head—and austerity that denies itself, yet giveth not to others—and zeal, which openeth the gates of mercy, but for a tithe of mankind—should hold rule and dominion in the land. Those who had broad lands and rich heritages, wished for peace—those who had little to lose, hoped acquisitions by a convulsion—and there were many of the fiery and intractable spirits of the land who wished for strife and commotion, for the sake of variety of pursuit—and because they wished to see coronets and crowns staked on the issue of a battle. Thus, hot discussion and sore dispute, divided the people of this land. It happened on a fine summer evening, that I stopped at the dwelling of David Forester, of Wilton-hall, along with young Walter Selby of Glamora, to refresh my-

self after a stag-hunt, on the banks of Derwent water. The mountain air was mild and balmy, and the lofty and rugged outline of Soutra-fell, appeared on a canopied back ground of sky so pure, so blue, and so still, that the earth and heaven seemed blended together. Eagles were visible, perched among the moonlight, on the peaks of the rocks; ravens roosted at a vast distance below, and where the greensward joined the acclivity of rock and stone, the flocks lay in undisturbed repose, with their fleeces shining in dew, and reflected in a broad deep lake at the bottom, so pure and so motionless, that it seemed a sea of glass. The living, or rather human portion of the picture, partook of the same silent and austere character, for insinuate nature often lends a softness, or a sternness to man—the meditative melancholy of the mountain, and the companionable garrulity of the vale, have not escaped proverbial observation. I had alighted from my horse, and seated on a little green hillock before the house, which the imagination of our mountaineers had not failed to people at times with fairies and elves—tasted some of the shepherds' curds and cream—the readiest and the sweetest beverage which rustic hospitality supplies: Walter Selby had seated himself at my feet, and behind me, stood the proprietor of Wilton-hall and his wife, awaiting my wishes with that ready and respectful frankness, which those of birth and ancestry always obtain among our mountain peasantry. A number of domestics, shepherds and maidens, stood at a distance—as much for the purpose of listening to our conversation as from the desire to encumber us with their assistance in recommencing our journey. “Young lady,” said David Forester, “have you heard tidings of note from the north or from the south? The Selbys are an ancient and renowned race, and in days of old, held rule from sunny Carlisle to the vale of Keswick—a day's flight for a hawk.—They are now lordless and landless, but the day may soon come, when to thee I shall go hat in hand, to beg a boon, and find thee lady of thy lands again, and the noble house of Lanercost risen anew from its bricks and desolation.” I under-

stead better than I wished to appear, this mysterious address of my entertainer—and was saved from the confusion of a reply, either direct or oblique, by the forward tongue of his wife. "Marry, and God forbid," said she, "that ever old lady Popery should hold rule in men's homes again—not that I wholly hate the old dame either, she has really some good points in her character, and if she would put fat flesh in her pot o' Fridays, and no demand o' one a frank confession of failings and frailties, she might hold rule i' the land again for aught I care; though, I cannot say I think well of the doctrine that denies nourishment to the body in the belief of bettering the soul. That's a sad mistake in the nature of us moorland people—if a shepherd lacks a meal a minute beyond the sounding of the horn all the house hears on't—it's a religion, my lady, that will never take root again in this wild place, where men scorn the wheat and haver food and make-for lack o' kitchen—the fat mutton eat the lean." The good woman of the house was interrupted in her curious speech by the arrival of one of those personages, who, with a horse and pack, distribute the luxuries and the comforts of the city over the mountainous regions of the provinces. His horse, loaded with heavy panniers, came foremost, anxious for a resting place, and behind came the owner, a middle aged man, tall and robust, with hair as black as the raven, curled close beneath a very broad bonnet, and in his hand one of those measuring rods of root grown oak, piked with iron at the under end, and mounted with brass at the upper—which seemed alike adapted for defending or measuring his property. He advanced to the spot where we were seated, like an old acquaintance, asked for, and obtained lodgings for the evening, and having disposed of his horse, he took out a small box, resembling a casket, which he placed on the grass, and seating himself beside it, assumed one of those looks of mingled gravity and good humour—prepared alike for seriousness or mirth. He was not permitted to remain long in silence. "Ye come from the north, Simon Packpin," said one of the men—"one can know that by yere

tongue—and as ye are a cannie lad at a hard bargain, ye can tell us in yere own sty and cannie way, if it be true, that the Highland gentlemen are coming to try if they can set with targe and claymore the crown of both lands on the brow it was made for." I looked at the person of the querist—a young man of the middle size, with a firm limb, and a frank martial mien, and something in his bearing which bespoke a higher ambition than that of tending flocks—his face too I thought I had seen before—and under very different circumstances. "Good sooth, Wattie Graeme," said another of the menials, "ye might as well try to get back butter out o' the black dog's throat, as extract a plain answer from Sleekie Simon—I asked him no farther than a month ago, if he thought we would have a change in the land soon—"the moon, quoth he, will change in its season, and so maun all things human." "But do you think," said I, "that the people will continue to prefer the cold blood of the man who keeps the chair, to the warm kindly English blood o' him that's far away?" "Aye, aye," quoth he, "nae doubt, nae doubt—when we wou'd drink ditch-water rather than red wine." But, said I, would it not be better for the land, that we had the throne made steadfast under our own native king than have it shaken by every blast that blows, as I hear it will soon be?—"Say ye sae!" said he, "sae ye sae! better have a finger off than ay wagging,"—and so he continued for an hour to reply to every plain question with such dubious responses of northern proverb, that I left him as wise as I found him. This historical sketch of the pedlar obtained the notice of the farmer's wife, who, with the natural impatience of woman-kind, thus abruptly questioned him, "We honest moorland people hate all mystery: if you are a man loyal in your heart and upright in your dealings, you may remain and share our supper—but if ye be a spy from these northern marauders, who are coming with houghs as bare as their swords to make a raid and a foray upon us—arise, I say, and depart—but stay, tell us truly, when this hawk of the old uncannie nest of the Stuarts will come to wrack and

harris us?" To all this, Simon the pedlar opposed a look of the most impenetrable good humour and gravity, and turning over his little oaken box, undid a broad strap and buckle—applied a key to the lock—took out combs, and knives, and spectacles, and some of those cheap ornaments for the bosom and the hair,

and all the while he continued chattering over the following curious song—addressed obliquely to the good dame's queries—and perfectly intelligible to all who knew the poetic language and allegorical meaning, which the adherents of the house of Stuart employed to convey tidings of importance to each other.

THE CUCKOO'S A BONNIE BIRD.

1.

The Cuckoo is a gentle bird, and gentle is his note,
And April it is pleasant, while the sun is waxing hot;
For amid the green woods growing, and the fresh flowers' blooming throng,
Forth comes the gentle Cuckoo with his meek and modest song.

2.

The eagle slays the little lambs on Skiddaw high and hoar,
The hawk, he covets carnage, and the gray glade griens for gore,
The raven croaks aloud for blood, through spring and summer long
While the bonnie Cuckoo gladdens us with many a merry song.

3.

The woodcock comes, and with the swan brings winter on his wing,
The groves cast off their garments green, the small birds cease to sing;
The wild birds cease to sing till the lillies scent the earth,
But the Cuckoo scatters roses round whenever he goes forth.

4.

The Cuckoo is a princely bird, and we will wait awhile,
And welcome him with shout and song, in the morn of green April;
We'll lay our thighs o'er our good steeds, and gird our claymores on,
And chase away the hooded crows that croak around the throne.

'I could not help glancing my eye on this curious and demure traveller; but the perfect simplicity of his looks baffled all the scrutiny which the mysterious import of his song induced me to make. Walter Graeme, one of the shepherds, sat down at his side, desirous of purchasing some of his commodities, but the frank mountaineer was repulsed in an attempt to dip his hands among the motley contents of the pack—and had it come to the arbitration of personal strength, there could be little doubt of the issue—for the merchant had a willing hand and a frame of iron. Silence ensued for a little while—the pedlar, who for some time had stolen a look at me, seemed all at once to come to some conclusion how to proceed, and fastening up his little box, approached me with a look of submission and awe, "Fair lady, the pedlar is but a poor man, who earns an honest penny among the peasantry—but he has a reverence and a love for the noble names which grace our verse and our chivalry—

and who has an English heart that knows not—and beats not high at the sound of Selby's name—and who hears a Scottish heart that sorrows not for the wreck and the desolation of our most ancient and most noble foe. I tell thee, lady, that I honour thee more—lady, as thou seemest to be, but of a kirtle and a steed,—than if thou satest with a footstool of gold—and hadst nobles' daughters bearing up thy train. This cross and rosary,"—and he held in his hand these devotional symbols, carved of dark wood, and slightly ornamented with gold,—“are of no common wood—a princess has sat under the shadow of its bough, and seen her kingdom won and lost—and may the fair one, who will now wear it, warm it in her bosom, till she sees a kingdom long lost—won as boldly, and as bravely, as ever the swords of the Selbys won their land.” And throwing the rosary around my neck as he concluded—away he went—opened his pack anew, resuming again his demure look and the arrangement of his

trinkets. Walter Selby, who all this while—though then a hot and forward youth—had remained mute, addressed me in a whisper. “Fair Eleanor—mine own giddy cousin—this pedlar—this dispenser of rosaries, made of Queen Mary’s yew-tree—he, whom the churls call Simon Packpin, is no seeker of profit from vulgar merchandize—I’ll wager a kiss of thine own ruddy lips against a kiss of mine, that he carries swords made of good Ripon steel, and pistols of good Swedish iron, in yon horse-pack of his—wilt thou pledge a kiss on this wager, my gentle cousin? And instead of a brain, stored with plans for passing an English yard for a Scottish ell, and making pieces of homespun plaiding seem costly works from the looms of Arras or even of Leeds, it is furnished with more perilous stuff, pretty Eleanor—and no man can tell us better, how many of the Scottish cavaliers have their feet ready for the stirrup, and on what day they will call on the Selbys to mount and strike for their ancient lord and their lost inheritance.” Something of this colour had been passing in my own mind, but the temper of the Selbys ever required more to be repressed than encouraged—and so I endeavoured to manage thee, poor Walter Selby,—she went on in a slow solemn tone—“I saw thee, thou last and thou bravest of all the Selbys with thy banner spread, thy sword bright, and thy long golden locks waving on thy shoulders, when the barriers of Preston were lost and won, and the gallant lairds of Ashiesteel fought like brothers by thy side—O, that this last bright picture were all I remembered of thee. But can the heart of woman, though her head be gray, forget that she saw those long locks which made the dames sigh, waving, soiled and bloody, on the gates of Carlisle. There is much done in this

world must be answered for in the next, and this cruel and remorseless deed is one—” old Eleanor, while she spoke, looked as though her agitated fancy had given semblance to the picture she had drawn—and her eyes became as fixed and as frozen, as stars in a winter night. This passed away with a smothered groan and a passing of her hand over her bosom, and she again resumed her narrative. “Truly,” said I, “my froward cousin, thou art the best soldier our poor prince could peril his cause with—thou canst make a pedlar churl into a deep plodding politician, capable of overturning a throne. And his pack filled with shreds of lace and remnants of ribbon, into a magazine of weapons fit for furnishing an army. What will thy most wise head make of these dubious sybil verses, which this mysterious politician of thine has been doling out for thy especial instruction?” “By the rood, my witty Eleanor,” said Walter, “I shall win a battle, and wed thee in revenge for this. But ‘thinkest thou not, that the box which has endowed that round white neck of thine with a cross and rosary of gold and wood still more precious, may not contain things equally curious and strange? Some golden information, this pedlar—since pedlar thou wilt have him—carries in his looks—I wish I could find the way to extract it.” The stranger, as if guessing by our looks and our whispers what was passing between us, proceeded to instruct us in his own singular way—he described the excellent temper of his Sheffield whittles—praised the curious qualities of his spectacles which might enable the wearer to see distant events, and after soothing over some lines of a psalm or hymn, common to the presbyterians, he proceeded to chaunt the following ballad, of which I regret the loss of several verses.

THE PEDLAR’S BALLAD.

1.

It is pleasant to sit on green Saddleback top,
And hearken the eagle’s cry;
It is pleasant to roam in the bonnie green wood,
When the stags go bounding by.
And it’s merry to sit when the red wine goes round,
’Mid the poet’s sweet song and the minstrel’s sweet sound.

2.

It is merry in moonshine to lead down the dance,
 To go starting away when the string
 Shakes out its deep sound, and the fair maidens fly
 Like the sunlight—or birds on the wing.
 And it's merry at gloaming aneath the boughs green,
 To woo a young maiden and roam all unseen.

3.

But its blyther by far when the pennon is spread,
 And the lordly loud trumpet is pealing,
 When the bright swords are out, and the war courser neighs,
 As high as the top of Helvellyn.
 And away spurs the warrior, and makes the rocks ring,
 With the blows that he strikes for his country and king.

4.

Our gallants have sprung to their saddles, and bright
 Are the swords in a thousand hands;
 I came through Carlisle, and I heard their steeds neigh
 O'er the gentle Eden's sands.
 And seats shall be emptied, and brands shall be wet,
 'Ere all these gay gallants in London are met.

5.

Lord Nithsdale is mounted by winding Nith,
 Lord Kenmore by silver Dee;
 The blythe lads spur on from the links of the Orr,
 And Durisdeer's greenwood tree.
 And the banners which waved when Judea was won,
 Are all given again to the glance of the sun.

6.

The Johnstone is stirring in old Annandale,
 The Jardien—the Halliday's coming
 From merry Milkwater, and haunted Dryfe bank;
 And Eske that shall list at the gloaming,
 The war shout—the yell, and of squadrons the dash,
 And gleam to the claymore, and carabine's flash.

7.

Then come with the war horse, the basnet and sword,
 And bid the big trumpet awaken;
 The bright locks that stooped at a fair lady's feet,
 Mid the tempest of war must be shaken.
 It is pleasant to spur to the battle the steed,
 And cleave the proud helmet that holds a foe's head.

8.

Thy sword's rusty, Howard—hot Dacre art thou
 So cool when the war-horse is bounding?
 Come, Percy, come thou, like a Percy of yore,
 When the trumpet of England is sounding:
 And come, gallant Selby—thy name is a name,
 While a soldier has soul, and a minstrel has flame.

9.

And come too, ye names that are nameless—come mount,
 And win ye a name in proud story,
 A thousand long years at the sock and the share
 Are not worth one moment of glory.
 Come arm ye, and mount ye, and make the helms ring,
 Of the Whigs, as ye strike for your country and king.

‘The whole household of Wilton-hall, including Walter Selby and myself, had gradually gathered around this merchant-minstrel, whose voice from an ordinary chaunt, had arisen, as we became interested, into a tone of deep and martial melody. Nor was it the voice alone of the stranger that became changed—his face, which at the commencement of the ballad had a dubious and sinister expression, brightened up with enthusiasm—his frame grew erect, and his eyes gleamed with that fierce light, which has been observed in the eyes of the English soldiers on the eve of battle. “What thinkest thou, pretty Eleanor, of our merchant now,” said Walter Selby—“I should like to have such a form on my right hand when I try to empty the saddles of the southern horse of some of the keenest whigs.”—“And I’ll pledge thee, young gentleman,” said the pedlar,—raising his voice at once from the provincial drawl and obscurity of lowland Scotch into the purest English,—“any vow thou askest of me to ride on which hand thou wilt—and be to thee as a friend and a brother, when the battle is at the hottest—and so I give thee my hand on’t.”—“I touch no hand,” said Walter Selby, “and I vow no vow either in truce or battle, till I know if thou art of the lineage of the gentle or the churl—I am a Selby, and the Selbys.”—“The Selbys,” said the stranger, in a tone, slow and deliberate, are an ancient and a noble race—“but this is no time, young gentleman, to scruple precedence of blood. In the fields where I have ridden, noble deeds have been achieved by common hands—while the gentle and the far descended have sat apart nor soiled their swords—I neither say I am of a race churlish nor noble—but my sword is as sharp as other men’s, and might do thee a friendly deed were it nigh thee in danger.”—“Now God help us,” said the dame of Wilton-hall, “what will old England become—here’s young Wat Selby debating lineage and blood with a packman churl—in good truth, if I had but one drop of gentle blood in my veins, I would wrap him up in his own plaid and beat him to death with his ell wand—which I’ll warrant is a full thumb breadth short of measure.” I stood looking on Walter

Selby and on the stranger—the former standing aloof with a look of haughty determination—and the latter, with an aspect of calm and intrepid resolution, enduring the scoff of the hot-headed youth, and the scorn of the vulgar matron. It might be now about nine o’clock—the air was balmy and mute, the sky blue and unclouded, and the moon, yet unrisen, had sent as much of her light before her as served, with the innumerable stars, to lighten the earth from the summit of the mountains to the deepest vales. I never looked upon a more lovely night, and gladly turned my face from the idle disputants to the green mountain-side, upon which that forerunner gleam which precedes the moon had begun to scatter its light. While I continued gazing, there appeared a sight on Soutra-fell side—strange, ominous, and obscure, at that time, but which was soon after explained in desolation and in blood. I saw all at once, a body of horsemen coming swiftly down the steep and impassable side of the mountain—where no earthly horse ever rode. They amounted to many hundreds and trooped onwards in succession—their helmets gleaming, and their drawn swords shining amid the starlight. On beholding this vision, I uttered a faint scream, and Walter Selby, who was always less or more than other men, shouted till the mountain echoed. “Saw ever man so gallant a sight? A thousand steeds and riders on the perpendicular side of old Soutra—see where they gallop along a linn, where I could hardly fly a hawk! O, for a horse with so sure and so swift a foot as these, that I might match me with this elfin chivalry. My wanton brown, which can bound across the Derwent like a bird with me on its back, is but a packhorse to one of these.” Alarm was visible in every face around—for we all knew what the apparition foreboded—a lost battle and a ruined cause. I heard my father say that the like sight appeared on Helvellyn side, before the battle of Marston-moor—with this remarkable difference—the leader wore on his head the semblance of a royal crown, whereas the leaders of the troop whom I beheld wore only earls coronets. “Now his right hand protect us,” said the dame of Wilton-

hall, "what are we doomed to endure?—what will follow this?"—"Misery to many," answered the pedlar, "and sudden and early death to some who are present." "Cease thy croak, thou northern raven," said Walter Selby—"if they are phantoms let them pass—what care we for men of mist?—and if they are flesh and bone, as I guess by their bearing they must surely be—they are good gallant soldiers of our good king, and thus do I bid them welcome with my bugle." He winded his horn till the mountain echoed far and wide—the spectre horsemen distant nearly a quarter of a mile seemed to halt—and the youth had his horn again at his lips to renew the note, when he was interrupted by the pedlar, who, laying his hand on the instrument, said, "Young gentleman be wise, and be ruled—you vision is sent for man's instruction—not for his scoff and his scorn"—the shadowy troop now advanced, and passed towards the south at the distance of an hundred yards. I looked on them as they went, and I imagined I knew the forms of many living men—doomed speedily to perish in the battle field, or on the scaffold. I saw the flower of the jacobite chivalry—the Maxwells, the Gordons, the Boyds, the Drummonds, the Ogilvys, the Camerons, the Scotts, the Foresters, and the Selbys. The havoc which hap-

pened among these noble names, it is needless to relate—it is written in tale—related in ballad—sung in song—and deeper still it is written in family feeling and national sympathy. A supernatural light accompanied this pageant, and rendered perfectly visible horse and man—in the rear I saw a form that made me shudder—a form still present to my eye and impressed upon my heart—old and sorrow-worn as it is, as vividly as in early youth. I saw the shape of Walter Selby—his short cloak, his scarlet dress—his hat and feather—his sword by his side—and that smiling glance in his deep dark eye which was never there but for me, and which I could know among the looks of a thousand thousand. As he came, he laid his bridle on his horse's neck and leaned aside, and took a long, long look at me. The youth himself, full of life and gladness beside me, seemed to discover the resemblance between the spectre rider and him, and it was only by throwing myself in his bosom, that I hindered him from addressing the apparition. How long I remained insensible in his arms I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself pressed to the youth's bosom—and a gentleman with several armed attendants standing beside me—all showing by their looks the deep interest they took in my fate.*

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

COUNT JULIUS, A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Persons { Count Julius.
Albert—his adopted Son.
Fernandez.

The Scene is laid in Sicily.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Apartment in the Mansion of the Count of Palermo.*

Count Julius. Fernandez.

Fer. So this it is to trust in promises!
Words for true service, courtiers' idle breath
For a life's labours! I'll have other coin.

Count. Sir, you are hasty,—and forget my rank
And its due deference.—Yet I can forgive,

* The attested account of this extraordinary vision, as we find it in the pages of several travellers, differs little from the narrative of Eleanor Selby; it is signed by two peasants, Daniel Stricket and William Lancaster, who with about twenty-four other persons witnessed this spectral procession for several hours. Several learned men have written many wise pages, to prove that all this was either real or imaginary—a conclusion to which many will probably be able to come without the aid of learning.

Nay tell you that your slightest services
Are not forgotten.

Fer. 'Tis the same to me,
If they are unrequited.

Count. Sir, be calm,
Those words might fitter find another mark.
I promised you the place that Anselm's death
Left vacant. Must it be a fault of mine,
That your liege sovereign found another head
To lay his honors on. Was this my work?—
Kings will have minions—

Fer. Aye, and private guilt
Will have its agents—plunged lip-deep in crime,
Undone in life, and in the grave undone.
Yet if these claim the purchase of their guilt,
They have the mockery of courtiers' oaths,
Strong protestations, empty as the wind—
And shall they die in silence, when they hold
The sword above their debtor by a hair?
Shall they not cry for vengeance on his head,
Compel from fear what faith would never give,
And force him to be grateful?

[*Albert is seen in the back ground. He appears
for a moment, and retires.*]

Count. Hush! Fernandez—
Another time, a more convenient place—
This open hall's no secret cabinet.
You shall have proof of me, my honour's pledg'd—
You shall have justice.

Fer. I will have it done.
But 'tis by fear, by shame, by trembling guilt
Shrinking before the hand that rends its robe,
And shows its base proportions to the world.
I will have vengeance.

Count. Madman! would you break
The ladder on whose falling steps you stand?
You swing above a precipice—would you loose
The tackling that upholds you in the air?
If I'm o'erthrown you perish.—Be my friend,
To be your own. Keep council with the wise;
It is not fit that malice, hate, revenge—
(For all are in the world's defaming tongue)
Should gain a knowledge of our private feuds,
And least of all, young Albert.

Fer. I'm resolved—
The world shall hear the story of my wrongs—
And first of all, young Albert.

[*He pauses—the Count paces the room in a hurried and
agitated manner—Fernandez surveys him with an
air of insult.*]

Fer. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll hide
My deadly purpose, for his heart is bold,
And his sword ready. Vengeance shall be safe.
The ruin shall be hurl'd upon his head
When it can find no shelter in his sword.

[*He approaches the Count.*]

Count. I have honour'd you, and still can feel
Some remnants of my early reverence.
Our quarrel's done—I trust to your true faith;
But patience may be wearied, and the heart
The gentlest, may grow fierce with cruel wrong;
Then heal my wrong with justice,—go, my lord,

Count Julius to the King. Aye, to the King,—
 What! do I ask a miracle?—this hour
 Go to the King—tell him my long delays,
 Privations keen—strong suffering, broken hopes,
 That have been all the price of all my toils,
 And conquer him with reason. Then come back
 And find me grateful.

Count.

Well, it shall be done.

[Exit Count hastily.

SCENE SECOND.

Albert. Fernandez.

Fer. Albert—the Count has given me bitter words;
 Did you o'erhear them as you pass'd the hall?

Al. Sir, I heard nothing; but he seem'd disturb'd.
 I saw that there was anger, and withdrew;
 Withdrew in grief to see his noble heart
 Fretted and fever'd by a careless tongue.
 How have you roused him! For myself, I know
 I could not dream of sorrow deeper dyed,
 Than his displeasure. Sir, go kneel to him;
 But be forgiven.

Fer. Stoop before him, boy!
 If there is kneeling, 'twill be by *his* knees—
 If there are tears, they must be from *his* eyes—
 If prayers, they must be utter'd by *his* lips.
 Kneel to *him*, kneel!—The just to the unjust;
 The whole to the diseased. He's conscience-struck—
 His crest is smitten. He's a villain, boy!
 My wrongs are nothing—he has wrong'd *yourself*.
 Aye, start and gaze;—the smooth-tongued hypocrite,
 The subtle courtier, is a murderer!—

Al. 'Tis false—I'll hear no more—

Fer. [Holding him.] You shall hear more.

Al. Madman, your fancied wrongs have wrought this work
 In your unsettled brain. I must be gone.
 I love Count Julius. He has been my friend,
 Almost a father to my infancy.
 You are my elder; but I'll tell you, Sir,
 It is not well, upon some slight offence,
 To cast a cloud upon an honour'd name.

Fer. An honour'd name!—It is so. But how soon
 If I but spoke the word, the lowest slave,—
 The beggar,—outcast,—refuse of the earth,—
 Would scorn to change his meanness with the shame,
 The infamy—of this Count Julius.

Al. Slanderer! Yet you have eaten of his bread,
 Slept in the shelter of his roof, nay lived
 In daily presence of his noble heart.
 Tell me no more,—thou ingrate!

[Leaving him.

The Count shall know the traitor whom he trusts,
 And honour's common cause shall be avenged.

Fer. This passion looks like nobleness.—Now hear.—
 Come now, no frowns—no tossing of those arms—
 If I have felt—'tis for young *Albert's* wrongs.
 If I have slandered him—you are the cause.
 But truth's no calumny—and here, by Heaven—
 That sees the secret heart of man, I swear,
 That Julius has been *Albert's enemy*!
 That he has gain'd his earldom by foul arts,
 By perfidy, remorseless perfidy;
 That its true heir, unconscious of his claims

Has dragg'd on life in base obscurity;
Nay more, that for this solemn treachery,
A noble brother perish'd!

Al. [Horror-struck.] What! the Count,
Our patron, friend,—a brother's murderer!—
Count Julius, noblest of the noblest names,
The eye of honour, model of the land—
Tainted with blood—a brother's. 'Tis a lie!

Fer. He might not mix the poison in the bowl—
But slander's deadlier than the aconite;
And slow unkindness has an edge like steel.
He might not plunge the dagger in the heart;
But he did worse—he broke it.

Al. [Turning away.] Have you done?

Fer. But one word more. This brother had a son,
The only barrier to his uncle's hopes.
The babe was stolen from his father's roof.

Al. The Count a robber!—'tis unnatural—false;—
He strip a father's bosom of its child—
That is himself to thousands fatherless
The noblest father—By whose grace I live.

Fer. Look on my face, thou fool of gratitude!
See, is there guilt in it, or feeble fear
Of what I utter? Hear now with your soul—
The boy *still* lives, that noble Julius stole—
The boy *still* lives—and trembles—*thou art he!*

[Albert covers his face with his hands.]

Fer. [Vehemently.] Yes, *thou art he*, whose title he had seized.
In fear, not love, he gave thee shelter here,
Beneath the roof which should have been thine own.
Wilt thou have confirmation of the tale—
I was the agent of this dark design.—
I knew the plot from first to last, and now,
Not for your love, but for my injuries,
I have reveal'd it. Shall not vengeance come?
A father's spirit calls for it! Proud boy,
If there is nature in that burning blood—
If bastard is not written in your heart—
If that gay dagger's not a gilded toy,
Its point shall reach the bloody fratricide,
Send him to moulder in his brother's tomb,
And seek his pardon in another world.

Al. Thou Devil!—maddening me with specious lies,
Then driving me to murder. *There, thou liest!*

[Striking him.]

Fer. No man shall strike me twice—
The insolent are short-lived. This to thy heart!

[They fight. Fernandez falls and dies.]

Al. [Gazing wildly on the corpse.]
He's gone to his account. 'Tis the first blood
That stain'd my sword,—but 'tis a villain's blood.
He died with all his evil on his head—
Unpray'd for—unatoned.—Oh mercy, Heaven!
And 'tis *my* rashness that to Heaven's high bar
Drove up this sinner's unrepented soul.
How those eyes glare!—and in the depths of night
I still shall see them glare—and this wild face
Stiffen'd in agony will haunt me still—
And conscience torture me, and *I* shall sleep
The peaceful sleep of innocence no more.

*[The Count enters, and starts back with a cry of horror—
Albert turning slowly round, and pointing to the corpse.]*

Al. Look not upon the prostrate villain there,
Those features will appal thee.

Count.

Heavens ! Fernandez !

Al. 'Tis he : he paid the price of calumny—
He slander'd thee. I fought him. He is dead.

[The Count stands gazing on the body. *Albert speaks in a wild tone.*

He spoke of treachery, secret, bloody, base,
Words which came lightly from his slanderous tongue ;—
A tale so monstrous, so improbable,
That but a fiend could forge a lie so deep.
He strove to rouse me to insane ambition,
To hate, and perfidy, and thirst of blood—
Told me that I was hero of the tale,
And thou the injurer. But the traitor's gone—
Yes, I have sent him to his long account ;—
Would he were fit to meet it !

[The Count sinks back with a groan.

Count.

Oh my son—

Hast thou no prayers for me ?

Al. [Starting.]

Is the tale true ?

Count. [In a broken voice.] Forgive thine uncle.

Al.

Then a murder's done ;

The blood there calls for vengeance ; and high Heaven
Must hear it. Thou Most Infinite, look down,
And give me strength to pray.

[He kneels.

Count. [Leaning over him.] My son, my son !

For thou art all to me ;—wilt break my heart ?

Rise, rise, I've wrong'd thee—all shall be restored.

Yet—'tis some comfort to my heart to think

That I had taught thy infant lips to pray

For thy lost father. When thou didst kneel down,

Lifting thy hands in mine, and saw'st the tears

That wet my pallid cheeks. Oh, hadst thou known

The crime for which they flow'd ! Yet I will hope

That they found favour in the sight of Heaven ;

Al. For they gave strange relief. Can'st thou forgive me ?

Count. As Heaven may show its mercy to myself,

The past is all forgotten,—but that thou

Wert all a father to me. Yet, where sleeps

He who had perish'd in my infancy ?

Count. You shall be led to it. I loved him well—

He slumbers in the noblest monument

That love and wealth could give. But go not yet,

The wind is chilling, and the dewy ground

Is dangerous to the fever of the blood.

That still is on you.

Al.

I must see't this moment,

And thou must come with me.—

Count. [Shuddering.]

But pause awhile,

The day is wintry, and the cypress boughs

Make heavy music with the gusty wind,

The Earth is knee-deep with the falling leaves

Stript from the sycamores, and willows pale,

And spiring poplars, that surround the tomb,

Like living mourners bending down their heads,

And making tribute of eternal tears.

Al. I must begone.

Count.

My son ; another time !

Al. Thou darest not look upon my father's grave,

Yet thou could'st see him hurried to its edge,

Could'st look upon his dying face of woe—

Could'st hear his midnight ravings for his child.
One word from thee had staid his spirit's flight,
Yet thou could'st keep the deadly secret close—
Although thou *darest* not look upon his grave!

Count. [*Bursting into tears.*] He bless'd me as he died. 'Tis
not in man

To change that pious blessing to a curse.
The secret told had made him hate my sight,
When 'twas too late—had spent his dying breath
In calling sudden vengeance on my head—
He died, and blessed me!

Al. Bless'd thee? then thou'rt pure.—

The son forgives thee for the father's love.

Count. My noble boy! the hand of Heaven is here,—
To call thee to thy honours. *All* is thine.
And thou shalt feel thyself, before this night,
The master of my wealth, power, titles—all.

Al. My Lord, I have a heart,—and it would scorn
To shake thee from the honours of thy place;
And give our story to the world's loose tongue,
And all for nothing, and no hand but mine
To fling this stain upon thee. Hear me now—
My father sleeps in peace.—His wrongs are o'er,
The dire disclosure could give peace to none,—
The only witness of the act lies there:—
That lip is seal'd—'twill tell no after tale.

Count. Albert, my son! this penitential act
Alone can make me bear the load of life—
Take all,—'tis but your right. Here, at your feet
Here, humbly bent, I ask this final boon.

Al. It must not be, before the hand of Heaven
Has laid you like your fathers in the grave,
After long years of honour and fair fame,—
Till when I shall be but your orphan boy,
And proud of your adoption!

Count.

Then, look here!—

[*He flings open a door, and calls.*

Let all the household come to see their lord.

[*The Vassals, &c. enter.*]

Count. Bow all before your liege—for there he stands,
That noble youth—*Lord Albert*—all kneel down,
There pay your homage—for my day is done.
Nay, wonder not—nor ask me with your eyes
The truth of this strange history—you shall hear
Another time.—It is of grief and shame.
There is a holy convent in the hills,
Where many a weary sinner has found peace.
Farewell, my friends—for thither I go straight,
To spend in alms, and toil, and nightly prayer,
The few short years that lie between my vows
And my poor burial. All, once more, farewell!
Albert!—nay hang not thus upon my neck—
Will you not come to my low resting place,
And think on me with pity, and converse
With the deep murmurings of the mountain pines
And gushings of the rivulets, and send up
My name embalm'd in prayer to the pure Heaven?
Albert, farewell—my—my son!

[*He rushes into Albert's arms, then hurries from the
Hall. The scene closes.*

Формо

LETTER FROM MR. HUMPHREY NIXON, DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET
QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.*To the Editor of the London Magazine.**Ersmouth.*

SIR,—Mrs. Gale, a good woman, who lives up by the church, and keeps a sort of sundry-shop, whereby I mean that she deals in string, stone-blue, British lace, flower of mustard, pins, single Gloster, soap, and the unlike, is kind enough to say, that she will see to the delivery of this letter scot-free (a curious fact—as I did not know that the Scotch could send their letters free), by the which she intends, as I opine, to inclose it in a letter to Messrs. North, Hoare, Nanson, and Simpson, the great grocers of your city, London, in her next remittance for teas and the similar. We are all hereabout greatly astounded, that so many men should be grocers in one house, and we cannot but think they must hinder each other sadly.—Howbeit, that is their look out, and not ours. No doubt their counters are roomy. As this letter will not disturb much of the money in the till (for I suppose you keep a till, like Mrs. Gale and all other respectable trades-people) I shall, without stint^{or} measure, pour forth my mind on a subject which has caused much commotion in these our parts,—whereby I mean, in Topsham, Lympstone, Exmouth, and the little town of Starcross, which is a village opposite;—that is, on the other side of the water,—the water of the river Ex, whereby it is named Exmouth,—othergates, the mouth of the Ex.

You must know, Sir, that I borrowed your book from Miss Langford's library, being a subscriber thereto for the sake of the new novels (though they are mostly old, and not altogether in complete sets)—you may guess my surprise, which, to say the least of it, was considerable, when I read, in the Number for December last, your account of the wrestling match, written, certainly, as I opine, when you have been here for your health, if you have no health; a complaint which authors are subject to, as I hear. We none

of us can settle where you lived, or what you are like,—but we all surmise in our own particular; though I cannot say that I know what to think. Mrs. Gale says, you are a stout pensive gentleman, with a short snappish wife, and two little children down with the measles.—But be that as it may, I don't quite go into Mr. Gale's opinion. Nevertheless she is a worthy judicious woman, and does not give it up. My sister, Miss Nixon (a maiden lady, and unmarried), wandereth into divers and many conjectures, all mysterious and unsatisfactory—but she is sure that you bathed periodically, that is, now and then (a word you gentlemen understand), and that early in the morning, as she used to meet you, when she went to the fish-market, running along, with a white great coat on, like a lapwing. I myself am not these ways minded;—I incline to the notion, that you lived at Manchester-house (a charming, lonely, and extreme windy spot, but strongly built, and maintained by cleanly and civil people)—I hold to having seen you looking through a telescope; which leadeth me to conjecture, that you must be either an astronomer or an author*, the former of which was not favoured by its being day-light when you peeped—when it is of little use star-gazing. Nevertheless, I like to have my guess, though it may run a little untoward. Mrs. Gale does not think with me—but she is a good deal busied in the shop, and chandlery does not conduce to just conclusions. I should not omit to mention that my daughter, by a first wife—and indeed I may say, my last,—for I have had none since,—though not *lost* in the sense of precluding myself from marrying again—which would be wrong, and against the law,—Parthenissa Nixon (a name given to her by an old maiden aunt, who promised to leave her well, but who unhandsomely died, bequeathing her

* We do not see exactly how a telescope denotes a man to be an author. Mr. Humphrey Nixon should have explained this.—ED.

little all to the Rev. Mr. ———, a gentleman of the evangelical persuasion. Ah, *persuasion*, indeed!—as the facetious James Johnson the elder very wittily turned one evening, with little or no forethought, in the double sense of alluding to his power of persuasion over the lady, and the phrase as used for religion).—Well—my daughter Parthenissa—for short, called Parthy—declares that you are young, and something not amiss from Fitzaubin, in one of Miss Langford's books.—Howbeit, this I cannot say, because to my open knowledge I have not seen you, and certainly I never perused the book.—Nevertheless, you may be like, and she be right—which would be an odd coincidence—but on this I cannot decide.

However, whoever, and whatever you may have been, it does not belong to me to be curious in inquiring,—though this is not Mrs. Gale's way, as she takes a particular interest in people, and the more so if she has no knowledge of them,—which is liberal, you'll say, and disinterested—though a *disinterested interest* seems a contradiction.—Howbeit, the cause of my addressing this letter to you must not longer be kept from you, and it is to make known a few observations of our little circle of goosips upon several of *your* observations, which truly appear to some of us not altogether impartial—not that we mean to accuse you of favouring any one in particular, because we cannot give in to the belief that you gentlemen who write *at night*, as one might say (for my style is clean the contrary, being extreme slow and open to remark), have any prejudices, or bickerings, or partialities,—or the like, or the unlike, being above the failings and inkings of other illiterate people. Our being on the spot, and familiar with the wrestling people, and the village,—and your book having been talked over a good deal of an evening before the rubber, or after a pool at quadrille (I held last week a superb sand,—played in hearts.—Alone! to the great detriment of Mrs. Gale's temper,—though she is mild in general, and loses her fish like another woman—but, perhaps, I should explain that we used shells for fish, which is a curious coincidence, as

fish are said to build and inhabit shells, as man does a house or cottage, or the like).—Well, as I was saying (before I was interrupted by my parenthesis) your book having occasioned much pertinent and lively observation, particularly in Mrs. Gale, who reads a good deal in the back parlour, with one eye to the book, and another through a little window covered with white muslin, that commands an extensive prospect of canisters, and so forth—I was begged to convey to you (that is to *express* to you, for Mrs. Gale has promised to *convey* my letter to you, through Mr. Nanson, but I have seen the word used for *express*) divers and several remarks on the subject, touching what you have discussed.

We have nothing to say of your learned and notable observations on coach-riding, or as it is more generally called, travelling:—because, with the exception of Mr. ——— the curate, few of us have taken the road much:—I mean, as travellers—not as highwaymen—which the phrase might intimate—though highwaymen are considerably impaired in these days. We know nothing about the *Green Park*, except that to call a park *green* seems unnecessary, though perhaps it is not so to a Londoner, who is not used to parks. To be sure, the picture of the arrival of the coach is tolerably just, as I have had the power of noticing, having seen the Exeter subscription coach (a quick and noticeable conveyance as Mr. ——— the curate declares) come in of a market-day morning. Only I do not go the length of comparing a guard to a maggot, nor do any of us exactly see where the comparison touches. But, be this as it may, I may not distinguish readily—for it may be a figure of speech—and that allows of latitudes.

The exclamations of us country people on seeing absent friends, are well given,—as I have witnessed on Mrs. Gale's tall college nephew coming down among us in what he called *vacation* time. I recollected him when he was at school—and the tutors at Oxford, though they had made him stoop, and had given him a pale Latin look, had not altered his voice, nor remedied his club-foot.—And I therefore broke out after the fashion mentioned in your December

number. "Bless me!" said I, "Alexander!" (for I did not drop the *Christian*, though he might be said to be older and grown up, for I knew him when he ran about in a pinafore, and was used to be called *little Alic*!)—Alexander! said I, I did not say, little Alic! just then—your voice is like the days of old—you talk like 1802 (a figure—put for his then image in my eyes) "what still lame Alic—Eh?"—His lameness was so exactly the same that I could not resist the word Alic here. He took all kindly—and did not answer me, as he might, in latin—which was a condescension in a scholar—and a setting aside of his dues, as we say in reference to the rector.—I hope you are not Mrs. Gale's nephew!—if you are,—pray skip the passage about the club-foot. But I am inclined to think you are not, as Mrs. Gale says he (that is, you, if you are he) is abroad as tutor to the young Lord.—And you (or he) could not be here and there at once, "like a bird," as the proverb says,—though I am not sure it is a proverb—only a saying—Irish perhaps. Well.—

You speak of Exmouth with the eye of a correct observer, Mrs. Gale only takes exception to the passage, "the village is *seated*, as its name intimates, at the mouth of the river Ex," she says she has been used all her life to say, that "it *stands* at the entrance of the river," and she does not see why a stranger should alter its position.—But you must not mind this in Mrs. Gale—learned trifling it may be called—only Mrs. Gale is not learned—and certainly no trifler. The *sunsets* as you say, are extremely to the point. But I did not know that ours were better than those of other people.—But all places are celebrated for something in particular—Devonshire for its cream—Cheshire for its cheese—Dorset for its butter, and Exmouth for its sunsets. The other evening we had one as ruddy as though the sky were one garden of crimson carnations. I stood on the quay (near Manchester House)—the water was out—far off—in the river! a black fishing boat, with one mast, lay sideways on the clay shore.

The light was reflected in long *keen* streaks on the wet and flat and extended bank.—All seemed one intense scene (is this right?) of lateness—stillness and light. The melancholy of glory!—The pomp of evening!—The poetry of the sun.—Mr. ——— the curate,* who stood with me, made these remarks as nearly as I can recollect them, and they seemed to me so just and pertinent, that I intended to send them to your Magazine.

I know the very house you allude to. You complain of the wind justly:—in that part it blows, as through a speaking trumpet.—But touching your purchase of a basket for the shells, and your walks, and enjoyments by the sea, I do not altogether comprehend your meaning. How you should buy a shilling basket and only for shells, surprises me, in a gentleman of your erudition:—And then to pick no shells afterwards (you call it *cull*, but I do not hold to the word, as we are not speaking of flowers) is most weak. As to your great delight in watching the waves—that may be. But were you not always walking with the robust elderly lady, who told Mrs. Gale that she screamed when she was in the water, and was qualmish when she was on it—and who only came to be miserable at the sea-side, because it was healthy. If this was the case, how could you delight to see the waves "weave their untumultuous fringe of silver foam," (*foam by the bye is not silver*.) Tell me this, Mrs. Gale says that the old lady and the sea were *two*, owing to some damage done to a pea-green slipper, by a wave that curled about the *kid*, and walked off with the colour.—People talk of the beauty of the ocean, but if you saw it as often as I do, you would find a good deal of sameness in it. It is all very useful to the ships; and the bathing machines are, perhaps, assisted by it—but I do not go the lengths that you writers do, in thinking it the grandest thing in nature. It is *flat*, as James Johnson, the Elder (heretofore alluded to as a wit), has said—and you know it is flat, in reference to its surface.

* Mr. ——— said that the wonder before us, was an *Ode on Evening*, by Apollo himself. But this was extravagant, and as Mr. Collins, of Chichester, had written on the same subject first (so Mrs. Gale says), Apollo would hardly follow.

I now come to the part of your paper referring to the wrestlers, which is ingenious in portions, but not altogether kind and just (Mrs. Gale knows "the little Coast Hercules," as you call him). I remember the day you mention. I know the very spot of ground—I think I see it now!—I think so, because I do. The morning was indeed wet; it was *wet through*! I was there; and I stood near Mr. Roe (kind Mr. Roe, you may well call him, for he is a good man and a skilful medical!)—Mr. Simpson, and one or two others, were also there, under the awning and near the Canns.

I must say a word or two about the men of the Moors. Mr. ———, the curate, has looked in Squire ———'s library, and has found the book on wrestling which you quote, and I and Mrs. Gale, and Mr. Norris, and Miss Knowles, have thoroughly read it (the old quarto book with wood prints, and a powerful picture of the Baronet) to the end that we might discuss your remarks the better, and comment upon them in return.* And so without more ado I proceed with my letter.

It is not in my power, neither is it in Mrs. Gale's, to talk of the early wrestlers of this country.—Except to rejoice in the laudable part, which the primitive Lord Mayors and magistrates took in supporting the sports of the poor. It gratifies us all to know, that the men of Devon have been celebrated, time out of mind, for their skill in throwing their neighbours. And I see, by an extract from Robin Hood, the Poet, that the amusement is of great antiquity:—for by the language, I guess Robin to be an old writer. Mrs. Gale protests that Miss Hood, near the Post-office, is a grand-daughter of Mr. Robin the Bard,—but she only surmizes, and from no very potent points. It may be so. Heaven only knows!—I do not think Mrs. Gale does.

You have described the Canns very favourably. We were not aware that they were half such fine men as you say they are,—not that we do not believe it now, for they

are Devon-born, like Mrs. Gale and myself—and therefore they may be well grown. (Mrs. Gale is a tall woman of her size, and I am hard on the heels of five feet nine inches, which, as men go, is not diminutive.—In proof of this, when I was young, the grenadier company in the militia, panted to possess me.—But I was not warlike—I could never fight at school. A musket gives me a *turn* at all times, for I have my mother's idea that "it may go off.") Well.—The Canns are very respectable young men,—farmers on their own land. They come to the holiday meetings to increase the fame of the family, and to gladden the eyes of the country girls (my servant Sukey inclines to the youngest,—but Mrs. Gale's Elizabeth leans towards the second one with dark hair). I do not wish to take from the reputation you have given them, but I like fair play. And really, we all question your treatment of the men of the Moors.

The *Coast Hercules* (John Jones, son of old Jones the fisherman) was not so awkward as you mention. He is less than Cann—at least not so tall. Broader he may be, a trifle. His skill lies in his under play, and on that account he must not be reviled—not that you altogether revile him,—but he ought to be graciously treated. Cann did not throw him:—Remember that.

What had Widdicomb of the Moors done, to deserve your dark representations (Mr. ———, the curate, says thus much)—was he not tall—manly, well-shaped, powerful and courageous?—Had he the feelings of the crowd with him?—Was he mean or ignoble in his *play*? We well know that he and all the men of the Moors are silent but sensitive,—rude, but honest, and brave, and good men, (Widdicomb purchased a trifle at Mrs. Gale's shop)—Do not, Sir, therefore, because the popular voice was with the Canns, forsake the men of the Moors. I do not speak my own language here, for I do not write after this fashion, nor indeed, after any fashion, for fashion in writing seems a contradiction.—

* We do not understand Sir Thomas. I wished to try the *Flying Horse* with Mr. Norris, but the gout is against me. I think a man has no chance with only two hands, of working any of Sir Thomas's problems.

I quote the words of Mr. ———, the curate, who wrote to me, in a letter, his feelings on the subject. And Mrs. Gale and the rest think as much. Cann was thrown:—Remember that. Widdicombe shall wrestle with Cann for three guineas—a great sum you'll say, and correctly—any day through the summer;—and the money is ready at the Dolphin.

We do not very well understand Sir Thomas Parkyns, inasmuch as he writes in a way not very well to be understood; his style being aged; mysterious, and not altogether English—but compounded of Greek, Latin, and, I dare say, Welsh. At any rate, he is too fond of uttering words which are not most intelligible to me, being of languages out of my sphere. That he may speak to the purpose, I do not deny; but the purpose is beyond me. Mrs. Gale thinks his book a joke upon wrestling—but Mr. Norris holds to its having been written for political purposes.

I cannot myself decide. Mrs. Gale is a shrewd woman; but Mr. Norris reads the Courier and knows what's what. They both may be right—there's no saying.

The length of my letter surprises me, and the more particularly as I have written it all since December last; which you will own is easy writing. I trust you will not dislike this first public attempt, which conveys the sentiments of others besides myself. Mr. Norris says, the style is not amiss: and Mrs. Gale, whose name I have mentioned to you before, thinks that I have written to the point.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
HUMPHREY NIXON.

P.S. Circumstances may prevent me from writing to you again very speedily—I am going to change my condition. Mrs. Gale will in a few days be Mrs. Nixon. You are down for cake.

LEGAL LYRICS.

————— *Numerique fertur*
Legit solutis.

Horace, O. 2, lib. iv.

MR. EDITOR,—One of our modern philosophers has asserted that poetry pervades the whole system of nature, and that every inhabitant of the earth (I know not whether the observation extends to the other planets) is born a poet. I am perfectly satisfied with his reasoning and his proofs; (as who can be otherwise?) although I am aware that the expression which we were formerly accustomed to quote as the result of philosophical speculation,—“*poeta nascitur, non fit*,” now becomes a mere truism. But I do not consider this nearly so material as the almost universal ignorance that exists among the bulk of mankind, of the powers with which they are endowed,—powers, the exercise of which would add so much to the happiness and enjoyment of themselves and their fellow-poets (I was going to say—creatures)—but which are suffered to sleep, and lie useless in decay. It is true, that, notwithstanding this ignorance, almost all classes of society are daily giving involuntary proofs of their

poetical capabilities. In travellers, and dealers in general, we invariably perceive the development of the *faction* of poetry; in the daily—and indeed nightly—cries of London, we hear its *music*;—in the trades of shoemakers and hosiers, we find its *measurement of feet*;—in the accidents of children, and in the performance of pantomimic actors, we may recognize its *cadence*.

With a dying, dying *fall*,—

and even in the miscalled vulgarity of swearers, we discover the germs of *sublime imprecation*.

The class of society which seems to be most unaware of its poetical temperament, is the profession of the law. Although their study has been charged by some with a very intimate connection with one of the principal constituents of poetry—fiction;—it is apparently of that dry and systematic kind, that few have recognized its relationship to poetry itself. It would, indeed, be difficult to appropriate it to any particular class of

poetry. It cannot be called strictly *idyllic*, for where shall we find its morality?—nor *descriptive*, for who can understand it?—nor *humorous*, at least suitors deny that,—nor *athletic*, unless we look at its consequences. It has a touch perhaps of the *pastoral*, in settlement cases; and of the *dramatic* in the uncertainty of its issues. Its *dullness*, it is said, has nothing analogous to the poetic genius, whatever it may have in some of its professors.

I, Mr. Editor, have the honour to belong to this profession, which I have long considered as scandalized by these depreciating insinuations; and, in order to prove their falsity, and to redeem the poetical character of my brethren, I have lately resolved to reduce all its technicalities into metre, and at all events to hold my legal correspondence in measured lines. If possible, I intend to introduce the practice of charging by stanzas, instead of by folio, being convinced, with the Newcastle Apothecary, who seems to have adopted the same means to obviate a similar objection—that as my clients *must* have the requisite quantity, which they too often consider to be without reason,—

It is but fair to add a little rhyme.

As it must be allowed to be of great importance to teach mankind *themselves*, and to point out to them the talents, the instincts, and, I may say, the properties, they possess,—I conceive, Sir, that in thus endeavouring to sweeten the bitterness of law, to smooth down its excrescences, and to render more musical its expressions,—in short, to show that there *is* poetry in its practice,—I have deserved the thanks of my countrymen, and of my professional brethren in particular;—for I have thus not only made the study of it more palatable to our pupils, but its practice also more attractive to our clients.

The following is a slight specimen of my new mode, in a letter which I lately sent to an opposing brother, with whom, however, I am on familiar terms, giving him notice of my intention to file a *demurrer* to some of his proceedings. I generally adapt my letters to some favorite tune, and the last which happened to be in my head was that to which Moore has written the beautiful words, beginning with "*Oh think not my spirits are always as light.*"

AIR—"JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE."

Oh! think not your pleadings are really so sly,
And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now;
For, believe, a demurrer will certainly lie,—
The return of to-morrow will quickly show how:
No, all is a waste of impertinent reading,
Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils;
And the lawyer, who thinks he's the nicest in pleading,
Is likeliest far to be caught in its toils.
But, brother attorney! how happy are we!
May we never meet worse in our practice of law,
Than the flaw a demurrer can gild with a fee,
And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw!
Yet our doers would not often be dark, on my soul!
If Equity did not to Law lend its aid:
And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,
When I for these blessings shall cease to be paid!
But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,
Too often have wept o'er the credit they gave;
Even he, who has slumber'd in Chancery longest,
Is happy if always his costs he can save.
But, my brother *in law*! while a quarrelling germ
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be ours,
That actions-at-law may employ ev'ry term,
And equity-suits cheer vacational hours!

Yours devotedly,
ONE, &c.

TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA FULLER.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."—Gray's *Elegy*.

Yea, flow'rets unseen their rich perfume may shed,
And bright gems be hidden in ocean's dark bed;
But lovelier than either, dear Emma, to me,
Is the life and the death of a being like thee.

Thy brief span of life like a vision is fled,
And thine is the peaceful repose of the dead;
For the slumber of those who in innocence die,
Can scarcely an image of anguish supply.

It is true that the blight of a flow'et in May,
Ere its beautiful blossom the eye can repay,
Awakens some feelings approaching to grief,
Which haunt not the slow fall of Autumn's sear leaf.

And yet if we calmly reflect on thy lot,
It seems like a bright page which sorrow would blot;
And he who would sully that page with a tear,
Is blind to its beauty, so spotless and clear.

For me, I could envy thee!—thus in the bloom
Of the heart, and the soul, to go down to the tomb;
While the first knew not sorrow, and sin had not cast
Its clouds o'er the sun that illumin'd the last.

Had'st thou died in thy childhood, I scarcely can tell
If thy death had been fraught with so potent a spell;
For, with much of its purity, now are combin'd
Reflections, with far deeper feelings entwin'd.

Thou had'st lived long enough to acknowledge the sway
Of the softest of passions our hearts can obey:—
The purest—in bosoms where innocence keeps
Its watch o'er the heart, like a star o'er the deeps.

Thou did'st love, and wert loved—and the future was bright,
At times, with the hues of ideal delight:—
But thou did'st not, when call'd on such hopes to resign,
At the will of OMNIPOTENCE vainly repine.

Unto HIM, who can humble the lofty and proud,
With gentle submission thy meek spirit bow'd;
And the merciful love of thy Lord, and thy KING
Robb'd the grave of its victory, and death of its sting!

Thus wert thou enabled, when dying, to bless
The name of thy God, and his goodness confess;
And thy spirit, prepared for its joyous release,
Pure, gentle, and pious,—departed in peace!

Although, in thy lifetime, thou wast unto me
But as one of Earth's daughters, delightful to see,
A form which, in passing, attracts by its grace,
And features whose mildness 'tis soothing to trace:—

Yet, when thou wast dead, while remembrance still dwelt
On the image its mirror reflected,—I felt
A desire which I could not, and cannot explain,
Gentle girl! to behold those mild features again.

They were changed—O! how much—since I look'd on them last;
 From the cheek, wan and wasted, its faint bloom had pass'd;
 O'er the sunk eye, all lustreless, darkness had roll'd;
 And the lips, pale and bloodless, as marble were cold!

Yet, spite of all this—in defiance of all
 Death had done to disfigure, disease to appal,—
 I thought as I gazed on the charms that remain'd,
 How imperfect the triumph which both had obtain'd.

For O! there was meekness, and loveliness yet,—
 Like the west's mild effulgence when day's orb has set,
 And we guess from the twilight, so soft and serene,
 How calm, and how cloudless his setting has been.

On thy features still dwelt—what life cannot disclose,
 An expression more touching than that of repose;
 Which silently spoke, unto hearts that could feel,
 What the tongue of the living can never reveal.

“PEACE! PEACE!”—it proclaim'd, or it seem'd so to me,
 “To an innocent spirit, thus early set free;
 Unto which, in compassionate goodness is given
 The bless'd, and enduring enjoyments of Heaven!”

Farewell! then, sweet girl;—who hast thus in the bloom
 Of the heart, and the soul, met mortality's doom;—
 And long may I cherish the calm thoughts supplied
 By thy death-bed before me—thy corpse at my side.

B.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR—I am most unaffectedly conscious, that the inclosed, undertaken at your flattering suggestion, is but a poor acknowledgement for the unlooked for kindness of your notice (in the article on the British Institution;

April, No. XVI.) you must, however, accept the will for the deed. I should have sent it before, but you are not one of those who need to be told, that the moods of poetry do not come at a beck.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES A. ELTON.

Clifton, May 14, 1821.

HORACE'S ODE TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

Lib. 3. Carm. 13.

Bandusia's spring! more glittering-clear than glass,
 Thy due the mellow wine, with no scant flowers,
 A kid at dawn is thine:

Whose brow, just bourgeonning
 With firstling horns, decides for love and war
 In vain: the stripping of the wanton fold
 Shall tinge with ruddy blood
 Thy crystal, cooling rills.

Thee the fierce dog-star in his blazing hour
 Despairs to touch: thou welcomest the herd,
 Yoke-harass'd, and stray flock,
 With thy voluptuous cool.

Thy place is with the famous streams: for I
 Have sung the green oak that o'ercanopies
 Yon cave-worn rocks, whence leap
 Thy bubbling water-falls.

HORSES.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—*Shakespeare.*

Para pintar la verdad
Es preciso evuocerla
Retratalla presente
O haberla visto di cerca.—*El Principe de Esquilache.*

I LOVE horses—

A saddle is my throne—give me but the Bucephalus I esteem—and i'faith I envy not the wealth of princes.—Some men have twenty, some fifty horses—I have but one,—I never had but three in my life—the two companions of my youth, alas! are dust.—My horse is a friend, I wear him in my heart—there is no place for another of the same species. His eye recognizes me—he bounds with delight at our meeting—his whole soul seems bent on pleasing me—what would he not attempt at my bidding? The least motion suffices—he never demurs—but takes a pleasure in obeying me—and often anticipates my wishes.—There is no deceit in this.

Some men use their horses as mere slaves—I never had such an acquaintance.

Whip me the fellow who first set the brutal example of depriving thee of thy eloquent ears—they are even more communicative than thy spirit-sparkling eye—how palpably do they express thy sensations—thy surprise—desire—terror—delight—and emulation—they are speech to thee—nay better—for their's is a discourse which men of every tongue, as well as all thy fellows, understand. Nature teaches them the art, or rather, “the art itself is nature.”—Beshrew the tasteless bipeds, who rob thee of the flowing honours of thy tail—thy protection against the infinite tormentors of thy glowing reins, galled in the service of man—who pitilessly despoils thee of the fee of nature—thy very birthright—to bedeck himself with that which he asserts would disfigure thee.

I remember, when I was a mere infant, my grandfather used to place me on the back of one of the most celebrated horses of his day. I never beheld such a high-mettled creature since—he suffered very few persons to approach him—and only one man (his jockey) ever ventured to ride

him.—Restless, fiery, and impatient in the extreme, he subsided into a state of anxious, breathless stillness, the moment I (a puny helpless child) was placed on him.—‘Twas like shedding oil upon a raging sea.

Horses are as different in their dispositions as in their outward forms.—There is your horse mettlesome, and your incorrigible proser—your self-conceited curvetting palfrey, and your plain-spirited, unsophisticated, unassuming dobbin—your steed capricious—and your laudable business-looking horse of application, and many hundred others—besides your right gallant *cavallo*—the most noble beast in the creation—a combination of beauty, strength, and activity—a glorious example of nature's power—(I love to meet such a creature in full unrestrained liberty, and high spirits on a wide race-tempting heath)—they all have their faults—even the very best of them—but in sooth I am in marvellous good fellowship with the whole race—individually, and in the aggregate—the very dullest rogues have a redeeming spark of good-nature in their compositions.

The most admirable object on earth is a fair woman gallantly mounted on a beautiful palfrey—a sweet calm-looking Quakeress, on a demure milk-white animal, glided by me one evening, as I was doating on the last rays of the setting sun—Dost thou think I shall ever forget the beautiful vision, reader?

I seldom bestow a thought on Alexander—but Bucephalus, the most chivalric of the race—the beau-ideal of steeds, occupies the sister niche in my memory, to that which holds the Knight of la Mancha's never-to-be-forgotten creature—Rozinante.

Who has not heard the pathetic song of “The High-mettled Racer?” I should desire no greater glory than to have been the author of that song.—I often lament my in-

capability of turning a tune—merely because I cannot sing it.—Didst thou ever notice, gentle reader, the poor Curate's Horse of Hogarth? Oh! there is more pathos—but he can better tell his own story than I can—seek him, if perchance thou hast him not—read him well—and thou mayest know his whole life.—Look into the natural history of horses—'tis very interesting—unquestionably the horse will amply repay thee for studying him.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright, In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight?

Fain would I apostrophize thee for hours—"Fleet son of wilder-

ness!"—"Joy of the happy!"—delight of knight and lady fair in every age!—What would chivalry be without thee?—thou art associated with every thing that's gay or gallant in its records!—thou art remembered with advantages at the tilt and tourney, with bright eyes beaming around thee—and "preux chevaliers," gorgeously bedecked heralds, and faithful squires, in thy company—fluttering hearts, and ardent spirits breathing love and gallantry all about thee—what limbs elastic!—what energy in every action!—what buoyancy of spirit beaming from thine eye!—who does not applaud thy gallant bearing!—Friend of mankind—I love thee.

CHEVALIER.

ON SOUTHEY'S HISTORIES OF RELIGIOUS SECTS.

DR. JOHNSON, I think, once said of women's preaching, that it was like a dog's walking on his hind legs: the thing was never well done; but you were surprised at seeing it attempted. Perhaps, in the estimation of many, the simile may be considered as applicable, in degree, to our Poet Laureate's essays in Religious Biography. I cannot say that I am precisely of this opinion: and, incongruous as it may appear, that the author of the *Old Woman of Berkely*, and the *Love Elegies of Abel Shuffebottom*, should take in hand to discuss the Rise and Progress of Religious Sects, as well as to comment on the actions and motives of their founders—I, for one, have no objection to it: at least the doubt and hesitation, which I certainly do entertain as to the success of the attempt, are more than counterbalanced by my curiosity; and by the conviction I feel that no serious evil is likely to accrue from failure; while even tolerable success can scarcely fail to do good.

One of the Reviewers of the *Life of Wesley*, if I recollect right, began his critical notice of that work by the inquiry, "Is Mr. Southey a Me-

thodist?"—and further assumes as an axiom that none but a Methodist ought to write the *Life of one*. Now I frankly own I do not see the logic of this position. If the biography of any sectary be intended, primarily, if not exclusively, for the edification and advantage of the sect to which he belonged, then I will admit that no one can be competent to the task who does not possess similarity of faith, and somewhat of identity of feeling. The reasons for such incompetency are obvious. One not thus gifted is likely to be occasionally in the dark as to the feelings, motives, and views, which influenced the conduct of the subject of his history; and he is equally liable to fail in that tact, by which alone access can be won to the sensibility and judgment of those for whom he writes. If, for instance, Mr. Southey had undertaken his *Life of Wesley*, with an idea, when it was finished, of presenting it to *The Conference*, that it might, under their sanction, become a standard work among the Methodists; or if he were now engaged on the *Life of George Fox*, with any view of obtaining the imprimatur of the *Morning Meeting*,

* The Morning Meeting in London, is, I believe, a sort of standing committee of the sect of the Society of Friends, to whose inspection religious works, intended for the society's use, are submitted prior to publication.

in London, that his *Octavo* may range on the shelves of the Quakers, beside honest George's massy folio—if, I say, one could fancy such to be his objects, they are so palpably hopeless, that the mere assumption of them almost amounts to an impeachment of the historian's sanity; and we may safely say with Dr. Johnson, the thing cannot be well done, and the only matter of surprise is to see it attempted. For my own part, however, I quite acquit the Laureate of any such ridiculous anticipations: he cannot, allowing him undisputed claims to all the vanity and egotism which his bitterest enemies ascribe to him, suppose that his biography of Wesley or Fox is likely fully to satisfy the most ardent admirers of either; and allowing him the candour which his friends would claim for him, he is as little likely to obtain the approbation of those who, on the other hand, consider Fox to have been a little mad, and Wesley more than a little mischievous.

The object which I am willing to suppose Mr. Southey proposes to himself, is to put on record, for the perusal of the public in general, such an outline of the lives and labours of the subjects of his biography, as may enable those who have not time or inclination for such researches, to form some opinion for themselves respecting them. If it be argued that such an opinion may be more fitly formed by persons inspecting for themselves the sources whence the historian obtains his matter, as in that case they would have the facts recorded by the parties, instead of inferences deduced by another; the reply is obvious enough: comparatively few will take the trouble to do this; but very many have no objection, when some more industrious pioneer has made access to these sectarian annals more easy, either to reflect candidly on the glimpses he has opened, or to pursue the investigation for themselves, with the advantage of knowing where to go for further information. That the opinions expressed by Southey, and the inferences he may draw from the facts he records, may improperly bias the judgment of *some* of his readers, perhaps no one can, for a

moment, dispute, as a probable result: but when it is considered that no one, whose opinion is entitled to the least weight, would form a deliberate and decided judgment on such subjects, without hearing what the parties have to say for themselves; I must again express my belief that no ultimate injury to the cause of truth can result from any prejudice existing in the mind of the historian. For whom, I would ask, does Southey compile these histories?—He would say, doubtless, for all the world—good: but all the world, as every body well knows, and no one better than himself, will never read them. The query which then presents itself is this:—who are most likely to read them?—In the first place, one may reasonably conjecture, the more opulent members of the sects whose history forms their subject: and these persons certainly, are not very likely to abandon tenets which they have deliberately adopted, or in which they have been educated, on the inferences, or *ipse dixit*, of one, whom various considerations will induce them to think mistaken. The next class of probable readers is a much more extensive one, inasmuch as it may be said to include, *primâ facie*, the literary world in general: but even upon this class I cannot see any reason for thinking that the bias, or prepossessions of a writer discussing tenets avowedly not his own, should have any very hurtful effect—I would not undervalue the opinion of adepts in literature on religious points; but a man's faith, if it be a faith worth having, is not a point of taste, nor of mere abstract argument; but is associated with thoughts, feelings, and habits, infinitely beyond the jurisdiction of literary legislation; nor were I even persuaded that the result of Southey's histories would be to beget, in the literary world, a general distaste towards the sects whose rise and progress he narrates, would it occasion me, as a Methodist, or Quaker, any very serious concern. I might regret, in either case, that my creed should be considered distasteful, by so large a proportion of what may be termed the reading and thinking part of the community; but if my judgment were.

convinced of its excellence, and my heart assented to its efficacy, I cannot think the regret would be very poignant.

Of course, in asserting, as I now do, my conviction that Southey's new line of authorship is not likely to be prejudicial; I take it for granted, that he will acquit himself in it with tolerable candour and fairness. I make this assumption, because I am fully convinced that the reverse could only be hurtful to himself, and because I am perfectly satisfied that it is not in his power, and am quite willing to believe it is not his intention, to do any injury, or inflict any pain, on the sects whose histories he undertakes to record: in this age and country, such apprehensions appear to me little short of absurd. We may safely entrust to our sectarians of every denomination, the defense of their own religious principles, and the telling of their own story, if their self-constituted historian does not tell it to their mind. The *Life of Wesley* has already called forth sundry replies, and more are said to be forthcoming: nor can I doubt for one moment that the Quakers will see equal justice done to the character of Fox, and the tenets of their sect, if the former should be impeached, or the latter attacked, unfairly by the writer of his life, and the historian of their annals. This part of my subject, however, leads me unavoidably to offer a few remarks on what Southey has done in his *Life of Wesley*, and also what may be plausibly anticipated respecting his *Life of Fox*.

The former topic I shall discuss with brevity, not only because the latter is more immediately my theme, but because the *Life of Wesley* is already before the public, and therefore the good or evil tendency of it must take its course. I have read this performance carefully; and though I think there is a good deal in it, with which a zealous admirer of John Wesley may find fault, and not a little from which one, who is not such, may dissent,—I see comparatively trifling ground for impeaching the intentional fairness of the writer. The prudence and propriety of particular passages may be called in question, certainly; and both the

Moravians and Calvinists have fair scope afforded them for animadversion on the author; but I see nothing in the work which at all induces me to retract what I have stated in the earlier part of this paper, respecting the probable advantages or disadvantages of these compilations. What is objectionable, in the specimen now offered to the public, appears to me capable of easy refutation, and its ill effects will soon probably subside; what is valuable will, I trust, be most enduring, and may, I would hope, be permanently useful. For my own part, I candidly confess, that Wesley's character, even as given by Southey, is one of the most amiable and estimable kind; and I should think far from highly of the head or the heart of the reader, who could close the volumes without esteem, love, and veneration for such characters as Wesley, Whitefield, or Fletcher. But, as I have before observed, this work, "be its intent wicked or charitable," is out; and, therefore, is less an object of my consideration than the one which is forthcoming. It would be useless now, I fear, to convince its author that it might have been improved; but it may not be useless to state to him some of the difficulties which his present task presents, or appears to present, while those difficulties may still be avoidable.

That in compiling the history of the Quakers, Southey will allow the fear of offending these sectaries to prevent him from discussing their tenets, fully and freely, it would be ridiculous to suppose. That he will endeavour to do this fairly, I have no doubt; and that his work will be an entertaining one, may, I think, be plausibly conjectured. But merely to afford amusement, is an object which, on such an occasion, I am persuaded he would consider as every way unworthy of the time and labour his task must necessarily impose. If, however, as every one would hope, and as every liberal mind would believe, his aims are higher, and his end nobler; he will render his work more than entertaining: to do this he must be a little less indefatigable in his research, a little less philosophical in his analysis of motives, and a little more diffident.

in his determination to account for actions,—than, in the exercise of his gifts and acquirements, his inclination alone may dictate. That, with every desire to do justice to his subject he should at once satisfy Quakers and others too, it would be unreasonable to expect. But if he means to be the historian of all our sects in rotation, and to discuss all the “*isms*” in succession; it may be well for him to remember that he undertakes a task of considerable delicacy; and that the utility of his successive histories must depend, not on their being occasionally flattering to the vanity of the respective sectarians, and occasionally palatable to the church; but that this prouder prerogative must be the result of their uniform accordance with truth, with consistency, and with candour. It is this consideration, indeed, more than any peculiar or personal interest which I feel in what Southey has done, or has announced, that induces me to discuss this new bent of his fertile and active mind. It is one which at once presents palpable temptations to abuse, and which may afford equal opportunities of dignified and extensive usefulness. Taking leave, therefore, of all confined and bigoted views of the subject, and meeting him on the broader basis, which I take to be his own assumed ground of discussion; and regarding him in the light in which I believe he would wish to be contemplated, that of a candid and philosophical chronicler of the various diversities of human opinion; I would, respectfully, but at the same time, seriously and earnestly ask him, if he has deeply considered the responsibility devolving on any individual, who thus, to a certain extent at least, takes upon himself an office of no ordinary magnitude,—that of not only canvassing the creeds of sects, but of pronouncing opinions on the objects and motives of their respective votaries. I think I have sufficiently explained, that, as far as respects the parties themselves, on whom he volunteers his judicial functions, no serious cause of anxiety is imposed. What he does amiss can, in my view of the matter, do them no material or lasting injury; what he does well may do them immediate and posi-

tive good. But, admitting this, and allowing him, as I willingly do, an imaginable goodness of intention in these undertakings,—I must still maintain, that he voluntarily places himself in a post of difficulty, delicacy, and responsibility; and assumes a province in which the obligations to vigilance, self-distrust, humility, and meekness, are imperious and manifold. Whatever may have been the weaknesses, or the imperfections in judgment, of the men who were instrumental in founding the sects to which the attention of Southey has been turned, or those which may hereafter claim it; they were, at any rate, men of fervent piety, of devoted zeal, of no superficial attainments in vital religion. They were men of whom it may emphatically be said—that in simplicity, and godly sincerity, and not after fleshly wisdom, they had their conversation with the world. Religion, with them, was not a matter of curious speculation, or of abstract philosophical disquisition; but of primary importance, of deep feeling, and of all-absorbing interest. It was their meat and their drink; their all in all: it not only found no competitor, but acknowledged no necessary ally, in either poetry, criticism, politics, or philosophy. These things were to such men as less than nothing, and vanity, compared with the sublime truths of the Gospel, and their important bearings on the future destiny of man. Now, taking for granted, on the part of Southey, the existence of literary gifts and acquirements of no common stamp; assigning to him all the philosophical acuteness and acquaintance with human nature, which his warmest admirers would ascribe to him; and combining even these endowments with all possible uprightness of intention, for which I am quite ready to give him credit; it still may be doubted, whether, in the deep mysteries of grace, the hidden things of the kingdom, the responses of the oracles of God,—and these things constitute the essence of the rise and progress of Christian sects; I repeat, that on such themes, it may be doubted, whether Wesley and Whitefield, Fox and Penn—are inferior to their historian. At least, it appears to impose no trifling re-

responsibility on the latter, when, in relating the history of their lives, and discussing their tenets, he also speculates on their motives, and philosophizes on the ends and objects of their actions.

To conclude—I am by no means sorry that Southey has undertaken these histories; for I revere too much the lives of the excellent men whose actions are their principal theme; I confide too implicitly in the overruling wisdom of Him whom they

loved and feared; to allow myself to doubt that good will result from it. But the subject has appeared to me, one on which a word of counsel might be not improperly tendered, both to the sectarians, whose solicitude respecting it is natural, and to their historian, whose responsibility is great. To the former I would say, Be not needlessly anxious—to the latter, Be not authoritatively presumptuous.

A DISSENTER.

SONG OF THE PARQUINOTES.

And must I forsake thee? dear land of my birth,
 To wander, far! far! from the scenes of my youth?
 And must the proud infidel spurn the loved earth
 Where I trod with the firmness of freedom and truth?
 Shall our clustering vines, and rich olive-trees bow,
 With their generous load, to an infidel foe?
 Shall the turbulent slave
 In our mountain streams lave,
 While the sons of thy soil have not whither to go.

Alas! for thee, Parga! once happy and brave
 As the heart that's unsmit, or the conscience that's free!
 Oh! how has thy glory gone down with the wave
 That gave thee the boon of a merciless sea!
 A renegade race! untrue to the fame
 Of a glorious line, and a glorious name!
 Degenerate Britain!
 Our fate is thus written:
 Betray'd, yet unconquer'd,—though broken—yet free.

Woe! woe! to thee, Parga! the sun of thy glory
 In an ocean of darkness is set!
 And naught now remains to thy sons, but the story
 Of times they may never forget!
 The fame of our sires in thy greatness lives;
 As pleasure is known by what memory gives:
 Then still will we hug to our bosoms, and cherish
 The splendour that's gone! when with hunger we perish:
 And pitied, derided,
 With souls undivided,
 The flame of thy brightness shall live in us yet!

Come, father! come, mother! come, sister! come, brother!
 And ye the dear pledges of joys that are fled!
 Kiss the land of your fathers—embrace one another—
 But let not the foe see the tears that you shed.
 But hide not the death-flash that gleams from your eye,
 Nor disarm the charged brow when the foeman is nigh,
 As you gather your brave from their still-cold bed,
 Lest they waken in wrath at the paynim's tread:
 For not distant's the day,
 When those eye-beams shall slay;
 And those sepulchres gorge on Mahometan dead.

J. A. G.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BRAVELY done—and like a Briton!
 Wounded—still he'll charge again:
 Oh! that spear his fate has written!—
 See! he sinks on heaps of slain!

The trumpet sounds—the fight grows bolder—
 See! they close around the dead:—
 Heaven, shield thee! gallant soldier!
 Quickly be thy spirit sped!

Pale, bloodless death stalks grimly round thee—
 Friends and foes promiscuous fall:—
 Midst the thousands that surround thee,
 None attends thy dying call!

Now the conflict wider spreads—
 Frenchmen fly, and we pursue:—
 Comrade!—'tis a friend that treads—
 'Tis his hand dispels the dew.

Sink not, brother! Lo! where beaming,
 Charged with life, the limpid wave:
 Drink—but see! our banners streaming—
 Victory attends the brave!

Victory! and have we conquer'd?
 Happy hour! now let me die!
 Yet, once again, ere tis debarr'd,
 For England! and for victory!

Down dropp'd his arm, his cheek grew pale;
 Dim glory fix'd his eye:—
 His soul exulting on the gale,
 Prolong'd the victory.

J. A. G.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S JOURNAL.*

THIS book, which has been so long expected, has at length made its appearance; but it has been published so very late in the month, as to render it utterly impossible for us to present any thing more than a general analysis of its contents. Even this we should not have done, had not the subject been one of very universal interest. As the public are aware of the leading objects of the expedition, we do not feel it necessary to insert the Admiralty orders under which the navigators sailed, and which Captain Parry has prefixed to his narrative. On the 10th of June, 1819, the *Hecla* and *Griper* sailed from the *Nore* with a complement of ninety-four men, being the entire number included in the expe-

dition. After enduring the usual dangers from icebergs and "beetings," and all the various impediments usual in the North Seas, they entered Lancaster's Sound, in high health and spirits, and without having undergone any casualty, on the 1st of August. They had passed innumerable capes, headlands, and promontories; to all of which Captain Parry annexed some name, according to the custom of previous discoverers. At one or two islands some of the crew landed, where, however, they found nothing remarkable, except that in one, which they called *Sir Byam Martin's island*, there were the distinct remains of four Esquimaux habitations. On the 4th they had the satisfaction of pene-

* Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed in the Years 1819-20, in his Majesty's Ships *Hecla* and *Griper*, under the Orders of W. E. Parry, R.N.—4to. Murray, 1821.

trating so far westward within the Arctic circle, as to entitle themselves to the reward of 5000*l.* allotted by Act of Parliament for the achievement of that enterprise. In order to commemorate this success, a bluff head which they had just passed was called *Bounty Cape*; and Captain Parry, having assembled the crews after Divine service on the 5th, announced to them their good fortune, and ordered an addition to their allowance for the day. We may be permitted, here, to remark, en passant, that nothing could well have exceeded the attention to the minutest circumstances which regarded his seamen, the inventive powers for the promotion of good humour, or the zeal and benevolence with which he put his plans into execution, than was evinced by the commander of this expedition throughout the whole of the voyage. Shortly after this, a fresh gale arising from the northward, and the ice continuing to oppose an impenetrable barrier to their further progress, they dropped anchor in a bay of Melville Island, which they named the Bay of the Hecla and Griper. Some of the crew landed on this island, where they collected in a day two thirds of a bushel of coals, being equal to the daily consumption of the Hecla; and Mr. Dealy was fortunate enough to kill the first musk ox to which the sportsmen could get near. It was at such a distance, however, from the ship, that they could not transport it thither; but a piece of the beef was brought as a sample, the taste of which appears to have been much more inviting than the perfume. The crews of both vessels suffered here the most serious apprehensions for the safety of Mr. Fife, and a party from the Griper, who had lost their way on the island, while deer hunting. The whole earth was one waste of white around them; and the snow continued to fall so incessantly, that the various flag-staffs which were set up as guides could not be discerned at a few yards' distance. Just, however, as the sun was descending on the third day from their departure, a signal from the Griper announced the joyful intelligence that they were descried on their return. The account which they gave was, that they had lost their way a few hours after their

separation from the ship, and had wandered about ever since. At night they endeavoured to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, by erecting little huts of stones and turf; and setting fire with gunpowder to the loose moss. Their food consisted of raw grouse, of which fortunately they were able to obtain sufficient for their subsistence. They were much debilitated, and severely frost-bitten, both in the toes and fingers; and the night on which they returned proved so dreadfully inclement, that their exposure under it must have been certain death. In gratitude for this signal escape, they distinguished the western head-land by the title of *Cape Providence*.

Captain Parry had been given the option by the Admiralty of returning to England after he had minutely explored Lancaster's Sound, or of wintering in the Arctic regions, as he thought proper. He preferred the latter; and the increasing perils of the navigation, the unpromising appearance of the ice to the westward, together with the advanced period of the season, admonished him that it was now high time to look out for winter quarters. He determined to return to the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, as being the only one which he had observed as at all calculated for security. He proceeded, therefore, on his return; which was effected slowly, and with considerable difficulty, owing to the perpetual formation of the ice, which was never interrupted, although the waters were agitated by a hard gale. What was their mortification, on their arrival off Fife's Harbour, to find that the whole bay was covered with one solid sheet of ice, which had been formed since their previous visit! It became, however, absolutely necessary to secure themselves for the winter; and in doing this, the sailors displayed wonderful ingenuity and perseverance. The only way to preserve the ships was, by cutting a passage for them through the ice; and to accomplish this, they, in the face of snow storms, actually worked nineteen hours during the first day! Our readers may have some idea of the extent of this undertaking, when we inform them that the length of this canal was 4082 yards, and that the average thickness of the ice was

seven inches. At a quarter past three on the third day, they tracked the ships through this canal into winter quarters, an event which was commemorated by three hearty cheers. Here then they were to remain for at least eight months; during three of which a glimpse of the sun would not be visible; and it became immediately necessary to commence preparations for meeting this new and extraordinary situation. Not a moment was lost in the commencement of their operations. The masts were all dismantled, except the lower ones; and a kind of housing was formed on deck by lashing the yards fore and aft amidships, and supporting them by upright planks, over all of which, a thick wadding-tilt, such as usually covers waggons, was thrown by way of roof, and formed a comfortable shelter, at least from the snow and wind. The boats, spars, running sails, and rigging, were all removed to the land, in order to afford the crews room for exercising on deck, whenever the inclemency of the weather prevented their going ashore. The next consideration was the preservation of the health of the crews during this trying period. The difficulty of keeping the bed-places dry, may be gathered from the fact of a crust of ice forming every night of more or less thickness, according to the temperature of the atmosphere, on the inner partition of all sides of the vessel. The steam arising from their brewing was so annoying, that, valuable as anti-scorbutic as beer was, they were obliged to discontinue their brewery. The cold was obviated by means of heated air-pipes; and a strict attention to diet, except in one instance, effectually counteracted the scurvy. The men were obliged to drink a certain proportion of lime-juice, sugar, and water, every day, in the presence of an officer. The allowance of bread was diminished to two thirds; and a pound of Donkin's preserved meat, together with one pint of vegetable or concentrated soup, was substituted for one pound of salt beef weekly. Sour kroust and pickles, with as much vinegar as could be used, were issued at regular intervals. The men were carefully mustered every morning and evening, and a medical inspection of them took place

once a week. Captain Parry himself examined the beds every day; and when the crews could not exercise on shore, they were obliged to run on deck for several hours, keeping time to some merry tune. The consequence of these very judicious arrangements was, that only one instance of mortality occurred during the entire expedition; and that was hastened, if not altogether created, by predisposing causes. Placed in this novel and awful situation, Captain Parry proposed the erection of a theatre on deck, and that performances should take place during the winter—a proposition which was gratefully acceded to; and accordingly, on the 5th of November, sailors, officers, and commander, all appeared in *Miss in her Teens*, to the great satisfaction, as the play-bills would express it, of a crowded and delighted audience. A weekly newspaper, called the *North Georgia Gazette*, was also actually composed and printed on board, the officers becoming voluntary contributors, and Captain Sabine acting as Editor. We are a little jealous that it was not a Magazine; but it must be confessed, that the establishment of a newspaper was a tempting speculation, where there was neither a stamp-office, nor an Attorney-General.

The effects of the cold were most distressing: the least exposure of the hand in the open air, caused such severe frost-bites, that amputation became sometimes unavoidable, and the skin generally adhered to any metallic substance with which it came in contact! In one or two instances, persons labouring under the consequences of severe cold seemed to have had their minds, as well as their persons torpified; they looked wild, spoke thick, and inarticulately; and, when recovering, exhibited all the symptoms of complete intoxication; so much so, indeed, that Captain Parry could not have credited that they were sober, if he had not perfect demonstration that they had taken nothing stronger than snow water. On the 4th of November, the sun bade them farewell, and did not appear again above their horizon, till the 8th of February, an interval of ninety-six days! The *North Georgia Gazette*, which is now in the London press, the theatre

once a fortnight, the *Aurora Borealis* at times, and the howling of wolves, trapping of white foxes, and tracing of wild deer, were their principal occupations. We find that there were not only political, but dramatic authors on board; for a play was actually written on board the *Hecla*, and played, with the thermometer below Zero, on the stage. The piece had decided success; though we apprehend there was not much *clapping of hands* during its performance. The wearing of leather on the feet even caused such frost-bites, that the Captain was obliged to substitute a kind of canvass boot, lined with woolen. During their refuge in winter quarters, they formed a number of hunting parties, and obtained by that means, not only some amusement, but a considerable supply of fresh provisions. The following is a list of the game killed on the shores of Melville Island, for the use of the expedition, during a period of twelve months: Three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight hares, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, 144 ptarmigans, making a sum total of 3,766 lb. of fresh meat. Captain Parry, also, by artificial means, contrived to grow some small sallads on board the vessel; but his seeds all perished in soil to which vegetation seems to have sworn eternal hostility. By the bye, it is very plain that our gallant author has hunted after game much more by sea than land, from the circumstance of his always calling a *pack* of grouse, a *covey*.

It is very remarkable, that some of their dogs formed a very close, and even tender acquaintance, with the wolves on Melville Island, so much so, as to stay away for days and nights from the ship, and only one was lost; but whether he was a voluntary exile, or whether he was devoured by the male wolves, remains a problem: the latter, we fear, was the case, from the circumstance of one of the captain's own favourites returning, after a long visit, severely lacerated. Some of the animals in these regions appear, indeed, to have been remarkably tame; and there is a very entertaining account given by Captain Parry, of his forming an acquaintance with a rein-deer, in his excursion across

Melville Island. Captain Sabine and he, having been considerably a-head of the rest of the party, sat down to wait for them, when a fine deer came up, and began to gambol round them, at a distance of thirty yards. They had no gun; and at all events considered that hostility would have been but a bad return for the confidence reposed in them. When the rest of the party appeared, the deer ran to pay them a visit; but they being less scrupulous, fired two shots at him without effect, when he returned again to Captain Parry even nearer than before, accompanying him, and trotting round him like a dog, until the rest of the party came up; upon which, with much good sense, he disappeared.

We are sorry we have not room to detail Captain Parry's account of his tour through Melville Island, which possesses considerable interest. They collected some specimens of mineralogy; and, amongst others, a piece of fossil wood; saw abundance of sorrel and saxifrage; and in many places, a great deal of grass and poppies. The whole island bore evident marks of being frequented much by game; and, from the marks in several places, seemed to abound in musk oxen, deer, hares, foxes, grouse, plover, geese, and ptarmigan. The wolves appear to prey upon the foxes; and a beautiful little white one, which was caught in a trap near the *Hecla*, showed evident symptoms of alarm when it heard their howl. The month of July turning out very favourable, the ice began gradually to disappear; and on the 1st of August, the ships took their departure from Winter Harbour, where they had lain for very near twelve months. Even after leaving this, they were terribly impeded by the ice; and the Captain called a council of the officers, to have their advice upon his future operations. They all agreed that it would be most wise to run a little along the edge of the ice to the eastward, in the hope of finding an opening to lead to the American continent; and, if this should fail, that then they should, after a reasonable time spent in the search, return to England. This return was rendered doubly necessary, as the exhaustion of their principal antiscor-

butle, and the diminution of their fuel, made the delay of another winter a dangerous experiment. They determined, however, in the first instance, to penetrate still further southward from their present position; so as, if possible, to bring the accomplishment of the passage through Behring's Strait, within the scope of their remaining resources.

Pursuing this direction, they made land, which they had no doubt had been, at no great distance of time, visited by the Esquimaux; and, in a few days after, they were agreeably surprised by encountering a whaler. Some idea may be formed of the icebergs in these seas, from the account which Captain Parry gives of two which he passed by on Sunday, the 3d of September, and which he estimates at the height of from 150 to 200 feet above the surface of the water! On the morning of the 8th, they also met another whaler, which proved to be the *Lee*, of Hull, Mr. Williamson, master, who reported that he had seen some Esquimaux a few days before, in the inlet which had been, in 1818, named the river Clyde, and which was then only a little to the southward of them. As Captain Parry thought it probable that these people had never before been visited by Europeans, and as it might be of consequence to examine the inlet, he determined to stand in to the land. While they were making the best of their way to the islands, it is curious enough that they met the identical iceberg which had been measured in 1818, and which was then ascertained to be *two miles in length*! It was aground in precisely the same spot as before. At six in the evening, being near the outermost of a groupe of islands, with which they afterwards found this inlet to be studded, they observed four canoes paddling towards the ship. The Esquimaux advanced boldly up, and had their canoes taken on board by their own desire. They approached amid the loud vociferations of their inmates, who were found to be an old man much above sixty years of age, and three younger ones from nineteen to thirty. On receiving a few presents, they began making a number of ejaculations, which they continued till they were hoarse, accompanying their noise by

a jumping gesture, which was more or less violent, according to the powers of the jumper. They went down into the cabin; and the old gentleman was persuaded to sit *for his picture* to Lieutenant Beechey, which he did very quietly for more than an hour; but after that, it seems to have required all the pantomime rhetoric which Captain Parry was possessed of, to keep him in his position. However, the old gentleman turned out to be a wag, and mimicked the gestures of the gullant navigator, with such humour, as to create considerable diversion amongst the bye-standers. His patience, however, was put to a very severe test, as a barter for commodities was going on between the crew and his companions, very near him, all the time he was sitting. They seemed to have a very good notion of making a bargain; and their manner of concluding it was by licking the article purchased twice all over; after which ceremony, it was considered to be final. There are some things, we imagine, with reference to which this mode of consummation would not be very agreeable. The canoes were found to move much faster in the water when there was no sea, than the ship's boat, but only one person could sit in each. Those people seem to have very strict notions of honesty, and they showed every disposition to do the crews any service in their power. They acquired very quickly several words of English, which they were fond of repeating; and, in their gestures and vociferations, evinced a strong inclination to humour. Captain Parry tells us, quite in the spirit of our delectable old friend, Jamie Boswell, that when these people looked through a telescope, or a kaleidoscope, *some of them shut the right eye, and some of them the left*. We hope this was carefully noted among the discoveries in the log book.

The Captain afterwards landed on the main land, and visited two of the Esquimaux tents, where they were received by men, women, and children, with a general, but welcoming vociferation. They exchanged several articles with the crew, and were very strict in their dealings. In order to prove their honesty, Captain Parry relates that he had sold an axe to an old woman, for a dog.

and had given her the axe in advance; the dogs were exceedingly shy, and she might easily have evaded the performance of her contract; but she immediately set off with a kind of thong nose, which they are obliged to use for the purpose, and soon presented the purchaser with one of the finest in the country. There is a minute description of these people, which serves to fill up a few pages; but they appear, both in person and habitation, not to differ from the general class of Esquimaux. They seem, indeed, not to be very delicate in their appetites; for both old and young, when a bird was given them, swallowed it *feathers and all*, in the most ravenous manner. This delicate propensity seems to be fully participated by the four-legged companions; for it seems the dog which Captain Parry purchased from the old lady, after having been regularly fed, immediately, and without scruple, swallowed a large piece of canvass, a cotton handkerchief which had been just washed, and part of a check shirt. We are of opinion, that the old lady was very right to part with him. It certainly showed a due regard for her seal-skin wardrobe. The puppies would at any time, if permitted, kill themselves by over eating; and it is curious enough, that in the different bargains, the children invariably, and without any question, exercised a right over the young dogs. The behaviour, however, of these simple people, impressed the navigators with a high respect for them; and they never evinced, in all their intercourse, the least disposition to purloin any thing. The crews made them some trifling presents, for which they were very grateful, and they watched the departure of the vessels in sorrowful silence.

On the 26th of September, the ice appeared to be so packed towards the westward, as to preclude all possibility of any farther progress, or indeed of even minutely examining the coast, there being then twelve hours of darkness. Under these circumstances, any farther attempt was considered useless; and the ships steered their course for England, in their passage to which they experienced very stormy weather. During this expe-

dition, perhaps, the most interesting phenomenon, which the navigators remarked, was the effect which the approach to the North Pole obviously had upon the needle.

From the time of their entering Lancaster's sound, the sluggishness of the compasses, and their great irregularity, became apparent; and, at last, the directive power of the needle became so weak, as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship. In a few days, the binnacles were removed, as useless lumber, from the deck to the carpenter's store-room; and the true courses, and direction of the wind, were in future noted in the log-book, as obtained to the nearest quarter point, when the sun was visible, by the azimuth of that object, and the apparent time. With respect to the main object of the expedition, Captain Parry seems to entertain very sanguine expectations. In addition to the discoveries which have been already made by himself, to those of Cook and Mackenzie, and on an inspection of the map, he thinks it almost a certainty that a north-west passage into the Pacific will be finally accomplished, and that the outlet will be found at Behring's Strait. But this he considers altogether impracticable for British ships, in consequence of the length of the voyage which must first be performed, in order to arrive at the point where the work is to be begun. Upon the whole, therefore, he considers that any expedition equipped by England with this view, would act with greater advantage by at once employing its best energies in the attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America, along its northern shore. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of these attempts, and whatever may be the ultimate result of these discoveries, which may, perhaps, add something to the science and the fame of our country, but which will, we fear, prove of but little practical utility, taken in a commercial point of view; still there certainly can be but one opinion as to the zeal and capabilities of Captain Parry. He seems to have performed the duties entailed on him by the Admiralty, not only with the skill of an able seaman, but to have

much recommended his performance of them by the good humour and humanity which marked his conduct in the most trying situations. Perhaps the loss of the sun, and the inutility of the needle, and the frost bites in *Winter Harbour*, will not give the land reader half so distinct an idea of the perils to which such seas expose the navigator, as a single glance at some of the plates which are given in this volume. The situation of the ships at times must have been tremendous; and nothing can have been more awful than to behold sea and shore, hill and valley, in short, nature herself, under the aspect of one continued iceberg—no sound to break upon the silence, but the explosions of the ice, or the howling of the wolves; and no living

thing to meet the eye, except some ravenous and half-famished animal.

The embellishments of the work are very well executed; and the narrative is clear, consecutive, and simple. Our limits, and the late time at which we received this volume, will not allow us to give more than what we are aware is, and necessarily must be, a very hurried sketch, but we hope we have said enough to direct the reader to the original fountain. The gallant navigator is again securely cased in icebergs, from the shafts of criticism—we sincerely wish him a good voyage, a happy termination—smiles and welcome from the *Esquimaux Venus*, and all the rewards and honours of the board of Admiralty.

Miller Redivivus.

No. IV.

WEHEMIAH MUGGS, continued.

Sailors assaulted in their reels,
By vice-suppressing Alguazils,
Give battle, whence our Saint, full mellow,
Flies (late tam flagrant bello).

WHILE Mr. Muggs pursued his way,
He heard a naughty song one day,
Proceeding from a public house,
Wherein a loud and jovial set
Of sailors and their nymphs were met
To talk, and tittle, and carouse.—
Quoth Ne. this sacrilegious revel,
Is clearly prompted by the devil,
And I must interrupt their junket,
Before these heathen sinners drunk get.
Wherefore, his hands together rubbing,
He very coolly stalk'd up stairs,
And in the midst of their hubbubing,
Burst on the party unawares,
Who, all astonish'd at th' invasion,
Ceas'd suddenly their conversation.
The rogue, whose roundelay so quaint
Had scandalised our vagrant saint,
Giving his company the wink,
Kindly invited him to drink,
Protesting that himself and Co.
Who only err'd for want of teaching,
Would gladly hear the sage bestow
A passing sample of his preaching;
While Ne. who thought that if he mix'd
A little in their recreation,
Their minds would be the sooner fix'd
To hear his purposed exhortation,

Placed by his side, a goodly rummer,
 Largish, though not so big as some are.—
 Then through his nozzle, like a pair
 Of bellows did he twang the air,
 And plied his leathern lungs so fast,
 That he soon raised a rousing fire,
 In which he swore they'd all be cast
 Unless they follow'd his desire.—
 With his own heat he 'gan to flicker,
 And read them such a hot epistle,
 That he was fain to wet his whistle,
 By oft appealing to the liquor,
 While his industrious friend or foe,
 Still kept his glass in *statu quo*.
 Thus did he preach against excess
 And raved by turns, and sipp'd and muddled,
 Till in denouncing drunkenness
 Our Saint became completely fuddled,
 While he abused the song so fast,
 Still quoting it to prove his theme,
 That he bawl'd fairly out at last,
 Betwixt a hiccup and a scream,
 "Thus boys, thus do sailors fare,"
 And twirl'd his rummer in the air.
 Each moment did our grand reformer,
 Grow more convivial and warmer,
 Rolling his eyes, in liquor swimming,
 With vacant leer upon the women,
 And hugging the surrounding rabble
 With maudlin love, and empty gabble,
 All which the wicked singing wight
 Beheld with infinite delight.
 'The mighty master smiled to see
 That dancing was the next degree,'
 And play'd a jig upon his fiddle,
 When the whole corps de ballet danced;
 And toe'd and heel'd it down the middle,
 Faster than did the beasts who pranced,
 And made a ball-room of their pasture
 When Orpheus was the ballet-master.
 O! for a goosequill that could drink
 Intoxicating draughts of ink,
 That in my tipsy reeling measure
 I might picture to all,
 Mr. Muggs at a ball,
 Who danced as if frantic;
 And paint every sprawl,
 And ridiculous antic,
 By which he denoted his floundering pleasure,
 Till Vandala came with hoop and hollo,
 To scare our capering Apollo.
 It seems that from a town just by
 A Vice-suppressing Company
 Had march'd their forces one and all,
 To storm and take an apple-stall,
 Whose aged diabolic owner,
 (A heathen hussey, out upon her!)
 Had sold, to earn her Sunday dinner,
 Some Sabbath pippins to an urchin,
 Whereby the sacrilegious sinner
 Had plunged in horrors up to her chin.—

Returning from this pious frolic
 They heard the fiddle diabolical,
 A sound more rousing to their spirits,
 Than squeak of rats and mice to ferrets,
 Or the loud cackling of a hen-yard
 To prowling weasel, stoat, or reynard.—
 Popping their peepers to the casement
 They started back with wild amazement—
 As when the cleanly Betty sees
 A sudden country dance of fleas,
 Although she scarcely can believe

Her eyes, she neither lags nor lingers,
 Puts every nerve on the *qui vive*,
 Throws all her soul into her fingers,
 And arching her indignant nippers
 Pounces upon the luckless skippers;
 So was each Vice-suppressing prig
 Electrified to see the jig,
 And felt his restless fingers itching
 To be a doing and a catching.

And now I'm excessively shock'd to relate
 They no sooner began their intentions to state,
 Than the face of their virtuous chairman was scored,
 And their truly respectable president—floor'd.—
 Each subscriber received, while preparing to speak,
 An exordium smack, or a prologuing tweak,
 And the friends of good order and quiet were now
 Compell'd by their duty to kick up a row.—
 The treasurer first in his sinewy grasp
 Seiz'd one of the nymphs, as an eagle an asp,
 But darting her nails in his countenance solemn,
 She presently fluted it down like a column,
 Whereat, I'm reluctantly forced to aver,
 Mr. Treasurer lost both his temper and her,
 And launch'd from his hand, to the midst of the fight,
 A candlestick, not very little or light.—
 Like an opera hero, though secretly bent
 On mischief and murder, it sang as it went,
 Impinged upon Muggs who was groping his way
 To speak by the door from the gathering fray,
 And squib-like concluded its hissing complaint
 By an echoing crack on the head of the saint.
 To me 'tis amazing it did not strike light,
 Or, at least, that his scull was not fractured outright,
 But it must have been crack'd, and I'm free to maintain,
 That while it's a scull it will ne'er ring again.
 Imagine the rest in their fusty-cuff freaks,
 And list to the swearing, and tearing, and shrieks,
 Occasion'd by sundry kicks, thumps, smacks, and bounces
 Bestow'd on ribs, stomachs, eyes, noses, and sconces.—

Our hero meanwhile with a headaching throb,
 And a bulbous excrescence endorsed on his nob,
 Reel'd forth from the fight, and took up his abode
 Beneath a large haystack that skirted the road,
 Where drowsy with liquor, and weary with toil,
 He forgot in repose all his pain and turmoil.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

HINTS OF A TRAVELLER IN RUSSIA.

To travel in Russia it is indispensably necessary to possess a knowledge of the language, for hospitable as the Russian is, it is only towards such as can address him in his native tongue; all others he regards as beings of a distinct and inferior species. It is owing to the want of this knowledge that foreigners experience so much to try their patience, or excite their disgust. A trifling misunderstanding is not unfrequently the cause of much serious altercation, trouble, inconvenience, and expence; and yet foreigners will incur all this rather than take the trouble to acquire the language of the country. At Petersburg and Moscow the necessity for conversing in Russian is not so great, since one may always shift tolerably well there with either French or German. Yet it is very extraordinary that even the German professors, of whom there are so many at the various Universities, will not study the language of the people among whom they reside, although they are perhaps, acquainted with every other European dialect. During my stay at Kasan, I attended a mathematical lecture: the Professor had three pupils, the first of whom could speak a little German, the second a little French, and the third nothing but Russian.—The two former were obliged, therefore, to officiate as interpreters to their companion, to whom they translated—or at least affected to translate—propositions which they themselves probably did not comprehend. And although these people may think there is nothing worth their learning in Russian—which, by the bye, is a very gross error—yet they should consider that, as they are employed to teach, it behoves them not to relinquish the only medium by which they can be enabled to do so effectually.

Independently of its other merits,

the Russian language possesses three qualities, which render it an object of attention to every one who is determined not to be exclusive in his literary studies. In the first place, it approaches more nearly than any other modern tongue, to the ancient languages—especially to the Greek and Latin,* in its construction, in the employment of a number of participles, and in the conciseness of its idioms; whereas the other modern European dialects are all, more or less, loaded and deformed with articles, auxiliary verbs, and other *succedanea* for varied terminations.

Secondly, it has an advantage over them, in the inexhaustible treasures of the ancient Slavonic, which continued for a length of time to be the dialect consecrated to literature and the church, and from this may be borrowed, without at all departing from the genius of the modern Russ, terms to denote all those shades of expression, and all those new ideas, produced by an increase of national culture and civilization. While, for want of similar resources, other nations are obliged to derive their philosophic and abstract terms from languages totally unknown to the mass of the people, the Russian language, on the contrary, is capable of developing them from its own *core*; and for this reason it possesses a freshness, a vitality, and an integrity, in which other modern idioms are all, more or less, deficient.

Thirdly, and lastly, it is, as far as the authority of history will avail us, one of the most widely-extended of all languages, ancient or modern. What was the Greek, even at its most flourishing period, when it was the language of Magna Græcia in the west, and of Asia Minor in the east? What was the Latin—at one time spoken, or at least understood, throughout all the then known and subjugated world?—What was the

* That the study of Russ would not be wholly unprofitable or uninteresting to the classical scholar, will be admitted by those who have perused Mr. Galiffe's arguments in favour of its being the parent of the Latin tongue. The analogies and affinities which he traces, appear less fanciful than the generality of philological hypotheses.

Arabic, that, during the flourishing ages of the Caliphate, had spread itself from the shores of the Tigris and the Euphrates, even to the peaks of Gebel Tarif (Gibraltar)?—What were all these in comparison with Russ, which has not been raised, by favourable circumstances, to a momentary elevation merely, but has continued, with all its dependant dialects, to be, since time immemorial, the language of an immense tract of country? From the eastern frontier of Bavaria to Kamtschatka, and even to the western shores of North America, it is not only understood but spoken.

Having pointed out the necessity of making one's self acquainted with the language of the country, and the value of the acquisition, I would next advise whoever intends to travel in Russia, to provide himself with a vehicle of his own. A hired carriage may always be procured of a post-master; but it subjects those who adopt it, to the imputation of a contemptible poverty. Were any one to make a pedestrian tour, he would infallibly be regarded as a beggar: even the commonest peasant is generally the possessor of two or more horses; and so averse are the inhabitants of some of the provinces, from the exercise of walking, that they will not proceed the shortest distance, except in a carriage.

Indeed so little idea have they of walking for mere amusement, that a promenade appears to them an egregious absurdity; and a man who walks abroad, apparently for no other purpose than that of returning home again, is regarded as little better than a madman. When unoccupied, they indulge in the Oriental luxury of reposing upon a carpet.

With respect to the horses, they proceed with extreme rapidity, although they are but meagre, miserable-looking animals; and instead of there being any occasion, as in Germany, to urge on the postillions to greater expedition, it is here absolutely necessary to entreat them to abate somewhat of their speed. Indeed it is no uncommon thing for them to travel 150 or 175 *versets* in twelve hours. Such is the celerity and the frequency with which they perform journeys of 500 or 600 miles and upwards, that they attach no

more importance to them than we should to a trifling excursion for a single day.

It is no unusual thing to hear a Russian mention, in the course of conversation, that he is just returned from visiting the catacombs of the Holy City—from Spain, Switzerland, Archangel, or Astrakan, as if from some place in the immediate environs. I remember that, on my arrival at Moscow, there lodged at the same inn as myself, an opulent merchant, who was in the habit of coming, with his family, every year from Tobolsk, to spend the carnival there, and then return home: and although the distance is not less than 2336 *versets*, he accomplished it in only eight days.

The Director of the Gymnasium at Irkuzk, travelled, with his family, from that city to Kasan, a distance of 5070 *versets*, in nineteen days; and this journey was undertaken merely for the purpose of paying a short visit to an old friend.

Having procured a carriage of one's own, the next thing to be observed, is to take no more luggage than is absolutely necessary. The drivers, who consider celerity more than any thing else, are exceedingly impatient of whatever may tend to impede it: and it will be found in every respect more prudent, and, I may add, more economical, to have all one's baggage conveyed either by water or land carriage. Owing to imprudence in this respect, Germans, who proceed to settle in Russia, occasion themselves great delay, vexation, and expense: and they often incommode themselves during a long journey, with what they could as well purchase at the place of their destination. I have sometimes seen a caravan of these settlers with their waggons packed with tables, chairs, hen-coops, doors, and windows, in short, with all their *moveables* and *fixtures*. Thus they improvidently retard their progress, lose their patience, and become disgusted with the country, the inhabitants, the language, and every thing that is Russian.

Russia has for some time past become an object of attention to the west of Europe, with which it has been brought more immediately into contact. Numbers emigrate thither from Upper Germany; and the Rus-

sian Universities are principally filled with German Professors, who might here find enough to exercise both their curiosity and their literary industry; and yet, strange to say, very little is the information they possess of the national character of the Russians: little more, in fact, than that vague and erroneous species of information traditional in popular school-books, and systems of geography. How, indeed, is it possible to become acquainted with the genius and disposition of any people, so long as we continue ignorant of their language? A residence of a few months in the metropolis, where the stranger generally mixes with his own countrymen, or with the higher classes of the natives, is as little adapted to enable him to judge of the people and their peculiar characteristics, as travelling post through the country, and conversing with none but postilions and innkeepers. Whoever travels from Tala to Moscow, and from thence to Volodimir, will be convinced, more perhaps than in any other place, how contagious to morals is the pestilential atmosphere of a great city; but he will be greatly mistaken should he imagine, that the duplicity and cunning, from which he here suffers, are characteristic of the people in general: in order to convince himself of the contrary, he needs only turn aside a few miles from the high road. Traders and artisans, who have the best opportunities of observing the habits and manners of the lower and middling classes, have seldom either the leisure or the ability to publish them; and the traveller who mixes only with the higher orders of society, will find but little to distinguish them from the same ranks in the other civilized countries of Europe. The best means of becoming acquainted with the most prominent traits of national character, is to intermix for some time with the lower and middling classes, or, if this be not practicable, to study their manners and dispositions in their genuine popular romances, wherein they are faithfully transcribed from the life. Of these, however, there are scarcely any to be found in Russia, with the exception of some national comedies, little, if at all, known, except to the natives.

and repeated sacrifices, will at length destroy all energy of character in nations, as well as in individuals; and thus it happens that states verge towards imbecility and complete exhaustion: yet, should a people possess sufficient perseverance to work its way through the storms of adversity and revolution, until they attain security and independence, they will likewise acquire a fixed character. That this has been the case with Russia is well known to every one who is at all acquainted with its history. This fixity and uniformity of character, extending through such an immense empire, is a phenomenon unparalleled among any other nation, whether of ancient or modern times. From Archangel to Cherson, from Wilna and Kiev to Oshotsk and Nishnikamtskatt, there is but one language, with hardly any admixture of dialects, and but one religion; there are the same customs and manners; the same education and way of living; the same costume and the same popular amusements. In his temperament, the Russian is vivacious and sanguine, and it is to this peculiarly happy constitution, that he is indebted for those advantages which distinguish him from other nations, and which may, at some future period, elevate him to a point that has not hitherto been attained. From this cause arises his almost indestructable gaiety, and that truly enviable accommodation of temper, which enables him to elicit enjoyment from every the most trifling circumstance.

Singing is, with the Russian, an almost universal specific with which he sweetens all his toils and difficulties. To a foreign ear their national melodies appear melancholy and plaintive; but for a native they possess something tenderly engaging. Never, no not even in Italy during the vintage, have I heard more singing in the open air than I have in Russia. In every village, a lively troop of youthful peasantry assembles in a circle during the delightful summer evenings; and the air resounds with the finest voices, the most charming melodies, accompanied by songs of such enchanting delicacy and simplicity, that they might be attributed to a Sappho, or an Anacreon, without detracting from the reputation of either. Even in

the depth of winter, when the aspect of inanimate nature is so peculiarly dreary, the lively notes of the sledge-driver, and the jingling of his horses' bells, are gay and animated.—While the shivering foreigner, buried in some six or seven fur mantles, hastily leaps into the carriage as if fearful of a moment's exposure to the air, and there fences himself round with cushions and curtains; the active driver, attired in his short pelisse, and with his neck bared to the inclemency of the weather, leaps on his seat with an agility equal to that of a French opera dancer; and immediately commences both his journey, and his clear, animated song. The keen winds cut his face, icicles hang upon his hair, his rugged beard is congealed to a mass of ice, flakes of snow fill both his bosom and his open mouth—no matter, he still continues to sing until he arrives at the next inn; there he hastens into the warm stove; removes the icicles from his visage, crosses himself before the smoked saint placed in one corner of the apartment; salutes everyone as *Matushka* and *Batushka*,* swallows his glass of brandy, and is again on his seat, and on his journey.

Singing is introduced into their most serious employments: while hauling up a vessel on shore through the breakers, while raising immense weights, while extinguishing a fire, they universally keep time in a sort of chorus, as if it aided them in acting simultaneously.

Another prominent trait in the character of the Russians, is their wonderful dexterity, especially in all mechanical labours. A foreigner is astonished at perceiving with what simple means they will elevate the greatest weights. Their wooden houses, which are executed with such neatness, as to appear cut out of a solid piece, are all formed with no other tool than the hatchet, which serves as a saw, a plane, and level. The fingers, or the teeth, perform the office of pincers for the smith; and the glazier has no other instrument for cutting his glass: even the most dangerous operations are performed with equal simplicity. A raw re-

cruit is in a few weeks converted into an expert soldier; into a shoemaker, a tailor, or even a musician, just as his colonel may require: and there can be no stronger proof of the mechanical capacity of the Russians, or of what they may be rendered by discipline, than their extraordinary performances on wind-instruments; for each musician confines himself to one note, which he plays as long as he lives: and yet the most difficult passages are executed with a precision and taste truly astonishing. No other nation can boast of, or could execute, such singular concerts, which, from the number of performers they require, are never heard, except at the entertainments of the nobility. This dexterity is conspicuous in almost all that a Russian does: even the meanest of them has a freedom, lightness, and ease in his walk,—has an unconstrainedness, and even grace, in his motions: without ever being deficient in respect towards his superiors, he addresses himself, even to those of the highest rank, with perfect self-possession, and without manifesting any *mauvaise honte*. A similar intrepidity and confidence are displayed in the ease with which he climbs over the most dreadful precipices without becoming giddy. Yet this fearlessness often becomes rashness: to save himself a few steps, he will cross over a rotten plank, or still more rotten ice; in the midst of a crowd of carriages, he sees as little cause for apprehension as if walking in a room. This apathy of, or rather this predilection for danger, mixes itself even in his very amusements, which would otherwise appear to him insipid: a striking instance of this is to be found in their fondness for their precipitous ic-slides.

This dexterity is not merely corporal or manual; it displays itself in their mental exertions. It is well known that the Russian acquires every foreign language with particular facility; an advantage for which he is in some degree indebted to the difficulties of his own †: this renders his organs so pliant, and breaks them in so well, that he can imitate any

* Diminutives expressive of endearment, meaning, my little father, my little mother

† This seems but bad encouragement to foreigners to follow the recommendation given in the former part of this article.—*Fr.*

sounds with facility; while the German is never able wholly to acquire the sound of the English *th*, the Bohemian *r*, or the Polish *l*. I was also assured by all the German Professors in Russia, with whom I became acquainted, that the Russian possesses a decided and remarkable capacity for the mathematics.

A third trait in their national character is kindness. Among no other people does this truly amiable virtue appear to be cultivated to a greater extent. Whether in an unknown part of the city, or in the deserts of Siberia, one is equally sure of being directed aright; and even of being accompanied until he is certain of his way. Blind beggars sit in the most crowded streets with the money they have collected, in their hats; to these, persons, even of the lowest classes, will give an alms, and should any one have a larger piece of money than he can well spare, will put it down and take out as much change as he thinks proper; nor is the opportunity for being dishonest on such occasions, ever known to mislead them. This is a piece of confidence that in some other capitals of Europe, would soon be repented of by whoever should think of displaying it. It must not, however, be supposed that the Russians are absolutely immaculate in this respect; on the contrary, they make small scruple of appropriating to themselves any little article of value. But robbery, or anything like violence, very rarely occurs; little care therefore is taken to secure doors and windows. Tra-

veling is also perfectly safe, except, indeed, among the Nomadic tribes of the Caucasus, &c. &c.

Whether it arises from the disposition of the people, or from the character of the government, I know not; but nowhere does a more unlimited religious toleration prevail than in Russia. Another remarkable trait among the Russians, is their extreme and disinterested hospitality. A stranger, or a young man of moderate circumstances, in any of the larger cities, is sure of obtaining access to tables which he may consider as his own; and can avail himself of the general invitation given, without the least reserve or constraint. Gaiety and good-humour prevail at the entertainments of the better classes, without ever degenerating into Bacchanalian excess. The common people, however, indulge very freely in the use of spirits, and particularly of their favourite brandy; yet even in their moments of extreme inebriety, they are rarely quarrelsome, and, when unable any longer to assist themselves, are treated with every attention, and all tenderness, by their less intoxicated companions. If Venice be the Paradise of monks, Russia is most assuredly that of drunkards; for, there, a man in liquor is regarded almost as a saint, and is sure to receive all the services his situation demands, an hospitality that probably arises in no small degree from sympathy with the disabled person, and a consciousness of their own frequent need of similar acts of charity.

LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH.

No. II.

To Richard Pemberton, Esq. Paper Buildings, Temple, London.

Edinburgh, May, 1821.

MR DEAR DICK,—I perfectly understand your quiz about the "Letters," and I have no doubt the doctor and you are laying your wise heads together, to make a lion of me when I return; but take care that when your head is in my mouth I do not wag my tail.—What a plague sets you upon Peter!—Can a man

not write a letter from this impudent town but you must make him the bear and fiddle of it;—as if we were all seeking a hook in the nose for the sake of the crowd it may bring round us!—But neither bear-dance, nor Morris-dance shall you lend me;—I have consulted a Scots law friend about my compact to send you an

account of the place, and he tells me, that I may reside at any time before implement, (as he phrased it) and may claim a *locus penitentiae*.—You are on the wrong side of the post with me for law therefore, and I advise you not to force me to take advantage of my Scotch domicile.

Speaking of law, I do not know upon what subject I can better introduce Edinburgh and you to each other, for it is the living of both of you:—I am afraid, however, that were you to meet upon it, your mutual admiration would resemble what we may imagine that of Lycurgus and Jeremy Bentham to be in similar circumstances; for I am not sure that the Lacedemonian and the Benchman would be more ignorant of each other's craft, than a hoary *Scottish lawyer* and my present Correspondent.—In one particular, you law gentry are the same in all countries, that is, the barbarism of your language:—the Latin Lexicographers never omit the head “Barbarous or Law-Latin;”—I am told, there is a similar distinction as to Law-Scotch, and of course, our descendants in the 30th century will have the same addition to their Johnsons and Sheridans.—In England, as far as ever you would let me learn, your mystic words are inapplicable to any thing else but law, and one can guess at the meaning of a rule nisi, a demurrer, and a rejoinder, although your *fi fa's*, and *ca sa's* are more than sufficiently enigmatical,—but here the language is perfectly oracular, and it would puzzle Œdipus himself to interpret it. When a Judge intends to be peremptory in an order, he ordains parties to *condescend*; when he is disposed to be mild and monitory, he recommends them to *box* their pleas!—Witnesses must be brought into court upon a *Diligence*, and before they can be examined, they must be *purged*!—When a man leaves his estates to the poor, he is said to *mortify* them, and when you lose your deceased elder brother's estate, it is called a *conquest*!—They boast also of as much execrable Latin as you in Westminster-hall,—some of it, indeed, is their *peculium*, (ex. gra. this word,) and for horrible phrases, such as “blasting you at the horn,” “pounding your ground,” “consigning you to the

Fish,” (all equally intelligible to me,) I think they beat your barring of dowers, dockings of tails, and titles of hotchpot, clean out of the field.

About four-fifths of my old play-mates and school cronies live by the law, and I may almost say, the same proportion holds in the upper population of Edinburgh:—You will not, therefore, be surprised at my knowledge of the trade, for the Scots lawyers are not only not troubled with any of that shyness of being known, which some friends of mine in London are beset with, but seem rather to brag of their calling, and in mixed companies, they foist in the shop with an air of such easy facetiousness, that you are wheedled into picking up their jargon for the sake of the jocularity which is clothed in it. The profession altogether, here, is on a quite different footing from England:—That branch of it, which answers to your attorneys, is composed of a rank in society above the average of yours, and before an apprentice can be bound to it, he must produce certificates of having attended a University, and made progress in his studies;—an immense advantage, and one great source of the cultivation of intellectual pursuits which characterizes the young lawyers of this place.—In most other towns the society of young people is broken for ever by their leaving school, but here, generally speaking, they meet in two future stages, the College and the Court, engaged in the attainment of the same object, professional learning; and the desire of being “clever fellows” is kept alive, by its being necessary to preserve their *status* among their associates. This desire, and the consequent ambition of shining, have of late amazingly increased among my young townsmen. Indeed, I fear it is outrunning itself,—they are but seedlings in literature, yet they assume a sharp knowledge of every thing connected with it, which to the really learned must be distasteful.—It is now found such an apparently easy matter to talk, and to write, and to print, with the air and manner of a scholar and a critic, and the high road of learning is trodden by so many travellers, that its intrinsic rubbish can scarcely be wondered at. You have often heard *Adam* and

me gabble about our debating Societies in Edinburgh, and you cannot have forgotten our dispute about a certain West Indian president of the Medical, of which one of us was an unworthy member—I am told they have increased ten-fold, and there are now the Select, the Speculative, the Juridical, Academic, Theologic, Theomathic, Philalethic, Dialectic and Didactic, besides numerous others devoted to particular branches of science. How they are all kept going I cannot so easily tell you,—some of their names, at least, go upon *tit*:—I have heard that one of them, at a full meeting, came to a resolution of applying the balance in their treasurer's hands to a dinner and drink at the house of my namesake Bill, a measure which, as one of their patriarchs prognosticated, with tears in his eyes, *swallowed up* the Society for ever. You cannot fail to observe, however, that where there is a spirit among the body of respectable young men, which sets these thinking speculations a-going, there must be a state of society very different from that of a trading or commercial capital. Men of sound sense and liberal education are much the same all over the world, but I rather think that it is in Edinburgh only that you have an enlightened city as a city, although London may exceed it in *quantum* of intellect, even proportionately to its excess of population; but the grievance of London is, that you cannot collect yourselves, you are profound philosophers and brilliant wits on such and such an evening, alternately at Kensington, Albemarle-street, Tavistock-square, &c. Now, in Edinburgh you meet your eminent men in clusters, daily and hourly if you like, in the streets or public walks, and you are saved a sensation (that will intrude itself at a party,) that you are looked upon as one of an audience brought together to see and be introduced to Mr. Such-a-one, the lion of the night:—besides, from the spirit to which I have alluded, society at large partakes of the nature of your eminent and distinguished society; and what in London is made a set feast of, is here an ordinary meal.

I went up to the Calton Hill (the Acropolis, as they will have it, of this Athens) for a walk, on Sunday
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last, about twelve o'clock, and among the few Sabbath breakers that I saw, there was one whose grave elderly appearance set the consciences of us younger sinners quite at rest for our profanation. He looked as if he knew me, but trusting to look in this respect has got me into so many ridiculous dilemmas, that I have resolved to disregard them whenever I am not sure of the looker, which, in a little, I was in the present instance: he was a man of sixty and upwards, fresh looking and healthy, dressed in a fine medium of the old school, the more modern fulness of the 1799, and the last *fit* from Allen and Wilson. His face was a mixture of playful bluntness and waggery, with a good deal of genuine benignity, and an authoritative swell of the under lip; but above all there was a beam of arch intelligence, an incapability, if I may so speak, of *not* taking a sarcastic view of a subject, that I have never seen more strongly marked, except in the face of Voltaire;—in short, it was Mr. A——. When we had passed once or twice, I ventured up to him, and addressing him by name, asked him how he did;—before I could get out my sentence, he had recollected me, and holding out his hands, “Eh! Tam Young, where in the world have you come from,” he welcomed me home very cordially. We walked nearly a couple of hours round this most delightful of all possible places, as your newspapers phrase it, and my companion was quite a chronicle, a living abstract of “strangers guides,” for upwards of forty years. He looked down upon the whole of the New Town as you and I look at a row of new buildings in the Regent's Park; or as I look upon the piles of streets, squares, and crescents, that have sprung up here since my boyhood. At the north side of the hill, he pointed out to me a most beautiful new chapel for the worshippers of your land, and close by it the gothic spires of the Catholic chapel, both built during my transportation—“Aye,” said he, “they were ay mithers bairns,” (he gradually got Scotch in his language as we grew familiar.) “they were ay mithers bairns, though they coost out owre their parritch; now-a-days we may go to the devil without breaking an Act of Parliament, and

as my friend John Downie the writer says, the mair gaites you try for Heaven, the better chance you have o' the right,—so he tak's a round of them all. You'll ken the Tabernacle in the Walk.—Yonder it hings oure the coach work. I mind, and so may you, when its members, the Haldanites, used to subscribe three bawbees in the week for the hire o' the Circus on the Sabbath nights (they ca't the Pantheon now) and they tell a story o' a parcel of you Englishmen gaum in half muddled and hissing the preacher, because, as you said, Mr. Merryman never appeared in a black jerkin,—but you'll mak no such blunder now, for it has got its right name at last, at least, if all kinds of worship implies all kinds of gods." The place which he thus described has gone through numberless changes—from a circus, chapel, assembly-room, theatre, ball and concert rooms, and is now under the fostering management of the "United Stud" Company, as what Mr. A. called "a horse play-house!"

As we got round to the Old Town side, he continued—"Ay, and yonder's the closs where the Babylonish harlot was glad to get leave to lye forty years syne,—that's afore your day,—Chalmers's closs, just aff the Physic Gardens yonder.—I mind when the mob harried them wi fire and sword, and desolation, and I ance helped to save a poor auld Aberdeen priest from getting his neck broke out at a window in a flour sack—but the holy text of pike and gun has been long obsolete, and if it's ever revived, I suppose it will be somewhat in the fashion o' the French and English firing at Fontenoy,"—"Après Messieurs, Après Messieurs,"—for politeness is now the order of the day among the godly of all denominations." As we got down the hill into the town, we met a friend of A——'s, a Mr. T——, a young advocate, to whom he introduced me;—he told us that he had just returned from attendance on some ladies, with whom he had been hearing Mr. Allison in the episcopal chapel, and he remarked upon the elegance of the sermon and the gentility of the people who sat in the churches of your persuasion. "Nae doubt, nae doubt," said A——, "a gentel appearance will be a recom-

mendation in the next world as weel as in this, and at any rate, Mr. James, you'll plead your *habit* and *repute*, for I see you're weel dressed, and I've warrant you have been in good company, but come along with us to your friend Charley Deas, and if you are no better engaged, you can walk out with us to the land of Canaan." Mr. T—— agreed, and A—— took us along the most public streets, just as the people were crowding to the afternoon service. I hardly ever saw so many pretty girls;—the carriage beauties of a Hyde Park Sunday cannot excel them, and the pedestrians, as the Morning Post calls them, cannot equal them.—I speak of respectable women, you will recollect, for if I did not make this explanation, Simpkinson and you would be on me immediately in a manner that I know of old.

When we were passing St. David's-street, (look for it on the map I left you, at the east end of Princes-street,) Mr. A—— mentioned a circumstance regarding its name, which was new to me—mind, I don't vouch for the fact—"Did it ever strike you Mr. Young, that the Edinburgh people retained their puritanism in all their streets but this?—You never hear of *Saint* James's-square, or St. George's, or St. John's, or St. Catharine's,—and as to St. Giles and St. Cuthbert, they have unnamed them altogether, at least they have buried them wi' *Saint* John Knox i' the Tolbuith Kirk, or wi' my gude-father *Saint* Sanders Mowbray i' the Wast; but here the *Saint*'s as sure's the David or the Andrew." I could not account for the peculiarity, though its existence immediately struck me. "Look up," said A——, "to the corner house on the right hand, wi' pillars at the threshold,—that house, you see, was built before either the square or the street, and stood for sometime by itself:—it was possessed by the *saint* that lies below yon thing on the hill like a lang gallipot, or a porter-mug without the handle; and when the New Town Christeners had exhausted their Georges and Charlottes and Fredericks and Hanovers, (and, my word, they did extend the *royalty*,) some of them seeing this house, bethought them o' its illustrious occupier, and named it after

him, but how it cam by its holy addition, except on account o' its name-father getting canoneezed in the Calton-hill calendar, my friend T—— here will be better able to tell you.—I will say for my townsmen, that if the working o' miracles be, as I am told, the chief grounds of canonization, there has been no lack o' them at the shrine of David Hume!—What d'ye think, Mr. T——, ay?" It was hard to say upon what the old man's satire bore hardest,—but the latter part was an evident sling at T——, who, although a clergyman's son, is, I suppose, one of the *school* which predominates here. A—— continued:—"As for the square, I never could learn how it cam' by its sanctity, unless it was after my auld friend Andrew Crosbie the advocate, that built yon fine house wi' the pillars, that they're making a bank of." This kind of conversation kept us till we reached Mr. Deas's stair,—and we found him at home;—but, as I have not much more room in this sheet, and cannot think of beginning a fourth, I must leave him and the delightful evening

that we passed at Canaan, till my next letter. I must not omit, however, to tell you, that A—— says, that this Crosbie was, the original of Pleydell in Guy Rammerring: if this be so, it will enlist an older hand in the composition of these immortal works than has ever been publicly noticed.

Tell Allan that I got his last letter, and am delighted to hear of his carriage job;—he need not be so uneasy about a good coachman, for if he himself knows his trade, his horses will not be long before they can trot to his patients' doors, without any other *hint* than being yoked! I shall write him immediately, but as he is under some woeful delusions about this town, which it is fit he should not be suffered longer to labour under, tell him in three words, that *Bickers* are abrogated, the *Clough* is abolished, and *Cowlies* are no more.—And in this goodly company, my dear Dick, I leave you for a week or two.

Ever yours, most sincerely,
T. Y.

A SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES,

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE eighth, and, we fear, the last number of the Irish Melodies, by the union of whose music to his beautiful verse, Mr. Moore has laid his country under such infinite obligations, has just issued from the press. When, in a former portion of the work, the poet bade "farewell to his harp," with all respect for him, we doubted his sincerity. "At lover's perjuries they say Jove laughs."—At poet's lapses, then, why should mortals be too serious? In this case it is impossible, because the delinquent has the double justification of love and poetry. However, there is prefixed to this number a general and final dedication of the entire work to the nobility and gentry of Ireland, which really looks as if it was brought to its termination in good earnest. Why this should be so, is not for us to say. The poet is still, and long may he continue so, in full possession of his fine faculties; and the wild moun-

tains and valleys of his country are still rich in most melodious airs, which have escaped the accompaniments of Mr. Bishop. Whether, however, this is to be the last sound of the Irish harp, or whether it will produce another dulcet echo, its music has certainly established, for Ireland, a high name in vocal science, and the verse to which it has been "married" places its author amongst the very first lyric poets of any age or nation—even by the side of Horace and Anacreon. Beautiful as are many parts of his *Lalla Rookh*, and exquisite as we admit many of his epistles from America to be, it is to his songs that Moore must trust for immortality, and immortal he must be as long as English ladies can *love*, or Irish gentlemen can *drink*, which, we take it, is as much of immortality as any modern bard can consider himself equitably entitled to. The lyrist has, indeed, in this respect, a great advantage over the brotherhood of

Parnassus. The heart of every one takes its season of benevolence, and grows tired of satire—the mind will not for ever chill itself within the shade of ethics, and neither heart nor mind can sustain eternally the horrors or the heights of the epic aspirant. But the lyrist strays carelessly along the verges of the mountain.—The echoes which he awakens, if not loud, are sweet; and the chords with which he produces them are heart-strings. He identifies himself with the passions of youth—he associates himself with the pleasures of manhood—he sighs melodious comfort in the bower—he sings most mirthful logic over the bottle,—he resounds and sweetens the music of the chase; and whether with young or old—in bowers, or copses, or banquets—sighing with lovers, or carousing with Bacchanals, he entangles himself with the richest threads of our existence—he is determined, at all events, to have a garland; and, when the season of the flowers is past, he jovially awaits its return, clustering his brows with the fruitage of the vineyard. In this last department, indeed, Moore has one living rival in the patriarch person of Captain Morris; but he has only one—there is no one else *similis aut secundus*. It is no disparagement to any one to admit Morris to a convivial competition. Bacchus in his wildest, merriest, and most classical moods, has not a more inspired idolater than the veteran laureate of the vintage—the snows of eighty winters have not withered a leaf of his laurels, and even Mont Blanc's "diadem" might melt in the sunshine of his perennial imagination. 'That time flies fast, the poet sings,' and 'That I think's a reason fair to fill my glass again,' will remain the standard justifications of every reveler who can blend wine, and wit, and music together, as long as the ivied god retains a single votary to hiccough over his orgies. Of course when we speak of the songs of Captain Morris, we speak only of those which he composed *before the second bottle*,—of those which age may hear without a blush, and to which youth may listen without any fear of the consequences. As the lyrist of love, however, Moore stands alone and unrivalled. Anacreon might rise from

his grave to hear him, and Lalage herself, whether "dulce ridens," or "dulce loquens," might forget for him, for a moment, even the nightingale of Italy.

Of the songs contained in the present number, the one composed in memory of Mr. Grattan is the most elaborate, if not the happiest. But it is scarcely fair to consider it altogether as a song, because a note informs us that only the first two verses are intended to be sung. It is a poem, which the heart aided the head in dictating, and its subject well deserves the celebration. The first patriot of any country is worthy the commemoration of its first poet. In this beautiful and spirited production there is much of history—the leading points, both of Mr. Grattan's public and private character, are touched with the fidelity of an annalist. The utter darkness in which he found his country—the glorious splendour which he flashed on it—the memorable epoch of 1792, when he obtained a free trade, a free constitution, and a final judicature—the rewards given him by an attesting parliament—the sweet simplicity of his domestic life, and the noble equanimity which he preserved, alike amid the shade or the sunshine of popular versatility, are finely and judiciously illustrated. This monument, *perennius ære*, erected by the hands of friendship, patriotism, and genius, is more than an equivalent to the children of Grattan, for the heartless ingratitude with which his memory has been treated. Alas, in Ireland there is little hope, that even Hamlet's span of commemoration will be permitted to a "great man." Athens was remarkable, and has become branded to all posterity, for the denunciation of the "bravest, the wisest, and the best" of her citizens; but Athens was civilized, and refinement too often polishes away the most substantial virtues of a national character.—What excuse, however, can the catholics of Ireland plead for having once, with savage ferocity, attempted the life of her Aristides! for having, before his ashes were cold, preferred to his candidate son, a man "without a name;" and for not even raising one poor stone in his honour, who rescued her from being a proverb and a bye-word among the nations! The

same excuse will serve her for permitting the bones of Curran to rot unhonoured and forgotten in the vaults of Paddington. The following is the heart-touching effort by which Moore has exonerated himself from the general opprobrium. It is set to a mournful but spirited air, called *Macfarlane's Lamentation*.

Shall the harp then be silent, when he,
who first gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn
from all eyes?

Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the
grave,

Where the first—where the last of her
patriots lies?

No—faint though the death-song may fall
from his lips,

Though his harp, like his soul, may
with shadows be cross'd,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's
eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star
hath been lost!

What a union of all the affections and
powers,

By which life is exalted, embellish'd,
refin'd,

Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre
was ours,

While its mighty circumference circled
mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can
see

Through the waste of her annals, that
epoch sublime—

Like a pyramid, rais'd in the desert—
where he

And his glory stand out to the eyes of all
time!—

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the
gloom

And the madness of ages, when, fill'd
with his soul,

A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her
doom,

And, for one sacred instant, touch'd Li-
berty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath
drank at the source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's
own,

In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire,
and the force,

And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit
are shown—

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
Waander'd free and triumphant—with
thoughts that shone through,

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre,"
and gave,

With the flash of the gem, its solidity
too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when,
free from the crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to
tread

'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n,
and which bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for
his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable
hath told,

Put the rays from his brow, that his child
might come near—

Every glory forgot, the most wise of the
old

Became all that the simplest and young-
est hold dear.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his
orbit of life,

But at distance observ'd him—through
glory, through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of
strife,

Whether shining or clouded, still high
and the same—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the great-
ness we praise,

As that type of simplicity blended with
power,

A child with a thunderbolt only por-
trays.—

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him,
but mourns,

Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such
glory is shrin'd—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve,
'mong the urns

Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of
mankind!

The following extract is from another and a very different kind of song set to one of Ireland's merriest planxties, and composed in honour of her far famed *Potsheen Whiskey*, which we are told once superseded even the "divine marasquino" on the lips of royalty. The second verse cannot well be understood by the English reader without some little explanation. The unfortunate Irish peasant who cannot well pay the exorbitant rent of an absentee landlord, and is quivering under the fangs of the "middle man," or agent, betakes himself to the loftiest and most unfrequented mountains, where he manufactures the magic beverage, by the smuggled sale of which, he hopes to disencumber himself. His small uncouth rustic still, and the green turf, which he is obliged to use in the process, gives it the smoke flavour, which is allu-

ed to in the second stanza. This manufacture has been made "unlawful" by act of parliament, and the penalty is a fine and nine months' imprisonment. The peasantry have an utter abhorrence of the licensed whiskey, which in their vocabulary is termed "THE PARLIAMENT."

Their excuses, sometimes, when detected and arraigned, are most amusing. The writer of this once saw one of them put upon his trial, which he had contrived to evade at the previous assizes, under pretence of the indisposition of a witness; the real cause was his fear of the then going judge of assize. To his great discomfiture, however, the same judge chose the ensuing circuit. When arraigned, Baron McClelland addressed him—"Well, my lad. I remember you, what have you got to say for yourself this time?" "In troth, little enough, my lord, for you kilt my witness!"—"I kill your witness, fellow—what do you mean?" "No offence at all my lord, but sorrow a word of lie there's in it—we were all so frustrated at the last assizes, that my poor Paddy wouldnt touch a drop ever since, except the *parliament*, and it finished him fairly—my lord, you know well it'd pison the devil." Appeals of this sort are by no means unfrequent. The following are the two last stanzas of the Irish "*John Barley Corn*:"—

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are
quaffing;

Its magic began when, in autumn's rich
hour,

As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood
laughing.

There, having, by nature's enchantment,
been fill'd

With the balm and the bloom of her
kindest weather,

This wonderful juice from its core was dis-
till'd,

To enliven such hearts as are here brought
together!

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's
a spell in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of morta-
lity—

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no
one—

Like caldrons the witch brews at mid-
night so awful,

In secret this philter was first taught to
flow on,

Yet 'tisn't less potent for being unlaw-
ful.

What, though it may taste of the smoke of
that flame,

Which in silence extracted its virtue fir-
bidden—

Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I
could name,

Which may work too its charm, though
now lawless and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell
in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of morta-
lity—

Talk of the cordial, that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

We are not fond of accusing poets, and particularly such poets as Mr. Moore, of any thing like plagiarism. He is too original to become an imitator of any one—too rich in his own stores to draw upon the coffers of another,—but there certainly is a singular, and rather suspicious coincidence in one of the songs of this number, and the lines which we annex, and which are selected from a pretty, and rather unjustly neglected poem, published by Murray in 1813.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us

How time deals out his treasures?

The golden moments, lent us thus,

Are not *his* coin, but *Pleasure's*.

If counting them over could add to their
blisses,

I'd number each glorious second;

But moments of joy are, like *Lesbia's*
kisses,

Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.

Then fill the cup—what is it to us

How Time his circle measures?

The fairy hours we call up thus,

Obey no wand but *Pleasure's*!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,

Till Care, one summer's morning,

Set up, among his smiling flowers,

A dial, by way of warning.

The parallel lines to which we al-
lude are these:

Fronting the ocean, but beyond the ken
Of public view and sounds of morn'ring

men,

Of unhewn roots compos'd, and knarled
wood,

A small and rustic oratory stood—

Two mossy pines, high bending, inter-
wove

Their aged and fantastic arms above.

In front, amid the gay, surrounding flowers,

A dial counted the departing hours,

which the sweetest light of summer
 abode—
 juda and brief inscription mark'd the
 stone—

To count, with passing shade, the hours,
 I placed the dial 'mid the flowers ;
 That one by one, came forth and died,
 Blooming and withering by its side.
 Mortal, let the sight impart
 Its pensive moral to thy heart.

The coincidence cannot fail to strike the reader ; it may, however, certainly be altogether accidental. The name of the poem is "The Missionary."—There are a number of other very beautiful poems, which our limits will not allow us to select. The poem called the "Parallel" is extremely touching, and quite characteristic of the author. In taking our leave of this volume, which we recommend to all who have "music in their souls," we cannot conclude better than by noticing the great simplicity and beauty of the air to which the words, "Oh banquet not," are set, and by quoting the following line hymn, which we wish the Neapolitans could have heard in their ranks, before they relinquished the last hope of freedom for the land of song.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating !
 Oh the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together,
 Leave pumps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves,
 That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever !
 Oh that sight entrancing,
 When the morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing !

SECOND LETTER FROM A ROUÉ.

Your tales of Men and manners ; facts, home facts,
 Have you of these, Sir ?

I'm familiar with them.

THE design which I imparted to you a month or two since, of unfolding some of our mysteries and feelings, has it seems created some sensation, and has really carried as great a panic into parts of our circle, as was felt among the wives and daughters of Darius, when the famed Alexander was about to penetrate the Persian camp.

The two following extracts from notes received, among several others, will describe the hopes and fears with which it has filled both aged and youthful breasts, which would otherwise have remained in listlessness or repose.

"Lady Frances, sincerely hopes that Sir W. in the prosecution of his task, will not advert to the malicious

and malevolent story relating to Lord ——'s Opera box. She assures him, that the sentiments of purity and independence which fill her heart would prevent her acceptance of the overtures of a man of forty-five, solely on account of the pleasure derived from his comfortable, and certainly very elegant, box at the Opera."

"In conclusion, Lady H. P——r is sure, that Sir W—— will throw a veil over the impossibility her ladyship and daughter have hitherto experienced of getting into Almack's.—Could he not give a hint, in his next writing, of the bravery and merits of her late husband, and of her own elegant receptions of the fashionable world. She thinks he might have,

used his influence with Lady J.—y before now, but will not complain.”

The following letter is from F——, a laconic fellow—I hesitated whether I should set it down, because it is complimentary, but one of our order can afford to receive and acknowledge a compliment. It is your “would and would not,” your half-deserving and whole-wishing things that palter about it.

“Dear —— You ask me to take up the subject—I can’t write, I never could in my life—I can sometimes think and talk, but to string words together like beads, is not my forte; thinking and talking are very different things from writing. If you wish for my advice—here it is—go on as you have begun—in the same spirit—Don’t indulge in the appetite for scandal which all ranks have in common. Whatever is absurd in manners or systems is a fair object of ridicule; there is no necessity for invading private life. Whose is perfect? a cheerful fellow like yourself needs no such caution, if left to his own dictates, the saturnine and moody are those only who wound in the dark.

“Since you have been at Newmarket, much has been said of your Letter in the LONDON MAGAZINE,—you’ll hear all about it on your arrival. I may as well tell you this, that R—— does not like his portrait—you have hit him off to the life, it will do him good, for he is too intrusive. He’s as heavy in the drawing room, as Peel is in the house—He never learnt any thing but French, and the casting up of pounds, shillings, and pence, which accounts for his affectation and stinginess. He was at court the other day, I wish you had seen the difference between the king’s bow and his—“Hyperion’s to a satyr.” But who can vie with grace itself?

“Your’s truly,
“F——.”

A few words will quiet all doubts—I love my fair friends, that is, those who are fair, too well wantonly to invade their peace, or by disquieting them to lessen their attractions; but if I meet with a pretender in my path, it will do much good to give her a hint that she is one. I have one or two in my eye—I hope they will not

come in my way—at all events, I will not go out of mine to seek them.

I have not noticed some curious specimens of male vanity—especially one from P——m, all the world knows this part of him,—it is his worst feature—I may perhaps, say something more of him another time.

In my last I endeavoured to display the characteristics of the Rousé; but the portrait seems sketchy and requires filling up to make it faithful.—One prominent feature, and a very bright one too, was omitted—besides, some very necessary dashes of light, without which it would not be complete. And although when finished it may be glowing, yet believe me it will be true to nature and in perfect keeping—like that *chef d’œuvre* of Corregio in the Mareschalchi gallery at Bologna, which in its great brightness, is shewn with the shutters nearly closed.

The feature to which I allude, is his exquisite perception of the Beautiful, and his invariable and unalterable sympathy with it:—it pervades his thoughts, words, and actions—faithful as the magnet to the centre, whatever he says or does, is influenced by it. No specious semblance, or tricked-out imitation can allure him, or dull for a moment that perspicacity of vision, which is as unerring as truth. He is in practice, what your Greeks of old were in theory, the true epicure in taste—whether it be in sound, sense or substance. Take the term in its most expressive and comprehensive meaning, he is susceptible of it all, and capable of all the enjoyments it can afford. Place before the true Rousé the beauty of the “human form divine,” in all its movements, under all its influences—agitated by passions or quiescent in repose, he scans it with the infallible eye of taste,—distils and imbibes the richest parts, and makes his own banquet;—or exhibits to him wisdom, the beauty of the mind, it is not above his ken:—however the treasure may be encrusted and encumbered by worldly dross, he can extract the ore, and estimate its value. In the arts or in arms, the same sound taste (call it judgment if you will) prevails. In painting, he prefers Guido, that master of passion and of interest, to Carlo Dolce, whose chief merit is colouring,

which addresses itself to the eye only. The elevated, but pure and simple style of Leonardo da Vinci, he estimates above the factitious of West, or the comparatively tame of Haydon.* In sculpture, the natural grace of the Grecian to the artificial of the Roman; in architecture, Palladio to Bernini, or even Michael Angelo; and Soane. In arms, Bayard, that "Preux Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche," to Wellington or Bonaparte. As the Roué is never the victim of unbridled passions, so he is never cold or morbid. His temperament, mental and bodily, is sufficiently glowing to brighten his perceptions and feelings, and to give a sunny and cheerful tone to all his views or objects. I must here guard you against the erroneous impression, that the Roué of the present day is a copy of the Roué of the latter time of Louis XV. or of the whole time of Louis XVI. In the commencement of the reign of the first of these monarchs the Roué first appeared, he was then somewhat like his namesake of the present day—excursive in his pleasures—sensual, but it was the sensuality of refinement:—with the propagation, however, of that demoralizing philosophy which pervaded society during the period of the last ill-fated monarch, came also a corresponding immorality in taste. The intellectually or tastefully sensual was deformed into bodily sensual; and the Roué realized the Pythagorean philosophy of transmigration, "the souls of men transfused themselves into the trunks of beasts." The Roué became known only by his attenuated and debauched frame or his sickly and depraved appetite—lust was his idol, and woman his victim,

and his career was unchanged, so long as he could sacrifice at the same shrine—till, at length, destitute of power, though not of passion, he ended by polluting the sacred altar of Hymen, in offering up a last victim, bound in the sordid chains of Pluto.†

He could not say with Lord Byron's Doge,

'Twas not a foolish dotard's vile caprice,
Nor the false edge of aged appetite,
Which made me covetous of girlish beauty
And a young bride; nor was this my age
Infected with that leprosy of lust
Which taints the hoariest years of vicious
men,

Making them ransack to the very last
The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd
joys;

Or hug in selfish marriage some young
victim,

Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,
Too feeling not to know herself a wretch.

Such is not our Roué, we revert to his best days, and perhaps need not shrink from a comparison.

But, quitting this digression, let me resume my favorite subject of the *Beautiful*; and here I may as well premise that, with reference to it, I have just now in my mind's eye two or three peculiar specimens, and that, while their influence is bright and vivid, I may as well display them to you.—In doing so I shall be rovingly and argumentatively discursive. You will yawn, perhaps, at this declaration, and you do—good! But look at the "*menus*," as the French have it—my bill of fare.

Bear, Monkey, and Badger-baiting at Mr. Caleb Baldwin's in Westminster; pugilism; Mr. Webb's *Conversazione*; Mr. Mathews's air, earth, and water excursion; and (if I have room, time, and spirits) Al-

* I allude to Leonardo's "Last Supper,"—West's "Christ rejected," and Mr. Haydon's head of Christ in "the Entry into Jerusalem."—The "Last Supper" is to be found in the ruins of "Santa Maria presso San Celso," at Milan,—once a convent, afterward transformed by the enlightened French into a stable, and now under the disinterested Austrians let out to a Picture Quack, who sells vile copies to the English amateurs, and calls them originals.—This wonderful production is painted in fresco.—It has suffered much from time and the musquetry of the French soldiery. The wretches last named, used to amuse themselves by discharging their carbines at it. It is worthy of remark, however, that the head of our Saviour has escaped both ravages—it is quite perfect. I recommend Mr. Haydon, who is doubtless a great painter, but not yet a Leonardo, to go to Milan on purpose to see it. Leonardo da Vinci did not study only the superficies of his art—he was a mathematician, metaphysician, poet and scholar. In a word, he was a great genius.

† The term Roué, signifies racked or broken on the wheel, and was applied to these beings as figurative of the state of the body to which debauchery had reduced them.

mack's! Why do you exclaim at such a combination? They are all pictures; and to form a tolerable collection, is it necessary they should all be of one school? or even chefs d'œuvre?—By no means—they may each differ from the other in style, and if they do not reach excellence, they may soar above mediocrity, and have each one leading character—the beautiful. They will form no very incongruous collection, and, as the lady says, in the Critic, "I think, sir, you'll find that we shall make the parts do very well together."

I may say with my ancestor, Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who wrote in Elizabeth's reign,—"These I have proposed to myself to labour in, besides divers other smaller works: like him who shoots at the sun, not in hopes to reach it, but to shoot as high as his strength, art, or skill will permit.—If I can finish a little in each kind, it may stir up some able judge to add an end to the whole."

I know of no writer of the present day, who has given any sketch of the amusements of our class of society, there are many better able, in respect of talent, than myself, but the blank ought at once to be filled up, for time flies.

We know how valuable any the least record of the past manners has become, and imperfect as mine will be—and who knows what may be its fate, what is hidden in the womb of time—why may not imagination trace your Magazine, till we see it sought for by the curious as more rare than a Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde, and fetching at another Roxburg sale, A.D. 2800, more than even the rarest of these black letter valuables.—When White's and Almack's shall be no more!—"then is doomsday near."

Pardon also this digression, gentle sir, and now for arrangement—aye, there's the rub—unless the whole be well placed the effect may be destroyed.—It is an axiom that to fix the attention of, it is necessary to begin by pleasing, your company.—

Mr. Mathews does this, and, therefore, I will commence with him.—And here I am compelled to have a *hit*—(this is an antecedent expression, belonging properly to my beauty of pugilism) at that worthless and unimaginative class of beings, the critics, of this metropolis. In all the criticisms which I have read, this person has been treated of as an imitator and a mimic.—By all that is beautiful in humour and passion! if he is only a mimic, then Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Garrick, and Kean, were only mimics. This is no hyperbole;—I do not assert that he possesses all the attributes of any one, or of all these celebrated men,—but this I would enforce, that he has, in common with the triumviri first named (Beaumont and Fletcher are one and indivisible), the power of looking into the human mind—of taking any ruling passion, and with certain or minor ones, of combining and embodying them, of giving them indeed shape and feature; and that with the latter two, he has the capacity of illuminating, and of placing most forcibly before our eyes and understandings these latent, but still living conceptions.—"The gayest, happiest attitude of things."—In a word, he is actor and author, and I am justified in this conclusion by the opinion of one of the greatest living geniuses our age can boast.* To come to example.—Take the character of Major Longbow (I speak now to those who have attended Mr. Mathews's amusements: to those who have not, I say lose no time.)—Well! take this character—it is the most prominent—it is well defined in the outset, takes its natural part in, and arrives at the conclusion of, the performance highly wrought up and in perfect preservation.—But, says some one—what passion or leading bias of mind does it exhibit?—Ambition, sir, a petty one, but still ambition—the desire of being lord of the ascendant in every situation and over every body, and to attain which

* I happen to know one or two *geniuses*—and my condition is the less gracious.—Your man of genius is pleasant enough to know through his works, but personal acquaintance with him is a terrible drawback from our enthusiasm,—his necromantic power flies with it—they are no longer superior beings, but become one of the multitude "palpable to sight as to touch," "and *this* is of them,"—he talks like an angel, but for his cartass and manners.

he sacrifices all regard to truth and sincerity. Macbeth would have tyrannized over a whole kingdom, and sought to keep his crown with a wanton disregard of human blood.—Major Longbow would reign supreme in his little state, by an equal disregard of truth and probability, the one to sustain himself, continually lied to his conscience, the other with the same view lies to every one he meets.—All tyrants are the same, great and small (except Richard, who had such a mighty grasp, that he could play with wickedness).—They puff themselves into imaginary greatness, and believe the lies they have told,* until some unfortunate event bursts the bubble, and shows them what they are, “in size and feature like the rest.”—Major Longbow exists under the self delusion, that he is the strongest man of all his acquaintance, and that he has done more, and seen more than all the world besides, and to support which belief, he has recourse to the most ludicrous fictions; his end is a mixture of the mean and the mighty.—He gets into the Polly packet, a squall dashes the magnifying mirror from his eyes—his muscle gradually relaxes, he reels to and fro, his frame heaves—he is surprised, amazed—cries courage! courage!—makes a strenuous effort at recovery—but all in vain—and with the pathetic exclamation (and this is one of Mr. Mathews’s master strokes, for it really is pathetic) “Damn it Longbow! done at last!” he sinks.—The comedy of this character is exquisite, so is that of a subordinate one—the Angler.—He is one of those inane creatures who dream through life—whose whole occupation is a trifle, and who are susceptible of no one agitating emotion except that of puling pettishness, when they are awakened from their slumber.—There are some others in which the beauty of humour and character are equally conspicuous, but I must have done. One word only to Mr. Mathews before we part.—In his illustration of the *affected* man of fashion, I wish he would leave out the allusion of sitting in a private box,

and wearing a cravat of white gros de Naples.—I was in that situation, and was so attired—both are in real *good taste*, and are not affected.

I was about to take you with me down to Pye-street, Westminster, but as I have heard that some children keep the tid-bit for the last, so we will, if you please, reserve Caleb’s sports for a *bon bouche*, and it is a “*morceau recherché*” I assure you. But as we do not descend at once to the antipodes, we may as well talk a little of pugilism.

It is not my intention to treat of this science, as it regards the moral character of Englishmen,—of its influence upon the habits and dispositions of the nation, &c.—all this has been forcibly done by others, and to what has been said, thus far, I partly agree to and partly dissent from—but I have never met with it treated upon in respect of the *beauty* which it is instrumental in eliciting. As I shall not detain you long upon this theme, we will come to the *scratch* at once. It is admitted that no animated form is gifted with so much beauty as the human—and that that beauty is more expressive in action than in repose.† Being so, show me any thing finer than that man, Spring, who has just *peeled*,

His nerves confirm’d, his languid spirits
cheer’d,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour
light;
His beating bosom claims the promised
fight.

Observe the perfect symmetry of his manly form—the firm and steady grace with which he stands, (both of which, practice of the science has chiefly assisted to effect)—but now, after shaking hands, watch his movements—his different postures—(Mr. Banks, who *studies* posture more than any man in the *house*, might get a lesson here) the play of every part of his frame as he now throws himself back to stop, or advances to *hit*—this is very fine! but when, after a round or two,—he is warmed, animated, and glowing; when his energies are wound up to their utmost

* Like Mr. Accum, who earnestly believed that all the community of dealers were rogues except himself.

† It is more *striking* in this science certainly.

tension, when every fibre, and every muscle, swells with internal force, then does a poetical influence breathe within, around, and about him, then is the epic, the very acmé of the beautiful. But, Sir, this poetic influence is not confined to the man, it irradiates and beams on all around—the dullest rogue that ever drove tandem, or the coarsest that lashed a “donkey drag” along, are filled with this furor poetica—the homely, every-day sort of prose is no longer heard, or if heard, is disregarded—every thing is metaphorical, figurative, and fanciful. On all sides, we hear of a *flush* hit—a *doubler*—a *floorer*—a *saucy slap*—a *vipe under the lug*—the ivories rattling like the loose cogs of a mill wheel,—weaving, and getting his head in chancery; every thing, in fine, changes its form, and we are transported into a land of *fancy*.—The exquisite touches of humour that one hears are not the least of the noticeable beauties. After the fight between Josh Hudson and a valet, when Hudson had beat the *gemman* (as the milling coves called him) and was being led off, a mad wag called out: “Vy Josh, hōw can you go for to mill a *gemman* in that ere sort o’ vay,—vy you facitious (*factious*) radical, if you don’t take care, you’ll ha’ the Lord Chancellor a’ter you, and he’ll suspend your *habus corpus*.” These and much more are derivable from occasional visits to such scenes—and I may assert, in concluding this subject, that it is highly beneficial to view and to contemplate them sometimes, for one becomes acquainted with much of the British character; which, but for such excitements, is seldom displayed. I have sometimes thought that the minister would do well to send some of the young statesmen now and then out of their nursery at the Admiralty, and initiate them in such scenes—they would afterwards be better able to legislate for all classes of their fellow subjects.—W—r, who was in this political nursery, used to indulge in them—but he was “a wild and wayward boy,” and took to these and other lessons too fondly. Al—n—ly too, who inherits some of, though not the legal, talent of his late father, and who is really well-fitted to play a part in public affairs, has gleaned

somewhat in this field, but he is content, inertly so, to remain

Le fils inconnu d'un si glorieux pere.

The satisfaction of royal acquaintance, especially when it is concocted of liberality and good nature on the royal part, is not to be disregarded or decried; but ambition, and the desire of serving his country, ought to incite Al—v—ly to aim at a higher reputation than that of a *bon-vivant*, a maker of *bons mots*, a jack-all in wit and anecdote to those of more elevated station.

I am so inclined to indulge in a desultory and roving style, and my superior breeding, as in the case of my buggy horse, makes me inclined to be, so unsteady, that I must put a sharp bit upon myself, and curb myself up to the last link, otherwise I shall expend my strength, and your limits too, perhaps, before I have accomplished the end for which I set out.

Almack’s, *I could show*, suggests many curious, and, odd as the declaration may appear, many profound and serious reflections, but *I will not now*.

For two or three years it flourished—the return of our young heroes, and of our great captain from the Peninsula, gave a freshness and vigour to it in semblance to the laurel which bound their brows—neither the one nor the other has faded, or can fade altogether, but the glow which novelty and deeper excitements then created, threw a spirit about it charming, fluttering, but evanescent—the thrill experienced by the mother, the sister, or the mistress, or even the fair one who never told her love—as they admired, and saw others admire, many an animated form waving in the mazy dance—made the pleasure of it boundless. The subsequent visit of the *sovereigns*—and, lastly, the introduction of *quadrilles*, the one following up the other in close succession, kept up a sufficient supply of stimuli for the exhausting demands of mere pleasure—but with the cessation of these importations, the over-indulged palate has comparatively lost its *gusto*, and to revive it, some extraordinary event must happen. Not that I would recommend, as a savory bit, another Peninsula war, or, what

might effect nausea with some, a second visit of the *holy* Sovereigns of Europe—but still I think it might be worth while to offer a reward for some exotic novelty—and I take great discredit to myself, that before the departure of our enterprising countrymen on the North Pole expedition, I did not suggest to the ladies patronesses the propriety of adding to the reward offered by government, a bonus for the discovery of an Icelandic or esquimaux dance. An Indian dance is certainly tasteful and picturesque, although somewhat rude, and I am sure an esquimaux set of figures could not be so absurd and spiritless as “the lancers,” which have been attempted to be pushed up to us, by a man whom I understand to be a lawyer. If he succeed no better in a suit at law than he has done in his manœuvres of “the lancers,” I should fear little to be told of “his action of battery.” His bill would certainly be ignored. But Almack’s is still of superior enjoyment, it is the finest and most elegant assembly (confining the term to its English acceptation) in Europe. I have not been at Vienna or Petersburg, but I have heard the Countess Lieven, and the Princess Esterhazy declare it to be more finished and entire than those of their respective capitals, and I

am sure there is none such at Paris, or in Italy. Berlin, the little courts of Germany, and, lastly, that of the Netherlands, are totally out of the question; nothing can be more heavy or *fade*. We meet no where so numerous as at these assemblies, and they are a very agreeable two hours’ amusement. It is purely aristocratic, which, in this instance, is not a fault. There is an usefulness arising out of Almack’s, namely, charity. Several charity balls are given, to which are admitted the *second order* of fashion, and which being *fancy dress* ones, have three advantages—they relieve the distressed (an officer’s widow, or some such deserving object), encourage trade, and disguise the want of finish which might here and there be apparent. I mean no disrespect to this class; nothing can be more *respectable* than the whole of its members, but want of collision with high breeding, or want of tact, sometimes would expose the rust which an assumed character covers. I cannot now dilate further upon the subject, therefore adieu.

Yours,
A ROUÉ.

P. S. I must take a future opportunity of noticing Mr. Webb’s *conversazione*; it is a national benefit to possess a man of such taste, spirit, and liberality.

THE DRAMA.

No. XVII.

At Naples they have a large theatre, which is called ‘San Carlo,’ and in this place regular operas are exhibited. In the streets the people have amusements of a different order, and of these Punch is the most popular and ancient. In London we adopt a more economical plan: for we have a large theatre called Covent Garden, and another called Drury Lane, in which tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, are jumbled together; with matters much upon a level with Punch and his associates.

We do not so much object to the managers of theatres when they curtail or alter a standard drama, for the sake of introducing a little music of their composer, or a little foolery

of their own; they would not, we suspect, put themselves to this trouble, if the public would come in sufficient numbers to see the dramas as they were originally written: but we *do* object to see a man hung up by the heels, traversing the proscenium of the theatre with his head downwards, alarming the women, and disgusting the men. Taste must indeed be at a sad ebb, when it can reconcile itself to this: and we are persuaded that at this ebb, the taste of the country has not yet arrived.

The ‘Sieur Davoust,’ (is he related to the Marshal Prince of Eckmühl?) is a fair candidate for renown in his way; and we should be glad to meet with him at Smithfield on the third of September, or at

Peckham, or Camberwell, or Croydon, during the festivities which are annually committed at those respective and respectable villages. He would make a figure there, chained as it were to the dome of the place, writhing about like a serpent, or fixed, like the Prometheus of Michael Angelo, who, when the vulture is making his angry repast, looks sternly and calmly upon it, although cast with his head downwards, and fettered like a felon upon the ridge of the Indian Caucasus. The Sieur Davoust contemplates the pit and the admiring boxes with a similar complacency: he puts his foot to his mouth, he waves a flag, he drinks wine as unconcernedly as though he were still on the earth, banquetting like one of the vulgar. We despair of doing justice to his '*marche aerienne*' without the assistance of a wood-cut, or some of our old friend, Mr. Janus Weathercock's, pictorial faculty.

Besides the Sieur, there have appeared two other exhibitors: one strange and almost deformed, but withal possessing prodigious muscular power; and the other chiselled by nature into proportions, which might have served the Greek statuary, when they fashioned their divine marbles for all-coming time. They have been, and passed away, like other great spirits; and the theatre is once more reduced to the common attraction of dialogue.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Tempest (not, however, Shakspeare's *Tempest*,) may be seen at this theatre, with Mr. Macready as the magician Prospero, and Miss Foote, Miss Stephens, and Miss Hallande, as the fair inhabitants of the haunted isle. Is it in the heart of man to wish for a group more delightful? Are not the words of Caliban made true at last?

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight
and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,

That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Would make me sleep again.

It is scarcely possible to conceive sounds more enchanting, than these syrens (Miss Stephens and Miss

Hallande) pour forth. The voice of the one falling soft as dew, and of a power and compass almost unparalleled in the annals of song; and the other clear, and ravishing, and musical, as is the lute of Apollo. Fit companions are they for the great Prospero, who has the elements at his beck, and Ariel the most delicate of spirits, for his slave. Then there is the princely Ferdinand, a willing servant, and subjected by love as utterly as was Hercules of old at the Court of the Lydian Queen; and Caliban, poetic monster, who is in the woods, and of the woods a part, a thing made up of earth, and rugged as the rock, a little touched with humanity, and with a capacity for art equal to that of the renowned Mr. Samson Rawbold, whose moonlight pastimes every reader of the *Iron Chest*, and every admirer of Kean's Sir Edward Mortimer, will gratefully remember.

Prospero is the hero of the *Tempest*. He "walks gowned," with an air and consciousness of power, to which even the Doctors of Civil Law, at either of our learned Universities, may not hope to approximate: he is seen swaying the thunder, and the storm, and bidding the fiery lightning halt in its course; he pours the oil of his words upon the waves, and they are still; yet he has some of the alloy of human nature still, some of the yearnings of the common man, and some of the irritability of absolute power: he is still Duke of Milan in his heart, and father of the fair Miranda,—though Caliban is at his footstool, and the creatures of the air are obedient to his voice.

Macready, who adds a good deal of the imaginative, in acting, to those natural touches which have so much distinguished him, is the worthy representative of the renowned magician. Very tender was his recital of his past life to his wondering child: there are few things, even in Shakspeare, which are more affecting than part of the story which Prospero tells:—

Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A Prince of power.

This repetition, "Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since," sounds like a sigh to departed great-

ness. It comes upon our ear, full of the recollections of the past, of vanished power and princely pomps, of friends deserting and deserted, of cherished hopes and old associations; and we sympathize readily and deeply with the human sorrow, which approaches almost to repining, of the erewhile stern and philosophic Prospero. What a picture does he give of the perilous voyage of himself and Miranda in the frail bark into which they were thrust at midnight, their tossing on the seas, and their final coming to the island! "They hurried me," he says, "me and thy crying self;"

To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh

To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble Was I then to you!

Pros. O! a cherubim Thou wast, that did preserve me.

And so he goes on, mixing the most tender expressions of love with his fearful accounts of past calamity, alternately exciting and soothing the gentle sorrows of his affectionate child.—How entirely like a spirit, quick, and inquiring, and obedient, does Ariel come at once upon our imagination:

All hail! great master. Hail! great sir; I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

It is utterly impossible to give at all an adequate idea of this spirit on the stage. Ariel is not like woman, nor man; but a high and fantastic creature of the air, embodied and made plain to us in poetry alone. We would rather almost *hear* it from the stage, than have its shape made visible. A man is too gross and substantial for its representative; and a female is too fragile for the errands which it has to act for Prospero:

To tread the ooze of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;

To do him business in the veins o' the earth

When it is baked with frost.

When we hear Miss Foote propose

to accomplish such feats as these, we shudder, lest the necromancer should take her at her word, and send her at once to the regions of Hæcla or the Pole.

We must say a word or two about the alterations made in the Tempest. We do not like them, then, at all. We do not like Dryden's dialogue; neither do we relish, so much as we should elsewhere, the additional songs which are introduced. One great charm of Prospero's tale is its stillness and remoteness from ordinary things; the hum of business and common life is far away; he is lord of the land, and Miranda is his island princess, and we like them well: but the exceeding *naïveté* of Dorinda and the youth (we forget his name) does not harmonize with the more elegant simplicity of Prospero's daughter. The place has lost part of its solitude, too;—it is more like a common island, more social and inhabited. There were formerly two human beings only, the father and his fair child, who gave a charm to that lowly landscape, and who bore towards each other the purest affection, and told it in language worthy of its beauty. But now we have three young savages intruded upon us;—we have a double love-plot (one is enough at all times, surely), and we hear trills and flourishes, and cadenzas and bravuras, which unluckily convince us that the "Repository" of Messrs. Clementi and Co. is within a reasonable walking distance.—Miss Hallande and Miss Stephens, and Mr. Darusset, are delightful in themselves, but the charm of the Tempest is destroyed.

The Provoked Husband is an entertaining comedy, full of life and variety, throwing us a little into the past, yet without any of the rust of antiquity about it: it is just within the limit of swords and periwigs, though the dialogue is sufficiently modern to allow of those being almost dispensed with. Nothing is old-fashioned, except Lady Grace's morality; and that is not a fault to be attributed either to her Ladyship, or to the authors of the play. The family of the Wrongheads are a bright cluster, fresh from the great county of York. They are veritable people; and may, for aught we know, have been copied from the "History

of the West Riding," without any alteration. There is Sir Francis Wronghead, knight (made a knight by mistake, perhaps, as some low ambitious person was the other day, if we are to believe the Gazette), and Lady Wronghead, worthy of her name; Squire Richard, adapted for squandering money instead of earning it,—a model for squires. (Mr. Antony Lumpkin is his copy), potent in parish disputes, and arbitrator of alehouse concerns; Miss Jenny, who has nothing in her fancy but frippery, and the purest folly,—a shred of finery, who is swayed about at the will of an ingenious gentleman of the town, till she has nothing left but her sullenness to keep alive her distinctions; and, lastly, Mr. John Moody, an unwilling participator in the London expedition, and scarcely breathing in an element, which every word and look denote to be foreign to his nature, and abhorrent to his taste. Why were not these good folks put in a picture, and hung up by the side of the Flamborough family? It is not too late even now. Fawcett is Sir Francis, and Mrs. Davenport my lady; Miss Foote is Miss Jenny, and Mr. Liston is the Squire; Emery follows, as John Moody. They all did their parts well, and deserve the *immortality* which we suggest should be given to them by some of our modern painters.

With regard to Lord and Lady Townly (acted by Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Dance), we have to crave the reader's attention to a few words. His Lordship is very moral and very amiable, no doubt; and it is well, and for the benefit of all husbands, that he should acquit himself as he does; though we think that he is too elaborately severe at last, and he menaces and relents somewhat too quickly, to answer our notions, either of firmness of purpose, or just resentment. He is set up as a model for husbands; yet when his wife is sinking in the deepest remorse before him, and he has actually abandoned her for ever, he threatens her with a deprivation of the income, which he not very bountifully bestows, *in case she shall commit certain possible indiscretions*. This does not accord with his exclamations of regret in the same scene,

nor with the affliction which (on the stage at least) he manifests for her loss. Mr. Charles Kemble played Lord Townly excellently well; although we do not quite like the scene to which we have alluded. Lord Townly would scarcely be moved to tears, we think, when he was sitting self-constituted judge on the errors of his wife. Mr. Kemble, however, undoubtedly threw into the character much of what was true and delightful,—the air of the man of sense, the scholar, and the gentleman, and the dignity and grace of nobility sat well upon him. Miss Dance looked very handsome as Lady Townly: she was well received, and certainly frequently merited the applause which was given to her; but she wants strength and ease. We have seen her once more in *Belvidera*, and our opinion remains as it was before. The same want of power pervades her comedy and tragedy. It is not so much the want of power in voice and gesture, as that she herself seems to have no sway over the words or ideas of the author. In her performance of *Belvidera*, she is sometimes so entirely borne down by the stream of the language, that she looks at the end of her speech helpless, and unable to do any thing further. She should meet it boldly, in order to conquer. The words seemed to escape from Mrs. Siddons; but Miss Dance seems to escape from the words, and at every successive speech to start up again with renewed strength, which is again exerted for the purpose of her sinking a second time. There seemed to be a race between effort and exhaustion, and we were perpetually alarmed lest the latter should prevail. We would not be understood to say that an actress should not give herself up to the poetry which she recites: on the contrary, unless she does this, in parts of emotion, she cannot, we think, ever greatly excel. Feeling is as necessary as power and good sense. Now Mrs. Siddons appeared to us to possess all these: she affected us more than Miss Dance does, yet we were never under any apprehension that she would sink down before the end of the play. There was always a power visible in her, subdued of course by passion, but at the same time heightening the pas-

sion itself, giving a majesty to grief, and to love a luxury, which, had she fainted on her words, or sighed them inaudibly to the winds, would have had but little effect in a theatre. Miss Dance's Lady Townly, then, was deficient somewhat in skill and effect; but it was engaging in the tender parts; and the lassitude of her nature did her occasionally much service in that portrait of the refined woman of fashion. A display of too much physical strength would make Lady Townly coarse, and too little (in the actress) would render her of course ineffective. Miss Dance manages sorrow, and expressions of gentle love, better than any thing else; and we would recommend her strongly to adhere, as much as she can, to parts where these emotions are most prominent. It will mature her talent, and do more for her fame than will any adventuring into a wider range of character.

Romeo and Juliet.—The same lady has also played Juliet: we have nothing further to say regarding her, except, that parts of the character were very agreeably given; though we recognized more than once the gestures, and even tones, of a lady, who was, in our earlier days, a star of attraction to us, and who still (perhaps we may join Miss Kelly with her, in much of what we say) gives us a better idea of comic acting than any thing which we can now discern in the pretty females of this "degenerate day." We remember when she (Mrs. Charles Kemble) used to play Albinia in "The Will," and such things,—when she sang, and danced, and laughed, and talked, till the spirit of mirth awoke within us; and there was a deep feeling in her softened tones, which does not usually accommodate itself to comedy, or harmonize very readily with the srier sounds which flow from the followers of the gay Thalia. We wish that she could make Miss Dance (if she has any influence over her) play as well as she was wont to do. We have but seldom seen her lately, and cannot, therefore, tell whether her comic faculty be impaired or not. We should think (and hope) not. It is not many years since it was in bright perfect-

tion; and an eclipse of so gay a spirit is not surely the affair of a moment,—nor of a year.

She Stoops to Conquer (Goldsmith's comedy) has been got up for the benefit and amusement of his Majesty. He seemed to take a lively interest in the proceedings of the house of Hardcastle, and of Mrs. Hardcastle's worthy first-born, Mr. Anthony Lumpkin. It is worth while for an amateur of the ludicrous to go to Covent-garden to see Liston's fruitless and laborious endeavours to unravel the mystery of a letter. The direction is plain ground, and he does not stumble, and he achieves a victory over the commencing words, "Dear Squire," without much effort; but the rest is all obscurity and perplexity. He looks and looks again; he takes the letter nearer to the light; he spells and re-spells; he is audacious and diffident in vain. The hieroglyphics stare him insultingly in the face, and he rubs the letter upon his leather breeches as a last resort, and in the desperate hope that the syllables will array themselves in more lucid order, or accommodate themselves to the scope of his literary attainments. Charles Kemble always plays young Marlow well, and Fawcett is very good in Hardcastle.

DEURY-LANE.

Marino Faliero.—We discussed Lord Byron's tragedy so much at length in our last number, that we shall forbear troubling our readers this month with further criticism upon it. We may remark, however, that it failed in being eminently successful. This was not the fault of the author, who seems purposely to have dilated his dialogue, and lengthened his speeches, in order, if possible, to save it from the stage. Mr. Elliston, however, "would not be denied." He brought forward the play in defiance of the wishes of the author and of the public,—and in the face of an injunction; and his reward has been very thin houses. For this we are not, we confess, sorry; nor shall we regret if the question—whether the managers of theatres may, without any remuneration, avail themselves of a poet's

labours,—be brought before a jury. For our own parts, our wish is in favour of the authors. In France a dramatic writer is splendidly repaid; every theatre in which his play is represented yielding him a share of the profit; but in England it is ordered otherwise. We do not know what Mr. Elliston, in his liberality, gave to Mr. Haynes for his tragedy of *Conscience*; but we have heard, that farces at that house used to produce a matter of ten pounds or more to an author. We hope that tragedies and comedies are not in proportion advantageous.

She Would and She Would Not is a comedy of Cibber's (altered from, or founded on, a play of Fletcher's, if we recollect truly), and a right laughable comedy it is. Harley is *Trappanti*, and Madame Vestris the *Hyppolita* of the piece, and they are both excellent. Harley seems always to come amongst the audience, and put himself upon a level with the pit. There is none of the artificial reserve of the theatre about him; he appears to belong rather to the spectators than to the company, while he distributes his jokes and his laughs pretty equally between both. We always expect him to walk forward without any hesitation to the front of the stage and to look at us over the lamps, and we are never disappointed. This person absolutely overflows with fun, and the sound of his voice is an alarm to gravity:—there never was, perhaps, such an instance (in appearance, at least), of animal spirits in any man: it amounts to restlessness, and is as perpetual as it is pleasant. Would we could purchase a cup of that fountain whence his merriment springs forth!—Did our readers ever see this actor perform *Popolino*? Do they remember his countenance and his actions, after he believes that he is poisoned?—if not, it is worth a journey much farther than Drury-lane. When the maids affect to pity him, and to lament his early fate, he sighs in sad concert with them, till the laughable almost verges on the painful. His manner of saying, that he is “only thirty-one,” after two or three suffocating sobs, and an attempt to

restrain the tremulous motion of the muscles about his mouth, is quite capital. We feel that the world is about to lose a creature that loved it, and the tax on our sympathy is resistless.—Madame Vestris is a charming (*Cassio* would have called her “an exquisite”) actress. Where did she hide her comic spirit so long? She is a treasure to Drury-lane, and ought to be the pride of the manager. There is no actress at that theatre at all equal to her, excepting always Miss Kelly; but then she has notes which Miss Kelly cannot rival, and so the matter is even between them.

The Benefits.—We see several of these announced.—Mr. Macready's (who plays *Hamlet* for the first time),—Mr. Charles Kemble's (who has not published particulars),—and Miss Kelly's, who intends giving a Concert, and “A Bold Stroke for a Husband,” which cannot fail to be attractive. Munden will revive a comedy, and give us to see him once more in *Crack*, in the Turnpike Gate. Who does not know Munden in *Crack*? and who that knows him will not wish to meet him once more? We must see him perform his circuit round the mug of beer, and smack his coach-whip again. If there be a man with a heavy heart, let him go to this worthy for his cure: he is an infallible remedy for all hypochondriacal complaints. The man who is not merry after next—(what is the day of the benefit?) must keep his melancholy at home: he will merit no compassion, if he should not go to the theatre; and if he should go, he will need none. When the King went to Drury-lane he was overpowered by the grotesque accomplishments of this inimitable old comedian. Sam Dabbs came upon him, we suppose, like a vision of his youth, when he was wont to mix with the common people at Newmarket and other places. Since that time he has seen nothing but lords of the bed-chamber, gold-sticks, and sword-bearers,—fine specimens of art, doubtless; but not to be compared to that exquisite specimen of village life,—the industrious Mr. Samuel Dabbs, the country apothecary's apprentice.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XVI.

THE Opera is proceeding with the full gale of the public approbation, and fashion favours enterprize and talent. His Majesty has again visited this theatre, and the presence of Royalty has certainly had a powerful effect; but the vigour which appears in the several departments, we hope, is quite as beneficial as the patronage of the monarch; and although we could by no means undervalue the countenance of authority, it would be a lamentable satire upon the spirit, as well as the taste, of the country, if a visit from the King was necessary to ensure success to art, whatever honour it may reflect upon the undertakers.

Since our last report, Madame Albert, Signor Curioni, Signor De Begni, Madame Ronzi de Begni, have severally appeared. The style of the lady first named is very much that of France; and neither her voice, nor manner, was of a kind entirely to refute what has generally been said of French singing, or to satisfy persons accustomed to the Italian school.

On Saturday, May 19, Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia*, was performed, to introduce the two latter singers. Signor Curioni also sustained a principal character. Nothing can well be more absurd than the plot of this Opera, nothing can be much more meagre and gaudy than its music. The scene is laid near Naples; and the piece opens with a view of the bay, where a company of gypsies are assembled on the sea-shore. A poet, who, it seems, is in search of incidents for a new Opera, enters, and soon after, Geronio, the old husband of Fiorilla, a young coquet, comes to rave his fortune told by the gypsies. Zaida, a female in love with the faithless Zelin, and Albuzar his servant, who, being ordered to put her to death, has escaped with her from Turkey, are disguised as gypsies. The poet overhearing this relation of her misfortunes, as the mistress and her servant are conversing, is struck with so romantic an incident, upon

which he determines to found the plot of his piece; and this absurd notion (one, however, of which the English theatre in our *Dramatist* can exhibit the prototype) is kept up through nearly all the remaining scenes into which this personage is introduced, solely that he may be represented as forming the drama, as it were, during its progress. Selim, a Turk and a Prince, lands, just as the gypsies have expounded to Geronio, the character of his wife, for which the poet had previously prepared Zaida. She recognizes her inconstant lover, who is no sooner ashore, than he meets Fiorilla, falls in love with her, and she takes him to her house. Narcisso, her cecisbeo, is perpetually introduced as watching her. The rest of the drama is made up of attempts on the part of Selim to possess himself of Fiorilla, first by purchase, and afterwards by elopement; of the endeavours and hopes of Zaida to conciliate her former admirer; of the follies, and disputes, and miseries of Geronio and Fiorilla; and, finally, the wife is reformed by being expelled by her husband, upon the authority of a divorce fortunately obtained some years before. Selim is reconciled to Zaida. Narcissa declares his purpose to lead a new life; all is as it should be; the poet contemplates the completion and catastrophe of his piece, and anticipates the public approbation. Such is the absurd jumble of which this piece is compounded. The music is slight, and affords the worst specimen of Rossini's mannerism that has yet been exhibited. It abounds in florid passages, but has neither the agreeable melodies, nor the peculiar expression, of most of his pieces. There is certainly a great deal of vivacity, but it is unmeaning, and would parallel as a musical composition with the conversation of such a character as is frequently met in the world—*a fool with lively parts.*

Signor Curioni is a tenor, with a not very powerful, nor very exten-

sive voice; but his manner is pure, his execution neat, and his general style pleasing. His compass is rather confined in the range of his natural voice, but he adds a note or two of falsetto without any very disagreeable effects arising from the junction. His person is fine and manly; and, though not equal in science to Crivelli or Garcia, he is a singer of unquestionable ability. Signor Ronzi di Begni is a Buffo Caricato, and has a free full toned voice, and a good manner. He is a far better singer than Ambrogetti; but though a good and promising actor, is below that admirable performer in genuine play of fancy and comic expression.

Madame Ronzi de Begni has been a great favourite at Paris; but she appears to fail here for want of the volume, compass, and force, necessary to fill so large a theatre. The general quality of her tone seems therefore thin; and it varies, particularly in the higher parts of the scale, sufficiently to indicate an imperfect method both of forming and producing it. Her execution is neat, rather than brilliant, and her power of invention, as to ornament, we should expect to be limited. As a whole, she is below the first rank; and though *Il Turco* in Italia cannot be said to allow any extraordinary room for display; yet, as the debutante has the liberty of choosing in the Opera in which she first appears, it must be presumed, that Madame Ronzi considers Fiorilla to be the best, or amongst the best of her characters.

Thus, novelty and variety have been found, rather than very superior excellence, particularly in the females hitherto produced; and as a singer none of them approach Miss Corri, whose exclusion, it is whispered, arises from a determination formed in the interior cabinet, to entertain no talent of English birth or growth. The justice of the principle, as it applies to this establishment, cannot perhaps, be questioned; but where a discretion can so easily be exercised, the public will probably lament that it has not been exerted in behalf of superior and acknowledged ability.

The benefit Concerts have been this month particularly numerous,

but they have hitherto presented nothing out of the common course.

The long promised number, (the eighth) of the *Irish Melodies*, is at length come forth; and whatever may have been the cause, neither the interest nor the fire is weakened by the delay. It is by far the best of all the numbers. The more we see of Mr. Moore's song-writing, the more impressed we are with the amazing concentration of force and tenderness. His soul is flame, he stirs the spirits like a trumpet, or subdues them, like the swell of that wild music which melts the heart, when zephyrs breathe their softest sighs over the responsive chords of the harp of the winds.

This number contains twelve songs, and four of them are moreover adapted in several parts. There is such a singular felicity, both in the poetry and the music, that those which should seem from their subjects to be fitted only to particular moments, or as ministering to time, place, and circumstance, are yet superior to them all, for the simple reason, that they have our affections at command. The airs are all singular and striking; and whether the words suggested their selection, or the peculiar character of the music gave birth to the poetry, it is impossible for expression to be more quaintly complete.

Mr. T. Rovedino has composed "*a dramatic fairy scene*," which is sent forth with the general elegance of the publications that issue from Mr. Power's house. As a first work it is very creditable, and is light, agreeable, and effective. The subject is, the presentation of his destined bride to an eastern prince by Genii in a dream, and her removal. The fairies who perform this feat relate it to their master. The scene commences with a fairy march, a pretty little variation upon a well-known theme; but whether consciously or unconsciously adopted, we have no means of discovering. The rest is divided into recitative, song, and trio, for two sopranos and a bass. The first glee, *Hither flock the elves of night*, is airy and elegant, and the polacca is of the same character. Indeed, the whole is capable of effect; and if it does not rise eminently high in the scale of com-

position, it is yet very pleasing as a cantata, and we may commend it, as a novel, and by no means inelegant, bagatelle, *pour le concert de famille*.

Mr. Wesley Doyle's second volume of ballads has also appeared. This amateur has a natural taste for the species of simple and pensive melody, that affects a mixed audience. He bestows *capability* upon his songs, and he brings their compass within the powers of almost any singer. His model is quite obvious, for he draws from his own particular objects and attainments. While we praise his music, we cannot help pitying this gentleman for having fallen so frequently amongst poets, who are decidedly "persons of quality."

Mr. Horn's Polacca, introduced by Miss Wilson, into *Love in a Village*, "O listen to your lover," is so like all other airs of this character, (particularly Storace's *No more my fears alarming*;) that a critic, who doats upon detecting similitudes, might be pardoned for saying they are all variations of one subject. Mr. Horn's, however, has the recommendation of being very *showy*, without laying much difficulty upon a singer whose compass is tolerably extensive.

Mr. Soña has an agreeable ballad, "The nightingale." "Light as the shadows of evening descend," by Sir J. Stevenson, is also pretty, but by no means in his best manner. "The Invitation," by Mr. Turnbull, upon words from Shakspeare, is by far the best of this month's collection, which, though numerous, hardly presents another worthy of notice.

Mr. J. B. Cramer's thirteenth *divertimento* commences with an introduction elegantly fancied, particularly in the cadenza, but the rest of the lesson bears few of the marks of his style: there is little of graceful flow; and though there is that various progression, which characterizes his productions, yet in this instance it lacks the charm of melody, which is so peculiarly the property of his writings. The *allegro* also wants diversity. It is rather easy of exe-

cution, yet it demands expressive performance to render it at all effective.

Mr. Meves has composed a *divertimento*, upon the double themes of "Gente e qui l'Uccellatore;" and the march in "Il flauto magico." The subjects are happily announced in the introduction; and, perhaps, like Mr. Cramer's, this may be esteemed the best part of the lesson. From the beauty of the airs (particularly the march), the whole is, however, much more attractive; and the last movement, though a little too much broken, is still capable of brilliant effect. Mr. Logier, in his controversial writings, taunted Mr. Neate with having given the world but one composition. Opera 2, has, however, now appeared, and it is *A Grand Sonata*, a regular, elaborate, singular, and original work. It is written in three movements, and the subjects are very peculiar. They are also learnedly treated, and the entire performance shows the command of his instrument which Mr. Neate possesses. But we think the whole is rather fanciful than pleasing, on account of its characteristic want of melody. It is very long and somewhat difficult.

No. 5, of the *Quadrille Rondo*, by Feile, is one of the best of the set. It is very elegant and melodious.

The Wild Rose of Dijon, with variations by Klose, and a *Venetian air*, by Hummel, are of the easiest description of lessons for the Piano Forte and Harp.

Heroic Fantasia for the Harp, on Rule Britannia, by Bochsa. Mr. Bochsa's introduction is richly interspersed with casual gleams of the air, and this is by far the most imaginative, and best part of the composition; for the variations have too little resemblance to the subject. No. 5 is an exception; for here again Mr. Bochsa's fancy has been felicitously applied. The last, too, is well worked up, and the lesson concludes brilliantly.

NECROLOGICAL TABLE.

OF LITERARY AND EMINENT PUBLIC CHARACTERS,

FOR 1820.

[Soon after the close of each year, it is our intention to take a retrospective glance at the losses sustained by literature and science during the course of that which has preceded; and to present our readers with a List of Names appearing worthy of record, in this collective form; which is more convenient for future reference than the columns of our monthly obituary. The present is but a brief Catalogue Raisonné, without any pretensions to memoir; for had this been adopted, our Table would have been expanded to a biographical volume, instead of being, as at present, the mere skeleton of one. It will, however, we trust, be found useful in exhibiting the names of those who, if not all pre-eminent for their genius or talents—

Quique sui memores alios facere merendo—

have at least enjoyed a certain temporary and popular reputation, and are so far worthy of being distinguished from the crowd of those whose celebrity rests solely upon their rank in society.]

AIKIN, EDMUND, architect, son of Dr. John Aikin, and brother to Arthur Aikin, Esq., and Miss Aikin, author of the Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth. This gentleman has written some professional works. Died at Stoke Newington, March 13.

BALZAC, M. architect, and Member of the Institute of Egypt. This artist produced many exquisite drawings of Egyptian antiquities, which have been engraved for that magnificent work on Egypt, published by the French Government. He was not only a zealous cultivator of his own art, but likewise of poetry, of which he published a volume in 1819. Died at Paris, March 23.

BANKS, THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH, Bart. GCB. Such a distinguished name, known wherever civilization has extended itself, speaks more than any record that we could introduce within the limits assigned to the present catalogue, which do not admit of biographical memoir. His time, his fortune, his talents, his labours, and his influence, were all devoted to the extension and cultivation of science, particularly natural history. Died, June 19.

BEAUVOIS, BARON DE, Member of the Royal Institute, and a celebrated botanist, who explored the country of Oware, in Africa,—a tract whose frightful climate had deterred all preceding travellers from investigating it. Of this he published a Flora. His Agrostologie is a valuable work, of great utility to those who wish to obtain a complete knowledge of grasses. Died at Paris, aged 67.

BELL, JOHN, the celebrated anatomist, and one of the most eminent surgeons of his day. He was the well known author of a number of professional works of established reputation. Died at Rome, April 15.

BENNET, THE RIGHT REV. W., DD. Bishop of Cloyn. This learned antiquary and exemplary prelate was the school-fellow of Dr. Parr and Sir William Jones; and the correspondent of those celebrated archaeologists, Richard Gough, Esq. and the Rev. William Cole. Died, July 16, aged 67.

BOULAGE, THOMAS PASCAL, author of various literary productions, especially of one on the antiquities of Roman law, entitled, Conclusion sur la Loi des Douze Tables. He has also left behind him a work, published since his death, Les Mystères d'Isis, of which a high opinion is entertained.

BOWLES, JOHN, author of various political pamphlets; likewise of Reflections on the State of Morals at the Beginning of the Fifteenth Century, and Reflections on Modern Female Manners. Aged 67.

BROWN, THOMAS, MD. Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh. He was a celebrated metaphysician, and hardly less distinguished poet; author of the Paradise of Coquettes, a production of particular fancy, elegance, and poetical taste; and of some other poems—The Bower of Spring, Agnes, &c. He published likewise Observations on Darwin's Zoonomia, 8vo. 1798; and two volumes of Poems, 12mo. 1804.

- BRUARD, ANNE JOSEPH**, known by several archaeological treatises, and by his *Essais sur les Effets de la Musique chez les Anciens et chez les Modernes*, 8vo. Tours, 1815. In his 33d year.
- BURKE, EDMUND, DD.** This amiable and valuable character, who was a native of the County of Kildare, in Ireland, went in 1780 to Quebec, where he resided as a clergyman, and gave lectures on the higher branches of mathematics and philosophy,—having been celebrated in the University of Paris for his attainments in those studies. Here he continued, till appointed by Lord Dorchester to conciliate the British Government the many powerful tribes of Indians about Lake Superior, the back part of the Ohio, and Louisiana. During the seven years that he spent among these savages, under the greatest privations, he was indefatigable in converting, instructing, and attaching them. These services procured him a pension; nor was he unrewarded for his advice and council during the American war,—for the ministry used their influence with the See of Rome, which appointed him Bishop of Sion, and Vicar Apostolic in Nova Scotia. Dr. Burke enjoyed the friendship of the late Duke of Kent,—also of all the naval and military officers in British America. Died at Halifax, November 9, in his 78th year.
- CALDWELL, ADMIRAL SIR BENJAMIN.** This commander, who was educated in the Royal Naval Academy at Portsmouth, fought under Boscawen, Hawke, Rodney, and Howe. During the armaments of 1787 and 1790, he commanded the Alcide and Berwick, 74 gun ships; and in 1794, contributed greatly towards gaining the memorable action of the first of June, under Earl Howe. In 1795, he was superseded in the West Indies by Sir John Laforey,—since which time he never solicited further employment. Died at his son's house near Basingstoke, in the 83d year of his age.
- CLERISSEAU, CHARLES LOUIS.** This distinguished artist was member of several academies, and had been architect to the Empress Catharine II. His *Antiquités de France* is a truly magnificent work, well known to the admirers of Roman magnificence and of graphic splendour. Died, January 20.
- COLIN-DE-BAR, M.** author of *Histoire de l'Inde Ancienne et Moderne*, a work containing a history of Indostan, and treating on its antiquities, geography, political revolutions and institutions, manners, &c. &c.
- COLQUHOUN, PATRICK, LL.D.** As a magistrate this gentleman was particularly assiduous and active, while as an author he is well known by many treatises, pamphlets, &c. relative to the police, which have procured for him a considerable reputation. His last work was a Treatise on the Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire in every Quarter of the World, including the East Indies, 4to. second edition improved, 1815. Died, April 25, aged 76.
- DAMBECK, DR. J. H.**, professor of aesthetics at Prague. He is known by his translation of Pope's Essay on Criticism, and was latterly employed on a German version of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, *Tarquin and Lucretia*, and *Sonnets*.
- DEBURE, GUILLAUME**, a distinguished bibliographer, born at Paris in 1734, and cousin to the celebrated author of *Bibliographie Instructive*. Among his own works may be mentioned, *Le Catalogue des Livres rares et précieux du Duc de la Vallière*, 3 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1783; also, *Le Catalogue des Livres rares et précieux de M^{me} (Camus de Limare)*. M. Debure has left two sons, worthy successors to his indefatigable labours, and Librarians in the Royal Library at Paris.
- DE COETLEGON, REV. CHARLES EDWARD**, MA. rector of Godstone, and magistrate for the County of Surrey. He was the author of a variety of theological tracts and sermons, and is also reported to have contributed many of the classical citations to the *Pursuits of Literature*.
- DES CARRIERES, J. T. H.**, author of several publications, and elementary works relative to the French language; also, of a *History of France*, in 2 volumes. Died at Croydon, aged 78.
- DOLLOND, PETER**, son of the late celebrated John Dollond, inventor of the Achromatic Refracting Telescope. This gentleman was himself distinguished as a scientific optician, and author of several letters and papers communicated to the Royal Society. Died, July 2.
- FLAXMAN, ANN**, wife of the celebrated Sculptor. This lady was an excellent Greek scholar, and it is supposed that the Professor has been indebted to her classical taste for the beauty of many of his groupes, and for that pure simple spirit by which they are characterized. Died, February 6.
- GIBBS, SIR VICARY.** This eminent lawyer was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1813, and soon after Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in which

dignity he succeeded Sir James Mansfield; this office he resigned in 1818. Died, Feb. 9, aged 68.

GMELIN, FREDERICK, a celebrated engraver, who has been called the German Woollett; born at Badenweiler, near Basle; well known abroad by his beautiful landscapes, and by the fine plates that illustrate the late splendid edition of Annibal Caro's translation of the *Æneid*, undertaken at the expense of her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire. Died at Rome, September 22.

GRATTAN, RIGHT HON. HENRY, MP. This illustrious statesman and orator was born in Dublin, where his father was an eminent barrister. He was educated to the same profession—but becoming disgusted with it, retired from its avocations; and in 1775 entered the Irish House of Commons: here he soon distinguished himself, both by his superior talents and by his zealous patriotism. Throughout his whole parliamentary career, he was assiduous in labouring to obtain an entire abolition of all the penal laws against the Catholics,—and in this cause he at last expired. The remains of this eminent patriot are deposited in Westminster Abbey, not far from those of the illustrious Pitt and Fox. Died, June 4, in Baker-street, Portman-square, in the 74th year of his age.

GRIVAUD-DE-LA-VINCELLE, M., the author of several archaeological works of considerable repute:—1. *Antiquités Gauloises et Romaines*; 2. *Recueil des Monumens Antiques Impédits*, Paris, 1817; 3. *Arts et Metiers des Anciens*. This last work, which was intended to be published in monthly numbers, and to be illustrated with 130 folio plates, commenced in March, 1819. Died at Paris, aged 75.

HÄNKE, THADDEUS. This distinguished German botanist, a pupil of Jacquin, died in Peru, when on the point of returning to Europe, for the purpose of republishing his *Flore des Alpes*. In him Science has sustained a very material loss, being deprived by his death of a number of curious observations on the life of plants, and the internal action of nature;—also, of the fruits of his researches made during a residence of fifteen years, in the province of Cochabamba, one of the finest and most fertile countries in the world.

HAGER, JOSEPH VON, Professor of the Oriental Languages at Pavia. He is known by his discovery of a curious literary fraud some years ago, and by his writings on Chinese literature and language. Died at Milan, June 27.

HAYLEY, WILLIAM. This elegant writer and veteran poet will long be remembered as the biographer of Milton, Cowper, and Romney. As a poet his reputation seems latterly to have been on the decline. With the exception of his *Triumphs of Temper*, none of his poetical productions were calculated for popularity,—yet his *Essays* contain some very splendid, energetic, and nervous passages,—and the notes appended to them are replete with entertainment and literary information. Died at Felpham, near Chichester, November 12, aged 75.

HILL, HENRY DAVID, DD., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, author of *Essays on the Government, &c. of the States of Ancient Greece*. Died, February 14.

KNIGHT, THOMAS, one of the managers of the Liverpool Theatre, and formerly a comedian at Covent-Garden: he was originally educated for the bar, but his taste for dramatic entertainments led him to prefer the stage as a profession. This gentleman was the author of several theatrical pieces, of which the most popular is the *Turnpike Gate*. Died suddenly, February 4.

KOSTER, HENRY, author of *Travels in Brazil*. Died at Pernambuco, in the 27th year of his age.

LACHABEAUSSIERE, M., a French writer of some repute, and author of several dramatic productions, among which is the *Opera of Azemia*.

MCLEOD, JOHN, MD., a native of Bunhill, in Dumbartonshire, author of *A Voyage to Africa*, and *The Voyage of the Alceste*.—two works of considerable popularity and interest. Died, November 9, aged 38.

MANGNALL, MISS RICHMAL, a lady who has written some very useful educational works; among these is *Miscellaneous Questions*, a very popular school-book. She also published a volume of poetry, entitled *Leisure Hours*. Died, May 1.

MALMSBURY, JAMES HARRIS, EARL OF. His Lordship was the son of the celebrated author of *Hermes*, and the *Three Treatises*. He had been ambassador at several foreign courts; was created Baron Malmsbury in 1788, and raised to an Earldom in 1800. His literary works are, *An Introduction to the History of the Dutch Republic for the last ten Years*, 8vo. 1783; *The Works of James Harris, Esq. with an Account of his Life and Character*, by his Son, 3 vols. 4to. 1801. Born, April 9, 1746. Died in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, November 21.

- MANSELL, THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM LORT**, Bishop of Bristol. His lordship was a character well known in the literary world, and an active member of the church. Died at Trinity College Lodge, Cambridge, June 27, in his 69th year.
- MILNER, ISAAC, DD. FRS.**, Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in that University. The Dean was a man of extraordinary abilities, and the range of his enquiries was very extensive; he published some papers in the Philosophical Transactions, and *Animadversions on Dr. Hæwen's History of the Church of Christ*, 8vo. 1800; &c. Died, April 1.
- MURRAY, DR. JOHN**, Lecturer in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, *Materia Medica*, and Pharmacy at Edinburgh. As a chemist he contributed greatly to the promotion of that science, both by his lectures and his various writings. He was author of *Elements of Chemistry*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1801; second edition, 1810: *System of Chemistry*, 4 vols. 1806; and Supplement to ditto, 1809:—besides some pharmaceutical works. Died, July 12.
- NORTH, THE HON. BROWNELOW, DCL.** Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the Order of the Garter, Provincial Sub-dean of Canterbury, F.A. and L.S. &c. &c. His lordship presided nearly forty years over the See of Winchester. Died, July 12, aged 79.
- PARETTI, VINCENZO**, an Italian sculptor, celebrated for his restorations of antique statues, and well known to collectors and artists. Died at Rome, in the 74th year of his age.
- POPHAM, SIR HOME RIGGS**, an eminent naval commander, who distinguished himself by his zeal, talent, and enterprise. He formed a code of signals, which has been adopted in the navy; commenced his professional career at the close of the American war. Died at Cheltenham, September 11.
- QUESNE, FRANÇOIS ALEXANDRE**, translator of the Philosophical Botany of Linnæus, and author of several papers on agriculture. Died, April 17, aged 68.
- RICHARDSON, REV. W., DD.** He was distinguished by his attachment to natural history, and by the zeal with which he endeavoured to recommend to the public the valuable properties of floric grass, on which subject he published several essays. Died at Clonfelf, Antrim, aged 80.
- ROUSSEAU, SAMUEL**, author of several works on oriental literature, *Flowers of Persian Literature*, Dictionary of Mohammedan Law, Persian and English Vocabulary, &c. &c. besides many dictionaries and other useful publications. For his knowledge of the ancient and oriental languages, he was indebted solely to his own industry and application during the leisure hours of his profession, which was that of a printer, while serving his apprenticeship in the office of Mr. Nichols. Died, December 4, aged 57.
- ROUZÉE, PROSPER**, a traveller, who was a pupil of Jomard, and who has added another name to the already extended list of those that have perished while exploring the interior of Africa. This young Orientalist, as much distinguished by his personal courage as by his literary acquirements, purposed to traverse that vast continent, and to return to Europe through Egypt. He left St. Louis last August, and had already advanced to Galem, when he became ill, and was obliged to return to St. Louis, where he died, November 15, perishing the victim of an enterprize which finds few imitators, and from which only one Frenchman (M. Mollien) has escaped with his life.
- RUDING, THE REV. ROGERS, BD.**, Vicar of Maldon, Surrey. He was author of *A Proposal for restoring the ancient Constitution of the Mint*, so far as relates to the Expense of Coinage, together with the Outline of a Plan for the Improvement of the Money, and for increasing the Difficulty of counterfeiting; 8vo. 1798: likewise of *Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies*, from the earliest Period of authentic History to the End of the fiftieth of George III. 4 vols. 4to. 1817. He also contributed some papers to the *Archæologia*.
- SANDER, LEVIN CHRISTIAN**, a distinguished Danish writer, born at Itzehoe, November 13, 1756. He was the son of a tailor; and this circumstance, added to a weak constitution, was not particularly favourable to him; but he obtained the notice of the physician Trapp, and afterwards of Ehlers, when at Kiel, where he continued till 1778. He then became a teacher at the Institution at Dessau; while in this situation he wrote for several periodical works, and produced a romance that was honoured with the approbation of Wieland. Five years afterwards he went to Copenhagen, where he became tutor in the family of Count Reventlau; in this situation he applied himself to Danish literature, and translated into German many of the best authors—Ewald, Rahbeck, Pram, Baggesen, Wessel, Storm, &c. Sub-

- sequently he wrote some original productions in Danish, among which is his tragedy of Niels Ebbensen; Eropolia, an opera; and Hospitalet, a comedy: his last publication was a Collection of Ancient Danish Ballads and Songs, undertaken in conjunction with Kunzen; in 1816. Died, July 29.
- SCHUBLER, LUDWIG**, a distinguished scholar, author of several treatises on mathematical subjects; one of these was an Essay on the Penetration of Sir Isaac Newton. Died at Stuttgart, April 14, in his 67th year.
- SELKIRK, RIGHT HON. THOMAS, EARL OF**. This nobleman is entitled to a place in our Necrology,—being distinguished, not merely by his rank, but still more so by his talents; and by his reputation as a writer on political economy, in which difficult science, his Treatise on Emigration is a standard work. Latterly, his lordship was assiduously employed in establishing an extensive colony in the western parts of British America, and in this arduous undertaking he finally succeeded, notwithstanding the many obstacles and difficulties with which he had to contend. Died at Pau, in the South of France, in the 49th year of his age.
- SIMS, JAMES, MD. and LLD.**, member of various academies and scientific institutions. Died at Bath, in his 80th year.
- SOREY, JEAN FRANÇOIS**, member of several literary societies, and author of a variety of useful publications; among others, *Notices élémentaires sur les Arts*.
- SONQUES, JOSEPH**, author of the *Chevalier de Canolle*, and several other dramatic pieces. Aged 52.
- SPARMANN, PROFESSOR**, one of the most celebrated naturalists of the Linnæan school, and author of *Travels to the Cape of Good Hope*. Died at Stockholm, in August; aged 73.
- TALLIEN, JEAN LAMBERT**, of revolutionary notoriety. To this once celebrated character, was owing the arrest and destruction of Robespierre. He was one of the regicides, and included in the Act of Perpetual Banishment, but permitted by the King to remain in France on the plea of ill-health. Died at Paris, aged 54.
- THORLAKSEN, JOHN**, the celebrated Icelandic clergyman and poet, who translated the epic poems of Milton and Klopstock into his native language. Besides the income arising from his office of preacher, Thorlaksen had a pension from his Danish Majesty. Both his translations have been greatly admired, particularly that of Milton; Dr. Henderson affirms, that it not only surpasses every other foreign version of our great English bard, but even rivals the original.—nay more, is occasionally superior to it: only the three first books have been printed. Thorlaksen was upwards of 70 at the time of his death.
- TOOKE, THE REV. WILLIAM**. This gentleman, descended from a respectable family, was appointed minister of the English church at Cronstadt in 1771, and three years afterwards became chaplain to the Factory at St. Petersburg. Mr. Tooke was author of two very amusing compilations, *Varieties of Literature*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1795; and *Selections from Foreign Literary Journals*; both of which were published anonymously. His permanent fame will rest on his admirable translation of Zollikofer: his various works relative to Russia, and its History, have enjoyed a considerable degree of popularity. His latest production, which he just lived to see published, was a translation of that most entertaining, and most modern in his spirit, of all the writers of antiquity—the sarcastic and satyric Lucian. Died, November 17, aged 77.
- TOPHAM, MAJOR EDWARD**. This gentleman was well known to the lovers of the drama, by the many prologues and epilogues which proceeded from his pen; also by several minor theatrical pieces. He likewise wrote a biography of that extraordinary character the late John Elwes. Died at Doncaster, April 26, in his 69th year.
- TRUSLER, JOHN, LLD.** This singular character and multifarious writer, was at least an industrious, if not an eminent, author. He will, perhaps, continue to be known to posterity by his *Hogarth Moralized*. One of the most voluminous of his undertakings was—*The Habitable World Displayed*, originally published in numbers. Died at the Villa-House, Bathwick, aged 85.
- VIGÉE, LOUIS BERNARD ETIENNE**, brother of Madame Le Brun the painter,—author of several comedies in verse, and likewise of several pieces of fugitive poetry, in which he imitated Dorat. He was for some time editor of the *Almanach des Muses*. Died, August 7, aged 65.
- VINSON, M. L'ABBÉ**, author of a didactic poem, entitled—*Les Quatre Âges de l'Homme*, only the first cantos of which have been published. He was also distinguished by his knowledge of astronomy; and during his emigration in this

country, constructed an observatory, where, by means of a particular machine, he demonstrated the system of the movement of the stars.

VOLNEY, COUNT, the well-known traveller, and author of the notorious work—the *Ruins of Empires*. He has bequeathed a sum as a premium for the best essay on the Oriental languages. Died at Paris, aged 85.

WEST, BENJAMIN, President of the Royal Academy. This is a name which will never be forgotten in the annals of British art. The historical productions of this truly great painter, have cast a lustre on the British school during the last forty years, and have reflected much credit on the taste of his royal patron. For a memoir of this artist, see page 447 of our First Volume. Died, March 10, in his 82d year.

WOODWARD, THOMAS JENKINSON. This gentleman was a distinguished botanist, in which science he obtained a considerable rank,—although, with the exception of many learned papers in the *Linnean Transactions*, he published nothing himself relative to the pursuit: he, however, materially assisted Dr. Withering in the second edition of his *Botanical Researches*. Died at Diss, in Norfolk, January 28, aged 76.

YOUNG, ARTHUR, Secretary to the Board of Agriculture at Dublin, and member of most of the learned societies in Europe and America. This gentleman was well known for his zealous attachment to agricultural pursuits, on the subject of which he published a variety of works, some of them rather voluminous; he also possessed a more than ordinary taste for the fine arts, to which he has devoted no inconsiderable share of his tours and travels both in England and on the Continent.

ZAMAGNA, ABBÉ BERNARDO, a celebrated Hellenist, born at Ragusa, in 1735, where he entered the Society of the Jesuits, and studied belles lettres under Ganich, mathematics under the celebrated Boscovich, and theology under Segovia and Stoppini. For some time he taught rhetoric and philosophy in the Roman College at Sienna; afterwards Greek literature at Milan. His translations into Latin verse of the *Odyssey*, of Hesiod, of Theocritus, and of Moschus and Bion, are superior to any preceding ones, and established his reputation. He produced likewise some original poems, among which are—*The Aërian Navigator*, and *Echo*. The Senate of Ragusa sent him as their deputy to Pius VII.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Nismes.—The beautiful temple known by the appellation of the *Maison Carrée*, has undergone considerable repairs. The roof has been restored to its ancient shape; and the cornice in the eastern façade, which was much decayed and very loose, has been rendered quite firm, and secure. It is now intended to clear away the rubbish below, which has accumulated to a depth of nearly nine feet, and to restore the bases of the columns; so that the temple will then be completely visible, although much sunk beneath the level of the surrounding place, from which it will be separated by a handsome iron pallisading placed on the top of the stone facing of the area surrounding this beautiful relic of ancient architecture. These repairs are undertaken in consequence of the exertions of the General Council for the Department du Gard, seconded by the liberality of the King.

Denmark.—Grumbach has translated, from the Anglo-Saxon, an an-

cient Gothic heroic-poem, entitled *Biowulf's Drapa*; a composition of very great antiquity, having been written more than ten centuries.—Professor Rahbeck has also produced a translation of the *Mala*, or *Saga of Brennumia*, one of the oldest and most curious of Icelandic Sagas. It is printed in the first volume of his *Northern Tales*. Since this eminent writer and elegant poet has turned his attention to the traditions and mythology of the early periods of the Northern Nations, much may be expected from so industrious and skilful a pen. The Icelandic Literary Society continues its labours with uninterrupted and indefatigable zeal. The *Sturlunga Saga*, an undertaking of extraordinary magnitude, and of no less historical importance, is now completed. The Society contemplates another design of equal interest, namely—editing a collection of the best Icelandic poets. Professor Finn Magnussen observes, in his interesting papers on Northern

Archæology, that the extraordinary attachment which Oluf Höskaldsen (who was *Hooding* in Iceland in the tenth century,) had for sculpture, is now remarkably displayed in the illustrious Thorvaldsen, who is the twenty-fifth in descent from that personage.

Sculpture.—Alberis,—Sola.—The Spanish sculptor, *Alberis*, is making great progress at Rome with his beautiful group of Nestor and Antilochus, which was greatly admired in the plaster-model, as being one of the most felicitous compositions of modern art. The wounded old man has fallen upon his knee, and the youth rushes forward, and catches him with one arm, while he attacks his adversary with the other, totally regardless of his own life, and only anxious to save his parent, who attempts to moderate his precipitate impetuosity. The figures are of heroic size, and excite universal astonishment and approbation. Thorvaldsen himself said, that he should be proud of such a noble performance. What renders this work the more extraordinary is, that the artist, who is not a young man, has never till now produced any thing at all above mediocrity. It is affirmed, that *Alberis* says, he was animated to the conception of this group by the situation of his native country, and that he availed himself of a circumstance in the history of Nestor, in order to allegorize it; Antilochus is, therefore, a personification of that popular energy and enthusiasm, which is striving to raise and defend an ancient kingdom.

Sola, another Spanish artist, has likewise exhibited a group of extraordinary merit. It represents a mother, who is instructing her infantine son to shoot, and assists him to draw the string of the bow with one hand, while she directs the arrow with the other. It is needless to enquire what is the history attached to these figures, or the particular incident here represented, since their exquisite beauty and sportive grace sufficiently prove to the spectator that they are

Dame Venus and her sagittary boy
Who work to gods, and me, such sweet
annoy!

Roman Antiquities at Castor.—Since the late discovery of Roman remains

at this place, there has been found a tessellated pavement of extraordinary splendour and beauty: it is surrounded by a strong foundation, and is in the most perfect state of preservation. There have been likewise discovered many other articles and curious specimens of Roman manufacture, such as floors of painted plaster, urns, coins, trinkets, and four pieces of elephant's horn.

Fine Arts in the Kingdom of the Netherlands.—This government is by no means inattentive to the interests of the Fine Arts, which it endeavours to promote by instituting schools, academies, and public exhibitions: the last are opened annually both at Amsterdam and Antwerp. Among the most distinguished artists may be mentioned the following names; viz.—*L. Moritz*, a pupil of the celebrated French painter, David, an historical painter possessing much talent, and of considerable reputation in historical subjects.—*A. de Letie*: this artist has produced some very pleasing compositions belonging to that class, which the French term *tableaux de genre*.—*J. Pieneman*, a clever historical painter, known by his picture of the Battle of Quatre-Bras.—*J. A. de Wailly*, and his pupil, *C. Krusman*, two excellent portrait-painters: the latter is likewise particularly happy in domestic scenes and conversation pieces.—*M. J. Van Bree*, First Professor of the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp: this artist is indisputably superior to any of his countrymen: his productions display more talent, and are uniformly distinguished by ingenious composition, tasteful grouping, and noble simplicity. His grand picture of the Battle of Leyden, now deposited in the Stadt-house of that city, is reckoned the chef-d'œuvre of his pencil.—*J. Paling*: this artist is professedly a portrait-painter, but has executed several historical subjects, among others the Battle of Waterloo.—*C. Sels*, a successful emulator of the Italian school, which he approaches in purity of design, delicacy of touch, and in his style of colouring.—*Versteeg* has distinguished himself as a successful imitator of Gerard Douw, and is remarkable for high finishing, delicacy of pencilling and striking effects of light and shade.—*Nr. Baur*, a Friezlander, is an excellent

painter of marine subjects; in the Amsterdam exhibition last year there were by him two exceedingly fine views of that city, as seen from the sea, which attracted general attention, although they did not produce a sensation equal to that caused by his painting of the Bombardment of Algiers on the 29th August, 1816.

The Netherlands have never produced any very fine sculptors, yet Gabriel, a native of Amsterdam, who has studied under Canova, displays great talent, and his first efforts in the art promise something of more than ordinary worth.

Botanical Gardens.—The most ancient Botanic Garden, of which there is any authentic record, is that formed by Theophrastus, with the assistance of Demosthenes of Phalerus, about 300 years before the Christian era. In the Capitularies of Charlemagne are to be found directions concerning gardens, and lists of the plants to be grown in them. At the request of Messer Gualtieri, the Republic of Venice formed a public garden for the cultivation of medicinal plants, in the year 1333; and in the sixteenth century Italy exhibited many similar establishments, although the French claim the merit of having given the first example of any thing of the kind in the botanical garden at Montpellier. This, however, did not exist until the reign of Henri IV; yet was certainly the first of the kind in that kingdom, and prior to the one at Paris by five-and-twenty years.

Panoramas.—Professor John Adam Breysig, an architect and scene painter of considerable eminence in Germany, and author of various essays on perspective and theatrical decoration, has published a paper in the Berlin and Spener Zeitung, by which he lays claim to the merit of being the original inventor of the Panoramas, the principle of which he discovered before our ingenious countryman Barker.

Frankfort on the Oder.—A new society has been instituted in this city for the advancement of Agriculture and Rural Economy, upon which important objects they purpose to bestow the utmost attention. They design to publish their Transactions, and likewise the programmas of the subjects proposed by them for prize-dissertations.

Cleaning of Medals.—Professor Lancellotti, of the Royal Institute at Naples, read, at a late sitting of that society, an account of the process which he employs in order to remove from ancient silver medals the rust that covers, and often renders them illegible. He first lays the medal in oxydated acid of salts, afterwards in a solution of sal-ammoniac for a short time; then rubs it with a piece of linen until all the rust disappears. His experiments have always been attended with success; and the discovery is of importance to those who study numismatics, since a great number of silver medals, whose inscriptions have hitherto not been legible, may now be rendered so.

Belzoni's Travels.—An Italian translation of this interesting work is expected to appear about this time. It will contain some alterations made by the author himself, and will appear in two volumes octavo, accompanied by six numbers of plates. The publisher is Bettom of Milan.

Letters of Tasso.—The Abbate Pier Antonio Serassi, the biographer of the illustrious Italian bard, has recently collected, during a tour through Italy, upwards of 250 inedited letters of the poet, which he is now preparing to give to the world; they will be published by Bernardoni of Milan.

Vienna Literary Census.—According to the report of a German journal, there are at present in this city 450 authors, 50 publishers and booksellers, 27 printing-offices, 18 music, print, and map warehouses, and 10 lithographic establishments.

Madrid—Music.—The celebrated virtuosa Lorenza Nunnez Correa gave several concerts during the winter, at the hotel San Fernando:—they were opened by the symphony to Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*. The instrumental performance was any thing but excellent; Correa, however, who is still a very handsome woman, though now in her fortieth year, sang with exquisite simplicity, taste, and feeling. Don Mariano Hudalge, and Don Domingo Gallegos also sang. These concerts were crowded to excess,—but the audience consisted almost exclusively of the male sex, very few females being present, and among those hardly any of rank.

Modern Greek Theatre.—Voltaire's Mahomet and Death of Cæsar have been performed at Odessa, in the Greek language, to a numerous audience almost entirely composed of Greeks. Both pieces were received with great enthusiasm. Among the actors, Drakouli, a native of Ithaca,

was greatly applauded both for his intonation and action. The admiration which this performer excited, was not owing to the mere novelty of the representation, and the inexperience of his judges, for he was no less applauded by the Germans and other foreigners who were present.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE foreign intelligence which has been received since our last, is not of a very decisive character; and yet it is of such a nature, as to prepare us to hear of considerable convulsions without much surprise. The departure of the Allied Sovereigns from Laybach has been postponed indefinitely; and, notwithstanding the Marquis of Londonderry's declaration, that the movement of the Russian troops had no reference whatever to Spain, this announcement is supposed to involve very seriously the affairs of the Peninsula. The situation of Spain is represented, indeed, as being extremely critical. In all the provinces considerable disturbances have occurred, which are said to have been much increased, if not originally created, by discontented ecclesiastics. Amongst these, a monk of the name of Merino, has made himself particularly conspicuous, and he has succeeded so far as to raise confederates to the amount of 800. Actual disturbances have broken out in Seville, Oviedo, Malaga, and Granada; from which places all suspected characters have been ordered to depart. The populace have risen, even in Madrid, and, after murdering an obnoxious canon, called Vimesa, in his prison, they repaired in a body even to the palace of the King, whose life they threatened, and around whose person the Cortes were obliged to rally. A system of assassination is also assuming a very frightful activity, and it is to be feared, that the allied powers will be afforded too good a pretence, if not justification, for their interference.

In the mean time, the King of Portugal seems to enjoy no very peaceful sovereignty in the Brazil, where

the people, supported by the army, demanded the constitution which he had ceded to his European dominions, to which he was obliged to submit. The consequence, however, was that he determined to abandon his South American residence and repair to Europe, leaving the hereditary prince behind, as Viceroy. Accordingly, at a late sitting of the Cortes, the minister informed that assembly, that M. Laureço d' Andre had received orders from Rio Janeiro, to prepare a palace at Lisbon for the King, assigning, as a reason, that his Majesty considered a personal residence near the seat of government, to be necessary to the due operation of the laws.

The accounts from Greece are so contradictory, that it is almost impossible to know to which to attach credit. Those which arrive through the French papers represent the affairs of the revolutionists as desperate, their army as unprovided and undisciplined, and their leaders as in a state of variance, almost amounting to personal hostility. The advices from Germany, however, speak in a different strain. They say that the celebrated rebel Ali Pacha has renounced Mahometanism, been baptized as Christian, either by the name of Constantine, or Alexander; and, with 30,000 men, put himself under the command of Prince Ypsilanti! Indeed, the strange character of this barbarous phenomenon renders no eccentricity of his incredible. It is also stated, that the Porte has, upon this occasion, shown itself particularly active; that the Ottoman army, taking the field much sooner than was expected, had, on the 19th of April, advanced its vanguard from

Forhan to Braila, that the Greeks had fallen back, and, that on the next day, the Seraskin himself had, with 8,000 men, made a reconnoissance, which had been followed by the further retreat of his adversary; and that the animosity between Theodore and Ypsilanti was so great, that they could scarcely be prevented from coming to blows. The troops of Ypsilanti were calculated at 10,000, and those of Theodore at about half the number, both of which subsisted by pillage, exercised indiscriminately upon friends and foes. Such are the accounts as they have reached us; the probabilities on each side we leave to be balanced by the reader. The Russian Consul at Jassy has, it is certain, issued two proclamations in the name of his master, calling upon Ypsilanti, and all the Russian officers who have joined the Greeks, instantly to repair to Russia, to account for their conduct. Naples remains quiet; her entire army, with the exception of three regiments, has been disbanded, and the Austrian troops are stationed in the country indefinitely; in which, however, their discipline is said to be most strict and exemplary.

The French papers are filled with accounts of the baptism of the infant Duke de Bourdeaux. The rejoicing continued for three days. On the first, sixteen female orphans were portioned by the City of Paris, and presented to the King; on the second, there was a royal banquet, concert, and ball at the Hotel de Ville; and, on the third day, a grand entertainment was given to the married women, apprentices, and labouring people of Paris. No less than 18,000 pounds of sweetmeats from Verdun are said to have been thrown among the people in the Champs Elysees. The young child was actually christened with water, brought by Chateaubriant from the river Jordan; and the wits of Paris have been very busy on the occasion, making remonstrances in favour of the Seine, which they represent as the truly *legitimate* river! When the ceremony of the baptism was taking place, Louis is represented as having said:—"Let us invoke for him the protection of the Mother of God, the Queen of Angels; implore her to

watch over his days, to remove far from his cradle the misfortunes with which Providence has afflicted his relatives, and to conduct him by a path less rugged than I have trod to eternal felicity."—Numerous promotions in the army and civil departments took place on the occasion, which was further signalized by the creation of two Dukes.

Accounts have arrived from Cochinchina, stating the death of the king Kien Long, whose accession we stated in our last! Such is the transitoriness even of a crown! He is succeeded by his eldest son, whose youth has rendered the guardianship of the eunuch Taquan necessary to him for three years. Such is the substance of the foreign intelligence to which any public interest is attachable.

As in our preceding pages we have given an abstract of the recent voyage of Captain Parry, some account of the equipment under which he again sailed on the 8th ult. may not be out of place. He sailed in the *Fury*, and Captain Lyon in the *Heccla*. To prevent the consumption of their sea-stock, the *Nautilus* with stores of every description for their use accompanies them as far as Hudson's bay. Every thing has been done, which was considered as in any way conducive to the success of the enterprise. The ships are rendered peculiarly strong by longitudinal binders of ten inches in thickness, worked round the body for some distance above and below the water's surface, gradually diminishing to four inches at the keel. The original wales are of six inch stuff, and the bottom plank three inch, so that the external planking is one foot four inches at the water's surface, and wearing off to seven inches at the garboard. Within board there are also thick binding stakes between the decks. The bow is one mass of solid wood; the projecting part of the stem and cut-water being filled up to the form of the body, and plates of iron three eighths of an inch thick are brought up and down the bow. There is a double deck; the upper planks are laid diagonally, and blankets are laid between the two. The whole of the inside is cased with cork, to act as a non-conductor of heat. An airing stove

is fitted up in the hold, with two main pipes running on each side of the ship, and small branch-pipes leading from them into the different cabins. As much annoyance was occasioned during the last voyage, by the steam escaping, and which no sooner mixed with the cold air than it was frozen, and either fell as frost, or hung about the deck in icicles, they have now a condenser on board each ship, which will not only condense the steam, but melt the snow or ice within board for the purpose of cooking or boiling. The ships sailed with a fair wind. Bon voyage.

Prince Ratafee, (a prince with such a name should receive a *cordial* welcome), brother to the king of Madagascar, attended the last annual meeting of the London Missionary Society. The king sent a letter, requesting that the Society "would send him out, not only pious missionaries, but skilful artisans also, as he was desirous to have his subjects both good Christians and *good workmen*." Surely this is a convert "wise in his generation."

The King has again visited the theatres and the opera-house; and been very well received; it would seem as if his popularity increased with his appearance in public. He has also done Count Munster and Count Lieven the honour of standing god-father in person for their children. Every thing appears now to announce the near approach of the coronation. The royal robes are complete, and have been exhibited to some few of the elect. The outside mantle is of crimson velvet, with a train seven yards long, which is to be upheld by seven persons; it is embroidered with a deep gold border, interspersed with roses of gold, relieved here and there with plumes of silver. The entire is lined with ermine purchased in France, which it is understood was originally intended for Louis the 18th. The under robes are massive and costly, so emblazoned indeed, with gold and silver, that it is feared his Majesty's strength will scarcely support them during the great fatigue and continuance of the ceremony. The robes of the Royal Dukes are also finished, and splendid in their degree. Many foreigners have been invited, and amongst the

rest, Prince Esterhazy, father to the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, and Count de Gattebourg. Westminster-hall is also in a great state of forwardness. The fronts of the galleries are covered over with canvass or paper, and they are made to resemble castles, towers, and turrets. A platform is elevated for the Royal table at the extremity of the hall, and on either side of it, there is a superb box for the Royal family and the ambassadors and foreigners of distinction who may have been invited. These boxes are covered with scarlet cloth. The grotesque ornaments, on either side of the hall, have been retouched and refreshed, and the preparations, on the whole, do great credit to the board of works. The Queen has, it is said, written a strange letter to his Majesty upon the subject of this approaching ceremony, to which, however, the official answer returned is not considered by her as satisfactory. She has appeared at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and has also visited the Opera. To none of those places, however, did she go in state, and her reception has been very variously represented. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester has had a legacy left him, in approbation of his public conduct, by a Mr. Peischel, to the amount of 20,000*l.* in addition to a remission of a mortgage debt, amounting to 6000*l.* more.

The top-stone on the new dome of the Exchange has just been hoisted. It weighs half a ton! In the centre, there is a cavity, forty inches deep, for the insertion of the grasshopper, which is the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham, by whom the building was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Several questions of considerable importance have been discussed in Parliament since our last. Mr. Scarlett has brought in a bill, which, if it passes, will effect a very considerable change in the state of the poor laws. Its object is three-fold. The first fixes a maximum of rates in the different parishes, providing that no rates are to be levied beyond their standing amount in 1830. The second provides, that no relief is to be given to persons who are now unmarried, nor are their families hereafter to derive any benefit, with the

exception, save in cases of accident or infirmity. The third puts an end to the power of removing paupers or persons likely to become chargeable, from the parishes where they are resident. A bill to amend the bankrupt laws, has also been brought in by Mr. J. Smith: they much need amendment. Sir James Mackintosh's measure, to mitigate punishment in cases of private forgery, has undergone much discussion. It is likely to be carried, though opposed by the Attorney and Solicitor-General. The majority, in a full house, for going into a committee, was 44.

Lord J. Russell moved several resolutions in the House of Commons, on the subject of reform. Their scope was the enumeration of the abuses which prevailed under the present election system, and the correction of them by an extension of the representation to large towns, which do not at present return representatives. The resolutions were negatived by a considerable majority. The Grampound Disfranchise-

ment Bill, has, however, passed; the House of Lords having, during its progress, transferred the right of electing two members from Leeds, to the County of York; which now, like the City of London, returns four. Sir Francis Burdett has been liberated from his confinement, and sat in the chair at the Crown and Anchor, to celebrate the anniversary of his return for Westminster. His motion for a Committee to inquire into the unfortunate events at Manchester was negatived, after two days discussion. The rule for a new trial, in the case of the King, v. Cartwright, Wooller, and others, was discharged, so that the defendants remain for judgment. The celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and relict of Mr. Thrale, died a few days ago at Clifton, aged 82; and the Marquis of Drogheda, who was so unceremoniously killed by all the English and Irish newspapers, is very busy in Dublin, contradicting the rumours of his death.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE attention of agriculturists will probably be strongly drawn towards the benefit to be derived from spade husbandry, by the report of Mr. Owen, of Llanark, drawn up at the request of a committee appointed at a public meeting of that county, and now just published. Mr. Owen insists, not only that the distress of the country is to be in a great measure deduced from the use of the plough, but that through spade husbandry we possess the simplest and most beneficial means of employment and wealth. Whatever effect Mr. Owen's further arrangements may be calculated to superinduce, his facts are well worthy the serious consideration of all whose emoluments are connected with landed property. He says, "it is estimated, that, in Great Britain and Ireland, there are now under cultivation upwards of sixty millions of acres; and of these, twenty millions are arable, and forty millions in pasture; that under the present system of cultivation by the plough, and of pasturing, about two millions at most of actual labourers are employed on the soil, giving immediate support to about three times that number, and supplying food for a population of about eighteen millions. sixty millions of acres, under a judicious arrangement of spade cultivation, with manufactures as an appendage, might be

made to give healthy advantageous employment to sixty millions of labourers at the least; and support, in high comfort, a population greatly exceeding 100 millions. But in the present low state of population in these islands, not more than five or six millions of acres could be properly cultivated by the spade, although all the operative manufacturers were to be chiefly employed in this mode of agriculture. Imperfect, therefore, as the plough is, for the cultivation of the soil, it is probable, that, in this country, for want of an adequate population, many centuries will elapse before it can be entirely superseded by the spade; yet, under the plough system, Great Britain and Ireland are even now supposed to be greatly overpeopled.

It follows from this statement, that we possess the means of supplying the labouring poor, however numerous they may be, with permanent beneficial employment for many centuries to come.

Mr. Owen's deductions are founded upon the experiments of Mr. Falls, a nurseryman of Gateshead, near Newcastle. By these it appears that the spade is far preferable to the plough, as an instrument of agriculture; since prosperous vegetation depends principally upon a due and gradual supply of moisture, and upon the soil being so well broken as to resemble garden

mould; and this is undoubtedly much better accomplished by the former than by the latter implement. The spade opens the soil sufficiently deep to allow the water to pass below the bed of the seed or plant, and the moisture remains there until drawn up by a long continuance of heat, at which time it is most beneficial. The deeper the soil is opened the greater will be the advantage of this important operation. Equal effects are not produced by the plough, whose action in this respect is different from that of the spade, since, instead of loosening the soil, it *hardens* it, as does likewise the trampling of the horses upon it. The plough is, in fact, a *mere surface implement*, extremely defective in principle, whereas the spade makes both a good sub-soil, and a superior surface. As far, however, as regards the quantum of labour performed by it, the former is the more economical implement, and has therefore superseded the other.

But it will be found on examination, that the additional expense, caused by the use of the spade, is much less than it at first appears, *one digging* being equal to three ploughings and harrowings: therefore, allowing for this circumstance, the increase of price is reduced to five shillings per acre. The difference of the produce, on the other hand, is considerably in favour of Mr. Falla's experiments, and the method recommended by him.

By the spade, 68½ bushels, per	£.	s.	d.
acre, at 8s.	27	8	0
Plough, 38, at ditto	15	4	0
	<hr/>		
	12	4	0

Giving a profit of 12*l.* 4*s.* per acre, in return for the additional expense of 5*s.*

These facts are far too important to be overlooked; and as an adequate experiment is within every farmer's power, there can be no doubt, that when they are extensively diffused, every one will be eager to bring the statements to the test of his own experience.

The Merino Society's annual show of sheep, wool, cloths, and yarn, was on the 10th and 11th of May, and seemed to par-

take of the general depression, the visitors being few. The stock kept up its quality. J. Fane, C. C. Western, C. T. Tower, and H. Read, Esqrs. were, as heretofore, the chief exhibitors of sheep. Mr. Stuard and Mr. Fryer showed some beautiful cloths for ladies' dresses. They are made with silk, a shot with Merino wool, and are fine, soft, and flexible, and some of the manufacture is perfectly transparent.

At the dinner of the club, Mr. Tower presided, Mr. Western being called away. The prizes were awarded:—No. 1, to T. Henty, Esq. for the best ram.—No. 2, to C. C. Western, Esq. for the best pen of wethers.—No. 3, to T. Henty, Esq. for the best pen of ewes.—No. 5, for the best piece of ladies' cloth, to J. Stuard, Esq.—No. 6, for the best sample of worsted yarn, to Messrs. Taylor and Wordsworth, of Holbeck, near Leeds. The rest of the premiums were not awarded. It was stated by Mr. Western, that Merinos had a capacity to take as much fat, almost equal to good Downs, and were a most valuable breed, both for mutton and wool. Mr. Thornhill stated his belief, derived from experiment, that Spanish Cordovan leather was made from Merino pelts. He had tanned some, which, at the cost of 2*s.* 6*d.*, produced a skin worth 12*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Thomas stated that their tallow made whiter and better candles than that of sheep in general. The meeting concluded by resolving to invite the Earl of Macclesfield to accept the presidency of the Society.

The processes of nature are all going on very favourably. The corn crops are of good growth and colour, and the grass is abundant. Complaint, however, is loud, and the hope of relief from legislation is vanishing space. One owner near Tunbridge, is said to have forty unoccupied farms, for which he has yet obtained no offer that he can accept. At many of the audits of principal landholders, a considerable per-centage has been returned to the tenantry. The Report of the Committee, which is now daily expected, will set conjecture at rest, as to protection as it is called.

May 19, 1831.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, May 23*d.*)

Our commercial transactions for the last month, do not present any thing peculiarly interesting. No branch of trade appears to have experienced any remarkable improvement; some are greatly depressed; and the expected legislative measures for the extension of foreign commerce have made but little progress, with the exception of the new regulations of the duties on timber, which are nearly in the last stage in the

House of Lords; but upon the expediency of which, opinions are unfortunately very much divided. The principle of the bill is a reduction of ten shillings of the duty on Baltic timber, and a duty of ten shillings on timber imported from the British American colonies.

The reports of the committees of Parliament, respecting the foreign trade of the country, continue to excite great interest.

It is confidently expected, that the direct trade from India to the continent of Europe, and to the coasts of North and South America, will be allowed to all British subjects; and also, that British vessels will be permitted to trade from one part in India to another, under certain restrictions.

A report of the committee of the House of Commons on foreign trade, has been presented: it is similar to that of the Lords, but contains a more specific resolution for the purpose of giving activity to the trade. Adverting to the existing regulations of the East India trade, by which subjects of foreign nations (European and American) possess privileges far more extensive than those enjoyed by his Majesty's subjects generally, and greater, in many instances, than have been accorded to the East India Company itself; the committee are sensible that some measure should be adopted to remove this comparative disadvantage, under which the shipping and commerce of the country now labour, and have, therefore, come to the following resolution, which they submit to the House.

“Resolved—That it is expedient to permit his Majesty's subjects to carry on trade and traffic, directly and circuitously, between any ports within the limits of the East India Company's Charter, (except the dominions of the Emperor of China) and any port or ports beyond the limits of the said charter, belonging to any state or country in amity with his Majesty.” It is expected, that this resolution will become the subject of an enactment during the present session.

Cotton.—In the last week of April, the demand, both for home consumption and export, was very considerable, the sales exceeding 2500 packages. In the first week of May, the accounts from the manufacturing districts continuing very favourable, all the workmen having been employed, and the demand for goods and twist, general and extensive, the purchases of cotton were considerable, and prices good. In the second week of May the demand continued, but was checked by the large arrivals at Liverpool, (nearly 25,000 bags) and the rather unfavourable report of that market. For this last week the market has been without interest: parcels have been offered more freely, but without inducing buyers to come forward. The purchases are not above 700 bags, viz. 500 Surats, 5½d; ordinary, to 6½d. and 7d. good fair; a few at 8d. very good; 150 Bengal at 5½d. very ordinary, to 5½ good fair, and 6½ good; 30 Pernambuco, at 12½, good fair; all in bond, and 20 good Carriacou at 11½d. duty paid. The arrivals at Liverpool in four weeks from 21st April to 19th May, were about 32,000 bags, the sales about 26,000.

Sugar.—There has been but little animation in the market for this last month;

there has been but an indifferent supply of good sugars; the buyers appear to have been expecting a decline, when the arrivals should be more extensive; they have therefore held back, and merely purchased for immediate use: it is not unlikely they may be deceived in their expectations, for it has been frequently remarked, that when the market is well supplied with good sugars, a rise in the prices has taken place. The parcels of newly arrived, brought forward within the last fortnight, have been readily sold at full prices. Last week, 391 hhds. chiefly St. Lucia and Grenada of low qualities, in a public sale, went off freely, fully supporting the previous prices, by private contract. A public sale of 127 hhds. 3 tierces new Barbadoes sugars took place yesterday, the whole sold freely, at prices rather above the previous market currency; good white 77s. the lowest lot 62s.

The refined market has been heavy, and prices declining this month. Last week the holders showed more disposition to sell, and prices 1s. lower were submitted to; the reduction, however, had the effect of facilitating sales, and the purchases reported are considerable. The accounts from Hamburg, stating the markets for refined to be in a very depressed state, had naturally an unfavourable effect, and tended to reduce the prices here. Foreign sugars have not been much in request this month. Several parcels have been brought forward for public sale, but generally taken in. 300 chests of Havannah last week were mostly taken in, but reported to have been afterwards disposed of, at nearly the sale prices; very fine white with strength were taken in at 60s. middling and good white, 57s. to 58s. yellow 30s. 6d. to 32s. brown, 27s. to 28s. 974 chests of Havannah offered yesterday, not with no buyers; the white was altogether withdrawn, at 50s. the yellow, at 38s. for the latter, 34s. 6d. was said to be offered.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

April 28	30s. 4½d.
May 5	34s. 9½d.
12	34s. 2½d.
19	35s. 2½d.

Coffee.—The quantity of Coffee brought forward by public sale, during the last month, has been so extremely large, that the decline which has taken place in the prices can excite no surprise. The market, which had been very languid, revived in some measure in the last week of April, notwithstanding the unfavourable reports from the continent. On the 1st of May, 116 casks of British Plantation, and 575 packages of St. Domingo were brought forward, of which the former sold briskly at 2s. to 4s. higher for colour coffee; the other descriptions without alteration. Fine ordinary Jamaica with much colour, sold at 120s.

6d. middling to good middling, sold as high as 135s. St. Domingo 114s. to 114s. 6d. for good quality. In the first week of May, the public sales consisted of 548 casks, and 3647 bags; and in the second week of 870 casks, and 4646 bags; of which almost the whole was sold. Yet the prices of foreign rose on the whole 2s. in the first week; and though Jamaica declined, yet the demand was thereby much increased, and a favourable turn given to the prices for the second week, though a decline of 1s. to 2s. per cwt. took place.

The quantity of coffee brought forward in public sale last week was 381 casks and 2078 bags; in the early part of the week the demand continued brisk and extensive, but, from the large parcels continually brought forward, the request towards the close of the week gave way, and for a large parcel of St. Domingo only 116s. 6d. was offered; the holders, however, would not sell under 117s. and a parcel of good ordinary colour was reported to be disposed of by private contract at that price: Porto Rico coffee gave way 2s. per cwt.; good ordinary pale sold at 116s. a 117s. fine ordinary at 120s.

There were four public sales of coffee yesterday (the 22d) consisting of 137 casks, 723 bags Foreign, and 125 casks British Plantation descriptions, the former chiefly Porto Rico; fine ordinary was taken in at 120s. 6d., a few lots good ordinary sold at 117s.; fine ordinary Havannah was taken at 118s. 6d. and 119s. good ordinary at

117s.; some fine ordinary faxy Jamaica sold at 117s. good middling 130s. 6d. a 132s. a shade better 133s. 6d.; the good middling Jamaica may be stated 2s. a 3s. lower, but, with this exception, coffee is nominally the same as last week, but the market exceedingly heavy.

Oils.—There is little doing in Greenland either for parcels here, or for arrival; for the latter not above 23l. is offered. South Sea is dull; further arrivals are daily expected.

Hemp, flax, and tallow.—The prices of foreign tallow have not much varied. Though the quantity in London is very large, it is comparatively in few hands, and the principal holders continue firm, and refuse to sell at the present prices. In hemp and flax there has been no material alteration.

Spirits.—The rum market, which has been on a very depressed scale for several weeks, has now received a severe shock by the failure of one of the first houses in the spirit trade. Till it is ascertained what quantity of rum and brandy will be thrown on the market by this event, prices will be merely nominal.

Corn.—Aggregate averages of the twelve maritime districts of England and Wales, for the six weeks preceding 15th of May, by which importation is regulated into Great Britain.

Wheat 52s. 9d.	Oats 17s. 10d.
Rye 33s. 9d.	Beans 29s. 9d.
Barley 23s. 8d.	Peas 31s. 6d.

Spices, &c.—East India Company's sale, 14th of May.

Cinnamon, 1485 bales Company's—

1st quality 549 bales (36 scratched).....sold..7s. 1d. a 7s. 8d.

2d ditto 794 bales (of which 264 were scratched) remainder sold 6s. 1d. a 6s. 3d.

3d ditto 142 balessold..5s. 3d. a 5s. 8d.

Maca 200 casks Company's—

1st quality, all passed, no purchasers at the Company's taxed price, 6s. per lb.

No second description in the sale.

Nutmegs 500 casks Company's, not garbled, of which only about 40 casks sold at 3s. 7d. remainder passed, no buyers at the Company's taxed price of 3s. 6d.

Cloves } none in the sale.
Pepper }

Cassia Lignea, Licensed, 72 chests8l. 7s. a 9l.

Ginger, Licensed, 4687 bags6s. 6d. a 10s.

Saltpetre, Company's, 1600 tons, of which only about a half sold....26s. 6d. a 27s.

Licensed25s. 6d. a 27s. 6d.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, 27th of April.—*Flax.* Marienburg crown, 46 r.; ditto cut, 38 r.; Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer white, 43 r.; dark grey, 41½ to 42 r.; Badsturb cut, 37½ to 38 r.; Hof's Threeband, 37½. Risten Threeband, 32 to 32½ r.; Tow 15½ to 16 r.—*Hemp*; clean Ukraine on the spot has been sold at 106 r. for clean Polish, 110 r. are asked, and the same price, all the money down, is required for delivery by the end of May. Ukraine Out-shot (here) 84 r.; Polish 92; the same for delivery, 85 r.; all down. Ukraine Pass

(here) 74 r.; Polish at 80 r. The same for delivery, 75 r. all down. Polish Tarr (now here) 49 to 50 r.; Druyana, 15 r.—*Hemp Oil*; a couple of hundred ship pounds of the new supplies have been sold at 97 r.—*Seeds* in very limited request, the prices asked are for remaining sowing linseed, 5½ to 5½ r.; Druyana 4½ to 5 r. crushing linseed (of 110 to 111 lbs.) 16½ r. banco. Hemp seed (of 90 lbs.) 12 r. banco the barrel.—*Tallow*; yellow crown is held at 150 r.

There has been rather more demand for

refused to give this week; but no higher prices can be obtained.

Stockholm, 4th May.—Since the opening of the navigation, the iron trade has been pretty brisk; but the demand is not to be compared with that of last year; however, about 28,000 ship pounds have been already shipped. Ordinary bar iron has been hitherto sold at 19½ or 19 rix dollars, and may now be generally had at the latter price. 30 r. dollars are asked for iron plates from 20 to 24 inches; for ½ to ¾ inch steel, 9 rix dollars; for refined copper, 120 rix dollars. Common tar, 7 rix dollars, 16 sch. per barrel; fine Christiansa, 7 rix dollars, 24 to 28 sch.; fine Stockholm, 7 rix dollars, 32 to 40 sch.; crown pitch, 12 rix dollars, ordinary, 11 rix dollars, 16 to 24 sch. Norwegian herrings have been sold at 9 rix dollars, 16 to 24 sch.; and will probably fall if the importation continues. In the corn trade, very little is doing, and the prices, of course, very low.

Copenhagen, 8th May.—Here, as well as in other countries, trade is in a melancholy stagnation; and, even in corn, hardly any thing is doing, since the unfavourable accounts from abroad, so that even a reduction in the prices does not tempt purchasers.

Hamburg, 12th May.—Cotton.—There has been a demand for several descriptions for the inland consumption, and a farther depreciation can hardly be expected, as the imports are inconsiderable, and our stock much reduced by the many public sales.

—*Coffee.* A very considerable demand has rather raised the prices, and even with this rise, there is very little now in the market.

—*Dyeing woods* seem to fall in price, as soon as any supplies arrive.—*Spices.* The finer kinds, of which the imports are small, (excepting *Cassia lignea*) remain very firm. Pepper, pimento and ginger, may be met with rather lower.—*Gum senegal.* Our stock is much reduced, and the price is very firm, if not higher.—*Rice.* Large supplies of Carolina have caused an entire stagnation, and if more should arrive, a decline in the price will doubtless ensue.—*Tea.* We have received a considerable supply by the *Ophelia* from Canton direct, and by the Two Brothers.—*Sugar.* In consequence of the continued dullness of our market, the prices both of raw and refined sugar, have declined in general about ¼d. The inferior descriptions of white and brown Brazils are especially depressed, and the prices nearly nominal, because we have had several public sales of this quality. For English strong middle lumps in loaves, on account of the low prices of our refined, it is seldom that more than 11d. is offered; at which price, however, many holders will not sell. Crushed lumps are almost entirely without demand. A small parcel of English loaves of 7 to 8lb. have been sold at 11½ to 11¼d.

Hamburg treacle is now at 10 to 10½ marks current.

Leipzig, 10th May.—We are not yet able to say much about our fair; but as far as it has gone it does not promise well; the sellers being more numerous than the buyers.

Amsterdam, 1st May.—A new law respecting the indirect taxes is now before the States General. It seems likely to meet with considerable opposition.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The History of Ancient and Modern Wines, by Alexander Henderson, MD. This Work will embrace the Substance of Sir Edward Barry's Observations on the Wines of the Ancients, and will contain, in addition, a Topographical Description of all the principal Modern Wines; and a Chronological History of those used in England from the earliest Periods to the present Time. One Vol. 4to.

Mr. Charles Marsh is preparing for publication *The Life of the late Right Hon. William Windham*, comprising interesting Correspondence and the Memoirs of his Time.

Mr. Webb, Author of *Elements of Greek Prosody*, is printing a Greek and English Prosodial Lexicon, with Synonyms and Examples, marked and scanned in the Manner of the Latin *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

M. Santaguellio has in the Press a duodecimo Volume, containing *Diego di Vil-*

lamora,—a Romance in the Italian Language. Likewise, an English Translation of the same Work.

A Poem, by Mr. John Banim, entitled *the Celt's Paradise*, is printing in foolscap 8vo.

Mr. Gideon Mantell's *Outlines of the Geology of the South-eastern Division of Sussex*, will soon be published in royal 4to. with numerous Engravings.

A new Novel, from the Pen of Miss Hawkins, Author of *Rosanne*, &c. entitled *Heraline*, will be speedily published in four Volumes.

The Rev. Dr. Burrow is printing, in three duodecimo Volumes, *A Summary of Christian Faith and Practice*.

Archdeacon Daubeney has in the Press an 8vo. Volume, containing Sixteen Sermons of the learned Bishop Andrews, modernized for the Use of general Readers.

Sermons and Miscellaneous Pieces by the Rev. Robert Wynnell Mayow, formerly

of Exeter College, Oxford, and Odrate of Ardwick, near Manchester. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of his Life.

Some Posthumous Sermons left for Publication by the Rev. Thomas Harmer, Author of Observations on Scripture; together with the smaller Pieces published by him during his Life-time: and some Introductory Remarks on his Life and Writings. By W. Youngman, of Norwich. One Vol. 8vo.

A Series of Addresses to Young Persons, on Select and Interesting Subjects, by the Rev. J. Hooper, A.M. in 12mo.

A Treatise on Scrofula, its Nature, Treatment, and Effects; also, the Alteration produced by it in the Structure of all the different Parts of the Body, with special Reference to its Connexion with Spinal Curvature, Diseases of the Joints, Affections of the Glands—to which is added, an Account of the Ophthalmia, so long prevalent in Christ's Hospital. By E. A. Lloyd, R.C.S. &c. &c. in one Vol. 8vo. This Work obtained the Jacksonian Prize in 1818.

Dr. Dickinson has in the Press, The Medical Student's Vade Mecum; being a

Work in the Form of Questions and Answer,—comprising Anatomy, Physiology, Botany, and Pharmacy, &c. To which will be added, an abridged and correct Explanation of the Chemical Decompositions, intended principally for Gentlemen previous to their Examinations at the Surgeons' and Apothecaries' Hall.

Mr. Williams's Edition of the Commentaries on the Laws of England by Sir William Blackstone, will be ready for Publication in the Course of this Month. The Insertion of the Passages on the Liberty of the Subject, which are to be found only in the first Edition; and the promised Correction of the Errors of the Learned Judge respecting Constitutional Law and Legal Antiquities, cannot but create an Interest in behalf of this Edition.

Mr. A. Watts has in the Press, Specimens of the Living Poets, with Biographical and Critical Prefaces. The Work will form two Volumes in crown 8vo., and will contain, in an Appendix, Notices of such Poets as have died within the last few Years.

A Plea for the Nazarenes, in a Letter to the British Reviewer. By Serjeant.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.

The Destination of Works of Art, and the Use to which they are applied, considered with regard to their Influence on the Genius and Taste of Artists, &c. Translated from the French by H. Thomson, RA. 5s. 6d.

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OXFORD.—May. On the first day of the present term, (Easter) the following degrees of A. M. were conferred.—A. B. Clough, Jesus College; Wm. Herrick, University College; Rev. G. Bld, ditto; Rev. R. Brodie, St. Edmund's Hall; Rev. W. Wilkinson, Christ Church. — The Mastership of University College, and a Prebendal Stall in Gloucester Cathedral, are become vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Jas. Griffith.

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Bachelors of Arts.—H. Hannington, Fellow of King's College; T. Roberts, ditto; R. Okes, ditto; T. Dixon, of St. John's; J. T. Fenwick, of ditto; S. Mewburne, of ditto; H. Lloyd, of St. Peter's; J. Thomas, of Corpus Christi; J. W. Wasney, of Catherine Hall; G. H. H. Hutchinson, of Caius College; W. H. Daniels, of ditto; and C. Reynolds, and F. Money, of ditto; R. Barker, St. Peter's College; T. Blakeway Bray, Magdalen College.

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Goodair, J. Chorley, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. [Hurd, Temple. C.

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21. At Burton Crescent, the lady of Sir James O. Anderson, Bart. a daughter.
27. The lady of Major-Gen. Birch Reynardson, a daughter.
28. The lady of Capt. Chalmer, R. A. a son.
- In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Wm. Lynch, Esq. a son.
- May 2. In Gower-street, the lady of W. F. Boteler, Esq. Recorder of Canterbury, a son.
- In Montague-place, Montague-square, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir James Lyon, KCB. a daughter.
3. The lady of Andrew Agnew, Bart. a son.
7. At Chiswick, the lady of Henry F. C. Cavenish, Esq. a son.
8. At Hastings, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Parker, R. H. Artillery, a son.
- Lately, the lady of Capt. Potter, RN. a daughter.
- At Elliot-place, near Gosport, the lady of Capt. C. G. Blake, RN. a daughter.
10. At his house, in New-street, Spring-gardens, the lady of J. H. Tremayne, Esq. MP. a daughter.
13. At her house, in Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Lady Frederica Stanhope, a son and heir.
- In Sloane-street, the lady of Capt. W. G. B. Protheroe, a son.
- At Truro, the lady of Lieut.-Col. John Austin, (late of 58th regt.) Brigadier-Gen. in the service of his Majesty the King of Portugal, a son.
14. In Portland-place, the lady of Peter Free, Esq. a son.
- At Twickenham, the lady of Capt. Wilbraham, RN. a daughter.
15. At her house, in Bryanstone-square, Lady Catherine Fellowes, a daughter.
- In Dover-street, the lady of W. M. Pitt, Esq. MP. a daughter, and a son on the morning of the 17th.
20. In Spring-gardens, the Rt. Hon. Lady Elizabeth Sinyth, a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut. Col. Wydy, Fusiliers, a son.

ABROAD.

- At Vienna, Lady Stewart, wife of the British Ambassador at that court, was delivered on the 26th of April, of a son, who is heir to his Excellency's large estates in the county of Durham.
- At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the lady of Major Fitzgerald, of 2d Battalion, 60th regt. a daughter.
- At Versailles, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Fuller, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- April 26. At St. Paul's, Covent-garden, Sir Wm. Dick, Bart. to Caroline, relict of Lieut.-Col. Alex. Fraser, of the 76th regt. of foot.
26. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Charles Grey, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Madras, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Samuel Clerk Jervoise, Bart. of Tasworth Park, Hants.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, Major Alex. Robson, of the 19th regt. to Eliza, widow of the late Thos. Chas. Pattle, of Canton, China.
- May 1. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lieut.-Col. Cooper, (Groom of the Bed Chamber to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence), to Miss Baker, daughter of the late Sir Geo. Baker, Bart. and only sister to the present Baronet Sir Frederick.
- The Hon. Chas. Langdale, 3d son of the late Lord Stourton, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late M. C. Maxwell, Esq. of Everingham Park.
- Lately, the Rev. Christopher Capel, of Prestbury, near Cheltenham, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Sir Wm. Forbes of Craigevar, North Britain.
7. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Sir Henry Lambert, Bart. to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Edw. Foley, and sister to Edw. Foley, Esq. of Stoke Edith Park, Herefordshire.
- John Trenchard Pickard, Esq. BCL. and Fellow of New College Oxford, to Jane, eldest

daughter of George Tennant, Esq. of Russell-square.

7. The Rev. Dr. Geldart, rector of Kirk Deighton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to Eliza, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Wm. Cutfield, Esq. of Bayly's-court, Sussex.
9. At Bolton-by-Bulland, in Craven, by the Rev. Ambrose Dawson, BD. Pudsey Dawson, Esq. of Sinnington Manor, in Yorks, to Jane Constantine, 2d daughter of the Rev. R. Dawson, LL.B. of Hutton Gill, and rector of Bolton.
10. At St. Mary-le-bone New Church, by the Bishop of Bedford, Capt. George Berkeley Maxwell, RN. to Letitia, daughter of John Clerk, Esq. of Bowbham-house, Gloucestershire.
12. At St. Mary-le-bone, James Fairlie, Esq. of Bellfield and Holms, Ayrshire, to Agnes Maria, eldest daughter of Wm. Fairlie, Esq. of the Crescent, Portland-place.
13. At Sidmouth, Devon, Thos. Stevens, Esq. of Winscol, in that county, Barrister of the Middle Temple, and Recorder of Exeter, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Le Marchant.
15. At Cheltenham, the Rev. P. E. Borprie, to Miss Dumaresque, daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Dumaresque.
16. At Ramsey, the Rev. James W. Esdalle, son of Sir Joseph Esdalle, of Chigwell, Essex, to Caroline Garland, 2d daughter of the Rev. W. Whinfield, Vicar of Ramsey and Dover-court-cum-Harwick, in the same county.
19. At Prittlewell, in Essex, W. Heygate, Esq. MP. and Alderman, to Isabella, 4th daughter of the late Edward Langdon Macmurdo, Esq. of Clapton, Middlesex.
- By the Rev. John Griffith, Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Thos. Pares, Jun. Esq. of Leicester, MP. to Octavia, 6th daughter of the late Edward Longdo Macmurdo, Esq.
20. By Special Licence, at Kent House, Knightsbridge, Capt. Fred. Fitzclarence, of his Majesty's 11th regt. to lady Augusta Boyle, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow.
22. At Aston Rowant, John Brown, Esq. of Upper Grosvenor-street, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of the late Richard Clerke, Esq. of Kingston, Oxfordshire, and niece to the late Lord Foley.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Arthur Mower, MD. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to Anne, only daughter of the late Wm. Stewart, Esq. Advocate.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, the Hon. Geo. Wm. Massey, brother to Lord Massey, to Narcissa, 2d daughter of the late James Hugh Smith Barry, Esq. of Marbury-hall, Cheshire, and Foaly, county Cork.

ABROAD.

- At Guernsey, the Rev. Cary Charles Alfred Sabapadiere, to Sophia, 2d daughter of the very Rev. Dr. F. Durand, dean of that island.
- At Florence, in the house of his Excellency, Lord Burghersh, Viscount Tullamore, only son of the Earl of Charleville, to Miss Beaujolis Campbell, 3d daughter of the late Col. Campbell, of Showfield, and niece to the Duke of Argyll.
- At Bonlogne-sur-Mer, Aretas Akers, Esq. of Tunbridge-wells, to Isabella, 4th daughter of John Larking, Esq. and niece to the late Sir Charles Style, Bart.

DEATHS.

- April 22. At Norwich, Mr. Crome, a distinguished landscape painter, of that city. The productions of this artist are honourably known to the visitors of the British Institution; and independently of the merit of his own works his name will be highly estimated as that of one who has produced such eminent pupils as Messrs. J. B. Crome (his son), J. Stark, and G. Vincent.
22. Major-Gen. Thomas Saunders Bateman, of the Hon. E. I. Company's service in Bengal, aged 60.
23. At his house, in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Henry Edridge, Esq. Associate of the Royal Academy, F.A.S. an artist of distinguished ability.

25. At his house, in Bruton-street, in his 78th year, Henry Lewes Luttrell, Earl of Carhamton. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only Brother, the Hon. John Luttrell Olmuis. By his demise, there is a vacancy in the House of Commons, where his lordship sat for the Borough of Ludgershall.

26. At Ambleside, Westmoreland, on his way to Matlock for the recovery of his health, David Erskine Dewar, Esq. of Gilston-house, in the county of Fife, eldest son of the late Major-Gen. Dewar, of that place.

— Suddenly, Mrs. Cathcart, wife of the Hon. and Rev. A. H. Cathcart, vicar of Kipparr, rector of Methley, and a prebend of York Cathedral.

29. At her house, in Upper Brook-street, in her 86th year, Lady Juliana Dawkins, relict of Hen. Dawkins, Esq.

— In Cavendish-square, Mrs. Dickson, relict of Col. A. Dickson.

— In Montague-place, Russell-square, Thomas White, Esq. Clerk of the Inner and Upper Treasury of the Court of King's Bench.

30. At the advanced age of 91, the Right Hon. the Marquess of Drogheda. This Nobleman inherited from his father, who died in 1758, the titles of Earl of Drogheda, Viscount Moore, Baron Mellefont in Ireland, and was himself created a Marquess of Ireland, in 1791, and a Baron of Great Britain, in 1801; and was also a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. In 1766, his Lordship married Lady Anne, daughter of the first Marquess of Hertford, by whom he had many children. He succeeded in his titles by his son, Charles Viscount Moore, now Marquess of Drogheda. The deceased was the oldest General in the Service, and Colonel of the 18th Dragoons.

— At his seat, Bellevue, near Southampton, in his 88th year, Sir Rich. Rodney Bligh, GCB. Admiral of the Red, &c. &c. He was born in 1737, of an ancient and respectable family in Cornwall, and was Godson of the late Lord Rodney. He attained the rank of Post Captain, in 1777, and in Nov. 1794, when commanding the Alexander of 74 guns, sustained with unparalleled bravery and ability, a combat against a French Squadron consisting of five seventy-fours, three large frigates, and a brig. Sir Richard was twice married, and has left several daughters and one son, Capt. George Miller Bligh, of the Royal Navy.

May 1. At his house in New Norfolk-street, Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Charles Stuart, in the 78th year of his age.

2. At Clifton, aged 82, Mrs. Piozzi, a lady whose name will always be remembered in the literary world, as the accomplished hostess and friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as well as by several productions of her own pen.

3. At Calne, Wilts, in his 80th year, the Rev. Thos. Greenwood, Vicar of that parish 40 years.

— At Benham, near Wantage, Berks, aged 75, Mrs. Goodlake, relict of the late Thos. Goodlake, Esq. and only surviving sister of the late Sir C. Price, Bart.

4. At Stoke D'Avernon, Surrey, Lieut. Col. Henry Rowland, Fetherstonhaugh.

5. At his house in Montague-square, Anthony Butler St. Leger, Esq. in his 63d year.

8. In Montague-place, Mary, the wife of Major Gen. Barton.

11. At the residence of her noble relatives, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, in Piccadilly, the Marchioness of Worcester. Her Ladyship was present both at the Drawing Room and Ball given by his Majesty, in celebration of his birth-day; on the following morning found herself much indisposed, and went into a cold bath, which, instead of relieving, only increased the complaint, which terminated her life a little before five o'clock on the morning of this day. Her Ladyship was Georgiana Frederica Fitzroy, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Henry Fitzroy, (son of Charles, first Lord Southampton, brother of the Duke of Grafton) by Lady Anne Wellesley, sister of the Duke of Wellington, and Marchess of Wellesley, and was married to the Marquess of Worcester, July 25, 1814.

Lastly, Mrs. Neville, relict of Chas. Neville, Esq. of Llanelli, Carmarthenshire. Her death was occasioned by a dreadful accident; as she was

crossing a rail road, part of her dress got entangled with a coal waggon passing at the time, which dragged her to the ground, and lacerated her so much, that she soon afterwards expired.

11. Aged 60, Jas. Griffith, DD. Master of University College, and Prebendary of Gloucester.

13. At Newton, near Norwich, in his 72d year, Wm. Stevenson, Esq. FSA. upwards of thirty-five years Proprietor of the Norfolk Chronicle, and the Editor of the last Edition of Bentham's Ely, to which work he added a valuable Supplement.

14. At his house in Upper Eaton-street, Pimlico, in his 72d year, Chas. Downes, Esq. State Page to his present Majesty, and thirty-five years Page of the Bed Chamber to his late Majesty.

15. In the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr. Calvert, the eminent Musical Composer, whose productions, combining original genius, and profound science, have been admired by the public during the last thirty years.

— John Bonnycastle, Esq. Professor of Mathematics, at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; Author of several Mathematical and Scientific works of high repute.

18. Mrs. Prendergrass, wife of Jos. Prendergrass, Esq. of Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, aged 83.

21. At his Lordship's house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Chatham.

IN SCOTLAND.

Longevity. On the 27th of April, at Sheal-house, in Kintail, aged 112 years, Ann M'Rae, widow of Mr. M'Rae, farmer. This extraordinary woman enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and retained her sight and hearing until a few months previous to her death, when she was seized with the illness that terminated in that event. She was no less remarkable for her agility, and could run a race until the last twelvemonth of her life! yet her activity, and movements were confined to a very circumscribed space, as she is said never to have travelled twelve miles from the spot on which she was born.

At Aberdeen, Mr. Alexander Leith Ross, only son of the late Dr. Jas. Ross, Minister of Aberdeen. At Edinburgh, Jas. Harrowar, Esq. of Inchevar, Advocate.

At Edinburgh, aged 82, Major John Farquharson, of the 26th Regiment of Foot, son of Lieutenant Col. Farquharson.

IN IRELAND.

In his 81st year, Colthurst Bateman, Esq. of Bedford-house, in the county of Kerry, and late of Clifton, near Bristol.

At Belfast, Wm. Neilson, DD. Professor of the Learned Languages, &c. in the Academical Institution.

At Cove, Cork, Jane, the wife of Capt. Nugent, late of the 16th Regiment of Foot.

ABROAD.

Off the Coast of Arabia, in his 28th year, Mr. Phipps Dixon, Midshipman on Board his Majesty's Ship Curlew, and second son of Major Gen. Dixon, of the Royal Artillery.

At Rome, on the 20th of April, Lieut.-Gen. Read, of Crowood Park, Wilts,—in consequence of poison being administered by a Venetian, whom he had taken into his service at Paris. It has been since discovered that this man had been seven years in the galleries.

At Santa Cruz, John Abernethie, Esq. eldest son of the late Alex. Abernethie, MD. of Banff, North Britain.

At Orleans, Capt. Col. Macdougall, late of the 42d Regiment.

At Quebec, Benj. Jos. Frobisher, Esq. Provincial Lieut.-Col. Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor General of the Canadas.

At Berlin, Miss Francis, only surviving daughter of the late Sir Philip Francis, Bart. of Fanelase, Hants.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT STRATFORD, MIDDLESEX.

By Mr. R. Howard.

Ma. denotes the Maximum, Mi. the Minimum.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
April			9 a. m.						9 a. m.		
1	Ma. 51 Mi. 43	29.60 29.34	63	W	Fine	17	Ma. 58 Mi. 34	29.66 29.48	58	NW	Frost
2	Ma. 58 Mi. 38	29.34 29.26	72	W	Showery	18	Ma. 51 Mi. 40	29.83 29.66	63	NW	Showery
3	Ma. 51 Mi. 37	29.33 29.31	62	W	Hail	19	Ma. 57 Mi. 48	29.74 29.61	70	SW	Showery
4	Ma. 55 Mi. 34	29.48 29.30	64	NW	Fine	20	Ma. 65 Mi. 42	29.80 29.61	79	NW	Showers
5	Ma. 52 Mi. 31	30.07 29.48	60	NW	Fine	21	Ma. 59 Mi. 42	30.01 29.80	81	N	Cloudy
6	Ma. 49 Mi. 42	30.07 30.03	56	NW	Cloudy	22	Ma. 59 Mi. 45	30.02 29.62	73	NE	Very fine
7	Ma. 59 Mi. 48	30.14 30.03	92	NW	Cloudy	23	Ma. 70 Mi. 50	29.62 29.45	81	E	Fine
8	Ma. 67 Mi. 43	30.14 30.05	59	W	Very fine	24	Ma. 70 Mi. 42	29.67 29.62	68	SW	Very fine
9	Ma. 65 Mi. 44	30.05 29.86	81	SW	Fine	25	Ma. 74 Mi. 44	29.75 29.67	64	E	Fine
10	Ma. 64 Mi. 47	29.86 29.72	68	NW	Cloudy	26	Ma. 78 Mi. 48	29.75 29.71	63	E	Sultry day
11	Ma. 61 Mi. 41	29.72 29.46	67	SW	Cloudy	27	Ma. 67 Mi. 40	29.84 29.75	69	W	Cloudy
12	Ma. 54 Mi. 38	29.46 29.38	60	W	Showery	28	Ma. 71 Mi. 43	29.86 29.84	61	N	Cloudy
13	Ma. 54 Mi. 36	29.65 29.47	62	W	Showers	29	Ma. 63 Mi. 47	30.05 29.86	63	N	Cloudy
14	Ma. 51 Mi. 37	29.53 29.36	63	S	Windy	30	Ma. 51 Mi. 45	30.08 30.05	67	NE	Cloudy
15	Ma. 54 Mi. 30	29.54 29.48	68	SW	Windy						
16	Ma. 59 Mi. 27	29.48 29.43	61	Var.	Fine						

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 11 May	Hamburg. 18 May	Amsterdam 22 May	Vienna. 9 May	Genoa.	Berlin. 15 May	Naples.	Leipsig. 14 May	Bremen. 15 May
London.....	25.65	37.9	41.5	10.7	—	7.2½	—	6.19½	621
Paris.....	—	26½	58½	118½	—	82½	—	79½	17½
Hamburg....	181½	—	35	143½	—	161½	—	144	131½
Amsterdam..	58½	106½	—	136½	—	142½	—	136½	123½
Vienna.....	252	146½	14½	—	—	104½	—	99½	—
Frankfort..	3½	146½	56½	—	—	103½	—	99½	112
Augsburg...	251	145½	36½	99½	—	104½	—	99½	—
Genoa.....	481	84½	91½	60½	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	144½	—	—	—	104½	—	—	112
Leghorn....	512	89½	98½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon.....	556	37½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.65	94½	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples.....	440	—	83	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa.....	15.55	—	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.90	95	105½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Porto.....	556	37½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 17 May	Nuremberg 10 May	Christiana. 7 May	Petersburg. 1 May	Riga. 4 May	Stock- holm. 1 May	Madrid. 8 May	Lisbon. 4 May
London.....	153½	fl. 10.10	7Sp. 60	9½	9½	11.44	37½	51
Paris.....	80	fr. 119	34½ Sp.	101½	—	—	16.2	548
Hamburg....	145	145	165	83½	87½	122	—	38½
Amsterdam..	138½	137½	154	9½	9½	116	—	41½
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	880

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(May 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.		£.	£.	£.	s.		£.
Canals.									
380	100	—	Andover	5	7356	100	—	Southwark	15
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	12	—	—	—	Do. new	91
1799	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70	8000	100	—	Vauxhall	18
1280	100	—	Basingstoke	6	54,000	—	6	Do. Promissory Notes	5 10
54,000	—	2	Do. Bonds	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	27
2000	25	24	Birmingham (divided)	580	5000	50	—	— Annuities of 8l.	23
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury	95	60,000	—	5	— Annuities of 7l.	100
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	78	—	—	—	Roads.	
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater	90	300	100	—	Barking	34
1500	100	8	Chesterfield	120	1000	100	5	Commercial	105
500	100	44	Coventry	970	—	100	5	— East-India	100
4446	100	—	Croydon	3	492	100	17 6	Great Dover Street	31
400	100	6	Derby	135	2383	50	—	Highgate Archway	4
2000	100	3	Dudley	60	1000	65	1	Croydon Railway	12
3575	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester	65	1000	60	2	Surrey Do.	10
291	100	58	Erewash	1000	3282	50	12	Severn and Wye	31 10
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500	—	—	—	Water Works.	
1900	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	800	100	—	East London	88
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan	57	4500	50	2 10	Grand Junction	60
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction	221	2000	100	—	Kent	82
1821	100	3	Grand Surrey	53	2000	100	—	London Bridge	50
48,000	—	5	Do. Loan	98	800	100	—	South London	22
2340	100	—	Grand Union	24	7540	—	2	West Middlesex	60
19,327	—	5	Do. Loan	92	1300	100	—	York Buildings	23 10
3006	100	—	Grand Western	4	—	—	—	Insurances.	
740	150	7	Grantham	130	2000	500	2 10	Albion	41
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13	25,000	50	6	Atlas	5
25,328	100	18	Kennet and Avon	19 10	—	40	—	Bath	575
11,099	100	1	Lancaster	26	300	1000	25	Birmingham	350
2879	100	12	Leeds and Liverpool	315	4000	100	2 10	British	50
545	—	14	Leicester	290	20,000	50	1	County	30
1806	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	1,000,000	100	6	Eagle	2 12 6
70	—	170	Longborough	2600	40,000	20	1	European	30
250	100	11	Melton Mowbray	205	40,000	100	5	Globe	3 5
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	—	81,000	25	1	Imperial	85
2400	100	10	Monmouthshire	150	3900	25	1	London Fire	24
3,526	100	5	Do. Debutures	92	2500	100	18	London Ship	20
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70	100,000	20	2	Provident	17
247	—	25 5 1/2	Neath	410	745,100	—	10	Rock	1 18
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—	—	—	8 10	Royal Exchange	260
500	100	12	Nottingham	200	4000	100	10	San Fire	23 10
1720	100	32	Oxford	630	1500	200	1 4	Sun Life	26
2400	100	3 10	Peak Forest	68	—	—	—	Gas Lights.	
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel	30	8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	61
12,294	—	—	Regent's	26	4000	50	2 8	Do. New Shares	40
5681	100	2	Rochdale	42	1000	100	8	City Gas Light Company	106
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	165	1000	100	4	Do. New	54
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140	2500	20	18 4	Bath Gas	18 5
771	50	—	Somerset Coal	—	1500	20	—	Brighton Gas	16
700	100	40	Stafford & Worcestershire	700	1000	20	2	Bristol	28
300	145	10	Stourbridge	210	—	—	—	Literary Institutions.	
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	11	1000	75gs	—	London	26
—	—	22	Stroudwater	485	700	25gs	—	Russel	11 11
458	100	12	Swansea	190	30gs	—	—	Surrey	7
350	100	—	Tavistock	90	—	—	—	Miscellaneous.	
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway	23	1060	50	1 5	Auction Mart	21
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1750	1897	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50
1000	100	—	Warwick and Birmingham	220	2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery	13
1000	50	12	Warwick and Napton	210	8447	80	—	Do.	10
980	100	11	Wilts and Berks	5	2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19
4,258	105	5	Witbeach	60	—	—	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	78 1/2
126	100	—	Worcester and Birmingham	25	—	—	—	Do.	2d. Class
6000	—	1	Docks.		—	—	—	City Bonds	104
2209	146	—	Bristol	—	1060	50	1 5		
4,324	100	5	Do. Notes	—	1897	100	2 10		
1132	100	3	Commercial	63	2299	80	—		
000	100	10	East-India	166	8447	80	—		
036	100	—	East Country	20	2000	150	1		
4,000	100	4	London	100	—	—	—		
3,000	100	10	West-India	171	—	—	—		

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th April to 26th May.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long An- nuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea New Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Apr.															
26	223½	71½	72½	81	89	108	18½	—	—	231	45	—	—	6	72½
27	223½	71½	72½	81	89	108	18½	—	—	230½	44	80½	—	6	72½
28	—	71½	72½	—	89	107	18½	—	—	230½	43	—	—	6	72½
30	—	71½	72½	81	89	108	18½	—	—	230	42	—	—	5	72½
May															
1	Hol.														
2	223½	71½	72½	81	89	108	18½	70½	—	230½	42	—	—	5	72½
3	224	71½	72½	81	89	108	18½	70	—	—	42	—	72½	5	72½
4	224	71½	72½	82	90	108	18½	70	—	230½	43	—	—	6	72½
5	223½	72	72½	73	90	108	18½	—	—	—	44	—	—	6	73½
7	225	72½	73½	82	90	108	18½	71	—	—	44	—	73½	6	73½
8	225½	72½	73½	82	91	108	18½	—	—	231½	43	—	—	6	74
9	225	73½	74	3 82	91	109	18½	71½	—	—	42	—	73½	5	74½
10	225½	72½	73½	82	91	108	18½	71½	—	—	42	—	—	4	74
11	225½	72½	73½	82	91	108	18½	71½	—	—	42	81	—	2	73½
12	225	72½	73½	82	91	108	18½	—	—	—	43	—	—	4	73½
14	225½	73	73	74	91	109	18½	—	—	232½	43	—	—	4	74½
15	225½	73½	73	74	91	109	18½	—	—	—	43	—	73½	4	74½
16	226	73½	74	4 83½	91	109	18½	72½	—	232½	43	—	—	3	74½
17	Hol.														
18	226	73½	74	83½	91	109	18½	72	—	232½	44	81½	—	3p	74½
19	—	73	74	83	92	109	18½	—	—	—	45	—	—	2p	74½
21	229	74	74	5 84	92	110	19	73	—	—	46	—	—	3p	75½
22	228	74½	75	4 83	92	110	19	72	—	234	46	—	—	5p	75
23	228	73½	74	5 83	92	110	18½	—	—	233½	45	—	—	3	75½
24	228	74	74	5 84	92	110	19	—	—	234	47	—	—	4	76
25	229	74½	75	84	92	110	19	73½	—	234	49	—	—	5	75½
26	229	74	75	84	92	110	19	—	—	235	45	—	—	4	76½

IRISH FUNDS.

May	Bank Stock.	Government De-benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De-benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De-benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Pipe Water De-benture.	Wide Street Certificates.
2 250	81	81	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	—
3 259	81	81	—	—	106½	106½	—	—	—	79½	—
6 258	80½	80½	—	—	106	106	—	—	—	80	—
7 258	81	81	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	—
8 —	81	81	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	—
9 259½	81	81	—	—	107	107	—	—	42½	—	—
10 260	81	81	—	—	107	107	—	—	42½	—	—
11 262	—	81	—	—	107	107½	—	—	—	—	—
15 261	81	81	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	—
17 262½	82	82	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	—
19 263	83	82½	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Apr. 28, to May 21.

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Apr.		
28 82	45	1547 50
30 82	10	1546 25
May		
2 82	—	1545 —
5 82	50	—
7 83	20	1557 50
10 83	60	1565 —
12 83	75	1562 50
15 83	60	1558 75
19 84	—	1560 —
21 84	15	1562 50

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.								NEW YORK.		
	May 1	4	8	11	15	18	22	25	Mar. April 26	10	14
Bank Shares.....	23-10	23-5	23-5	24	24	24	24	24	110½	115	115
per cent.....	1812	101	101	101	101	101	101	101	106½	108	108
	1813	102½	102½	102½	101	101	101	101	108½	109	109
	1814	104	104	104	102½	102½	102	102	109	110	110
	1815	105	105	105	104	104	104	104	110	111	112
per cent.....	71	71	71	71	71½	71½	71½	71½	74½	74½	77½

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

STATEMENT, &c.

THE EDITOR of the **LONDON MAGAZINE** thinks it necessary to publish a Statement of what has recently taken place between himself and Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, of Edinburgh, an understood, though un-avowed, Conductor of **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**. In so doing, the Editor will speak in his real name,—the matter being one that concerns his personal character.

On Wednesday, the 10th of January, Mr. Scott was waited upon by a gentleman, who, giving his name, said he was commissioned by Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, to inquire whether Mr. Scott considered himself responsible for a series of three Articles, which had appeared in the **LONDON MAGAZINE**, discussing the conduct and management of **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**, and regarded by Mr. Lockhart as offensive to his feelings, and injurious to his honour? Mr. Scott demanded on what grounds Mr. Lockhart made this application to him? It was replied,—merely on the strength of the common public report, representing Mr. Scott to be Editor of Messieurs Baldwin's Monthly Publication: it was added, that if he (Mr. S.) disavowed the responsibility now inquired into, his denial would be considered satisfactory.

Mr. Scott said, that, in the course of a couple of hours, Mr. Lockhart's friend should have a reply to his question. Before that space of time had elapsed, Mr. Scott addressed a note to the gentleman who had waited upon him, informing him, that if Mr. Lockhart's motives in putting the inquiry should turn out to be such as gentlemen usually respect, there would be no difficulty experienced about giving it an explicit answer.

Mr. Lockhart's friend, at another interview with Mr. Scott, on the same day (Wednesday), declared, that Mr. Lockhart had no legal proceedings in view,—or, at least, that nothing which Mr. Scott might then admit should be taken advantage of, with reference to legal proceedings: Mr. Lockhart's object was to receive a public apology for matter which he considered personally offensive to himself,—or such other satisfaction as a gentleman was entitled to. Mr. Scott said, that it only then remained for him to ask, whether Mr. Lockhart was on the spot; and whether, in the event of Mr. Scott's being prepared to avow the relation in which he stood towards the **LONDON MAGAZINE**, Mr. Lockhart might be considered equally prepared to declare distinctly the nature of his connection with **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**? It was replied, that Mr. Lockhart was not in London, but in Edinburgh; that he had merely given directions by letter, that the inquiry above stated

should be put to Mr. Scott; and that he had expressly instructed his friend, that no preliminary explanation whatever, was to be expected from him. Mr. Scott answered, that he certainly expected to receive preliminary explanation from Mr. Lockhart, before he could pay any attention to his claim now preferred; or consider him as having proved his motives to be worthy of respect: and Mr. Scott justified his expectation chiefly on the following ground:—

The notoriety of the public understanding that Mr. Lockhart was actively engaged in conducting BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; the reports to which effect, though necessarily involving serious charges against his honour and truth, he had, for a long series of time, neglected publicly to contradict.

Mr. Scott added, in the course of the conversation, that he thought Mr. Lockhart *ought* to have been on the spot when he directed a demand of the present nature to be made; for, in such matters, delay was not becoming; and it was peculiarly desirable to have an explicit answer, *on the instant*, to any inquiry deemed, by either of the parties, essential to the acknowledgment of the other in the capacity of a gentleman.

Mr. Lockhart's friend expressed a decided difference of opinion from Mr. Scott on both these points,—and pressed for a reply to Mr. Lockhart's question. Mr. Scott said he did not feel, at that moment, that Mr. Lockhart had entitled himself to receive one; but that he would reconsider the point, and give his decision in the course of the evening.

About eight o'clock, Mr. Scott dispatched the following note to Mr. Lockhart's friend, as conveying the decision he had promised.

Mr. Scott clearly expected that, in the explanation of Mr. Lockhart's motives for calling upon him (Mr. S.) to avow or disavow any particular articles in the LONDON MAGAZINE, Mr. Christie would have been prepared to include—

First, a statement that Mr. Lockhart was on the spot,—

And, secondly, such open reference to the ground of complaint, as, by rendering Mr. Lockhart responsible in honour for the justice of his pretensions to having been injured, could alone entitle him to expect an irregular concession of information tending to his advantage.

Mr. Christie not having felt himself competent to establish such a claim to the voluntary communication he required, Mr. Scott declines to make any further allusion to the LONDON MAGAZINE on Mr. Lockhart's call.—Mr. Scott cannot but feel astonishment at Mr. Lockhart's founding an application of the nature of the one made through Mr. Christie, with expressed reference to *three* articles, *two of which have been more than a month before the public*;—and it is calculated to increase his surprise, that Mr. Lockhart should have authorized so direct a demand to be made on Mr. Scott, Mr. Lockhart himself remaining at a distance which would render further and considerable delay inevitable.

The very extraordinary fact of Mr. Lockhart's having permitted the second, and severest, article of the three that have appeared in the

LONDON MAGAZINE, in which his name is, either directly, or by implication, concerned, to remain before the public, and to be noised about in his ears in Scotland, for a full month, without making a demand, either on Mr. Scott, or any other person, in regard to it,—struck Mr. Scott's mind very forcibly, after the second visit of Mr. Lockhart's friend. It appeared to throw still further suspicion on the application; and, with other circumstances, induced Mr. Scott to determine, that he would have most distinct reason to know in which of two capacities Mr. Lockhart ought to be regarded—whether as a *gentleman*, assailed in his honourable feelings by an indecent use of his name in print; or as a *professional scandal-monger*, who had long profited by fraudulent and cowardly concealment; and who was only now driven to a measure of tardy hardihood, by being suddenly confronted with entire exposure,—and hearing each day, and at every corner, the voice of scorn and indignation becoming louder and louder as his silence and discomfiture became more and more confirmed.

On Thursday, the 18th, Mr. Lockhart's friend again called on Mr. Scott, and delivered to him a letter from Mr. Lockhart, dated in London. This letter, which, by the desire of the gentleman who brought it, was returned to him when read, contained a demand of an apology for the matter affecting Mr. Lockhart's feelings and character, which had appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE,—with an allusion to the other alternative.

Mr. Scott, immediately on reading this letter, declared, that, since Mr. Lockhart was now in London, he (Mr. S.) distinctly avowed himself to be the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE; and, as Editor, responsible for the articles it contained. Mr. Scott added, that, as he had thus frankly met an inquiry, put to him on the sole authority of public report, he expected that Mr. Lockhart would acknowledge public report to be a sufficient ground for questioning him, as to his concern with the management of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; more particularly as the justice of Mr. Lockhart's pretension to having been unfairly treated by Mr. Scott, altogether depended on the real state of his (Mr. L.'s) connexion with the work just-named. Mr. Scott did not scruple to decide, that, should it now appear, either by Mr. Lockhart's silence, or his acknowledgment, that he had been actively and secretly engaged, as a paid writer, in a long-continued series of anonymous outrages on truth and character, evidently projected under sordid motives, and carried into effect under evasion, denial, and artifice,—Mr. Scott could not accept Mr. Lockhart's tardy personal appeal, as entitling him to a privilege, which belongs, of right, only to the gentleman whose actions, whether they are just or otherwise, are openly committed in his own name, and palpably in his own person.

Mr. Lockhart's friend entirely dissented from the view Mr. Scott took of the subject; expressed his own personal conviction, that the

charges which had appeared in the *LONDON MAGAZINE*, so far as they affected Mr. Lockhart, were, in nine points out of ten, untrue : maintained that Mr. Lockhart's character, as a gentleman, was unimpeachable ;—but did not specify *any particular instances* of the incorrectness of what had been published in the *LONDON MAGAZINE*. With reference to the delay in preferring the complaint, this gentleman said he understood, that Mr. Lockhart *had not seen the second article, until three weeks after its publication* ; and also, that he regarded the third article as still more objectionable than the second. He concluded by declaring that Mr. Lockhart would make no preliminary explanation whatever, and demanded of Mr. Scott to name his friend.

In reply to the demand of naming a friend, Mr. Scott declined doing so, until Mr. Lockhart should have made the necessary previous explanation ;—and the gentleman, on receiving this refusal, expressed his dissatisfaction, and retired.

In the course of the same evening, Mr. Scott, to prevent the possibility of misconception, in regard to what had taken place in conversation, between himself and Mr. Lockhart's friend, drew up, in writing, a memorandum of his sentiments, which was conveyed to the latter gentleman, very early the following morning. It is only necessary here, after what has already been said, to give the concluding paragraph of this paper.

If Mr. Lockhart will even now make a disavowal of having been concerned in the system of imposition and scandal adopted in *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*, Mr. Scott consents to recognize his demand made through Mr. Christie ; and in that case, and that only, Mr. Christie is referred to Mr. Horatio Smith, No. 29, Throgmorton-street, as Mr. Scott's friend, empowered by him (Mr. Scott) to arrange what may be proper under such circumstances.

What occurred in consequence of this communication will best be explained by the following letter, which Mr. Scott received from Mr. Smith, on the subject.

Fulham, Friday Evening.

DEAR SCOTT,

As I cannot see you this afternoon, I think it right to let you know that Mr. Christie called upon me before I left the City, and showed me the whole correspondence—between you, Mr. Lockhart, and himself. After perusing it, I asked him whether Mr. Lockhart had complied with the preliminary upon which my interference was conditional, as stipulated in your last memorandum ; and, upon finding that he had not, I said I conceived Mr. Christie's call was irregular ; and that I was not bound, as matters then stood, to listen to any propositions, or make them.—If Mr. Lockhart could make the avowal required, I repeatedly told Mr. Christie that I was authorized by you to offer him satisfaction, and I expressed my entire concurrence in the sentiments of your last communication.

Mr. Christie admitted, that as my interference was made dependent upon a condition not performed, it was irregular to call upon me ; and we subsequently fell

into a long conversation, which I will detail to you, as correctly as I can, when we meet.—We differed in our views of the conduct which you were bound to adopt; and Mr. Christie left me with an intimation that you were to take the consequences of your resolution.

I am,

Dear Scott,

Yours, very truly,

HORATIO SMITH.

On Saturday morning Mr. Scott received the following note from Mr. Lockhart (written on Friday), transmitted through his friend.

London, January 19.

Mr. Lockhart, without admitting that Mr. Scott has, according to the usual practice of gentlemen in similar situations, any right to a preliminary explanation, does nevertheless not hesitate to offer Mr. Scott any explanation upon any subject in which Mr. Scott's personal feelings and honour can be concerned; in the hopes, and on the understanding, that Mr. Scott will then no longer delay giving Mr. Lockhart the explanation and satisfaction alluded to in Mr. Scott's communications.

To this note Mr. Scott immediately returned the following answer:

Mr. Scott does not think it necessary to discuss Mr. Lockhart's denial of his right to a preliminary explanation:—it is sufficient for Mr. Scott to have made up his mind on that point; to have his opinion supported by that of his friend—a man of unblemished honour; and to be prepared to stand the test of the feelings of society upon it.

It is, however, his wish to limit the explanation he demands, within the narrowest bounds the case will possibly admit of:—he will not therefore require of Mr. Lockhart any avowal or disavowal directed towards particular articles that may have appeared in *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*;—all he requires is—that Mr. Lockhart should declare, upon his honour, in explicit terms, that he has never derived money from any connection, direct or indirect, with the *management* of that work; and that he has never stood in a situation giving him, directly or indirectly, a *pecuniary* interest in its sale.

Mr. Lockhart will see that the terms of this disavowal have no reference whatever to occasional or even frequent contributions,—which Mr. Scott waives his right to inquire into.—They are simply intended to draw the line of distinction between the *dealer* in scandal, and the man of honour.

The system of concealment and evasion adopted in regard to the Editorship of *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*—and obstinately maintained under calls as direct as that which Mr. Lockhart has now made on Mr. Scott—but which Mr. Scott could not bring himself to imitate;—also, Mr. Lockhart's silence under the general public report, attributing to him a principal share in the getting-up of that work, are sufficient to justify Mr. Scott in demanding this preliminary explanation. The disavowal required by Mr. Scott being made,—he holds himself prepared to give Mr. Lockhart satisfaction without delay.

Saturday Morning.

Mr. Scott was not able to refer to his friend, Mr. Smith, before dispatching the above; and as the result of the latter gentleman's conversation with Mr. Lockhart's friend had been totally unsatisfactory, Mr. Scott (it being now pretty late on Saturday) could not certainly only

culate on being able to command Mr. Smith's attendance so promptly as it would have been desirable to have had the affair terminated, in the event of Mr. Lockhart's feeling himself in a situation to make the declaration demanded by Mr. Scott. Besides, Mr. Scott had some reason to doubt whether Mr. Smith would sanction the *latitude* left to Mr. Lockhart in Mr. Scott's last note; and therefore Mr. Scott, while he sent off to Mr. Smith (then in the country) an intimation of what he had done, deemed it necessary to prepare himself provisionally with the services of another friend, in case Mr. Lockhart's reply should be of a nature permitting a meeting. Mr. Scott, therefore, applied to his friend Mr. P. G. Patmore, who, with infinite liberality, instantly consented to engage in the affair, kindly overlooking the lateness of the application made to him. Mr. Scott received the following note from this gentleman.

DEAR SCOTT,

In reply to your *provisional* request for my services in your affair with Mr. Lockhart, I have no hesitation in saying, that you may command them whenever they can be of use to you.

I am glad to find that you had placed the affair in the hands of a gentleman of such unquestioned honour as your friend Mr. Horatio Smith;—but if, consistently with his already expressed opinion on the subject in question, that gentleman should object to sanction the proposal which you have now, in his (Mr. Smith's) absence, made to Mr. Lockhart, I repeat you may command my services: for I decidedly think, that, if Mr. Lockhart is prepared to make the disavowal which you have required of him, you are bound to give him the satisfaction which he demands.

As, in case Mr. Lockhart should think it right to make the required disavowal, my part in this affair will be confined to arrangements, about which there can be little or no discussion, it is perhaps unnecessary for me to express any opinion as to what has hitherto passed: but still it may not be improper for me to add, that I fully recognise the fairness of your preliminary stipulation.

Believe me,

Dear Scott,

Ever yours,

P. GEO. PATMORE.

Saturday afternoon, Jan. 20, 1821.

Within the time limited by Mr. Scott for receiving Mr. Lockhart's final reply, he was waited upon by Mr. Lockhart's friend. That gentleman, not finding Mr. Smith present, wished to consider for a moment whether he ought to communicate to Mr. Scott, in his friend's absence, Mr. Lockhart's answer, which he then held in his hand. Mr. Scott stated the circumstances that had prevented him from securing the immediate attendance of Mr. Smith; and added, that if Mr. Lockhart was now prepared to make the explanation required, Mr. Scott would engage to produce Mr. Smith in two hours to settle the very few arrangements which would then remain to be adjusted, or, in his absence, another friend, equally unexceptionable, for the same purpose.—The gentleman declared that Mr. Lockhart had not acceded to Mr. Scott's demand; that he did not think Mr. Scott had any title to make such a demand, that he objected to the way in which it was worded, and refused on the point of right. Mr. Scott then declared, that he com-

sidered his communications with Mr. Lockhart as terminated. Mr. Lockhart's friend expressed a strong desire that Mr. Scott should hear one passage read of Mr. Lockhart's communication: this, after some discussion, and explanation, as to the language in which that desire had been expressed,—Mr. Scott, conceiving the passage might bear upon the point in dispute, consented to do: on hearing, however, a few words, it appeared to him to be altogether irrelevant to that point, and Mr. Scott therefore begged that the discussion might be considered as peremptorily closed by him.

Mr. Scott, in the course of the same evening, received a note from Mr. Lockhart, which he opened (not knowing the seal), and found it to contain abusive epithets. These, as Mr. Scott had, throughout the whole of the affair, consulted, not the first impulses of his feelings, but the principles of justice and honour, believed by himself, and two gentlemen of unsullied character, to be applicable to the case, as it stood between Mr. Lockhart and him, could not, of course, be considered as in any way altering the position of the matter.

Mr. Scott regards the abuse in question *as coming from a person concerned in conducting BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*:—a mercenary dealer in calumny and falsehood; who, by a series of pitiful artifices and evasions, has skulked from the consequences of his own actions, until he has been dragged forth to infamy by a powerful hand:—who even then, finding himself beaten, and exposed without hope, as a calumnious writer, still lay inactive for a considerable space of time; and who, at last, has been driven, solely by the encroaching torment of an intolerable situation, to make a desperate and tardy attempt to recover himself,—by claiming a privilege which is only due to that quick and fine sense of honour, which would shudder at wearing a vizor, and still more at using poisoned weapons from under its protection—which has nothing to weigh or balance, on receiving a wound, but the promptest and most candid manner of demanding reparation.

Little or nothing of argument being mixed-up with the above narrative, the Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE wishes to add a few words, in his public capacity, in support of the principle on which he has acted, in his treatment of Mr. Lockhart's claim.

The right which a gentleman has to demand satisfaction for injury done to his feelings, or reputation, must be considered strictly dependent on his standing frankly, in his proper person, ready to answer for such of his own actions as affect the feelings or reputation of others.

An anonymous agent, in conducting a work devoted to criticism and satire, who earns money by his labours in this capacity, and who, by studied and artful devices, and pretensions, conceals himself from the knowledge of the persons that are, from time to time, subjected to his remarks, cannot be regarded as occupying such a place in society, as would entitle him to the right above-mentioned.

The public report, representing Mr. Lockhart to be actively and constantly engaged, for hire, or salary, or pecuniary profit of some sort, in the management of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, is sufficiently general and notorious to warrant his being called upon to avow or deny the fact, by any one to whom he may prefer an application for the privilege of receiving gentlemanly satisfaction.

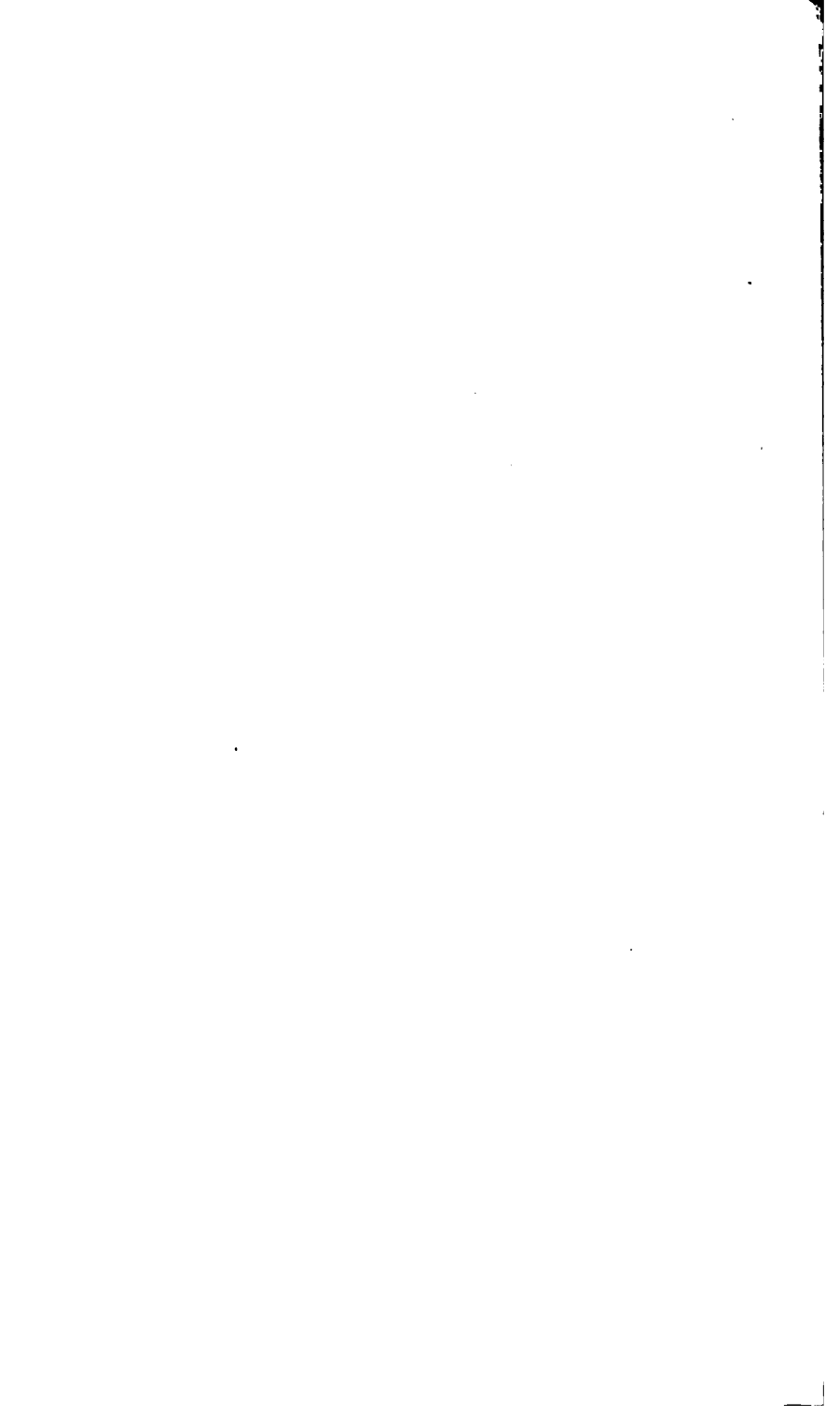
The Editor of the LONDON MAGAZINE has given himself a peculiar title to make this demand, by his prompt acknowledgment of the situation in which *he* stands towards the publication in which the articles, complained of by Mr. Lockhart, have appeared; and by admitting his personal responsibility as Editor, and his liability to be called upon to give satisfaction for injuries committed by him in his public capacity.

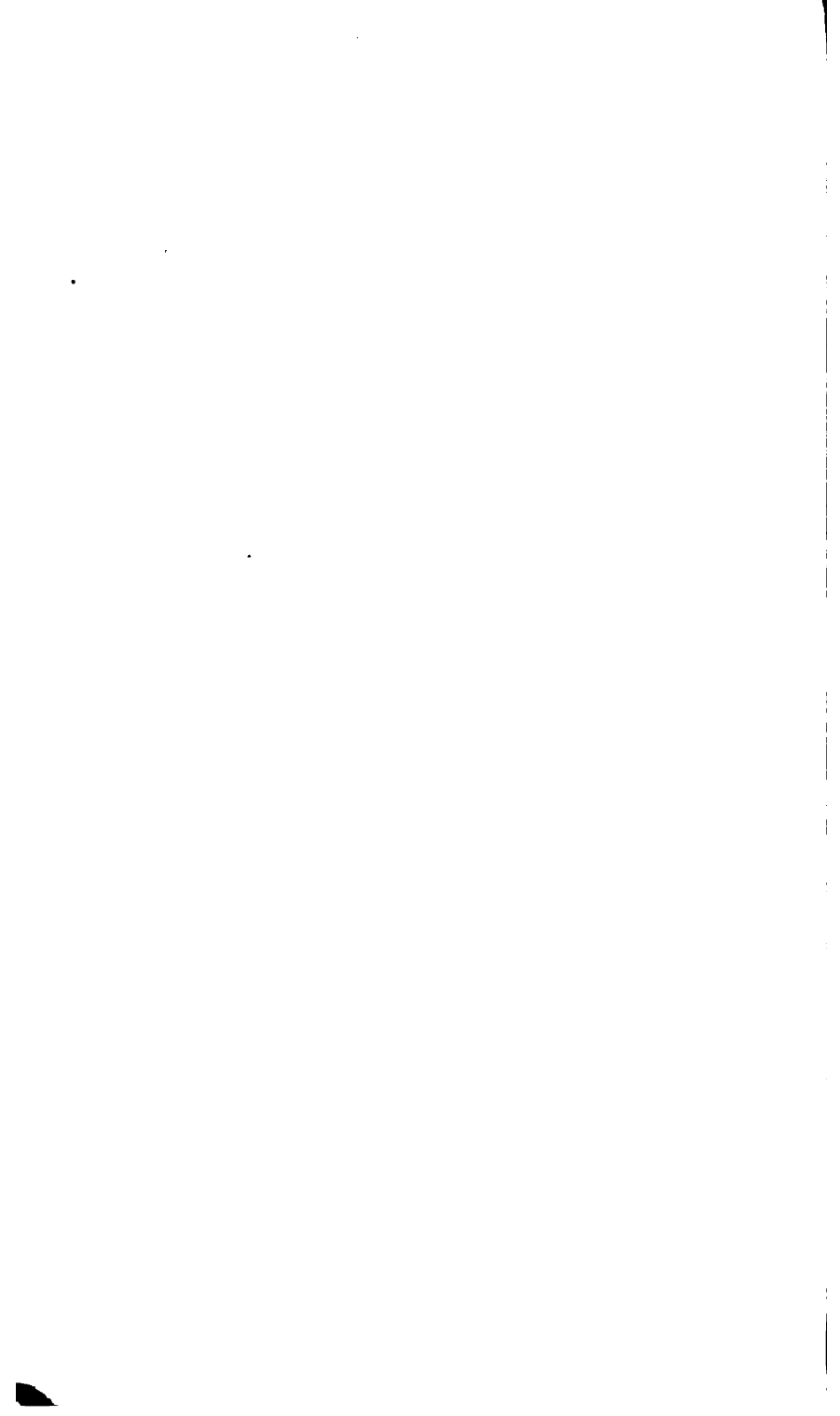
It cannot be permitted to a person, who has taken advantage of concealment in making attacks on feeling and character, so long as concealment could be continued by evasion and denial, suddenly to turn necessity into a virtue, when he has been forcibly, and against his will, drawn forth into exposure.

Nor can it be permitted to any one to *time*, so as to suit his convenience, the avowal of his own actions, affecting the interests or feelings of his neighbours.

For these reasons, a gentleman's privilege could not have been conceded to Mr. Lockhart had he *avowed*, on the present occasion, that he was engaged in conducting BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—for this avowal has been evaded by him, when, if such be really his situation, it was due from him to injured and inquiring parties.

Nothing, therefore, but Mr. Lockhart's disavowal of the connection in question, could have been considered as establishing his title to the privilege he claimed. If he had made it, on his word of honour, he would have received the satisfaction he desired. His pretension of being withheld by pride and delicacy from denying what there was no ground for charging him with, is calculated to excite contempt; preferred, as it is, in the face of a long-standing public report, and the conviction of thousands in Edinburgh and elsewhere. If, in fine, he is unable to make the disavowal required, his attempt now to play the part of a gentleman touched in the point of honour, because the press, which he has abused as an instrument of injury, has been at length turned against him as one of justice, must be considered to be quite as impudent as it is desperate. The interests of society demand, that such an attempt should be firmly repelled. It is proper that the individual who sits down to write or plan outrages on private feeling and character, with the chances of concealment in his favour, and the profits which fraud and hypocrisy are calculated to ensure in this world, tempting his cupidity, should be aware, that he runs some risk in return for these advantages—the risk of being repulsed with indignant scorn, should his complete exposure as knave, leave him no other resource but that of claiming, with affected brevity, to receive satisfaction as a man of honour!







SEP 23 1928

